

TRANSLATION

In the world's faiths—uncertain, blind—
What is the trust our hearts may find?
Hope's dream of light?—
That dim, profound, and treacherous sea,
Fruitful in wrecks and woes to be,
Gives to our sight,
Seems calm at morn—where surging wave
And hurrying tempests howl and rave—
Ere sinks the night!