Let Us Be Glad!

Will Deng
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Let us have no one’s tale fit fancy’s dread.
Murren ist vergebens. Laßt uns froh sein!
No faithful snares nor woe shall have us trapped.
But dine on Rhenish wine from nature’s vine.

Know you not vinter’s hands were stained to shrine
In curved glass ripened glee for someone’s bliss?
With nature’s gift do we learn the domed climb
And swelling dews on which the sun will rise.

How swiftly the mount crumbles and sense fades,
Blissful joy buried in its own fire!
Murren ist das wahre Kreuz des Lebens.
What dark passion should grumble a pyre?

Whoever dies will soon in morrow revive.
And those who rejoice shall forever thrive.