

Die Verbannten Kinder Evas, Arise From Dreams

I arise from dreams of thee
In the first sweet sweep of night,
When the winds are breathing low,
And the stars are shining bright.

The nightingale's complaint,
It dies upon her heart,
As I must die on thine,
O, beloved as thou art!

My cheek is cold and white, alas!
My heart beats loud and fast:
Oh! press it close to thine again,
Where it will break at last