

New Year's Eve.

The moonlight sends across the sea
A golden stretch, and I to thee
Would fain speed on the glimm'ring way—
A foolish dream, since here I stay
And send, instead, a greeting.

The seasons pass and, one by one,
The lonely tasks are daily done;
But what is not is yet to be
So Heaven speed ~~on~~ both thee and me
And bring to pass our meeting.

The moonlight spreads a glitt'ring way,
But scarcely safe, and what I'd say
If I were only near you dear,
Must keep awhile, since I stay here
And send instead a greeting.