

DIE WÄLDER UND FELDER GRÜNEN

Heinrich Heine

Green grow the woods and fields,
the lark trills in the blue,
because spring is revealed
with lights, and scents, and hues.

The lark's melody eases
my winter-frozen mind,
and from my heart arises
a threnody resigned.

The lark trills pretty words:
“Why sing so sad, with fears?”
“The song's small beer, dear bird,
I've sung it many years.

“I sing within the wood,
my heart heavy with pain;
your grandmama, dear bird,
heard my trifling refrain.”

—*Translated by Phillip A. Ellis*