Til Jan Koop

MORTEN GAATHAUG

HYMNE

for cello og klaver

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Modellert over et dikt av Sigbjørn Obstfelder

Op. 107

2016

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HYMNE

O menneskehed! Se dig dog om! Ser du det ei?
Det blusser, det tindrer, det stråler.
Verdensfanfaren klinger jo end,
solen synger jo, stjernerne danser,
dagen lever jo, - intet er dødt!

O menneskehed! Hvi sænker du øiet mod jord?
mod solen, mod himlen, mod Gud går din færd.
Retter du øiet mod målet,
da finder du veien,
tror du, at jorden er målet,
da mister du jorden.

Jeg ser mine brødre klæ sig med hjelme
af dødningeskaller.
Jeg ser dem med dødningeben sig smykke,
stirre mod udslukte øine.

Jeg hører i mændenes sange
knokler rasle,
jeg hører i kirkernes bønner
gravens sukke.

Hvi stirrer du, broder, hvi luder du hodet
mod det forgangne?
Det forgangnes sjæl er jo det som kommer!
Det forgangne var jo til
for at skabe det som kommer!

O menneskehed! Så du det ei?
Der dryssed en hærskare stjerneskud
- et for hvert barnesind,
et for hver kvindesjæl,
et for hver mandeånd.
De var sendt fra de gladeste stjerner
en høisommernat,
at lyse i hvert menneskes mørke indre,
at stråle i jordættens store nat.
Der dryssed en hærskare funklende bønner:
Sving dig mod lyset,
lad sjælen din danse,
lad ånden din stige,
bliv aldrig ræd!

For svage hjerner det svimle
i høidernes vældige syner!
Dyret mod jorden sænker sin mule.
En menneskehjerne svimle?

O menneskehed! Tænd dine fakler!
I et talløst tog med fakler i hånd
lad os vandre de nedstrakte hænder tilmøde!

Sigbjørn Obstfelder (1866-1900)

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HYMN

O human-kind! Gaze around you! Do you not see?
The flaring, the kindling, the gleaming.
Yea, earth's trumpet blast likewise rings,
Yea, the sun chants, the stars are dancing,
Day is alive, - nought is dead!

O human-kind! Why sink you earthwards your gaze?
To the sun, to the heaven, to God goes your track.
Raise your eyes up goal-wards,
The path to discover:
But if you deem earth is the goal,
Earth you will forfeit.

I see my brethren garb them with helmets
Fashoned of death's-heads.
I see them adorned with dead men's bones
Staring unto eyes that are quenched.

I hear in the singing of men
Rattling of bones.
I hear in prayers of the church
Sighs of the grave.

Why stare you, brother, and bow you the head
Unto the past?
The soul of the past is the thing that cometh!
The past was only
To fashion the thing that cometh!

O human-kind! Did you not see?
A host of stars fell trickling:
- One for each child-mind,
One for each woman-soul,
One for each man-spirit.
They were sent from the blithest of stars
One midsummer-night,
To shine in each mortal's dark inmost,
To gleam in the great night of the earth-race.
There trickled a host of glittering prayers:
Bestir you light-wards,
Let your soul dance,
Let your spirit mount,
Be ever blithe!

The weak-souled grow dizzy
As they gaze on the mightiest heights!
The beast droops earthwards his jowl.
A human soul dizzy?

O human-kind! Kindle your torches!
In a countless throng with torches in hand
To the down-streched hands let us wander.

Sigbjørn Obstfelder (1866-1900)

