

IX. Vom Gebrüll des Sturms etc.

Singstimme.



Pianoforte.



Im Vergang'nen thöricht lebend,
 Hofnungslos in Zukunft webend,
 Kalter Schmerz das Herz durchschauert,
 Wilder Gram den Sinn umlauert.

Leben, Seele jeden Glückes,
 Bürde alles Misgeschickes,
 O wie gern ich dir entsagte,
 Dass mir nie Erinnerung tagte!

RAVING WINDS AROUND HER BLOWING.

*Raving winds around her blowing,
 Yellow leaves the woodlands strowing,
 By a river hoarsely roaring,
 Isabella stray'd, deploring:
 Farewell! hours that late did measure
 Sunshine days of joy and pleasure;
 Hail! thou gloomy night of sorrow,
 Cheerless night that knows no morrow.*

*O'er the past too fondly wand'ring,
 On the hopeless future pond'ring,
 Chill'y grief my life-blood freezes,
 Fell despair my fancy seizes;
 Life, thou soul of every blessing,
 Load to misery most distressing,
 Gladly how would I resign thee,
 And to dark oblivion join thee!*