

Classic Poetry Series

**Viggo Stuckenberg**  
**- poems -**

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# Viggo Stuckenberg()

# Aa, Jeg Bærer Himmelrummet

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Aaliv

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Aarhundredskifte

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Aften

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Aften I Luxembourg-Haven

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Aftensol

Viggo Stuckenberg



# Ak, Florenz, Florenz, Alle Dine Kampe!

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Ak, Hvad Er Det Hele

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Aldrig Glemmer Jeg

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Angst

Viggo Stuckenberg

# April

Viggo Stuckenberg

# April [min Egen Lille Kær-Søster]

Viggo Stuckenberg

**April 1885**

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Aprilgrøde

Viggo Stuckenberg



# Assistents Kirkegaard

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Asters

Viggo Stuckenberg

# August

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Augustaften

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Augustnat

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Autumn Evening

A tower stands by the edge of a wood, an old weathered tower with moss and creepers growing across the peepholes, with green moss in the cracks and corners, and withered woodbine hanging like stiff, dry hair down over the red stone. High up on the east side is the only window in the crumbling walls.

Up there behind the deep-set window a woman stands gazing out at the coming night. She is small and thin, and her hands resting on the window-sill are as white as moonlight, and her chin as pale and curved as an arum-lily. But her eyes shine black as pitch which drips from a burning torch. She stands gazing out at a plain as open as the sea, while the rooks from the wood fly off over the trees and wheel and tumble down over the crowns and cry deep in the wood. Behind her the tower room is as cold as stone in the half-light, and a cricket chirps shrilly in a crevice.

Out over the plain there is nothing but the brown grass of Winter lying as if the melted snow had flattened it, and in the grass lie pools of water here and there. Near to the tower they reflect the red western sky, while farther off they are as grey as the clouds.

While she looks out over the plain where the sky darkens and is stilled by night mists, she listens for the winding stair to sound under a footfall. She listens for the groping of a hand over the lock of the iron door. She listens for the sound of another living body in the dead tower. And she hears nothing but the cricket and the hollow whine of the wind through the empty rooms beneath.

She bends farther forward, and leans her elbows on the windowsill. They are cold from the cold stone, but she does not notice. She does not see that the red sky has faded in the pools in the grass, nor that the plain which was as open as the sea has drawn itself together. And she does not notice that the rooks are silent.

For she is thinking of him who came one night and tied up his horse at the door, climbed up to her room, slept in her bed - and was gone before daylight. Of him who came to her like a squall, and whose speech was like the wind souging in a wood, and whose embrace set all her dreams alight and brought the warmth of

the sun into her heart. Of him who left her alone with the marks where his horse had pawed the ground at the foot of the tower. Sleepless, dreamless and restless, she stares into the night.

It is Lonely Yearning who sits mute at her window with the endless plain of a wasted life before her, and a withered wood behind her - Lonely Yearning, sick of her memory and as immortally young as the madness of Hope.

The sun has set. Around the tower creeps night's forest of darkness.

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Bækken

Viggo Stuckenberg



# Bajazet

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Barn, Du Er Mig Som Den Store Skov

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Bekendelse

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Bethlehemsstjærnen

Viggo Stuckenberg

**Bob**

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Bogtrykkerrim

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Caracalla

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Clara

Viggo Stuckenberg



# Dagmildet

Viggo Stuckenberg

# David

Viggo Stuckenberg

# De Skal Gaa

Viggo Stuckenberg

# De Skyr Mig Alle

Viggo Stuckenberg

# December

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Decembernat

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Den Stille, Ensomme Mose

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Den Tredje Oktober 1885

Viggo Stuckenberg



# Den, Som Har Levet

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Der Er Falden Lidt Sne

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Der Er Saa Besk En Sødme

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Der Ligger En Sø Og Lyser

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Der Pipper En Rødkjælk

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Dér Strøg Du, Fugl

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Der Var En Prins

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Det Er Ej Dine Hænder

Viggo Stuckenberg



# Det Er Saa Liflig Hvile

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Det Hvide Hus

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Drag Ud

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Dreng! Elsk Tyve Tusind

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Du Elskede Den Stille Sang

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Du Fugl Som Fløj Saa Højt

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Du Kommer Som Et Syn

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Du Kommer Til Mig Og Spørger

Viggo Stuckenberg



# Du Ligger Dernede Og Drømmer Saa Blidt

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Du Store, Stille Skov

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Du Zeus, Som Sidder Solen Næst

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Dug

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Farao

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Februar

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Finland

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Fjældskov

Viggo Stuckenberg



# Følfod

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Fontænen

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Før Jubled Nattergale, Hvor Vi Gik

Viggo Stuckenberg

# For Vinden Danser

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Foraarsnat

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Foraarsregn

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Foraarsvers

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Først I Oktober

Viggo Stuckenberg



# Første Maj

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Fra Min Barndom Har Jeg Elsket Gryet

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Frederiksborg

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Frostnat

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Fuldmaane

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Giv Mig Lysets Klinge

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Graavejr

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Grave

Viggo Stuckenberg



# Grave Guld

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Gyldne Agre

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Haandværket

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Halvmørke

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Haven

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Højsommer

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Høst

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Høststemninger (1)

Viggo Stuckenberg



# Høststemninger (2)

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Hr. Lasse Fiend

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Husker Du Den Lille Fod

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Hvad Er Den Byrde

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Hvad Er Den Hele Jord

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Hvad Er Det Vel, Der Kævles Om

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Hvad Er Kunst Vel

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Hvis Var Den Fod?

