

## Mad Song

Tangerine Dream

The wild winds weep  
and the night is a-cold;  
Come hither, sleep,  
and my griefs infold :  
but lo ! The morning peeps  
ove the eastern steeps,  
and the rustling birds of dawn  
the earth do scorn.

Lo ! To the vault  
of paved heaven,  
with sorrow fraught  
my notes are driven :

they strike the ear of night,  
make weep the eyes of day ;  
They make mad the roaring winds,  
and with tempests play.

Like a fiend in a cloud,  
with howling woe,  
after night I do crowd,  
and with night will go;  
I turn back to the easat,  
from whence comforts have increa'd;  
For light doth seize my brain with frantic pain.