Translated by Paul Selver, 1920

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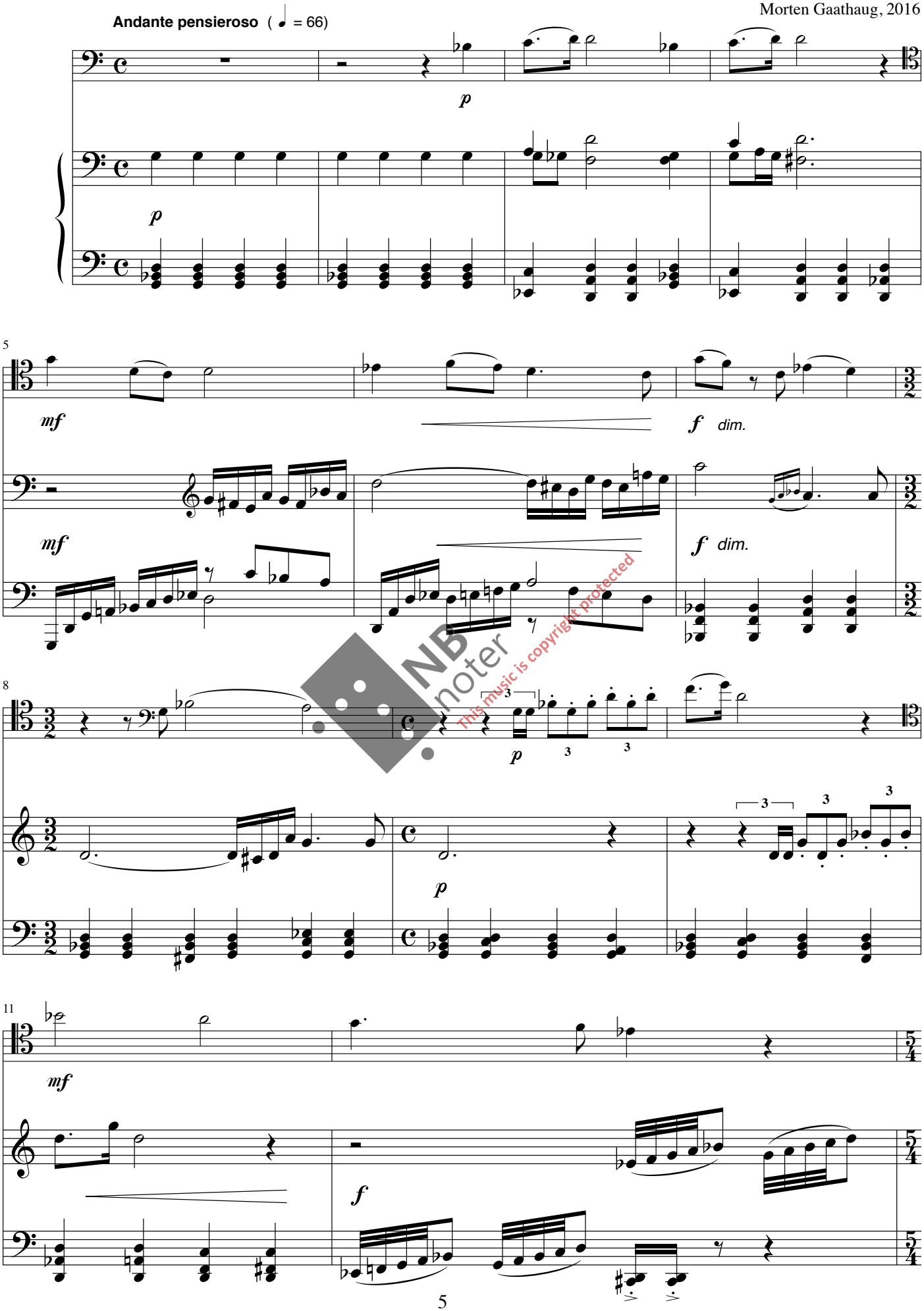
Durata 7 min.

Hymne

Morten Gaathaug, 2016



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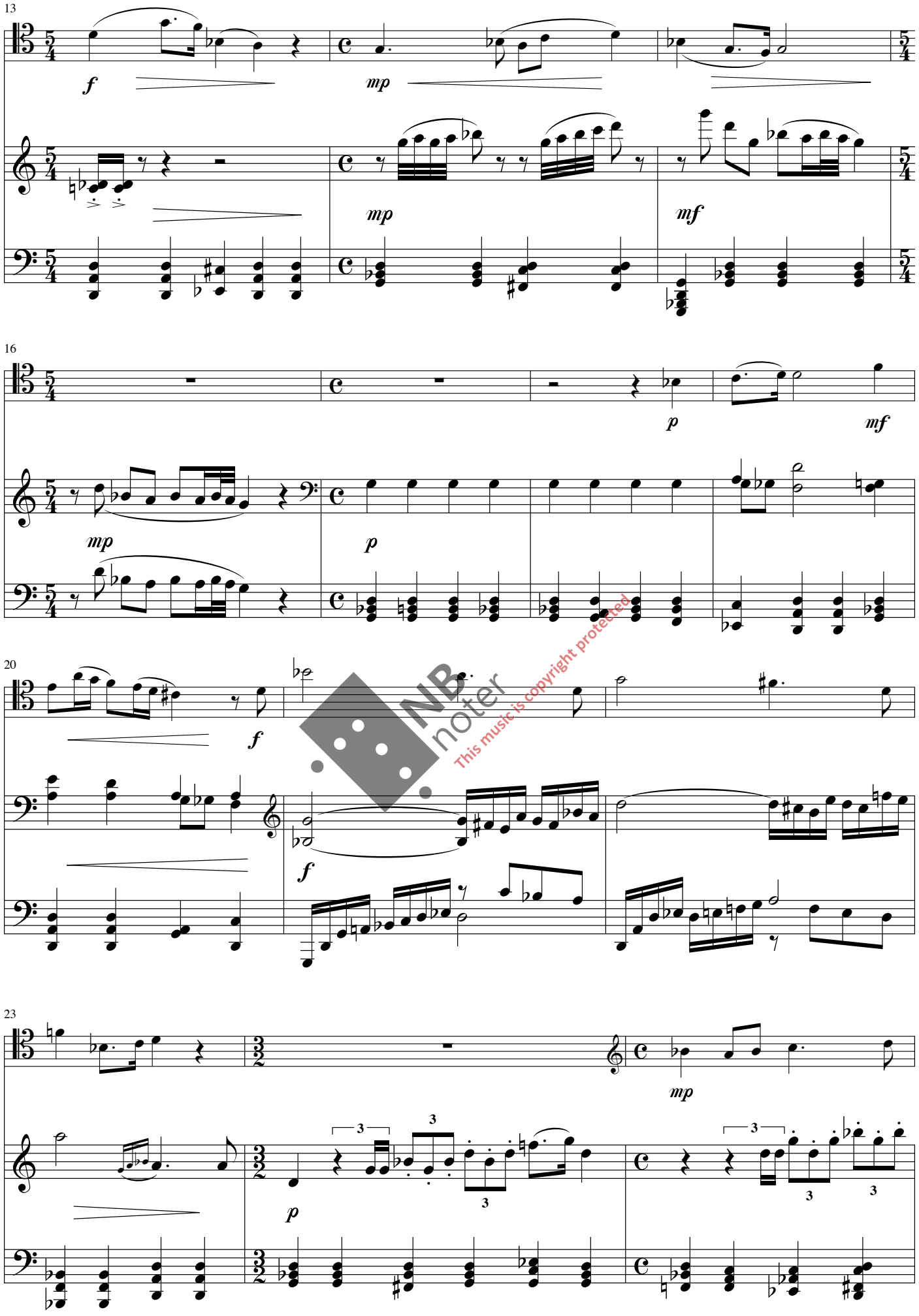

