

SONG OF THE ZEPPELIN

I CLEAVE the air through the murky night,
High o'er the forests and sleeping towns;
Below me drifts the shimmering light—
A glorious fresco on vale and downs;
My sea hath no billows nor rocky shores,
And only the winds disturb my soul;
I care not for those who slumber in death,
For my bomb is bloody and death my goal—
And all for the Vaterland!

Where the currents cross and the cruisers speed
I sail towards the North in a piteous sky;
I hear the night wind's surging note
As it mingles its requiem with the widow's cry.
Above me there streams a light from heaven,
But I bow my head and veil my eyes
As I plough the fields with my fateful keel
And sow the highways with tears and sighs—
And all for the Vaterland!