

## Ivar Aasen (1863): *Nordmannen*

1. Millom Bakkar og Berg ut med Havet  
heve Nordmannen fenget sin Heim,  
der han sjølv heve Tufterna gravet  
og sett sjølv sine Hus uppaa deim.

2. Han saag ut paa dei steinutte Strender;  
det var ingen, som der hadde bygt.  
«Lat oss rydja og byggja oss Grender,  
og so eiga me Rudningen trygt.»

3. Han saag ut paa det baarutte Havet;  
der var ruskutt aa leggja ut paa;  
men der leikade Fisk ned i Kavet,  
og den Leiken den vilde han sjaa.

4. Fram paa Vetteren stundom han tenkte:  
Giv eg var i eit varmare Land!  
Men naar Vaarsol i Bakkarne blenkte,  
fekk han Hug til si heimlege Strand.

5. Og naar Liderna grønka som Hagar,  
naar det laver av Blomar paa Straa,  
og naar Næter er ljosa som Dagar,  
kann han ingenstad vænare sjaa.

[...]

Lat no andre om storleiken kivast;  
lat deim bragla med rikdom og høgde.  
Millom kaksar eg litet kann trivast;  
millom jamningar helst er eg nøgd.

1. Between hills and cliffs out near the ocean  
the Norwegian has found his home.  
Where he himself the foundations has dug,  
so he could put his houses upon them.

2. He gazed out over the stony shores;  
no-one had built there before.  
‘Let us clear ground, and build ourselves townships,  
and then we will own the clearing for sure.’

3. He looked out at the rugged ocean;  
it was a foul place to venture;  
but fish frolicked down in the commotion,  
and that frolicking was a sight he wanted to see.

4. During winter sometimes he thought;  
‘If only I were in a warmer land!’  
But when the spring sun shimmered in the hills,  
he felt a longing for the shores of home.

5. And when the hillsides grow green like gardens,  
when there are flowers on every straw,  
and when nights are as bright as day,  
a more beautiful place he never saw.

[...]

Let others now quarrel over grandeur;  
let them shine with riches and glory.  
Among bigwigs I feel uncomfortable;  
it is among equals I am happiest.