

How can I leave thee?  
How can I from thee part?  
Thou only hast my heart,  
Dear one, believe!

Thou hast this soul of mine  
So closely bound to thine,  
No other can I love,  
Dear one, believe!

Were I a bird, love,  
Soon at thy side to be,  
Falcon nor hawk would fear,  
Speeding to thee.

If by the fowler slain,  
At thy dear feet I'd lie.  
Thou sadly shouldst complain,  
Gladly I'd die!