

Poem by the great German poet J. W. Goethe in praise of
Kalidasa's Sanskrit play Abhijnanasakuntalam.

Will ich die Blumen des frühen, die Früchte des späteren Jahres,
Will ich, was reizt und entzückt, will ich, was sättigt und nährt,
Will ich den Himmel, die Erde mit einem Namen begreifen,
Nenn' ich, Sakontala, dich, und so ist alles gesagt.

Wouldst thou the young year's blossoms and the fruits of its
decline,
And all by which the soul is charmed, enraptured, feasted, fed,
Wouldst thou the Earth and Heaven itself in one sole name
combine,
I name thee, O Sakontala, and all at once is said.

तारुण्यस्य सुमानि पश्चिमवयोवृत्तेः प्रसूनोदयं
यैरात्मा परिमोहितः पुलकितः स्वानन्दितः पोषितः ।
तानि स्वर्भुवमेकनाम्नि सकलं यद्योजनीयं तत-
स्त्वामाख्यामि शकुन्तले हि सहसा सर्वं ततो भाषितम् ॥ (Translation by
Shri C.V. Mahalingam)