

RHINE-LIFE.

In the Rhine blooms fine life!
From the Destruction's dust,
The Ancestors' spirits strife,
Which long were the Graves' rust;
And songs there resound
With harmonious stream,
In the spirit again found,
And again must I dream.

See I the birds flying
High the blue air through,
See I the ships striving
In distant grey-fog anew,
Is me, as if in flight
The birds words sing,
As in quick despite
To ships others cling.

Spirit-words on the moor
And quick moving flood;
There round the Convent-door,
Where Pilgrims once stood —
And the Ivy branch waves,
So high and sadly wild
Binds tendrils round the graves
There tone fairy songs so mild.

Yet the wall regarding
 Of dilapidated mountain,
 So rises a slight trembling
 In my bosom's fountain;
 For in the solitary fragment
 Tones like struggle and storm power,
 Soon I hear gentle lament
 From deep dungeon in round tower.

Soon speak Ore, Stone, and Wine
 Of the strange past Times,
 Sometimes talk the folk on Rhine
 Of the fabulous old Rhymes.
 We inherited many traditions
 And ever believe anew,
 Who ventures useless additions:
 Or asks if they are really true?

Truthfully I announce to others too,
 What I once, in old time heard and found,
 He may wander, believing it not true
 To our beautiful country bound.
 And on the heights and foundations
 Listens he on an evening still —
 The heart can ever make translations,
 If it only seeks and has the will.

Adelheid v. Stolterfoth.
