

## 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