

WANDERER'S NIGHT SONGS

Translated from the German of Goethe

MACGREGOR FRASER*

I

Thou that from the heavens art
All our pain and sorrow stillest;
And the doubly downcast heart
Twofold with renewal fillest.
Ah, how dreary our endless driving!
What boots all this strife and quest?
Peace—not striving—
Come, oh come, within my breast!

II

Over every summit
Is rest.
Upon all the tree-tops
Markest thou
Hardly a breath;
From the birds of the forest, no song.
But stay thee! ere long
Thou, too, shalt rest.

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