

2.

Where the blue mountain range  
From the sky's cloudy gray  
Looks down on me,  
Where the suns brightly shines,  
Where they clouds spend their time,  
I want to be!

Where the valley serene  
Stills my torment and pain,  
Where among stones  
Meditates the primrose  
And a gentle wind blows,  
I want to be!

To the dark pensive wood  
By love's force I am pulled,  
And by love's pain.  
Ah! From here I'll not move  
Unless, darling, with you  
I'll be again!