

Longing

Last night the nightingale woke me,
When all the world was still;
Its song from the grove came floating,
My throbbing heart to fill.
I opened my window so gently,
And peered thro' the darksome view,
I thought that the warbler was singing, my darling,
Ah! singing to me of you.

A horn was heard in the distance,
Faint as the night wind's sigh;
And as I gazed and wondered,
A star appeared in the sky.
'Twas then I beheld, love, your image,
Imprinted upon the night;
I held out my arms and I wept, in my yearning,
While swiftly you passed from my sight.

I think of you in the daytime,
I dream, of you by night;
One word from your lips, my darling,
Would flood my soul with light.
A murmuring low, in the wildwood,
Responds alone from afar,
As cold as the dew on the leaves of the linden,
Ah! cold as yon distant star.

O think not I can forget you,
I could not, if I would;
Deep in my heart lies hidden
Your image, pure and good .
Tho' sorrow and care may oppress me
I'll strive for a goal above;
Thro' life and in death, you'll be with me, my darling,
Enshrin'd in my heart's best love.

Christian Winther
English translation: Auber Forestier