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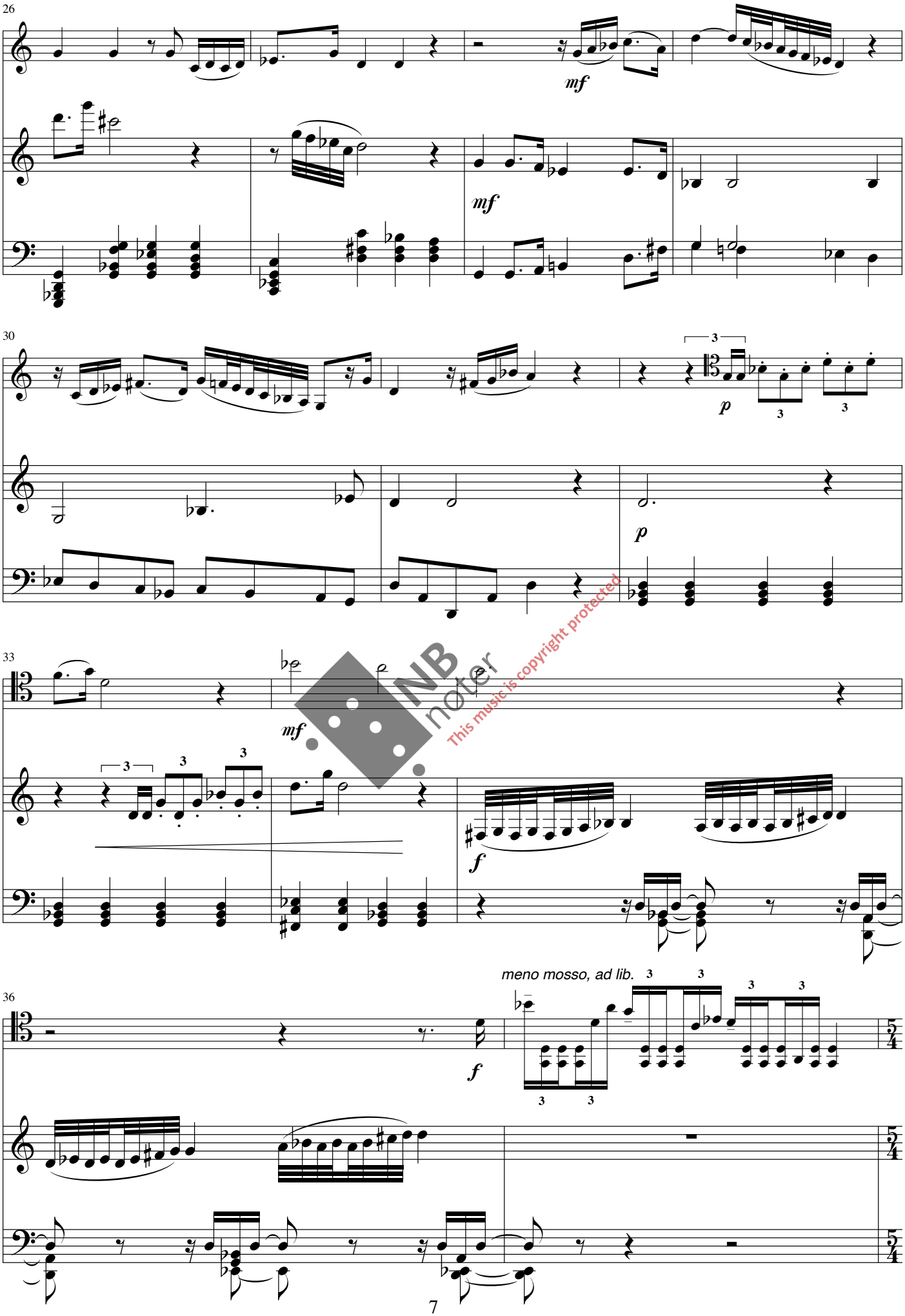

