

Mad Song

Tangerine Dream

The wild winds weep
and the night is a-cold;
Come hither, sleep,
and my griefs infold :
but lo ! The morning peeps
ove the eastern steeps,
and the rustling birds of dawn
the earth do scorn.

Lo ! To the vault
of paved heaven,
with sorrow fraught
my notes are driven :

they strike the ear of night,
make weep the eyes of day ;
They make mad the roaring winds,
and with tempests play.

Like a fiend in a cloud,
with howling woe,
after night I do crowd,
and with night will go;
I turn back to the easat,
from whence comforts have increa'd;
For light doth seize my brain with frantic pain.