

SCHUBERT'S LIFE, LOVE AND SONG

My sun hath set, my day is done ;
I fain would hold my lease of life ;
But for sweet joys, that scores have won,
My soul doth keep perpetual strife ;
As droppings wear away the stone,
So wears my flesh from inward moan.

Now let me die, and dying, wait
Till her dear soul comes to the skies ;
I'll meet her then at Heaven's gate,
And sing to her in paradise ;
And there I'll prove to her above
That more than mortal is my love.