

A Poem of
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Mignon's Song in Remembrance of Italy

MIGNON'S SONG IN REMEMBRANCE OF ITALY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE, BY MRS. HEMANS.

MIGNON'S SEHNSUCHT.

Kennst du das Land? wo die Citronen blühen,
Im dunkeln Laub die Gold-Orangen glühen,
Ein sanfter Wind vom blauen Himmel weht,
Die Myrte still, und hoch der Lorber steht.
Kennst du es wohl?—

—Dahin! dahin!

Möcht' ich mit dir, O mein Geliebter! ziehn.

Kennst du das Haus? auf Säulen ruht sein Dach,
Es glänzt der Saal, es schimmert das Gemach,
Und Marmorbilder stehn und sehn mich an:
"Was hat man dir, du armes Kind, gethan?"
Kennst du es wohl?—

—Dahin! dahin!

Möcht' ich mit dir, O mein Beschützer! ziehn.

Kennst du den Berg und seinen Wolkensteg?
Das Mauthier sucht im Nebel seinen Weg,
In Höhlen wohnt der Drachen alte Brut,
Es stürzt der Fels, und über ihn die Fluth.
Kennst du es wohl?—

—Dahin! dahin!

Geht unser Weg! O Vater, lasst uns ziehn!

A young and enthusiastic girl (the character in one of Goethe's Romances, from which Sir Walter Scott's *Fenella* has been partially copied) is supposed to have been stolen in early childhood from Italy. Her vague recollections of that land, and of the Palace-home, from which she is an exile, are perpetually haunting her, and break forth at times into the following song :

Know'st thou the Land where bloom the Citron bowers ?
Where the gold Orange lights the dusky grove ?
High waves the Laurel there, the Myrtle flowers,
And thro' a still blue Heaven the sweet winds rove.
Know'st thou it well ?—

—there, there, with thee,

O Friend! O loved one! fain my steps would flee!

Know'st thou the Dwelling?—there the Pillars rise,
Soft shines the Hall, the painted Chambers glow ;
And forms of Marble seem with pitying eyes
To say—"poor child! what thus hath wrought thee woe?"
Know'st thou it well ?—

—there, there, with thee,

O my Protector! homewards would I flee!

Know'st thou the mountain?—high its bridge is hung,
Where seeks the Mule through mist and cloud his way ;
There lurk the Dragon-race, deep caves among,
O'er beetling Rocks there foams the torrent-spray ;
Know'st thou it well ?—

—with thee, with thee,

There lies my path ; O Father! let us flee!