Die Verbannten Kinder Evas, Shall I Strive?

Shall I strive with words to move When deeds receive not due regard? Shall I speak and neither please Nor be freely heard?

Grief, alas, though all in vain, Her restless anguish must reveal. She alone my wound shall know Though she will not heal.

All woes have end though awhile delayed, Our patience proving. Oh that Time's strange effects Could but make her loving.

Storms calm at last, and why may not She leave off her frowning? Oh sweet Love, help her hands, My affecting crowning.