

Verbannten Kinder Evas, Die "In Darkness Let Me Dwell"

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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)

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