

THE SONG OF THE STATUE

Who is there who so loves me, that he
will throw away his own dear life?
If someone will die for me in the ocean,
I will be brought back from stone
into life, into life redeemed.

How I long for blood's rushing;
stone is so still.
I dream of life: life is good.
Has no one the courage
Through which I might awaken?

And if I once more find myself in life,
given everything most golden,—

then I will weep
alone, weep for my stone.
What help will my blood be, when it ripens like wine?
It cannot scream out of the ocean
he who loved me most.