

ON HARDENBERG

H.Heine

Come on, come on, sacred longings!
Open wide my cordial door!
Happiness, grieves, joy and nightmares
Shall disturb me here no more.

In the forest I will wander,
Where the creeks their ways begin,
Where the noble deer is reigning,
Where the singing bird is queen.

On the mountain I am welcome,
Climbing high and steepest rocks,
Where the ruins of ancient castles
Bar the sight with mighty blocks.

I will stay there sunk in thoughts
That remind me distant Old,
When the noble genders' badges
Were of glory and of gold.

Grass is growing on the yard-square,
Where knights fought with battle-cries,
Bravest among them receiving
Women's praise and tourney's prize.

From the balcony the beauty
Beat the winner with her charms,
So the hero was defeated
And enslaved without arms.

Both the conquered and the conqueror
Had been conquered by the Death.
Death, alas, is always winning
By the force of His caress.

(Translated from German by S.K. Robev)