

Classic Poetry Series

Knud Lyne Rahbek

- poems -

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Knud Lyne Rahbek(1760-1830)

Knud Lyne Rahbek (18 December 1760 – 22 April 1830) was a Danish literary historian, critic, writer, poet & magazine editor.

Knud Lyne Rahbek was son of the clergyman Jacob Rahbek, but he had always wanted to become an actor. In his youth he tried out as an actor at the Royal Danish Theatre, but because of his looks he was discarded.

Instead he turned to the role of a writer. He started out as a playwright, writing a series of semi-successful plays most notably the play *The young Darcy* ("Den unge Darcy" 1780) was a success. But the work that ensured his breakthrough was the work on the theory of acting *Letters from an old actor to his son* ("Breve fra en gammel Skuespiller til hans søn" 1782) which especially asserts Denis Diderot's love of a mixture of moralizing and naturalism in plays.

Rahbek quickly became one of the most prominent speakers on cultural matters, and with his work as publisher and editor the journals *Minerva* and *The Danish Spectator* ("Den danske Tilskuer") he was one of the main voices of the Danish moderate Enlightenment.

Together with librarian and scholar Rasmus Nyerup he founded the Danish study of literary history with the work *Contributions to a review of the art of poetry in Denmark* ("Bidrag til en oversigt over den danske Digtekunst" (in 5 volumes 1800-1828).

As a prominent member of the most distinguished of the Danish clubs, most notably *Drejers Club*, he wrote a number of drinking songs. He also was one of the only Danish writers of novels and short stories at the turn of 19th century.

Together with his wife Kamma Rahbek he held his own "court" at his home in the 17th century inn turned private property called "*Bakkehuset*" in Frederiksberg a suburb of Copenhagen. Almost all of the Danish writers and prominent persons visited *Bakkehuset* on a regular basis. Adam Gottlob Oehlenschläger, Hans Christian Andersen, Bernhard Severin Ingemann, Steen Steensen Blicher all were personal friends of the Rahbeks.

Alting

Knud Lyne Rahbek

Alting Paa Jorden Er Kun Fjas

Knud Lyne Rahbek

At Intet Er Saa Sundt, Som Glæde

Knud Lyne Rahbek

At Verden Til Feide Har Udrustet Sig

Knud Lyne Rahbek

At Vi Ere Børn Tilsammen

Knud Lyne Rahbek

Barndoms Lyst Og Barndoms Smerte

Knud Lyne Rahbek

Brødre! Hvorfor Flyde

Knud Lyne Rahbek

Brødre! Lader Sangen Stige!

Knud Lyne Rahbek

De Gode Gamle Sang Saa Tit

Knud Lyne Rahbek

De Mennesker Vide Saalidt, Hvad De Vil

Knud Lyne Rahbek

Den Samfulde Verden Nu Taler Om Fred

Knud Lyne Rahbek

Der Er Et Land, Citronen Blomstrer Vildt

Knud Lyne Rahbek

Der Var En Lov I Grækenland

Knud Lyne Rahbek

Der Var Engang En Tapper Mand

Knud Lyne Rahbek

Dersom Det Er Sandt, Man Siger

Knud Lyne Rahbek

Det Hændte Sig Engang

Knud Lyne Rahbek

Det Hedder, At De Unge Piger

Knud Lyne Rahbek

Du Vort Selskabs Skytsgudinde

Knud Lyne Rahbek

En Skaal For Hver, Hvis Hjerte Og Hvis Haand

Knud Lyne Rahbek

For Studiegaardens Dogmatik

Knud Lyne Rahbek

Her, Hvor Vi Forsamles Til Glæde

Knud Lyne Rahbek

Hver Paa Jorden Har Sin Skik

Knud Lyne Rahbek

Hver, Som Hylder Muntre Glæder

Knud Lyne Rahbek

Hvi Rose I Saa Vore Fædre

Knud Lyne Rahbek

Hvis Jeg Var Riig

Knud Lyne Rahbek

I Ungdoms Vaar

Knud Lyne Rahbek

Kom Brødre, Lad Os Drikke!

