

Wandrer's Nachtlied II

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Wayfarer's Night Song II

Prose Translation
by Hyde Flippo

Über allen Gipfeln

Ist Ruh,

In allen Wipfeln

Spürest du

Kaum einen Hauch;

Die Vögelein schweigen in Walde.

Warte nur, balde

Ruhest du auch.

Over all the hilltops

is calm.

In all the treetops

you feel

hardly a breath of air.

The little birds fall silent in the woods.

Just wait... soon

you'll also be at rest.