

Illinois Wesleyan University

From the Selected Works of Jonathan D Green

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Come In Speaking Silence of a Dream

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Available at: https://works.bepress.com/jonathan_green/161/

for Nancy Walker and Tim Lindeman

Come in Speaking Silence of a Dream

I

Ah! How Sweet it is to Love

John Dryden

Jonathan D. Green

Andante con moto

mf *f*

Ah! how sweet it is to

mf *f*

love! Ah, how gay is young de - sire! And what

mp *f* *mp*

plea - sing pains we prove When we first ap - proach love's fire! Pains of love are

11 *mf*
 sweet-er far Than all o - ther plea-sures are. Sighs which are from lov - ers blown Do but

16 *f* *mf dim.*
 gent - ly heave the heart: E'en the tears they shed a - lone Cure, like trick-ling

21 *p*
 balm, their smart. Lov - ers, when they lose their breath, Bleed a - way in

26 *rit.* ea - sy death... *a tempo* *mf*
 6 6

30 *mf*

Love and Time with rev'-rence use, Treat them like a part-ing

33 *mp*

friend; Nor the gol-den gifts re-fuse Which in youth sin-cere they send:

37

For each year their price is more, And they less sim-ple than be-fore.

41 *f*

Love like spring-tides full and high, Swells in ev'-ry youth-ful vein;

45 *mf* *mp*

But each tide does less sup - ply, Till they quite shrink in a - gain. If a flow in

50 *rit.*

age ap - pear, 'Tis but rain, and runs not clear.

54 *a tempo* *mp*

57 *p*

30 April 2000, Greensboro, NC

II

Echo

Christina Rosetti

Jonathan D. Green

Adagio

Adagio

p

p

Come to me in the si - lence of the night, Come in speak - ing

si - lence of a dream, Come with soft round - ed cheeks and eyes as bright As

15 *p subito*
 sun - light on a stream, Come back in tears, O mem' - ry, hope, love of

15 *p subito*

22 un - fin - ished years.

22 *mp*

28 *mf*
 Oh dream how sweet, too sweet, too bit - ter sweet, Whose

28 *mf*

34 wake - ning should have been in Pa - ra - dise, Where souls brim - full of

34

39 *f*
love a-bide and meet, Where thirst - ing long - ing eyes watch the slow door That

44 *mp*
ope - ning, let - ting in, lets out no more.

51 *p*
Yet come to me in dreams, that I may live My ve - ry life a -

55
gain though cold in death: Come back to me in dreams that

59 *mp*
 I may give Pulse for pulse, breath for breath: Speak low, lean low, As

59 *p*

64 *rit.*
 long a - go, my love, how long a - - - go.

64 *rit.* *pp*

III

Those eyes

Ben Jonson

Jonathan D. Green

Moderato

Moderato

mp

mf

f

Ah! do not wan - ton with those eyes, Lest I be sick with see - ing; Nor

100 *mf* cast them down, but let them rise, *f* Lest shame des-troy my be-ing.

100 *mf* *cresc.* 8va

130 Ah! be not an-gry with those fires, For

130 *mf subito* *mp*

170 then their threats will kill me, Nor look too kind on my de-

170

200 sires, For then my hopes will spill me.

200 *loco* *mf*

24 *f*

Ah! do not steep them in thy tears, For so will sor - row slay me, Nor

24 *f*

27 *mf* *rit.*

spread them as dis - traught with fears,— Mine own e-nough be - tray

27 *mf* *rit.*

30 *p*

me.

30 *p*