

HOMESICKNESS

It's calling again with incessant call,
 The sleepless longing of that country fair;
 With imperiously outspread wings my soul
 Is flying now, flying to-wards home; where,
 Gathering around the family hearth,
 For long eagerly they are waiting for me,
 And through the winter's long and hoary nights,
 Speak of the ancient brave men of Loree.
 It flies to-wards those haughty mountain heights!
 That in drunken files are dancing in 'ring',
 In a giant dance, held up in the skies,
 As if to rejoice in the feast of wedding,
 Of the superb Mount Aragadz' daughter,
 Whom Dev-Al, Dev-Beth, and other giants bold,
 The mad-mad giants of the ancient world,
 Abducted and bore to impregnable Loree.

II

Aye, green mountains, aye, old acquaintances,
 Now that I see you, I do remember,
 Before my sight come the old happy days,
 Dearly loved faces that are no more here.
 Passed are they like the multihued flowers,
 That were on your flanks in the last spring;
 Passed are they now like the last winter's snow,
 Yet here I have come to call them back now.
 Hail to you my life's first memories! Hail!

My orphaned soul sends its greetings to you;
 Flying eagerly it searches hill and dale,
 With enchanting voice calls you back anew.
 Come out from the grave and darkness once more,
 Come out that I touch you, see, hear your voice,
 Breathe life once again and live as of yore,
 And let the poet superbly rejoice.

III

And from the dark caves of the mossy rocks,
 From the silent depths of thickety valleys,
 It seems again that my laughter echoes,
 Resounding anew from my childhood days.
 The sounds from the camp now merrily ring,
 From my familiar tent smoke is rising;
 All are living now, all before my sight,
 Briskly emerging from darkness of night;
 And from the fresh, dewy mountain slopes,
 Hush! Harken! now comes the shepherds' voice.