

**Classic Poetry Series**

**Thomas Kingo**  
**- poems -**

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# Thomas Kingo(1634-1703)

Thomas Hansen Kingo (December 15, 1634 – October 14, 1703 Odense) was a Danish bishop, poet and hymn-writer born at Slangerup, near Copenhagen. His work marked the high point of Danish baroque poetry.

He belonged to a rather poor family partly of Scottish origin and was educated a clergyman. In his youth, Kingo wrote a series of poems picturing humorous scenes in village life and a pastoral love poem, Chrysillis. He studied theology at the University of Copenhagen, graduating in 1654, and for some time acted as private tutor. In 1661 he was appointed vicar to the pastor at Kirke Helsing, and in 1668 he was ordained a minister at his native town, where his poetic activity began.

At first he essayed patriotic poems, but later devoted himself almost entirely to writing hymns, and in 1674 the first part of his Aandelige Siunge-Koor ("Spiritual Song Choir") appeared; followed in 1681 by a second part. This work consists of a collection of beautiful hymns several of which are still popular in the Danish Church.

In 1677 Kingo was appointed bishop of Funen. Charged by the government with the compilation of a new hymn-book, he edited (1699) the so-called Kingo's Psalmebog which contains eighty-five of his own compositions, and which is still used in various parts of Denmark and Norway. Some parts of the Danish rural population were firmly sticking to his hymns during the pietist and rationalist period contributing to their survival.

Though not the first Danish hymn writer Kingo must be considered the first real important one and also among the Danish poets of the 17th Century he is generally a leading figure. His hymns are born by a forceful and often Old Testamental wrath and renunciation of the world switching with Christian mildness and confidence. Both elements are thrown in relief by his private thrift and fighting nature. His worldly poems and patriotic songs are often long-winded and marked by outer effects but in short version he is unequalled, as in his both plain and worthy commemorative poem of the naval hero Niels Juel.

# Chrysillis

1

CHrysillis du mit Verdens Guld  
Min een' och ynsche skat  
Mit lius i lychens nat  
Kom nermer hid o hierte huld  
Og leg dit øre til  
Jeg for dig siunge vil  
Lychens Sang  
Lychens Gang  
Vil ieg viße uden feil  
Hvor du mig  
Jeg og dig  
Schue maa som i et speil,  
Solen schal iche naa  
De vester vande blaa  
Ey henge lyßen loch  
Paa stierne floch  
Før ieg Chrysillis har  
Giort mig for verden bar  
Hvor høyt ieg elscher dig  
Bestandelig.

2

En hyrde Daatter est du jo  
Og blant din faderß faar  
Gich første Blomsters aar  
Dig glædde tit den hyrde bo,  
Hyrdindens malche spand  
Kom tit for mund og Tand  
Hyrden dig  
Tog med sig  
Tit op paa dend høye hald  
Hvor du saa  
Hiorden gaa  
Neder i dend fæde dal  
Naar Solen dend randt op  
Forgylte Klippens top  
Dig vachte hyrden ey  
Men gich sin vey

Hente de fæde lam  
Til dig naar afften kam  
Da var hyrdindens schiød  
Din seng saa blød.

3

Hvor tit har hafvit dig til lyst  
Giort grummen Bølge plat  
Og som Chrystalle glat  
Du saast paa schibbets roelig bryst  
Dend rige handels mand  
Paa dend forsølfvet strand  
Styremand  
Ret hoß land  
Kaste anchor laad og traad  
Seylets pracht  
Blef ned lagt  
For dend fattig fischerbaad  
Da saaest du runden om  
Dend Kolde fischer Kom  
Hvor fischen sprat og sprang  
For baadens Tvang  
Da min Chrisillis saa  
Bublen paa vandet staa  
Opblæst i samme paß  
Som flugtig glaß.

4

Naar Solen af sin gylden Karm  
De Ilde-straaler schiød  
Og schyens teppe brød  
Da middags stunden blef saa varm  
At nøgen fisch sin gang  
Skiød hen bag schær og tang  
Flora da  
Bød dig fra  
Hafvet til sin løfve sal  
Blomster smaa  
Strøde paa  
Gulf og benche dig til pral  
Træer som bøygte sig  
Mod dig med grønne flig

Ragte dig schygggen til  
Mod Solens Jld  
Det purpur Rosen træe  
Lochet dig hen til læe  
Hvor haßlen schiulte smucht  
Dend Rosen lugt.

