

To the Moon

[*After Goethe*]

By Victor B. Neuburg

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Shining over wood and vale
With thy dusky light,
Once thou gavest, still and pale,
To my spirit flight.

O'er my fields thou still dost gleam
With thy gentle gaze,
As a friend's kind eye might beam,
Watching o'er my days.

Every echo knows my heart
Of happiness and stress;
Wander thou 'twixt joy and smart,
In thy loneliness.

Flow on, flow on, thou hasting stream,
Joy may I never see;
As thou dost flow, flows mirth—a dream—
And love, and loyalty.

Yet once, yet once, that grab so rare
Upon me I did set,
That whoso gazed might e'er despair,
Nor ever might forget.

Stream, down the valley haste along,
Nor stay be thine, nor ease;
Flow on, and, flowing, lend my song
Thy whispered melodies.

If thou, within the winter's night,
Dost raging overflow,
More young, thou servest fair Spring's might,
Aiding young buds to grow.

How happy he who from the world
Stands, without hate, apart,
One friend within his breast impearled
Who shares with him his heart;

And—what the world has never known,
Maybe, has never guessed—
Doth wander in the night alone
The pathways of his breast.