

POEMS

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Poems by Heinrich Heine & Julian Fane

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HEINRICH HEINE & JULIAN FANE

POEMS

39468

POEMS

BY

HEINRICH HEINE

TRANSLATED

BY

JULIAN FANE.

NOT PUBLISHED.



VIENNA.

FROM THE IMPERIAL COURT AND GOVERNMENT PRINTING-OFFICE.

1854.



Note.

At the end of each translation are indicated the name of the volume, and the number of the page from which the original poem is taken.

B. & L. signifies *Buch der Lieder*.

N. G. " *Neue Gedichte*.

R. " *Romanzen*.

The numbering of the pages is the same in all the editions of Heine's poems published by Hoffmann and Campe, Hamburg.

The Fairies.

The waves they plash on the lonely strand,
The Moon gives out her beams;
A fair knight rests on the silvery sand
Begirt with happy Dreams.

The beautiful Fairies, fairy-bedight,
Rise out of the great Sea's Deeps;
They softly draw near to the youthful knight,
And they think that he certainly sleeps.

Then, one with curious finger feels
The feathers that deck his bonnet;
Another close to his shoulder-knot steals
And plays with the chain upon it.

A third one laughs and with cunning hand
Unsheaths the sword from its keeper,
And, leaning against the glittering brand,
She watches well-pleased the sleeper.

A fourth, she flutters about and above
And sighs from her little bosom:
„Ay me! that I were they true true love,“
„Thou beautiful Human blossom!“

A fifth the knight's fair fingers clasped,
Filled with Loves longing blisses;
A sixth plays coy for awhile, but at last
His cheek and lips she kisses.

The knight is crafty, nor thinks he soon
To open his eyelids wary,
But quietly lies, to be kissed in the Moon
By fairy after fairy.

N. G. page 157.



The parsonage house.

The crescented Moon of Autumn
Out, through a white cloud, peers;
Lonely and still in the church-yard
The Parsonage-house appears.

The mother reads in her Bible,
The Son at the candle stares;
Drowsily lolls the elder,
The younger daughter declares:

„God knows the days be dull here,“
„And the months how dull they be!“
„Only when some-one gets buried“
„We get at Something to see“.

The Mother looks up in answer,
„Thou err'st, there have died but four“
„Since the day they buried thy father“
„There, at the old church-Door“.

The elder daughter says, yawning,
„I'll not starve here with you,“
„To morrow I'll to the Squire,“
„He's rich and loves me too“.



The Son breaks out in a hoarse laugh,
„Three Sportsmen lodge at the Dragon,“
„Money they make, and right gladly“
„They'll teach me the trick o'er a flagon“.

The Mother hurls the great Bible
Sheer at his bony jowl:
„So wilt thou, God-forgotten,“
„With thieving poachers prow!“

They hear a tap at the window,
They see two warning hands;
There stands the buried Father
Dressed in his hood and bands.

B. d. L. page 197.



Simple Simon.

I.

Josiah and Jane dance blithe on the green
And carol and sing with pleasure;
Poor Simon silently watches the scene,
And pale he looks beyond measure.

Josiah and Jane are Bridegroom and Bride,
All spruce in their holiday frock;
Poor Simon, gnawing his nails, stands aside,
Aside in his dirty smock.

The simple Simon eyes the pair, mute;
Then mumbles and mouths like a dumb thing:
„Now if I weren't just a deal too 'cute,“
„I'd do to myself a something.“