5

Dend Kroned hiort og Kaade hind  
Opknejßede og saae  
Dend grønne schytte gaee  
Kraagrygget mod dend sachte vind  
Gaar det for strax i spring  
Og dantz dend schov om Kring  
Du da saae  
Lyst oppaa  
Haren sammen Krymped sad  
Hvor hand sprat  
Naar dend Krat  
Knaßede af schyttens traed  
Midler tid fuglen sad  
Sicher bag bøge blad  
Nachtergal paa positiv  
Legt' i sit Lif  
Rør drommen var basist  
Bogfinchen Tenorist  
Lerchen Discanten holt  
Solsorten alt.

6

Naar Stierne teppet da blef lagt  
Og hver en flod blef fuld  
Af Stierne stuchet Guld,  
Og hyrden sine faar saa sagt  
J afften svalen dref  
Og spor i Duggen schref  
Du da med  
Gich af sted  
Faare flochen talte tit  
Og besaa  
Stor' og smaa  
Himmel-fachel blusset frit

Stjerne rubinen klar  
Skint' i dit melche Kar  
Og perle dugen falt  
Paa haar og alt  
Philax den trofast hund  
Opvartet ald den stund  
Hiorden forsiunet blef  
Og ulfven dref.

7

Dig lagde himlens ansicht paa  
Sit aasiun mildelig  
Hver Dag som blottet sig  
Mand fandt ey hyrde datter gaa  
J større fryd og flor  
End du Chrysillis staar  
Ønsk' og løst  
Fandt ey brøst  
J dend Croned lychsomhed  
Dog var ey  
Paa dend vey  
Lychens stadig sted og beed,  
Mens strax i ungdoms aar  
Paa lychens vinger staar  
Chrysillis seylet gjør  
Fra Faders dør  
Skibet med hauf og Vind  
Lagde dig i sin favn  
Fra Føde staufn.

8

Der du nedsatte da din fod  
Paa fremmed sted og grund  
Da strax i samme stund  
Dend fruchtbar lyche for dig stoed  
Som i et Kilde veld  
Med hver mands gunst og held  
Tiden gich  
Ynd' og schich  
Gaf dig hver dags undergang  
Lychen leer  
Mer og meer

Og gaar frem i fulde svang,  
Da mangel hyrde Søn  
Elschte dig høyt i løn  
Som lych' og føysom tid  
Var dog ublid  
Omsider Coridon  
Op løfft paa lychens tron'  
Fich dog din Kierlighed  
Som hver mand ved.

9

En dag i tidens langsom gang  
Fra gylden Morgen brød  
Med Sølf i barm og Schiød  
Da ieg Myrtillo sad og sang  
Hos mine faar saa smaae  
Ved malet eng og aae  
Jeg da saae  
Dig fremgaae  
J din vanlig pynt og pracht  
Strax mit Sind  
Skiød mig ind  
Det ieg nu maa gifve macht  
Blodet i mig blef Kalt  
Maalet mig hastig falt  
Skamrød mit ansicht blef  
Og tancher dref,  
Øyne forstirret sig  
Sindet dog sagde mig  
See hist ey see dog hvor  
Chrysillis gaar.

10

Jeg veed ey hvor mit hierte blef  
Det foer af brystet hen  
Som stoch stoed ieg igien  
J brystet dog sin meening schref  
Staa her Myrtillo staa  
Thi ieg fra dig mon gaa  
Far nu vel  
Lif og Siel  
Sagde hiertet foer saa hen

Og besaa  
Hvad der laa  
Brøst forborgit hos sin ven  
Chrysillis øyne blaae  
Som vey til hiertet laae  
Antente fachel snart  
For sindets art  
Giennem det Sinde glaß  
Saaes der et dydß Compas  
Hvis rigtig Centrum stoed  
J Hierte roed.

