

## On A Faded Violet

Die Verbannten Kinder Evas

The colour from the flower is gone,  
Which like thy sweet eyes smiled on me  
The odour from the flower is flow,  
Which breath of thee and only thee

A withered, lifeless, vacant form,  
It lies on my abandoned breast,  
And mocks the heart which yet is warm  
With cold and silent rest.

I weep - my tears revive it not.  
I sigh - it breathes no more on me  
Its mute and uncomplaining lot  
Is such as mine should be