

Betty Quast:

*Helsingør*

(English version)

## **Hamlet:**

English translation: Betty Quast

Land in the water  
with white sails the ship roars  
into the sun  
the sea foams  
on blue waves I come

In Wittenberg  
the Danish language  
rang in my ears  
in gloomy studies

## Hamlet:

English translation: Betty Quast

uncomfortable chairs  
endless talk  
the deed!  
How do I make a plan  
Alleged dignitaries walk  
skeletons in the cupboard  
downing øl ad nauseam  
politics  
extortion!  
crawling crawling  
courtiers, favourites of the king  
Claudius!  
feasting in the ballroom  
a jumble of rules and regulations  
the Øresund customs duty  
what is that to me!

I wish it was winter  
frozen the sea

## **Ophelia:**

English translation: Betty Quast

My great love for you, Hamlet  
for remembrance  
it's been long  
rosemary  
since we  
have met  
and pansies  
for thoughts  
made yourself guilty, too, you have  
mad they say that you are  
mad they say I am  
mad mad  
you've made me  
Hamlet  
all that I would forgive you  
but that you send me away  
act as I were poisonous  
you, who such letters wrote  
who so friendly were to me  
what has happened to you  
Good day you beautiful May  
there you are once again  
Your hot head I want to cool myself  
and drop flowers  
into the deep brook

## Hamlet:

English translation: Betty Quast

Grey the sky  
on northern strands  
he walks back and forth  
stony the beach  
his head full of affairs of state  
Something is rotten!  
He speaks it out  
ready  
he will avenge his father  
shameful deed!  
This is I  
Prince of of the Danes!  
polemical, sweaty  
Rosenkrantz and Guildenstern on your tail  
the sword drawn  
in an aggressive pose  
he never comes  
to rest  
Kronborg towers darkly above all

## **Ophelia:**

English translation: Betty Quast

Bed me down on flowers  
And a prayer speak  
Lay your sword  
there, too  
So be  
me good rest  
Let the waters flow  
into the deep valley  
Death, too, will  
pass

## **Ophelia:**

English translation: Betty Quast

it is only sleep  
what do you look at me like this?  
entangled is my hair  
with leaves, dripping wet  
what I did  
all was it wrong  
I could no longer bear it  
a new summer will come  
here new colours shine  
when will my heart  
for you  
beat again?