

**SINGOALLA: A ROMANCE
WRITTEN IN SWEDISH
AND NOW TRANSLATED
INTO ENGLISH, PP. 1-209**

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Singoalla: A Romance Written in Swedish and Now Translated into English, pp. 1-209 by
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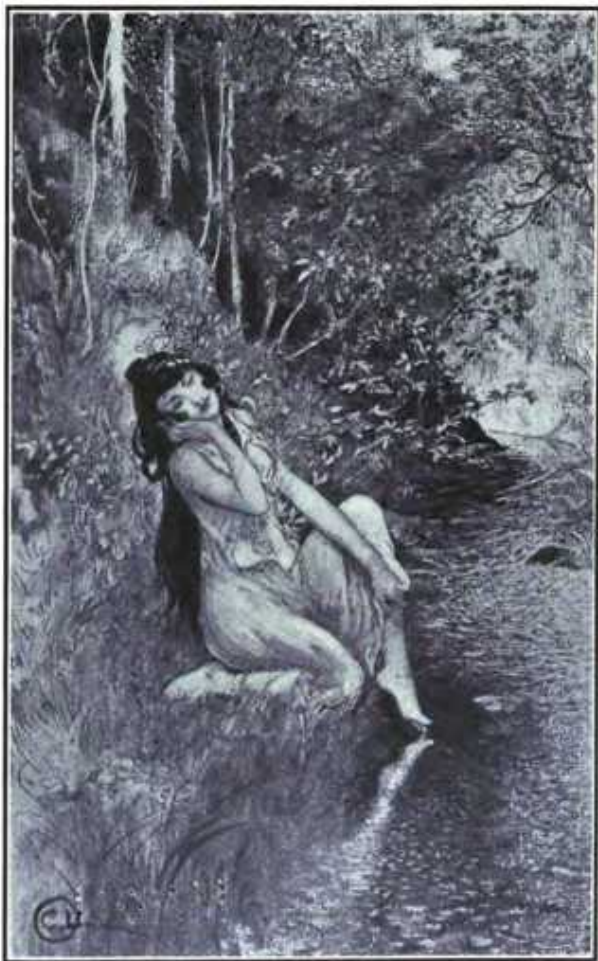
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A ROMANCE WRITTEN IN
SWEDISH BY VIKTOR
RYDBERG AND NOW TRANS-
LATED INTO ENGLISH

BY

AXEL JOSEPHSSON

Illustrated by Carl Larsson

*"Ihr naht euch wieder, schwankende Gestalten!
Die früh sich einst den trüben Blick gesiegt."*—Goethe.



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DEDICATION

To Sweden, the land of my birth, the land where the pines whisper and the brooks murmur, where the midnight sun sheds its mystic glow over mountains and forests, the land of Erland's and Singoalla's tragic love, and to its venerable monarch, Oscar II, this work is respectfully dedicated.

AXEL JOSEPHSSON.

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PREFACE

IN presenting the English version of Viktor Rydberg's famous romance, "Singoalla," I am actuated by a desire to acquaint the English reading world with one of the most weird and romantic stories ever written in the Swedish language. Viktor Rydberg was one of the greatest writers and philosophers Sweden produced during the last century, and as "Singoalla" has often been pronounced his masterpiece I felt that the work ought to be translated into English.

Viktor Rydberg wrote in unusually pure and poetical Swedish, which, of course, gives special charm to the reading of a work like "Singoalla" in the original, but this also made the translation of the work into English such a difficult undertaking that it has never been attempted until now, though the book has been published in several other languages.

As several of Viktor Rydberg's works have been published in English and as they have contained prefaces with reviews of Viktor Rydberg's place in the world's literature, I shall not repeat them here, but will only say a few words by way of introduction.

Viktor Rydberg was born in the Province of Småland, Sweden. "Singoalla" was his first great work and he laid the action of the story in the forests, lakes and cliffs, the grand nature of which had made an indelible impression upon his mind, surrounded as he had been by them from his earliest childhood. That he had put his whole soul into the beautiful descriptions of nature which he pictures in this work is shown by a few lines which he penned a year before his death. He wrote to a friend: "Singoalla is the daughter of my youth, and in spite of all self-criticism I am unable to feel indifferent towards her."

And Professor Karl Warburg, Rydberg's literary administrator, once wrote of "Singoalla": "This story from the middle ages and from the time of the Black Death is among Rydberg's prose the one that gives the most poetical expression of one of the sides of his nature, the pure romantic feature and its longing toward eternity; besides it is filled with the particularly attractive mysticism of his own personality."

I trust that the English reading public will bear in mind the difficulties in my path in the translation of a work like "Singoalla" and will kindly overlook the many imperfections in the work.

AXEL JOSEPHSSON.

New York, November, 1903.