Shall I Strive?

Die Verbannten Kinder Evas

Shall I strive with words to move
When deeds receive not due regard?
Shall I speak and neither please
Nor be freely heard?
Grief, alas, though all in vain,
Her restless anguish must reveal.
She alone my wound shall know
Though she will not heal.
All woes have end though awhile delayed,
Our patience proving.
Oh that Time's strange effects
Could but make her loving.
Storms calm at last, and why may not
She leave off her frowning?
Oh sweet Love, help her hands,
My affecting crowning.

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