

SHORT POEMS

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Short poems by Charles A. Cameron

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CHARLES A. CAMERON

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TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN

BY

CHARLES A. CAMERON, M.D.,

F.R.C.S.I.,

HON. MRM. ROYAL HIBERNIAN ACADEMY OF THE FINE ARTS.



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CHRISTIANA.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF MATTHIAS CLUNDIUS.)

A STARLET brightly gleaming,
At eve there wont to be ;
Fondly fell the gentle beaming
Of that starlet upon me.

I knew, when the orbs were twining
Their dances in the sky,
Where to look for the place of its shining,
The light of its golden eye.

And many a time thus standing,
I felt my bosom swell,
And my heart to heaven expanding,
With joy that I may not tell.

And that star in its spotless splendour
I seek still as before ;
But that ray so true and tender
Shines, alas ! for me no more.

THE WANDERER IN THE SAW-MILL.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF KERNER.)

BESIDE a streamlet dreaming,
In sweet repose I lay,
Watched the murmuring mill-wheel gleaming,
And the rippling waters' play.

Watched the polished saw dividing
The ancient forest pine,
Rising, falling, swiftly gliding,
In firm, unaltered line.

Then the pine-tree began burring
A mournful melody ;
And, every fibre stirring,
Softly sang these words to me :—

' All in good time appearing,
Thou com'st no more to part ;

Der Wanderer in der Sägmühle.

(Von Justinus Kerner.)

Dort unten in der Mühle
Sah ich in süßer Ruh',
Und sah dem Räderspiele,
Und sah den Wassern zu.

Sah zu der blanken Säge,
Es war mir wie ein Traum,
Die bahnte lange Wege
In einen Lannenbaum.

Die Lanne war wie lebend;
In Trauermelodie
Durch alle Fasern bebend,
Sang diese Worte sie:

„Du kehrest zur rechten Stunde,
O Wanderer, hier ein;