The Sorcerer's Apprentice  
by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

That old sorcerer has vanished  
And for once has gone away!  
Spirits called by him, now banished,  
My commands shall soon obey.  
Every step and saying  
That he used, I know,  
And with sprites obeying  
My arts I will show.

Flow, flow onward  
Stretches many  
Spare not any  
Water rushing,  
Ever streaming fully downward  
Toward the pool in current gushing.

Come, old broomstick, you are needed,  
Take these rags and wrap them round you!  
Long my orders you have heeded,  
By my wishes now I've bound you.  
Have two legs and stand,  
And a head for you.  
Run, and in your hand  
Hold a bucket too.

Flow, flow onward  
Stretches many,  
Spare not any  
Water rushing,  
Ever streaming fully downward  
Toward the pool in current gushing.

See him, toward the shore he's racing  
There, he's at the stream already,  
Back like lightning he is chasing,  
Pouring water fast and steady.  
Once again he hastens!  
How the water spills,  
How the water basins  
Brimming full he fills!
Stop now, hear me!
Ample measure
Of your treasure
We have gotten!
Ah, I see it, dear me, dear me.
Master's word I have forgotten!

Ah, the word with which the master
Makes the broom a broom once more!
Ah, he runs and fetches faster!
Be a broomstick as before!
Ever new the torrents
That by him are fed,
Ah, a hundred currents
Pour upon my head!

No, no longer
Can I please him,
I will seize him!
That is spiteful!
My misgivings grow the stronger.
What a mien, his eyes how frightful!

Brood of hell, you're not a mortal!
Shall the entire house go under?
Over threshold over portal
Streams of water rush and thunder.
Broom accurst and mean,
Who will have his will,
Stick that you have been,
Once again stand still!

Can I never, Broom, appease you?
I will seize you,
Hold and whack you,
And your ancient wood
I'll sever,
With a whetted axe I'll crack you.

He returns, more water dragging!
Now I'll throw myself upon you!
Soon, O goblin, you'll be sagging.
Crash! The sharp axe has undone you.
What a good blow, truly!
There, he's split, I see.
Hope now rises newly,
And my breathing's free.

Woe betide me!
Both halves scurry
In a hurry,
Rise like towers
There beside me.
Help me, help, eternal powers!

Off they run, till wet and wetter
Hall and steps immersed are lying.
What a flood that naught can fetter!
Lord and master, hear me crying!
Ah, he comes excited.
Sir, my need is sore.
Spirits that I've cited
My commands ignore.

"To the lonely
Corner, broom!
Hear your doom.
As a spirit
When he wills, your master only
Calls you, then 'tis time to hear it."