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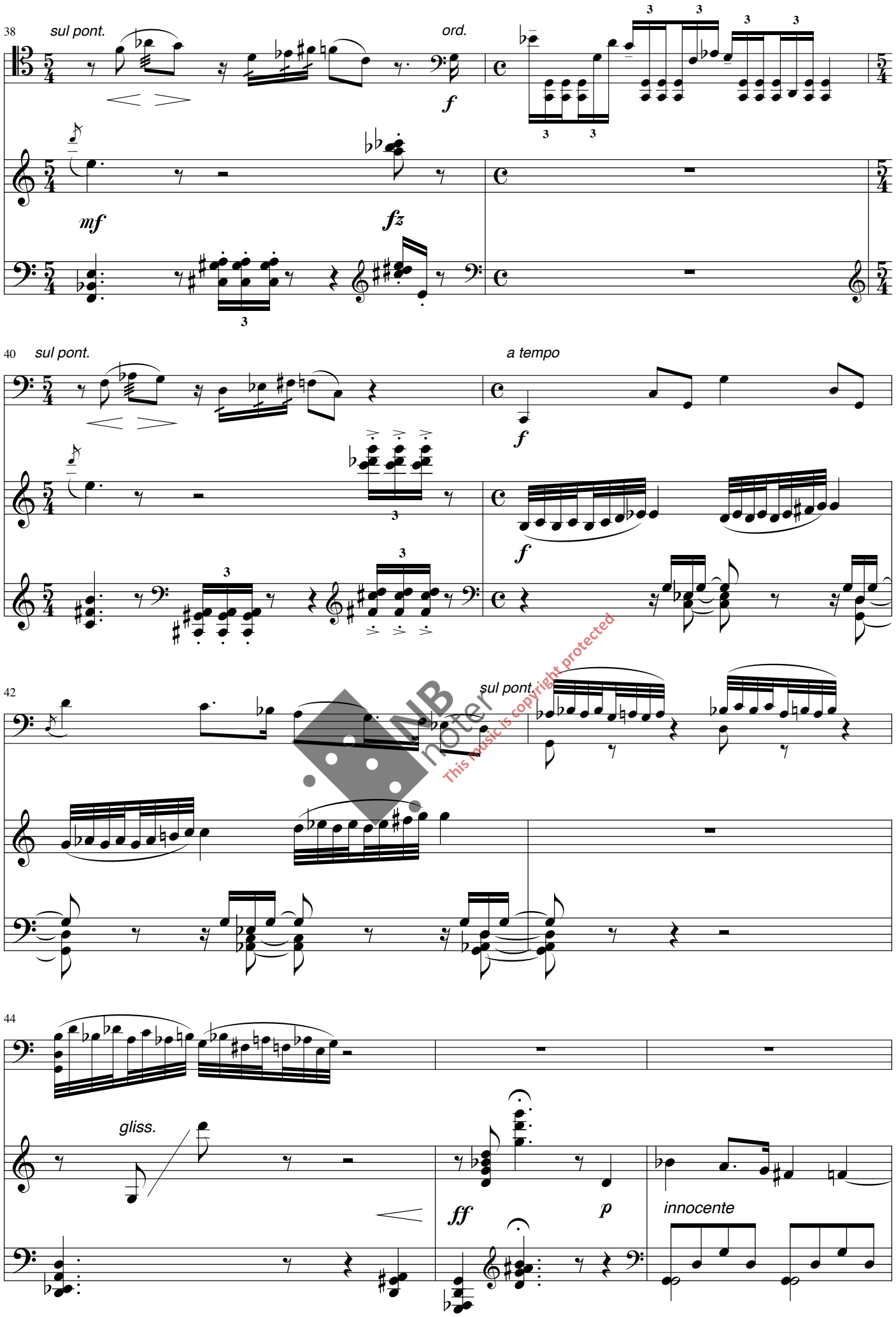

