

Die Verbannten Kinder Evas, Sad Silent Home

Away the moor is dark beneath the moon,
And rapid clouds have drunk day's last pale beam,
Gathering winds will call darkness so soon,
Will call the darkness soon

Away away to thy sad silent home,
Pour bitter tears on it's desolated hearth
Watch the dim shades as like all ghosts they go,
Like ghosts they go and come.