

Die Trying

"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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