Viggo Stuckenberg



# Hvor Er Det Langt

Viggo Stuckenberg

# I Aften Tæt Det Regner

Viggo Stuckenberg

# I Anledning Af

Viggo Stuckenberg

# I Juni

Viggo Stuckenberg

# I Nat Har Det Regnet

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Ingeborg

IV

Unfolding in all of the furrows  
that lined and burst open my mind,  
all kinds of beautiful flowers  
at summer's most gentle wind.  
For two who love one another  
can torture each other far worse  
than all enemies put together  
can wreak vengeance over the earth  
And two who love one another  
can heal wounds beyond all repair  
just if they look at each other  
and smooth down each other's hair.

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Isblomster

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Islemark

Viggo Stuckenberg



# J. P. E. Hartmann

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Ja — Jeg Kan Skifte Mening

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Ja, Du! Ifald..

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Jævndøgn

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Januar

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Jeg Er Saa Fylt Af Gode Raad

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Jeg Er Saa Træt

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Jeg Har Et Helgenskrin I Hus

Viggo Stuckenberg



# Jeg Kom Til Dig Med Alle Mine Klager

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Jeg Sad Med Lykkens Guld I Fang

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Jeg Strider Ej Med Spot

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Jeg Tænker Ej Paa Dem, Som Har Det Bedre

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Jeg Tror Paa, At Der Findes

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Jeg Var Barn Den Gang, Jeg Vandt Dig

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Jeg Ved, At Verden Er En Gard

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Jonas Lie

Viggo Stuckenberg



# Juli

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Juni

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Juninat

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Klaverstykke

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Klinte

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Kogleri

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Krager

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Kun Ét Jeg Ved

Viggo Stuckenberg



# Kun Saaledes

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Lærken Synger Den Hele Dag

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Landskab

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Løvetands Fnug

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Løvspring

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Lykken I Min Sjæl

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Lykken Mellem To Mennesker

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Maj [anemoner Og Solskin Og Knopper]

Viggo Stuckenberg



# Maj [morgendug Og Duft Og Fugle]

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Marts

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Martssol

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Mefisto

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Men Det Var Her I Salen

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Midnatssolen

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Midvinter

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Mildt Efteraar

Viggo Stuckenberg



# Min Barndoms Have

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Min Eneste, Egen Veninde

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Min Færd Kan Gaa Saa Vide

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Min Kniv Var Borte

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Min Stue

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Mismod

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Mit Liv Er Vokset Fra Dig Længst

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Mod Den Blege Strandbred

Viggo Stuckenberg



# Morgen

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Morgen Paa Hospitalet

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Morgendug

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Mørke

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Munken

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Naar Arbejdsevnen Ebber

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Narrevise

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Nat

Viggo Stuckenberg



# Natteskov

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Nej, Fingrene Er Stive

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Niels V. Dorph

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Nordsjælland

Viggo Stuckenberg

# November

Viggo Stuckenberg

# November 1885

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Nu Brister I Alle De Kløfter

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Nu Er Det Just Den Fagre Tid

Viggo Stuckenberg



# Nu Lakker Det Mod Aften

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Nu Ligger Markerne Øde

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Nu Synker Solen Bag Violblaa Banker

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Nu Synker Sommerdagens Sol

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Nu, Moder, Hvor Du Stedes

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Nye Tider, Nye Taaber

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Nytaar 1884

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Nytaar 1885

Viggo Stuckenberg



# Nytaarsnat 1895-96

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Og Har Jeg Dyrket Dagens Sol

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Og Skulde Jeg Fælde Den Tid, Der Gik

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Oktober [der Red En Ridder Ad Borgens Port]

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Oktober [stundom Ser Jeg Efteraaret]

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Om Jeg Bøjed

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Om Jeg Gav Dig Denne Sol

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Om Nogen Spørger Dig

Viggo Stuckenberg



# Omkring Paa Alle Veje

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Opholdsvej

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Over De Skumrende Linde

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Paa Aaen

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Paa Molen

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Paasketid

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Paris

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Polenzthal

Viggo Stuckenberg



# Prolog [atter En Vinter Er Svunden]

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Prolog [du Kom - En Tindrende Strøm Af Sol]

