

# DIE LOTOSBLUME ÄNGSTIGT

*Heinrich Heine*

The lotus-blossom's fearful  
of the sun's radiant might,  
and, with her head that's bowed low,  
dreamily waits for the night.

The moon, he is her lover,  
he wakes her with his soft light,  
and she shows, in her sweet way,  
her harmless face in delight.

She blossoms, she glows, she shines,  
stares silently to the skies;  
she smells fragrant, weeps and shakes  
for love and its woeful guise.

*—Translated by Phillip A. Ellis*