11

En tusind egget Tanche piil  
Mit hierte strax bestack  
En Dvale drich ieg drach  
At hvasse Sverd og naggit fiil  
Som giennem sindet gich  
Mich gaff ey dødßens stich  
Søfn og Slum  
Giorde dum  
Dag og øye blef som Kul  
Phantasi  
Fant dog Sti  
Giennem Søfnens mørch og Mul  
Nu siuntis mig Jeg stoed  
Hos dend bespeilet floed  
Hvor ieg forbaußet saae  
Dit ansigt staae  
Nu siuntis mig ieg dig  
Hafd' i min vogn hos mig  
Hvor lychen tøylen loed  
Til haand och foed.

12

Du mindis vel den afftenstund  
Jeg dig ved haanden fich  
Og ene hos dig gich  
Endog at Maanens røde Mund  
Vdblæste Kuld og vind  
Dog blußet frit dit sind  
Afftens tvang



Var ey lang  
Time var som øye blich  
Tiden flød  
Talen brød  
Begge hierters schuilte nich  
Da blef dend Dulte glød  
Oppusted Klar og rød  
Jndtil vor hierte blod  
J lue stoed  
Da bandtes venschabs baand  
Da rachtis mund og haand  
God nat tog hver da glad  
Og schiltis ad.

13

Hver dag var da saa frydefuld  
Hver time fuld af schiemt  
Ald sorrig død og glemt  
Ret som naar Solens Morgenguld  
Dend Melancholisch nat  
Bemaler skøn og glat  
Naar mand seer  
Solen leer  
Af sin thrones øster-Kant  
Schygg' og schy  
Gaar fra by  
Viger Dagens Commendant  
Saa svant og Sorgen hen  
Naar Jeg min hiertens ven  
Med øyne kunde see  
Da gich min vee  
Naar du og mig ansaae  
Strax ieg om hiertet laae  
Du som din egen Siel  
Mig unte vel.

14

Men ach! hvor snart dend blege had  
Forgnistret lod sig see  
Og til stor hierte vee  
Forblottede vi daglig sad  
Mod mangt et avind stød

Vor u-ven fra sig schiød  
Da dit blod  
Offte stoed  
Isnet og forandret slet  
Men Jeg mig  
Endelig  
Ved mit haab dog gjorde lett  
Blif sagde ieg, Kun ved  
Blif uven slem og leed  
Brend flux af Afvinds Jld  
Blif aldrig mild  
Dog schal mit hierte staae  
Som hafsens Klippe graae  
Bryd storm fald mur og Mast  
Jeg staar dog fast.

15

Trotz der for! ieg dog bie vil  
Dend himmel stemte tid  
Med troschabhed og flid  
Det raadis dog her ofven til  
Hvad neden her paa Jor  
Gaar rigtig effter snoer  
Jeg ey meer  
Nu anseer  
Seyer verch og time glaß  
Gud best ved  
Tid og leed  
Paa vor Tarves Tanke-pas  
Blif himmel midler tid  
Alle steds god og blid  
Gif glæd' En gang for graad  
Gif lych' og raad  
Stref verden Kun imod  
Brend af dit hitzig blod  
Chrysillis elscher mig  
Dog hiertelig.

16

Alt det Chrysillis hører til  
Det alt er hamret ind  
Vdj mit hiert' og sind

Jeg det og trolig elsche vil  
Til baael og Jlde brand  
Og slicher Søe og Strand  
Lyst og Nød  
Lif og Død  
Tager Jeg med dig i haand  
Ja ieg staar  
Hærdet haar  
Før schal brøste liffsens baand  
Siung der for nu min Sang  
Siung med mig lychens gang  
O du mit Verdens Guld  
Vær Morschab fuld  
Leg dig min digter pen  
Sof vel min hiertens ven  
Her med far vel far vel  
Min søde Siel.

