

Carl Nielsen:

321 Aftenstemning

Evening atmosphere

(“The woods are dimly listening”)
dreamingly

1. The woods are dimly listening,
The golden stars are glistening
In heaven mild and pure;
As nature is exhaling,
At eventide goes sailing
A misty whiteness o'er the moor.

2. How calm the Earth reposes
In veils of night, and dozes
From summer warmth so deep;
Like such a shrine you see it
While mis'ry is – so be it –
Forgotten in the arms of sleep.

Text: Carsten Hauch

Aus: Nielsen - Songs (English Translations)

Uploaded by Demetrio Bonvecchio

<https://de.scribd.com/document/365311356/Nielsen-Songs-English-Translations>

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