

## EVENING SONG

(FROM THE GERMAN)

At eventide,  
When the moon shines out on high,  
Songs light up the poet's heart,  
Brightly, brightly gleaming.

At eventide,  
When the moon shines out on high,  
Tears unbidden rise and start,  
From the eyelids streaming.

At eventide,  
When the moon shines out on high,  
'Tis of thee, my all who art,  
I am dreaming, dreaming.

