

The Summer Night

Fanny Mendelssohn

When the gleam of the moon now flows down
on the wood, and the scents
in the breezes from the linden trees
blow in the coolness:

So shadows surround my thoughts of the grave
of my beloved, and I see in the wood
only twilight, and the breezes do not
send me scents from the blossoms.

I enjoyed it once with you, O Dead ones!
How the scents and the cool breezes blew about us,
how beautiful the moon was,
and you, O fair Nature!