

A Pleading

'Tis Spring and ev'ry beating heart rejoices,
All Nature throbs with rustling ecstasy.
Yet still thou'rt silent , dearest of all voices,
And all the world's a voiceless waste for me!
Ah! speak, for love is not so soon forgotten,
So dear a Past in Mem'ry's heart must lie.
Like some sweat strain,
By thoughts of love begotten,
That throbs and lingers on,
Too sweet to die!

Translated from the Russian by Frederick James Wishaw (1854-1934).

Music by Peter Tchaikovsky.

PTO

Silent Noon

Your hands lie open in the long fresh grass,
The finger-points look through like rosy blooms:
Your eyes smile peace. The pasture gleams and glooms
'Neath billowing skies that scatter and amass.
All round our nest, far as the eye can pass,
Are golden kingcup-fields with silver edge,
Where the cow-parsley skirts the hawthorn hedge.
'Tis visible silence, still as the hour-glass.
Deep in the sun-searched growths the dragon-fly
Hangs like a blue thread loosened from the sky:
So this wing'd hour is dropt to us from above.
Oh! clasp we to our hearts, for deathless dower,
This close-companioned inarticulate hour,
When twofold silence was the song of love.

Words by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, published in 1870 as Sonnet No. 15, in "The House of Life",

Music by Ralph Vaughan Williams.

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