The Asra

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Text by Heinrich Heine (1797-1856)

Translated into English by Joseph Massaad

deutsch-francais

The wonderful Sultan's daughter
Every day used to rush,
Around the evening hour to the fountain,
Where the white waters splash.

The young slave stood pale
At the fountain, around evening,
Where the white waters wail;
And his paleness was increasing.

One evening the princess approached him
With sudden words, like a whip:
I want to know your name,
Your home and your kinship!

And the slave spoke: My name is Mohammed
I come from the Yemen that I cherish,
And I stem from the tribe of Asra,
From those who, when they love, they perish.