

SERENADE.

[After Goethe.]

Ah! Thy soft pillow leaving,
 Dreaming, thy sleep give o'er;
While songs my strings are weaving,
 Sleep! What would'st thou more?

While songs my strings are weaving,
 The starry hosts restore
The heart's eternal heaving;
 Sleep! What would'st thou more?

My heart's eternal heaving,
 Raises me high,—to lore
Of earth no longer cleaving;
 Sleep! What would'st thou more?

To earth no longer cleaving,
 Too high thy dreaming bore
Me, in the night-wind grieving,—
 Sleep! What would'st thou more?

Of me, in the night-wind grieving,
 Dreaming, O give not o'er:
Ah! Thy pillow not leaving,
 Sleep! What would'st thou more?