Knud Lyne Rahbek

Lad Miltsyge Daarer Bagtale Vor Jord!

Knud Lyne Rahbek

Lad Os Drikke

Knud Lyne Rahbek

Lad Os Drikke, Lad Os Synge

Knud Lyne Rahbek

Landflygtig Glæden Var Paa Jorden

Knud Lyne Rahbek

Mahomed Tyrkerne Skjændig Forraadte

Knud Lyne Rahbek

Mit Levnet Bestandig Har Sandet

Knud Lyne Rahbek

Naar Hele Sit Levnet Man Nøie Beseer

Knud Lyne Rahbek

Nu Bort Med Alskens Politik

Knud Lyne Rahbek

Os Den Vise Syrak Lærer

Knud Lyne Rahbek

Paa Frihed Høres Alle Skrige

Knud Lyne Rahbek

Peter Colbiornsen

'Fore Fredereksteen King Carl he lay
With mighty host ;
But Frederekshal, from day to day,
Much trouble cost.
To seize the sword each citizen
His tools let fall,
And valiant Peter Colbiornsen
Was first of all.
Thus for Norroway fight the Norsemen.

'Gainst Frederekshal so fierce and grim
Turned Carl his might,
The citizens encountered him
In numbers slight ;
But, ah ! they fought like Northern men
For much-loved land,
And it was Peter Colbiornsen
That led the band.
Thus for Norroway fight the Norsemen.

Such heavy blows the Norsemen deal
Amid the foe,
Like ripe corn 'fore the reaper's steel
The Swedes sink low.
But sturdiest reaper weary will ;
So happ'd it here ;
Though many the Norwegians kill,
More, more appear.
Thus for Norroway fight the Norsemen.

Before superior force they flew,
As Norsemen fly,
They but retired, the fight anew
Unawed to ply.
Now o'er the bodies of his slain
His way Carl makes ;
He thinks he has the city ta'en,
But he mistakes.
Thus for Norroway fight the Norsemen.

A speedy death his soldiers found
Where'er they came ;
For Norse were posted all around,
And greeted them.
Then Carl he sent, but sorely vexed,
To Fredereksteen,
And begged that he might bury next
His slaughtered men.
Thus for Norroway fight the Norsemen.

' No time, no time to squander e'er
Have Norsemen bold,
He came self-bidden 'mongst us here,'
Thus Carl was told ;
' If we can drive him back again,
We now must try,'
And it was Peter Colbiornsen
Made that reply.
Thus for Norroway fight the Norsemen.

Lo ! from the town the flames outburst,
High-minded men !
And he who fired his house the first
Was Colbiornsen.
Eager to quench the fire, the foes
Make quick resort,
But bullets fell as fast as snows
Down from the fort.
Thus for Norroway fight the Norsemen.

Now rose the flames toward the sky,
Red, terrible ;
His heroes' death the king thereby
Could see right well.
Sir Peter's word he then made good,
His host retires ;
But in his path the steen it stood,
And on him fires.
Thus for Norroway fight the Norsemen.

Magnificent 'midst corse and blood

Glowed Frederekshal ;
Illumed its own men's courage proud,
And Swedesmen fall.
Whoe'er saw pile funereal flame
So bright as then ?
Sure never shall expire thy name,
Colbiornsen !
Thus for Norroway fight the Norsemen.

Knud Lyne Rahbek

Skal Den Hedde Viis, Som Det Ei Rører

Knud Lyne Rahbek

Skjønne Guddomsstraale, Glæde!

Knud Lyne Rahbek

Snart Bortile Livets Dage

Knud Lyne Rahbek

Sørge Hvo Sørge Vil!

Knud Lyne Rahbek

The Women Of Denmark

Knud Lyne Rahbek

Uskyld, Vor Lyksalighed!

Knud Lyne Rahbek

Verden Er Som Man Den Tager

Knud Lyne Rahbek

Vinen Er I Fryd Og Smerte

Knud Lyne Rahbek