

Sad Silent Home

Die Verbannten Kinder Evas

Away the moor is dark beneath the moon,
And rapid clouds have drunk day's last pale beam,
Gathering winds will call darkness so soon,
Will call the darkness so soon.
Away, away to thy sad silent home,
Pour bitter tears on its desolated hearth,
Watch the dim shades as like all ghosts they go,
Like ghosts they go and come.