Ich will's, meine Schmerzen ergüssen,
Sich all' in ein einziges Wort.
Das gäb' ich den lustigen Winden,
Die trügen es lustig fort.

Sie tragen zu dir, Geliebte,
Das schmerzzerfüllte Wort,
Du hörst es zu jeder Stunde,
Du hörst es an jedem Ort.

Und hast du zum nachtlichen Schlummer
Geschlossen die Augen kaum?
So würd' dich mein Wort verfolgen
Bis in den tieffsten Traum.

I fain would outpour all my sorrows
In a single word today,
To the mercy winds I would trust it,
They would merrily bear it away.

They would bear it to thee, my darling.
The word of sorrowful grace,
Thou should'st hear it at every hour,
Thou should'st hear it in every place.

And scarce in the midnight darkness
Should'st thou close thine eyes in sleep.
Ere my whispered word it would follow
Though thy dream were ever so deep.

FROM HEINE'S 'HOMeward Bound'
I fain would outpour all my sorrows
Ich wollt', meine Schmerzen ergossen

Poem from Heine's Homeward Bound
Translated by Emma Lazarus

WILLIAM G. HAMMOND

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trust it, They would mercifully bear it away.

Wunden, Liegt gen zu fluchend fort.

They would bear it to thee, my

Sie trägen zu dir, Ge-

darling, The word of sorrowful grace, Thou shouldst

Ich te, Das schmerz erfüll'te Wort; Das.
Thou shouldst hear it in ev'ry hour.
Thou shouldst hear it in ev'ry hour.

And scarce in the midnight
Und hast du zum nächt-le-chen
Shouldst thou close thine eyes in sleep,
Ere my dreams are through with thee,

Shouldst thou close thine eyes in sleep,
Ere my dreams are through with thee.

Though thy dream were ever so deep,
Though thy dream were ever so deep.

Werd dich mein Wort verfolgen Rio in den tieffsten Traum.