

Angel of Death 1839

The Crown

Ye children Adam's of earth forgotten
Who unto earth shall again return
You are my own, be it not forgotten
I am the penalty sin did earn

O man, time's guest
With my grasp I reach thee
From east to west
And by voices teach thee
With scripture's word in the master's name
From air and water earth and flame
You build and dwell
Like the sparrows building
In sunny summer
Their fragile nest
Securely feeling
In shady shielding
They sing so joyful in happy rest

But sudden gust
Of the tempest shatters
The tiny crust
Of their nest in tatters
The merry song
Heard so short before
With grief is silenced forevermore

Like pigeons
Coming in anxious calling
You sigh for morn
With today not through
When unbethought
Like a trap door falling
The earth unlocked itself for you
You disappear
Where no light is nearing
Soon memory dear
Is no more endearing
And new lit moon
From it's silvered sky
Again sees others arrive and fly

In circling dances so lightly swinging
You follow wildly amusement's thread
With myrtle blooming and music ringing
But solemn I on the threshold tread

The dance is shocked
And the clang is wailing
The wreath is wrecked
And the bride is paling
The end of splendor
And joy and might
Is only sorrow
Tears and blight

I am the mighty

Who has the power
Till yet a mightier shall appear
In deepest pit
On the highest tower
My chilling spirit is ever near

Those plagues of night
And of desolation
Whose breath of blight
May annul a nation
They slay the victims
Which I select
Whom shield and armor
Cannot protect

I wrap the wing round
The polar tempest
And calm the waves
Ere they reach the strand
I crush the schemes
On dynastic conquest
And wrench the club
From the tyrant's hand
I erase chase
Like the hour just passing
And race on race
With their works amassing
Like heaving waves
In my footsteps flow
Till last no ripples
Their murmur show

'Gainst me in vain
Are you wit and letters
'Gainst me nor weapons
Nor arts prevail
I freedom give to the slave in letters
His ruler's will I in irons nail

I lead the battle
And armies tumble
Like slaughtered cattle
While cannons rumble
And never rise from their sudden fall
Until alarmed by the judgment call

I wave my hand and
With whirlwinds sweeping
All life on earth to that place doth fly
Where not a sound to the ear is creeping
Where not a tongue moves to make reply
My foot meanders
And kings and heroes
And princes lofty in might and lust
Are all transformed to a handful dust

Then search with rigor
Your mind's desire
Then probe in terror
Your soul's intent
With hands and hearts
Clean and pure aspire
To him who knows what

Within you meant

Yet thither mortals
Your way is wending
Where on the portals
Till time be ending
There stands this sentence
Without reprieve
Here all shall enter
And none shall leave

Then wiped away
Are all tears forever
All wounds removed
By the healing hand
And midst corpses and heirs I never
With torch inverted
And quenched shall stand
In darkness rife
But the torch upturning
By flames of life
I restore its burning
And the Seraphic
With you unite
In songs of praise
At the throne of light

Die