

15 December 2018

Germany. A Winter's Tale - Chapter Two

Capute I

In the sad month of November it was,
The days became dimmer,
The wind tore the foliage from the trees,
There I travel to Germany.

And when I came to the limit,
I feel a stronger throbbing
in my chest, I even think the
eyes are beginning to drip.

And when I heard the German language,
I felt strange;
I did not mean otherwise, as if the heart
blew away quite pleasantly.

A little harp girl sang.
She sang with true emotion
and a false voice, but I was very
touched by her play.

She sang of love and love-
grief, consecration and rediscovery
Up there, in that better world,
Where all suffering vanishes.

She sang of the earthly
vale of tears, of joys that are soon destroyed,
On the other side, where the soul revels,
transfigured in eternal blessings.

She sang the old renunciate song,
The Egapopeia from the sky,
What lulls when it greint,
The people, the big lout.

I know the way, I know the text,
I also know the men's authors;
I know they secretly drank wine
And publicly preached water.

A new song, a better song,
O friends, I want to write to you!
We want to build the
Kingdom of Heaven here on earth.

We want to be happy on earth,
and do not want to die anymore;
The lazy belly should not be swallowed up,
What diligent hands acquired.

There is enough bread here
for all human children, including
roses and myrtles, beauty and lust,
and sugar peas no less.

Yes, sugar peas for everyone,
once the pods burst!
We leave the sky to
the angels and the sparrows.

And wings grow after death,
So we want to visit you
Up there, and we, we eat with you
The most delicious pies and cakes.

A new song, a better song!
It sounds like flutes and violins!
The Miserere is over,
the death bells are silent.

The virgin Europe is engaged
With the beautiful genius of freedom,
they are in each other's arms,
they revel in the first kiss.

And the priestly blessing is missing, the
marriage becomes valid no less -
long live groom and bride,
and their future children!

A wedding carmen is my song,
The better, the new!
In my soul go to
the stars of the highest consecration -

Enthusiastic stars, they blaze wild,
Flowing in flame streams -
I feel wonderfully strengthened,
I could break oak trees!

Ever since I stepped onto German soil,
magic sages have flowed through me -
The giant has touched the mother again,
and his strength has been renewed.

- Heinrich Heine