

Die Verbannten Kinder Evas, On A Faded Violet

The colour from the flower is gone,
Which like thy sweet eyes smiled on me
The odour from the flower is flow,
Which breath of thee and only thee

A withered, lifeless, vacant form,
It lies on my abandoned breast,
And mocks the heart which yet is warm
With cold and silent rest.

I weep - my tears revive it not.
I sigh - it breathes no more on me
Its mute and uncomplaining lot
Is such as mine should be