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"HEIMWEH"

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"HEIMWEH."

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then

TO-NIGHT my whole soul is a passion of longing,
My thoughts, now unshackled, will constantly
 roam;
In the portals of memory visions are thronging
Of dear, absent friends, and that heaven, my
 home!

Every night 'tis the same: as Dame Twilight is
 gliding
Around me to lower the curtains of night,
And light all the candles, my feelings presiding
On fancy's fleet pinions will straightway take
 flight.

coils
oils.

In spirit I visit the dear Hall of Study,
And steal in where music's soft breathings re-
 sounded;
Or sit by the blaze of the night fire so ruddy,
And list to the stories that circle around.

Dear friends, in your hearts do you keep my place
 waiting,
Or, as Sol's brighter beams pa'e the late star
 away