

FRAGMENTS

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINE

I.

DEATH is the night, so cool and free ;
Our life the sultry day ;
Already fades its light for me ;
I am weary of the way.

Above my bed a tree grows near ;
There sings the nightingale ;
She only sings of love ; I hear,
Even in my dreams, her tale.

II.

I wept once in my sleep ; I thought
Thou wast laid within the grave ;
I woke, and that dark dream had brought
Salt tears my cheeks to lave.