

# 6 Idylls after Goethe, Op. 28

## TO THE MOONLIGHT



Streaming over hill and dale  
Hail! O pallid rays;  
Again thou free'st my weary soul  
From the dross of days.

What by men was ne'er beknown,  
Comes with thy mystic light,  
And through the soul's deep labyrinth,  
Wanders in the night.

**E. MacDowell**

With breadth and tenderness. (♩ = 40.)

3.

*With Pedal*

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