

# The Fisherman

German—M. G. Lewis

*From the German of Goethe.*

The water rush'd, the water swell'd,  
A fisherman sat nigh;  
Calm was his heart, and he beheld  
His line with watchful eye:

While thus he sits with tranquil look,  
In twain the water flows;  
Then, crown'd with reeds from out the brook,  
A lovely woman rose.

To him she sung, to him she said,  
“Why tempt'st thou from the flood,  
“By cruel arts of man betray'd,  
“Fair youth, my scaly brood?

“Ah! knew'st thou how we find it sweet  
“Beneath the waves to go,  
“Thyself would leave the hook's deceit,  
“And live with us belo'v.

“Love not their splendour in the main  
“The sun and moon to lave?  
“Look not their beams as bright again,  
“Reflected on the wave?

“Tempt not this river's glassy blue,  
“So crystal, clear and bright?  
“Tempt not thy shade, which bathes in dew,  
“And shares our cool delight?”—

The water rush'd, the water swell'd,  
The fisherman sat nigh;  
With wishful glance the flood beheld,  
And long'd the wave to try.

To him she said, to him she sung,  
The river's guileful queen:  
Half in he fell, half in he sprung,  
And never more was seen.

