

Nightingale

Mephisto Walz

Away, away, for I will fly to thee
When my heart aches and drowsy numbness pains
 My sense as though of hemlock drunk
 Or empty some opiate to the drain
 One minutes passed and leftward sunk
 Away, away, for I will fly to thee
 Safer from heaven is with reasons blown
 Fade far away, dissolve and quite forget
 What among the leaves have never known
 The weariness, the fever and the fret
Where old men sit and hear each other groan
 To seize upon the midnight with no pain
 And leaden eyes despair
 Away, away, for I will fly to thee
 Safer from heaven is with reasons blown
 Away, away, for I will fly to thee
 In virtuous rooms and winding ways
 I cannot see the flowers at my feet
 Fading violets covered up in leaves
 Ive been half in love with easeful death
 Called him soft names in musing rhymes
 To take into the air my quiet breath
Now more than ever seems it rich to die
 Away, away, for I will fly to thee
 Safer from heaven is with reasons blown
 Away, away, for I will fly to thee
 In virtuous rooms and winding ways

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