

Music: Hertrich  
Lyrics: Hertrich  
Neglect me, lose me  
only give me leave,  
unworthy as I am  
to follow Your grief  
Therefore the moon,  
the governess of floods,  
pale in her anger  
washes all the air  
Fall in the fresh lap  
of the crimson rose  
The human mortals want  
their winter cheer  
Love takes the meaning  
in love's conference  
So that but one heart  
we can make of it  
The stary welking  
covers You anon  
with dropping fog  
as black as acheron  
Thorny anger, be not seen,  
come not near our fairy-queen  
For night's swift dragons  
cut the clouds  
I tary for the comfort of the day  
Fair love, I see, I forgot our way  
Stand still, You ever moving spheres,  
in misery noone will here  
And they shoot chillness to my heart  
I can't break the midnight sigh