

On a Fjeld Path

When packing your knapsack
for a trip among the fjelds,
do not put more in it
than what you can easily carry.
Do not drag along the dale's worries
to the green slopes,
hide them in a bold song
at the bottom of the fjeld.

Birds greet you from the boughs,
the talk of the village yields,
the air becomes cleaner
the higher you climb.
Fill your happy breast and sing
and small memories from childhood
will nod among bushes and heather
with red cheeks.