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Ransag Dit Hjærte, Siger Du

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Resultater

Viggo Stuckenberg

## Resultater (2)

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Retfærdighed

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Saa Er Menneskenes Lod

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Saa Lad De Skove Slænge Det Løv

Viggo Stuckenberg



# Saa Lidt Behøves

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Saa Sadler Jeg Min Hest

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Sct. Hansvers

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Se, Elskov Lyver

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Se, Nu Letter Dæmringsdisen

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Seinen

Viggo Stuckenberg

# September

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Septemberaften [højt, Højt En Stjerne Staar! ]

Viggo Stuckenberg



# Septemberaften [jeg Stirrer Mod En Stjerne]

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Serenade

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Sic Transit

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Siden — Siden — -

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Sidste Digte

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Sigbjørn Obstfelder

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Skærsommer

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Skoven

Viggo Stuckenberg



# Skumring

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Skygger

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Slotsbrand

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Slotsherrens Bro

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Slottet

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Sne [det Skinner Hvidt, Hvorhen Jeg Ser]

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Sne [hvide Jord, Tavse Sne! ]

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Snefald

Viggo Stuckenberg



# Snefnug

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Snestorm

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Snetinder

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Snow

It is a long way, a long way away in the land where all the Fairy Tales happen.

Out on a flat, snowcovered, endless barren field squats a tumbledown hut, and in the hut's only room sits a bent old man breathing on the ice on the windowpane. He is staring out over the lonely snow-plain which is empty, cold and trackless, while and sterile all the way to the frost-blue clouds on the horizon. The old man's breath spreads like thin steam over the pane, and freezes. The frost creaks in the woodwork. The cold steals in from outside through cracks and chinks, and long icicles hang down from the eaves like a lattice in front of the window.

The old man does not move. He scarcely blinks his eyes, so fixedly does he stare out at the horizon. Farthest out there where the flat white snowfield draws a straight horizon-line with the darkling sky, it runs down like the edge of a sea that rolls wave after wave, slowly and endlessly along a shore.

It is Mankind's Youth rushing to the Castle where the Princess and half the Kingdom are to be won.

The old man stretches his hands towards the cold window. He presses his forehead against the ice-covered pane, and his mouth quivers as if he is speaking. But no sound escapes his lips. He is as dumb as one whose soul bears a sorrow no-one and nothing can alleviate. His gaze is as fixed and tearless as in one who sees life withered and wasted and can do nothing about it. Only his brain is alive. It struggles desperately and monotonously with ever the same useless, futile thought: to stop that host.

But even if he had a megaphone they would not hear him. His voice would sound like a bird crying above their heads. For out there where they walk, the white snowfield looks like a meadow decked with poppies and cornflowers, and his house looks like a jasmine-covered abode of kisses and embraces and dreams, and the winter sky's leaden clouds like the summer's clearest air. And the dead stillness of the frost on the white field sounds like the song of unseen larks. It is green and fertile and blossoming all around, while far in front stands the castle

with the Princess and half the Kingdom like a song upon the lips.

Day in and day out the old man sits and stares. The crowd never stops, and no-one ever rides to the castle. But round about him he sees only barren fields and lonely huts, huts that stand empty and waiting, and huts where old men sit like he does, staring out of frozen panes into a changeless winter, always the same, cold and white - like a memory of what is forever dead...

...out into that winter which is the Dragon slowly swallowing those who never won the Princess.

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Sol

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Solsvedet

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Sommer

Viggo Stuckenberg



# Sommeraften

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Sommerglimt

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Sommermod

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Sørgeligt Skrigende Fugle!

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Sov Sødt, Lille Lire

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Søvnløs

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Spring Ud! Du Lille Danmark

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Stemmer

Viggo Stuckenberg



# Stjerner

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Stormflod

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Strandsol

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Syn

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Tag Vinen Væk

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Tidligt Foraar

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Til Georg Brandes

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Til Min Gudsøn

Viggo Stuckenberg



# Tre Kærlinger Fløj Til Bloksbjærg

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Tusind Glæder Rummer Livet

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Undertiden Gaar Éns Liv I Staa

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Vaardis

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Vaarstemning

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Ved Aarhundred-Skiftet Nytaarsnat

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Ved Stranden

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Vel Er Livet Bittert

Viggo Stuckenberg



# Venus Fra Milo

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Vestre Kirkegaard

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Vig Fra Mig, Satanas!

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Vilde Kørvel

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Vildvin

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Villaveje

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Vinter

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Vinteraften [bag Horisontens Bjærgblaa Skyer]

Viggo Stuckenberg



# Vinteraften [først En Skov Af Sorte Stammer]

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Vinternat

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Vølunds Ed (1)

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Vølunds Ed (2)

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Vølunds Ed (3)

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Vølunds Ed (4)

Viggo Stuckenberg

# Vølunds Ed (5)

Viggo Stuckenberg