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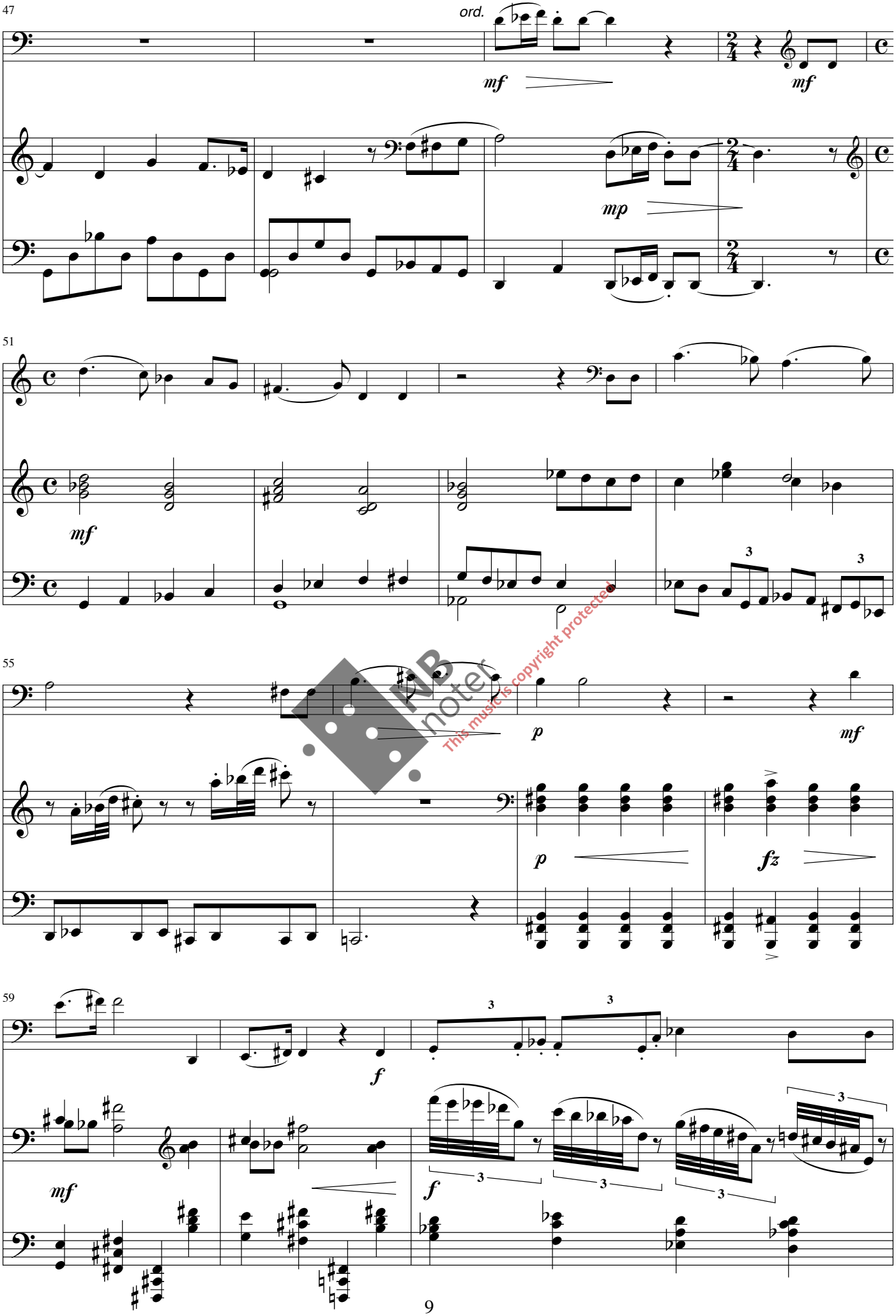

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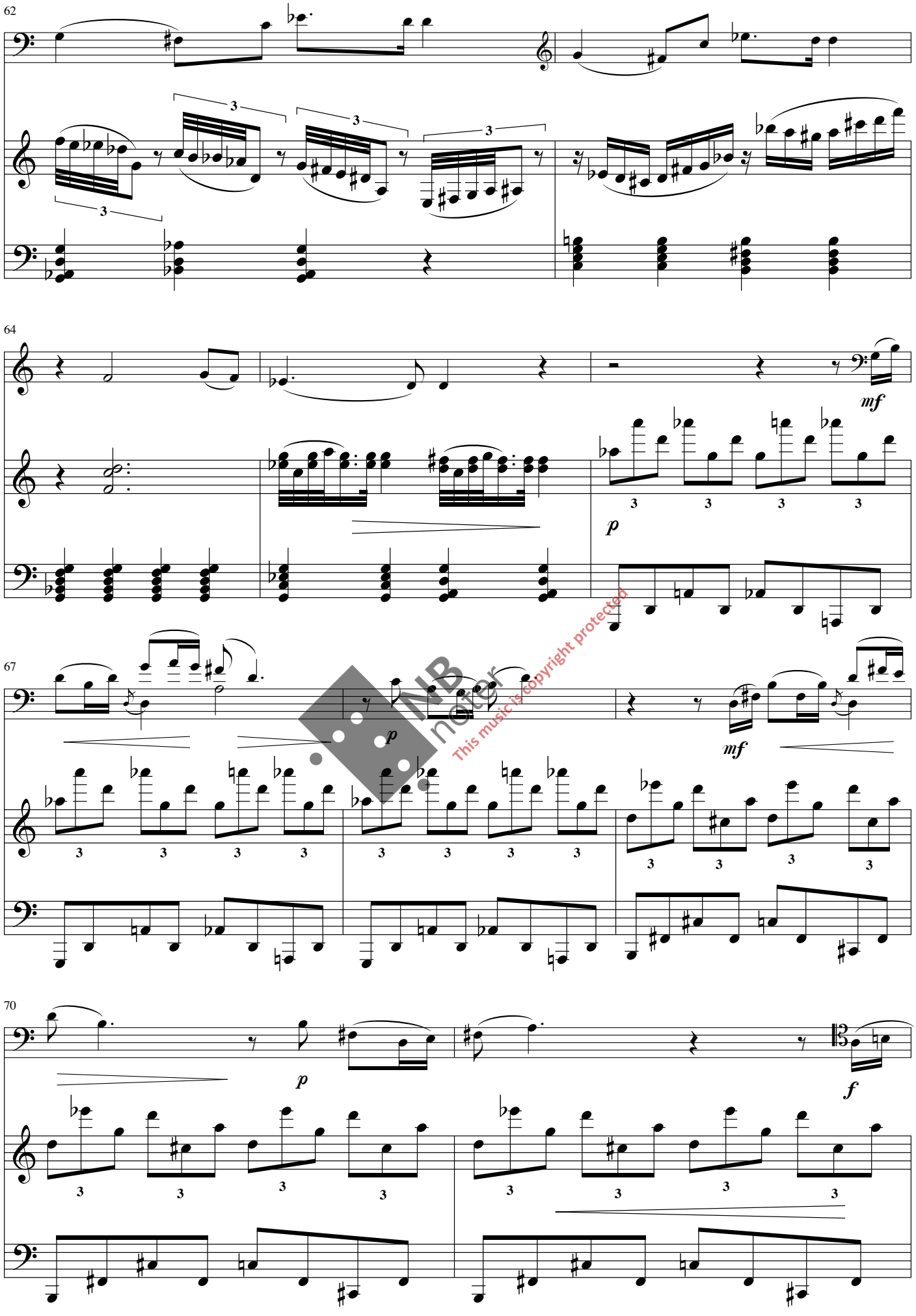

