

Classic Poetry Series

Helge Rode
- poems -

Publication Date:

2012

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Helge Rode(1870-1937)

Helge Rode (Frederiksberg, October 16, 1870 - Frederiksberg, March 23, 1937) was a Danish writer and critic, and journalist for Politiken, Berlingske Tidende, and Illustreret Tidende. He was a critic of Georg Brandes and the Modern Breakthrough.

He was the brother of politician Ove Rode, and father of actor Ebbe Rode.

Fate

I was riding one day, 'twas a bright sunny day,
not a cloud to be seen in the sky,
When a small yellow bird, a-singing its song,
came flying to perch on my head.
With a too-ra-li-lay, falarali-ri-lay,
it came flying to perch on my head.

There on my head, the bird ceased in its song,
and addressed me with thundering voice:
Where do you ride, where are you bound,
where are you guiding your steps?
With a too-ra-li-lay, falarali-ri-lay,
tell me where you are guiding your steps?

Ahead of me lay boundless miles of the road,
and I knew not whither they lead.
I said, the Norns they have cut, and measured my thread,
how should I know where I'm bound?
With a too-ra-li-lay, falarali-ri-lay,
tell me how I should know where I'm bound.

The bird flashed its bright eyes, and its wings beat the wind,
as it cried out the answer I knew,
It cried, the Norns may have cut and measured your thread,
but you hold the reins to your horse.
With a too-ra-li-lay, falarali-ri-lay,
only you hold the reins to your horse!

As the bird took to wing, singing brightly again,
I arrested the stride of my horse.
I considered the road, and whither it lead,
and turned my way back whence I came.
With a too-ra-li-lay, falarali-ri-lay,
my horse went back the way that I came. [More Information](#)
Mark Markussen sang this song. He's not yet much of a skald, but he has

promise, I think.

Helge Rode

Lament

Helge Rode

Snow

There is nothing in the world that's as silent as snow
when gently through air it's descending,
muffles each step you take,
hushes, shushes makes
quiet the voices that the air are rendering.

There is nothing in the world with the pureness of snow,
Swan-down from the white wings of heaven
On your hand a flake
tear-dew seems to make.
White thoughts silently a dance are treading.

There is nothing in the world that can soften like snow.
Hush, you're listening to what's silent singing.
Oh, a sound so fine,
silver bells sublime
in the inmost reaches of your heart are ringing.

Helge Rode