

# Songs From "Wilhelm Tell"

DAVID C. PATRICK

*(The following selections are translated from the German of the first three songs from "Wilhelm Tell," by Friedrich Schiller.)*

## FISHERBOY

The lake is now smiling. "Come bathe," it invites one;  
A lad went to sleep on the green shore alone;  
    He soon heard a ringing,  
    A dulcet flute strain,  
    Like the voices of angels,  
    In heaven's domain.  
And as he awakens from joy-giving rest,  
The water is gath'ring around at his breast,  
    And a voice from the deep calls:  
    Dear boy, you are mine!  
    I draw in the sleeper,  
    This life now resign.

## HERDSMAN

You meadows, farewell,  
You fields in sun's glowing!  
The herdsmen are leaving,  
We'll return to the heights, when we come in the spring,  
When sweet songs revive, and the cuckoos sing,  
When the valleys are clothed with their flowers again,  
And the rivulets flow in the freshing rain.  
    You meadows, farewell,  
    You fields in sun's glowing!  
    The herdsmen are leaving,  
    For summer is gone.

## ALPINE HUNTER

The mountain tops thunder; they tremble with wrath,  
The hunter fears not on his shuddering path,  
    A rumbling resounds  
    From uplands of snow,  
    Where spring never visits,  
    And frosty winds blow;  
And under his feet is a nebulous haze,  
The dwellings of mankind are veiled from his gaze;  
    Through the rifts in the vapor  
    He views the far scene,  
    Deep under the billows,  
    Earth clad in her green.