

Die Verbannten Kinder Evas, In Darkness Let Me

Sorrow, stay! Lend true repentant tears
To a woeful wretched wight.
Hence, despair with thy tormenting fears
O do not my poor heart affright.

In darkness let me dwell,
the ground shall sorrow be;
The roof despair to bar
all cheerful light from me:
The walls of marble black
that moistened still shall weep;
My music hellish jarring sounds
to banish friendly sleep.

(Thus wedded to my woes,
and bedded to my tomb,
Oh let me living, living die,
till death do come)