

# Mephisto Walz, Nightingale

Away, away, for I will fly to thee  
When my heart aches and drowsy numbness pains  
My sense as though of hemlock drunk  
Or empty some opiate to the drain  
One minutes passed and leftward sunk  
Away, away, for I will fly to thee  
Safer from heaven is with reasons blown  
Fade far away, dissolve and quite forget  
What among the leaves have never known  
The weariness, the fever and the fret  
Where old men sit and hear each other groan  
To seize upon the midnight with no pain  
And leaden eyes despair  
Away, away, for I will fly to thee

Safer from heaven is with reasons blown  
Away, away, for I will fly to thee  
In virtuous rooms and winding ways  
I cannot see the flowers at my feet  
Fading violets covered up in leaves  
I've been half in love with easeful death  
Called him soft names in musing rhymes  
To take into the air my quiet breath  
Now more than ever seems it rich to die  
Away, away, for I will fly to thee  
Safer from heaven is with reasons blown  
Away, away, for I will fly to thee  
In virtuous rooms and winding ways