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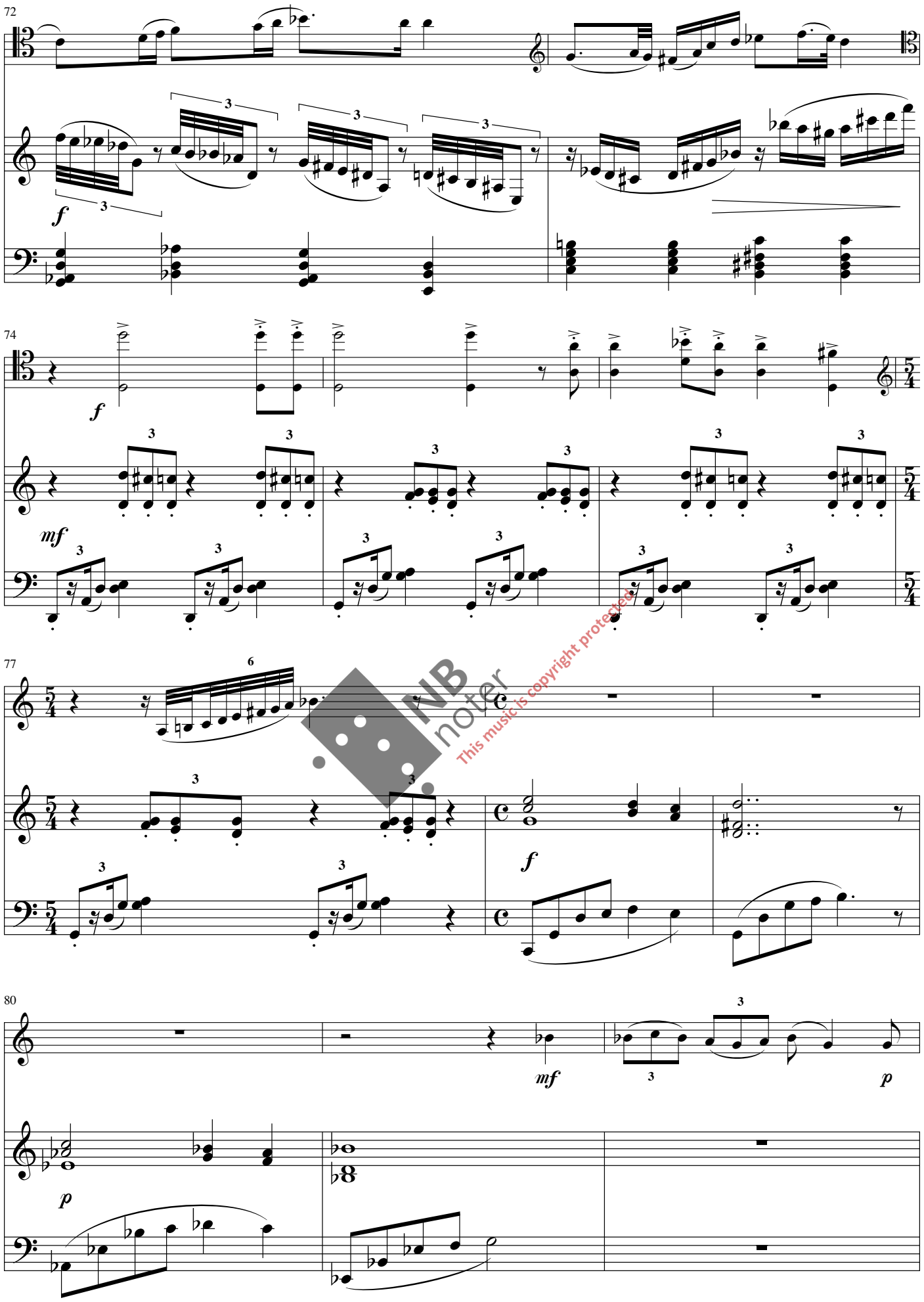

