

AUS MEINEN TRÄNEN SPRIEBEN

Heinrich Heine

From my tears arise, come
flowerets fair and frail,
and all my sighs become
a choir of nightingales.

If you love me, my belle,
I'll give each blossom frail,
before your pane shall swell
songs of the nightingale.

—*Translated by Phillip A. Ellis*

“Aus Meinen Tränen Sprießen” © 2006 by Phillip A. Ellis