

Four Poems from the German

[*Note.*—It is probably unnecessary for the translator to state that he dissociates himself from the Theistic sentiment of "The Happy Wanderer."]

By Victor B. Neuburg

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Song *After Heine*

Oh, how they have moved me
To anger flushed and white,
Some, because of their loving,
Some, because of their spite.

My bread, how have they tainted,—
Poisoned my goblet bright,
Some, because of their loving,
Some, because of their spite.

But she who most hath moved me,
Pained me,—with anguish torn,
Never, ah! *she* hath hated,
Never *she* love hath borne.

Winter *After Heine*

Truly, cold can burn
Like fire. In the driving snow
Poor mortals run and turn,
And ever faster they go.

O Winter, stern in requitals,
All our noses you freeze,
And your piano-recitals
Give to our ears no ease.

But Summer does more than atone;
Then through the woods I can stroll,

Conning love-lyrics alone—
Alone with grief of my soul.

The Happy Wanderer
After Eichendorff

To whom God would his favour shew
He sends into the world so wide,
That he may all his wonders know,
In hill, stream, meadow, mountain-side.

To lazy folk, at home who die,
No message has the dawn to give:
What, save a cradle lullaby,
Know they, and cares, the means to live?

The brooklets from the hill-sides spring,
The larks so high for gladness dart;
Oh, why should I with these not sing,
With swelling throat and joyous heart?

The good God only own I guide:
He who streams, larks, and field and wood,
And earth and heaven upholds beside,
Hath o'er my life best power for good.

Barbarossa
After Rückert

Frederick the Emperor,
Redbeard whom men call,
Beneath a subterranean door
Dwells in a castle hall.

Never hath he perished;
Within the castle deep
Far from the land he cherished,
Enchanted, he doth sleep,

His kingdom's old time splendour
With him he took; one day
He'll be that land's defender
Whose might he took away.

The throne is gleaming ivory white
Wherein his limbs are spread;
The table is of marble bright
Whereon he rests his head.

His beard's hue is not flaxen;
As burning fire it glows;
Though the table it waxen
Where finds his chin repose.

As in a dream his head is bowed,
Half-opened are his eyes,
Long-pausing, aye, he calls aloud—
Unto a page he cries.

Still sleeping, he to him doth cry;—
Go, boy, my halls before,
And see if yet the ravens fly
Around the mountain hoar.

And if the ravens olden
Still round the mountains sweep,
My lids must still be folden
With hundreds years of sleep.