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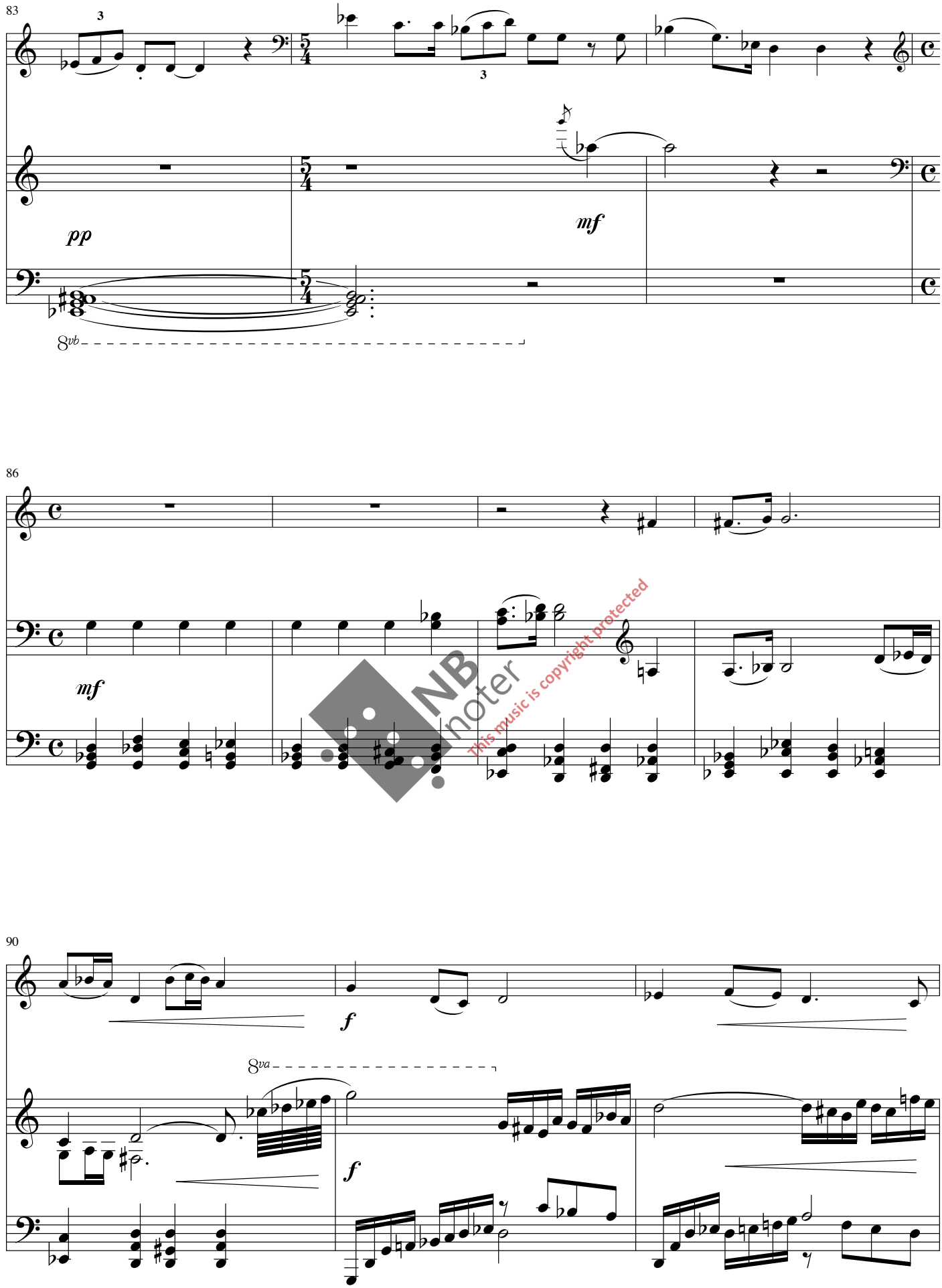

