

# AN EVENING—ON THE BANKS OF THE NECKAR

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TRANSLATED BY A. D. AZHAR

Quiet is the moonlight;

Quiet the twigs of the trees;

Quiet the "tune-sellers" of the vale;

Quiet the "green-robed" of the hills.

Nature is inebriated,

Asleep in the lap of the night.

Such magic has silence wrought

That e'en the ramble of the Neckar is motionless.

Quiet is the caravan of the stars—

A caravan that moves without the tinkle of the bells.

Quiet are hill, river and dale:

Nature, you might say, is in obeisance.

O my (beating) heart! Thou too be quiet;

Hug thy melancholy and sleep.