

# Serenade

[*After Goethe*]

By Victor B. Neuburg

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

While song my strings is 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;  
To 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?