SILENT NOON

Words by
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Music by
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Largo sostenuto

Your hands lie open in the long fresh grass,
The finger points look through like rosy blooms:
Your eyes smile

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peace. The pasture gleams and glooms 'Neath billowing skies that scatter and a mass.

Poco più mosso

All round our nest, far as the eye can
pass are golden king-cup fields with silver edge,

Where the cow-parsley skirts the hawthorn hedge.

'Tis visible silence,

still as the hourglass.
Quasi Recitative

Deep in the sun-search'd growths the

cresc. pp una corda

dragon-fly hangs like a blue thread loosen'd from the

sky:

So this wing'd

Tempo I

hour is dropt to us from above.
Oh! clasp we to our hearts, for deathless dower, This close-companion'd inarticulate hour, When twofold silence was the song, the song of love.