

## Death Fugue

Black milk of dawn we drink it in the evening  
we drink it at midday and morning we drink it at night  
we drink and drink  
we dig a grave in the sky there one does not lie cramped  
A man lives in the house he plays with the snakes he writes  
he writes when it darkens to Germany your golden hair Margarete  
he writes it and steps outside the house and the stars twinkle he whistles his hounds to come here  
he whistles his Jews to appear and has a grave dug in the ground  
he commands us to play now for the dance

Black milk of dawn we drink you at night  
we drink you in the morning and at midday we drink you in the evening  
we drink and drink  
A man lives in the house he plays with the snakes he writes  
he writes when it darkens to Germany your golden hair Margarete  
Your ashen hair Sulamith we dig a grave in the sky there one does not lie cramped

He screams stab deeper into the earth you there and you others sing and play  
he reaches for the gun in the belt he draws it his eyes are blue  
stab the spades deeper you there and you others play on for the dance  
Black milk of dawn we drink you at night  
we drink you at midday and morning we drink you in the evening  
we drink and drink  
a man lives in the house you golden hair Margarete  
your ashen hair Sulamith he plays with the snakes

He screams play death sweeter Death is a master from Germany  
he screams stroke the violins darker then you will rise as smoke into the air  
then you'll have a grave in the clouds there one does not lie too cramped

Black milk of dawn we drink you at night  
we drink you at midday Death is a master from Germany  
we drink you in the evening and in the morning we drink and drink  
Death is a master from Germany his eye is blue  
he shoots you with a leaden bullet he shoots true  
a man lives in the house your golden hair Margarete  
he sics his hounds on us he grants us a grave in the sky  
he plays with the snakes and dreams Death is a master from Germany

your golden hair Margarete  
your ashen hair Sulamith

—by Paul Celan