

AUF FLÜGELN DES GESANGES

Heinrich Heine

On wings of song, O sweet lover,
I'll carry you some ways,
to the meads of the Ganges river
where I know the fairest place.

There is a close in red abloom
within tranquil moonlight,
and waiting are the lotus blooms
for their sister tonight.

The violets giggle and flirt,
gazing up at the stars,
and tales roses softly assert
from ear to ear will pass.

Innocent and clever gazelles
come frisking up to hear,
and all the sacred river's swells
murmur distant and clear.

There will we, under the palm trees,
sink on the grass, I deem,
and there we'll drink in love and peace,
and dream our blessed dream.

—Translated by Phillip A. Ellis