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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