

Florez och Blanzefflor (*text: Oscar Levertin*)

When the red glow of sunset emptied its basket of roses
onto the path of the fleeing day,
and May in its springtime mantle hid
all the flowering hawthorn hedge,
I dreamed of the love of Flower and White Flower,
of Florez and Blanzefflor.

There were two royal children, who played
with stalks and apples of gold,
caressed each other as bee and flower,
when spring was full of fragrance,
and the snowfall of apple-blossom turned
all the earth of the kitchen garden pale.

There were two royal children,
who rode to their wedding one summer's day,
while minstrels played hurdy-gurdies,
and the burgundy flowed red everywhere,
and the clover in the meadows spread its scent
in strong, spicy breaths.

There were a royal pair, who joyfully
sat on the throne by the hearth,
enjoyed the sorrowful drink of tears together
and together the laughter of celebrations,
till death poured ashes on the flames
and carried them off one night of love.

When the torches of sunset blazed
by the bier of the dying day,
and May's veil of twilight descended
upon the path of my lonely wandering,
I thought of the love of Flower and White Flower,
of Florez and Blanzefflor.