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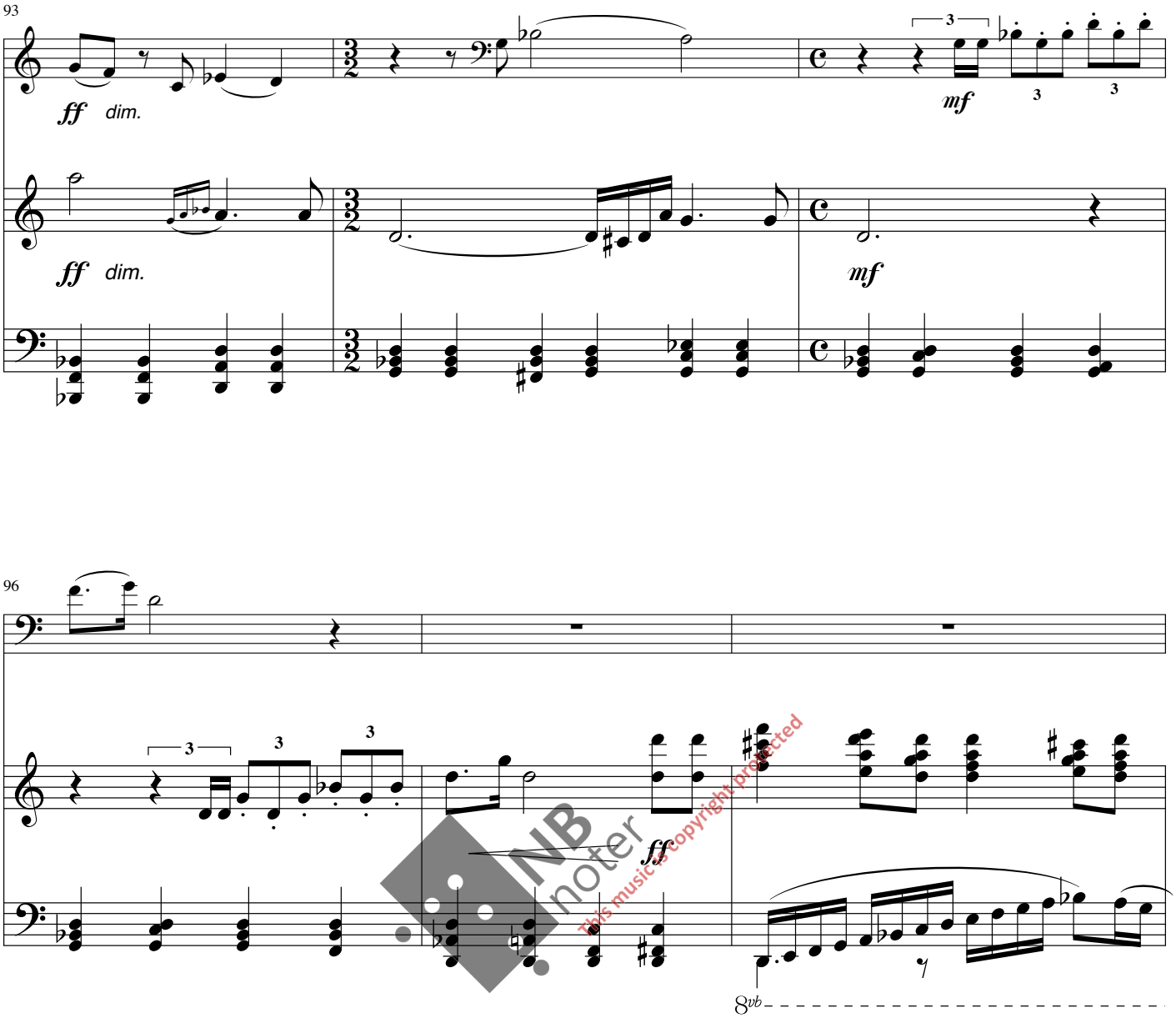
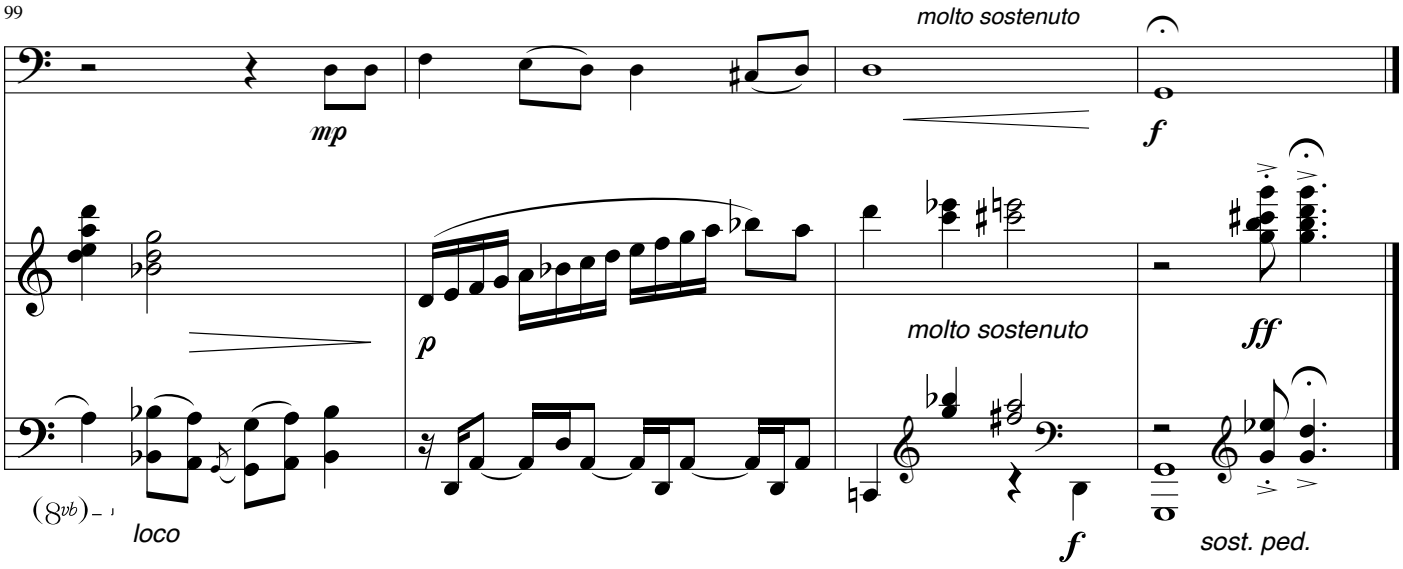
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