Thomas Kingo

# De Fattiges Udj Odense Hospital

Thomas Kingo

# Den Salige Frues Dødeligheds Og Udødeligheds Erindring

Thomas Kingo

# Den Xvi. Sang

Thomas Kingo

# Dend Første Morgen-Sang

Thomas Kingo

# Dend Ii. Sang

Thomas Kingo



# Dend Iv. Sang

Thomas Kingo

# Dend IX. Sang

Thomas Kingo

# Dend X. Sang

Thomas Kingo

# Dend Xi. Sang

Thomas Kingo

# Dend Xiv. Sang

Thomas Kingo

# Dend Xx. Sang. For Søefarende

Thomas Kingo

# Fynske Mercurius

Thomas Kingo

# Giet Hvis Ønske

Thomas Kingo



# Hierte-Suk [ach! Min Jesu, Jeg Maa Klage]

Thomas Kingo

# Hierte-Suk [aldrig Er Jeg Uden Vaade]

Thomas Kingo

# Hierte-Suk [en Fattig Pillegrim Jeg Er]

Thomas Kingo

# Hierte-Suk [min Siæl, Hvo Er Dog Dend, Som Dig Saa Kierlig Føder]

Thomas Kingo

# Hierte-Suk [naar Jeg, O Gud Paa Havet Er]

Thomas Kingo

# Indskrift

Thomas Kingo

# Lyck-Ønsche Til Rigens Store Cancellar Petter Greve Af Griffenfelt

Thomas Kingo

# Morgen-Sang

Thomas Kingo



# Morning Song

From eastern quarters now  
The sun 's up-wandering,  
His rays on the rock's brow  
And hill's side squandering ;  
Be glad, my soul ! and sing amidst thy pleasure,  
Fly from the house of dust,  
Up with thy thanks, and trust  
To heaven's azure !

O, countless as the grains  
Of sand so tiny,  
Measureless as the main's  
Deep waters briny,  
God's mercy is, which he upon me showereth !  
Each morning, in my shell,  
A grace immeasurable  
To me down-poureth.

Thou best dost understand,  
Lord God ! my needing,  
And placed is in thy hand  
My fortune's speeding,  
And thou foresees! what is for me most fitting ;  
Be still, then, O my soul !  
To manage in the whole  
Thy God permitting !

May fruit the land array,  
And corn for eating !  
May truth e'er make its way,  
With justice meeting!  
Give thou to me my share with every other,  
Till down my staff I lay,  
And from this world away  
Wend to another !

Thomas Kingo

# Ofver Friderich Thuresøn

Thomas Kingo

# Paa Første Paaske-Dag

Thomas Kingo

# Sonnet Eller Klinge-Riim

Thomas Kingo

# Til Brigitte Baltzlow

Thomas Kingo

# To Each His Destiny

Sorrow and joy hand in hand go together,  
Fortune, misfortune as neighbours do dwell,  
Luck and adversity call to each other  
Sunshine and clouds are companions as well.  
Earth's brightest gold  
Is but fine mould,  
Heaven alone is where bliss can unfold.

Gold crown and sceptre they sparkle and glitter,  
Glitter is not, though, what royal robes imply.  
Thousands of burdens a crown's weight embitter,  
Thousandfold cares in a sceptre's power lie.  
Life for a king  
Unrest will bring  
Heaven alone can give bliss without sting.

Everything's fortune is waxing and waning!  
Everyone finds his own grief in his heart!  
Often a breast, though bejewelled, is complaining,  
Weighed down by woe and by rage torn apart!  
Trials we have all,  
Some large, some small,  
Heaven alone is where cares cannot gall.

Wisdom, dominion and temporal glory,  
Vigour and youth in the years of our prime,  
Hold their head high, but the end of the story  
Is that they perish when ravished by time!  
All things must end  
None can contend  
Heavenly bliss can alone all transcend!

Fairest of roses have sharp thorns aquiver,  
Loveliest flowers their poisonous sap,  
'Neath rosy cheeks can a heart always wither,  
Strange how a destiny each does enwrap!  
As storm-tossed boat,  
Our land's afloat,  
Heaven alone all sweet bliss does promote.

Well then! No worry shall me overpower  
Should the world not do as I'd have prevail!  
No tribulation shall cause me to cower  
Nothing shall cause my heart ever to fail!  
Sorrow shall die,  
Joy's seeds on high  
On heaven's isle of pure bliss multiply.

Fear shall give rise to a joy that's enduring,  
Agony's distaff from tufts spin fine thread!  
Poverty rich robes shall make most alluring,  
Weakness on sound legs shall rise from his bed!  
Envy shall stand  
Cornered, unmanned,  
Heaven alone all of this can command!

