

20 Carl Maria von Weber  
Ozean, du Ungeheuer! (*Oberon*)

Ocean, thou mighty monster!  
that liest curled like a green serpent,  
round about the world!  
To musing eye thou art an awful sight,  
when calmly sleeping  
in the morning light;  
but when thou risest  
in thy wrath, as now,  
and flingst thy folds  
around some fated prow  
crushing the strong ribbed bark  
as'twere a reed!  
then, Ocean,  
art thou terrible indeed!

Still I see thy billows fleshing  
through the gloom their white foam flinging,  
and the braker's sullen dashing  
in mine ear hope's knell is ringing.

But lo!  
me thinks a light is breaking  
slowly o'er the distant deep,  
like a second morn awaking  
pale and feeble from its sleep!

Brighter now behold! 'tis beaming  
on the storm whose misty train  
like some shatter'd flag is streaming  
or a wild steed's flying mane!

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And now the sun bursts forth!  
The wind is lulling fast  
and the broad wave but pants from fury past!  
Cloudless o'er the blushing water  
now the setting sun is burning,  
like a victor red with slaughter  
to his tent in triumph turning.

Ah! perchance these eyes  
may never look upon this light again!  
Fare thee well, bright orb, for ever,  
thou for me wilt rise in vain!

But what gleams so white and fair,  
heaving with the heaving billow?  
'tis a seabird wheeling there  
o'er some wretch's wat'ry pillow!  
No, it is no bird I mark!  
Joy! it is a boat! a sail!  
and yonder rides a gallant bark  
unimpaired by the gale!

O transport! My Huon, haste down to the shore!  
Quick, quick for a signal  
this scarf shall be waved!  
They see me! They answer!  
They ply the strong oar!  
Huon! Huon! Huon! Huon! Huon!  
My husband, my love,  
we are saved,  
we are saved, we are saved!

Original English text:  
James Planché (1796–1880)