

# The Embrace

Elend

From your embrace  
there sleeps an eternal night  
Let me emerge  
and sing this Elendian plaint.

For all the pearls have vanished  
that shown before.

Teach me in pure melodious song to move with sirenian might  
those hearts, those hearts who died in joy!

Lord, let the soul of music tune my voice!  
For death and despair have soiled the shores of heaven!

Ah! Let the soul of music tune my voice!

And cast down with sin oppressed,  
I'll be longing for your embrace!