Let then my fate and my fortune be fashioned  
As does my LORD and my MASTER desire,  
Let no spite reign, nor no envious passion,  
Let but the world do as it would conspire!  
Time's loom will stare  
Empty and bare,  
Heaven will weave all that is to be there.

Thomas Kingo

# Under Anders Sørensen Vedels Portræt

Thomas Kingo



# Under Christian V's Portræt I Norske Lov

Thomas Kingo

# Weary Of The World, And With Heaven Most Dear

Farewell, world, farewell

As thrall here I'm weary and no more will dwell,  
The manifold burdens that on me have lain,  
I wrest them now from me and do them disdain,  
I wrench myself free, though am wearied withal:  
'Tis vanity all,  
'Tis vanity all.

And what everywhere

Does this world embellish with visage so fair?  
'Tis all merely shadows and baubles of glass,  
'Tis all merely bubbles and clattering brass,  
'Tis all but thin ice, filth and mischief withal:  
'Tis vanity all,  
'Tis vanity all.

My years what are they?

That furtively dwindle and sidle away?  
And what are my worries? My thought-troubled mind?  
My joy or my sorrow? My fancies so blind?  
And what do my work, moil and toil all recall?  
'Tis vanity all,  
'Tis vanity all.

Oh riches and gold,

You false earthly idol so bright to behold,  
You are though among the deceits the world brings  
That wax, wane and alter with all other things.  
You are but vain glory whate'er may befall:  
'Tis vanity all,  
'Tis vanity all.

Ah, honour – 'tis what?

Your crowns and your laurels proclaim what you're not,  
And envy consumes you and sits on your back,  
You lack peace of mind and are prone to attack!  
You stumble where others contrive not to fall:  
'Tis vanity all,  
'Tis vanity all.

Ah, favour and grace  
That mist-like enfold us, are gone without trace.  
You fickle infl ator that puffs up the mind,  
You thousand-eyed creature that e'en so are blind,  
When viewed 'gainst the sun one can see that you pall:  
'Tis vanity all,  
'Tis vanity all.

Ah, friendship and trust,  
That veers vanes to happiness with every gust!  
You handsome deceiver, you fortunate pup,  
That fails us so often in sorrow's deep cup  
You say what experience has us recall:  
'Tis vanity all,  
'Tis vanity all.

Ah, joys of the flesh  
That many have fatally snared in their mesh,  
You quick-burning tinder, you spark on the wind,  
Have sown flames eternal for those that have sinned,  
Your cup seems like honey, the drink though is gall:  
'Tis vanity all,  
'Tis vanity all.

Farewell, then, farewell  
No more your deceits shall my soul now compel,  
Oh world of delusion, I now you dismiss,  
Consign to oblivion's deepest abyss,  
My grief and affliction no more me shall chafe:  
With Abraham safe,  
With Abraham safe.

There all of my years  
Will start in eternity's spring without tears,  
My days will not dawn with the rise of the sun,  
Nor moon's wax or wane tell when night has begun,  
My sun is Lord Jesus with rays like gold staves:  
With Abraham safe,  
With Abraham safe.

My riches and gold

Will always be mine both to have and to hold,  
No robber can ever deprive me of them,  
No bartering cause me to part with one gem,  
I never will find myself left as a waif:  
With Abraham safe,  
With Abraham safe.

My honour is won  
From that throne my Jesus is sitting upon,  
A crown filled with glory for me is in store,  
With blood of the lamb it is gilt ever more,  
'Tis mine though the devil me gladly would strafe:  
With Abraham safe,  
With Abraham safe.

With grace I will shine  
As one of the angelic host so divine,  
No envious eye shall my face ever see,  
God's countenance gaze ever-smiling on me,  
There will I pour scorn on death's envious grave:  
With Abraham safe,  
With Abraham safe.

There I have a friend,  
My Jesus who loves me I love without end,  
My eye will regard him unclouded and fair,  
The heavenly torch of his love proffered there,  
In spirit Love's blaze I eternal may crave:  
With Abraham safe,  
With Abraham safe.

My rapture and joy  
Are quickened when angels their trumpets employ,  
But God is all joy both for me and their kind!  
Rejoice then, my soul, all the world leave behind!  
Mind well on your heart God his joy will engrave:  
With Abraham safe,  
With Abraham safe.

Thomas Kingo