

The May Night

Johannes Brahms

When the silvery moon
Shines through the flutt'ring leaves,
When her pale, drowsy light
Over the field she throws,
And the nightingale warbles,
I go sadly o'er hill and vale.

Somewhere hid in the leaves
Two softly cooing doves fill my heart with delight

Yet, do I turn away
Turn to shadows that are darker
In my eye is but one tear

Where, O vision whose smile streams like the rosy dawn
Through the depths of my soul, where
On this earth are you?

In my eye is but one tear,
It burns me,
Burns upon my cheek.