

Leave me alone to-night

Leave me alone to-night.
Go ! leave me alone with my God ;
I am sick of my life,
I am sick of its lust,
I am sick of my pride,
I am bowed in the dust,
Go ! leave me alone with my God.

Oh ! leave me alone to-night.
Go ! revel with whom you will ;
If only mine eyes,
If only mine ears,
See not, hear not
Mirth's maddening jeers,
Go ! revel with whom you will

But my loathing soul—
My loathing soul will have none of it,
I hate your folly,
I hate your sin ;
Your gilded fruit
Is but ashes within
And my loathing soul will have none of it.

I am sated with such ;
Never again will I dice for joy,
I have drank your wine,
With your women lain ;
'Tis fleeting pleasure
And lasting pain,
Never again will I dice for joy.