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(From the German of Goethe)

I think of thee when the bright waves are gleaming
 In sunny moon ;
When from the lake's unruffled surface beaming
 Shines back the moon.

I see thy form when in the distance yonder
 The dust wreaths rise ;
I feel thy presence when alone I wander
 'Neath midnight skies.

I hear thy voice when roaring mounts the ocean
 Below the hill ;
I catch its echoes in the tree top's motion
 When all is still.

My thoughts are with thee ; wander ne'er so far,
 They hover near ;
The sun has set ; soft shines the evening star ;
 Wert thou but here !