

## **GOETHE - 'WANDRERS NACHTLIED'**

EIN GLEICHES [WANDRERS NACHTLIED]

Über allen Gipfeln  
Ist Ruh,  
In allen Wipfeln  
Spürest du  
Kaum einen Hauch;  
Die Vögelein schweigen im Walde.  
Warte nur, balde,  
Ruhest du auch.

*Johann Wolfgang Goethe (1783)*

(1) English translations

NIGHT SONG

Peace breathes along the shade  
Of every hill.  
The tree tops of the glade  
Are hushed and still.  
All woodland murmurs cease.  
The birds to rest within the brake are gone,  
Be patient, weary heart, anon  
Thou, too, shalt be at peace.

*Sir Theodore Martin (1844)*

NIGHT SONG

Over all the hilltops      [Variant: O'er]  
Is quiet now.  
In all the treetops  
Hearest thou  
Hardly a breath.  
The birds are asleep in the trees,  
Wait, soon like these,  
Thou, too, shalt rest.

*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1845)*

## NIGHT SONG

Hushed on the hill  
Is the breeze,  
Scarcely by the zephyr  
The trees  
Softly are pressed:  
The woodbird's asleep on the bough.  
Wait, then, and thou  
Soon wilt find rest.

*Edgar A. Bowring (1853)*

[no title]

Over every hill  
All is still;  
In no leaf of any tree  
Can you see  
The motion of a breath;  
Every bird has ceased its song.  
Wait; and thou too ere long  
Shalt be quiet, in death.

*Arthur Hugh Clough (1859)*

## WANDERER'S NIGHT SONG II

Over every crest  
Is rest,  
In all the trees  
The breeze  
Scarce touches you.  
Hushed is the wood-bird's song.  
Wait: before long  
You will rest too.

*Margarete Münsterberg (1917)*

WANDRERS NACHTLIED 1

On every mountain crest  
Peace has descended;  
In all the tree-tops, now the day is ended,  
There's scarce a breath.  
In silent woods the birds have gone to rest:  
So before long will you  
Be resting too  
In death.

*H.A. Siepmann (1955)*

[no title]

Peace falls on hilltops  
and trees,  
In all the green copse  
Scarcely a breeze  
Strays to your breast.  
The birds are asleep on the bough...  
Patience! Soon now  
You too will find rest.

*Joseph S. Height*

[no title]

O'er the tops of the mountains in peace;  
In the trees scarce a breath stirs their crest;  
And the birds in the wood singing cease;  
Only wait - soon though too shalt have rest.

*R.A. Mowat*

(2) Dutch translation

ZWERVERS NACHTLIED

Alle rotsige koppen  
Liggen verstild,  
In alle toppen  
Vertrilt  
De nachtwind schuw;  
De bosvogel zwijgt in de pluimen.  
Geduld: dit sluimren  
Komt ook tot u.

*Th. de Vries*

(3) Swedish translation

[no title]

Över bergens kammar  
dag dör.  
Bland trädens stammar  
ej du hör  
fåglarnas flock.  
I kronarna kvällsvinden somnar.  
Vänta, snart domnar,  
Hjärta, du ock.

*Unknown, appeared in Lit. Echo, 1915*

(4) Norwegian translation

Ro, Ro  
over alle høje -  
intet vaagent øje  
i fuglebo.  
Knap et aandetag nu  
i de mørke skove -  
snart skal du sove,  
ogsaa du.

*Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson (1907)*

(5) Danish translation

Over top og tinde  
er fred,  
og ingen vinde  
røre ved  
skovens hvælv.  
Hver fugl folder vingerne varlig.  
Vent kun - snarlig  
hviler du selv

*Thøger Larsen (summer 1899, unpublished)*