

**HEATH'S MODERN  
LANGUAGE  
SERIES. SELECTIONS  
FROM HEINE'S POEMS**

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Heath's Modern Language Series. Selections from Heine's Poems by Heinrich Heine & Horatio Stevens White

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**HEINRICH HEINE & HORATIO STEVENS WHITE**

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SELECTIONS

FROM

HEINE'S POEMS.

EDITED, WITH NOTES,

BY

HORATIO STEVENS WHITE,

*Professor of the German Language and Literature in Cornell University.*

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## PREFACE.

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IN making the following selections from Heine's verse, the editor was guided by the desire to present to the reader only those poems to which one might wish or be willing to recur. The complete works of Heine are readily accessible; and a number of specimens have therefore been omitted here which would have been merely characteristic of certain phases of Heine's genius when the poet apparently was working without a reason or an aim. Specimens, containing an undue mixture in the true Lucretian sense of the *amari aliquid*, of unsanctified wit, and marked by a reckless and conscienceless if not blasphemous irresponsibility. Heine's writings suffered greatly from a hostile censorship during his lifetime. They have suffered more from the lack of a friendly censorship since his death. But one must judge him by the best which he has written as well as by the worst, and for the omission of specimens of the latter surely little apology is needed. It is hoped that a sufficient variety has yet been included to indicate fairly the peculiar powers and passions of the poet, the fine quality of his pellucid

style, his mastery of rippling versification, his conscious and unconscious echoings of the traits and themes of the popular ballad, his varied portrayals of the pangs of despised love, and all the fancied joy and woe of lovers, his delicate and picturesque interweaving of the life of nature with the life of man in mutual suggestiveness, his eloquent pictures of the sea in storm and calm, — no common refrain in German song, — his uncontrolled and harlequin witticisms, his chronic cynicism and wanton travesties of sentiment, his quick and merciless perception of the unlovely foibles and ludicrous weaknesses of his nation and his race, his stinging innuendoes against the decadent aristocracy of the old régime, his genuine though ineffectual devotion to his land, and to Israel too, his hatred of their arbitrary oppressors, his heedlessly patriotic utterances, alternating with the jingling of the jester's bells, and the final flickering dirges of his valiant but unavailing struggle with disease and death.

It is easier to be generous to Heine than to be just; for justice to so inconsistent a personality would require the most painful counter-balancing of opposing qualities. Everywhere in his poetry we trace the continual conflict of the impulse toward a high and serious purpose with the stronger impulse to deride and to deny. In him the noble gift of poetic expression was entrusted to unworthy and even frivolous hands. His was a life without a moral centre; and in the midst of his most moving utterances one must

ever question his absolute sincerity. But despite all half-indignant doubts, his lyrics still beguile the unwary heart, and his airy mockery charms and entertains. Nor can we refuse to recognize in his political stanzas the voice of a lover of his country, uplifted in behalf of greater civil as well as greater intellectual liberty.

HORATIO S. WHITE.

ITHACA, N. Y.

*June, 1890.*







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|-----|---|------|
| 20. | Auf meiner Herzliebsten Angelin                 | 18   |
| 21. | Wie die Wellenschaumgeborene                    | 18   |
| 22. | Ich große nicht, und wohnt das Herz auch bricht | 19   |
| 23. | Ja, du bist klein, und ich große nicht          | 19   |
| 24. | So hast du ganz und gar vergessen               | 20   |
| 25. | Sie haben dir Viel erzählt                      | 20   |
| 26. | Die Erde war so lange geizig                    | 21   |
| 27. | Und als ich so lange, so lange gesäumt          | 21   |
| 28. | Die blauen Reischen der Ängelien                | 22   |
| 29. | Die Welt ist so schön und der Himmel so blau    | 22   |
| 30. | Ein Fichtenbaum steht einsam                    | 22   |
| 31. | Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen                  | 23   |
| 32. | Aus alten Märdchen winkt es                     | 23   |
| 33. | Sie haben mich gemälet                          | 24   |
| 34. | Wenn Zwei von einander scheiden                 | 25   |
| 35. | Auf Kreuzweg wird begraben                      | 25   |

## Die Heimkehr. 1825—1826.

|     |  |    |
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| 36. | In mein gar zu dunkles Leben             | 26 |
| 37. | Ich weiß nicht, was soll es bedeuten     | 26 |
| 38. | Mein Herz, mein Herz ist traurig         | 27 |
| 39. | Du schönes Fischer mädchen               | 28 |
| 40. | Wenn ich an deinem Hauke                 | 29 |
| 41. | Still ist die Nacht, es ruhen die Gassen | 30 |
| 42. | Die Jungfrau schläft in der Kammer       | 30 |
| 43. | Das ist ein schlechtes Wetter            | 31 |
| 44. | Sie liebten sich Beide, doch Keiner      | 32 |
| 45. | Und als ich euch meine Schmerzen geklagt | 32 |
| 46. | Mein Kind, wir waren Kinder              | 32 |
| 47. | Wie der Mond sich leuchtend drängt       | 34 |
| 48. | Nun ist es Zeit, daß ich mit Verstand    | 34 |
| 49. | Herz, mein Herz, sei nicht bekommen      | 35 |
| 50. | Du bist wie eine Blume                   | 35 |
| 51. | Mag da draußen Schnee sich thürmen       | 36 |
| 52. | Andre beten zur Madonna                  | 36 |
| 53. | In fragmentarisch ist Welt und Leben     | 36 |