

Music: Hertrich
Lyrics: Hertrich
Neglect me, lose me
only give me leave,
unworthy as I am
to follow Your grief
Therefore the moon,
the governess of floods,
pale in her anger
washes all the air
Fall in the fresh lap
of the crimson rose
The human mortals want
their winter cheer
Love takes the meaning
in love's conference
So that but one heart
we can make of it
The stary welking
covers You anon
with dropping fog
as black as acheron
Thorny anger, be not seen,
come not near our fairy-queen
For night's swift dragons
cut the clouds
I tary for the comfort of the day
Fair love, I see, I forgot our way
Stand still, You ever moving spheres,
in misery noone will here
And they shoot chillness to my heart
I can't break the midnight sigh