

# Lidt stof til eftertanke – om hvad maskinoversættelse kan og ikke kan

## Den danske sang er en ung blond pige – Our voice in song is a fair young maiden

Melodi: Carl Nielsen (1926)

Dansk originaltekst: Kai Hoffmann (1924)

Maskinoversatte engelske tekster: [Google Translate](#) og [DeepL](#) (2022)

Engelsk oversættelse og gendigtning: [Heidi Flegal](#) (2018)

1. Den danske sang er en ung, blond pige, hun går og nynner i Danmarks hus, hun er et barn af det havblå rige, hvor bøge lytter til bølgers brus. Den danske sang, når den dybest klinger, har klang af klokke, af sværd og skjold. Imod os bruser på brede vinger en sagatone fra hedenold.	1. The Danish song is a young, blonde girl, she goes humming in Denmark's house, she is a child of the sea blue kingdom, where beech trees listen to the roar of the waves. The Danish song, when it sounds deepest, has the sound of bell, of sword and shield. Against us showers on wide wings a saga tune from heathen times.	1. The Danish song is a young, blonde girl, she walks and hums in Denmark's house, she is a child of the sea-blue kingdom, Where the beech listens to the roar of the waves. The Danish song, when it sounds deepest, has the sound of a bell, a sword and a shield. Against us roars on broad wings A fairy-tale note from the heather.	1. Our voice in song is a fair young maiden who hums her verses in Dana's hall. A child of islands with sea-lore laden, where beech trees hearken as white waves call. Our voice in song is a mighty chorus, a chime of bells and of sword on shield. On wings of music, behold: before us an age-old ballad of heath and field.
2. Al Sjællands ynde og Jyllands vælde, de tvende klange af blidt og hårdt, skal sangen rumme for ret at melde om, hvad der inderst er os og vort. Og tider skifter, og sæder mildnes, men kunst og kamp kræver stadig stål; det alterbål, hvor vor sjæl skal ildnes, det flammer hedest i Bjarkemål.	2. All Zealand's grace and Jutland's might, the second sounds of soft and hard, the song must contain the right to report about what is deep down us and ours. And times change, and seats soften, but art and battle still require steel; the altar fire where our soul shall burn, it blazes hottest in Bjarkemål.	2. All the grace of Zealand and the might of Jutland, the two sounds of soft and hard, must the song contain to rightly declare Of what is inwardly ours and ours. And times change, and manners soften, but art and battle still require steel; the altar fire where our soul shall be kindled, ...that burns hottest in Bjarkemål.	2. Like Zealand charming and Jutland stately, a song's two tone-timbres must combine: 'Tis only then we can sense, innately, and speak of all that our hearts enshrine. Though times will change, and our customs settle, yet art and contest with steel are fought. The red-hot hearth where we test our mettle burns best when ancient words are wrought.
3. Så syng da, Danmark, lad hjertet tale, thi hjertesproget er vers og sang, og lære kan vi af nattergale, af lærken over den grønne vang. Og blæsten suser sin vilde vise, og stranden drøner sit højtidskvad; fra hedens lyng som fra stadens flise skal sangen løfte sig, ung og glad.	3. Then sing, Denmark, let the heart speak, for the language of the heart is verse and song, and we can learn from nightingales, of the lark above the green vang. And the wind rushes its wild way, and the beach drones its festive chorus; from the heather of the heath as from the tiles of the city shall the song rise, young and happy.	3. So sing, Denmark, let your heart speak, For the language of the heart is verse and song, and we can learn from nightingales, From the lark above the green vang. And the wind blows its wild song, And the shore's swell of feast; From the heather as from the city tile The song shall rise, young and happy.	3. The songs of Denmark, a heartfelt homage, can lift us high as our minds take wing. Through verse and music, in earthbound plumage, like birds we circle and soar and sing. The feisty whirls of a windsong's ditty, the solemn swells of a wave-hymn sung; from heath and hilltop, from town and city our songs will rise up, forever young.
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