Come In Speaking Silence of a Dream

Jonathan D Green, Illinois Wesleyan University
Come in Speaking Silence of a Dream

I

Ah! How Sweet it is to Love

John Dryden

Jonathan D. Green

Andante con moto

Ah! how sweet it is to

love!

Andante con moto

Ah, how gay is young desire!

And what

pleasing pains we prove

When we first approach love's fire!

Pains of love are
sweet-er far Than all o- ther plea-sures are. Sighs which are from lov- ers blown Do but

gent- ly heave the heart: E’en the tears they shed a- lone Cure, like trick- ing

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

ea- sy death... a tempo
Love and Time with reverence use, Treat them like a parting friend; Nor the golden gifts refuse Which in youth sincere they send:

For each year their price is more, And they less simple than before.

Love like spring-tides full and high, Swells in every youthful vein;

-3-
But each tide does less supply, Till they quite shrink again.
If a flow in age appear, 'Tis but rain, and runs not clear.

30 April 2000, Greensboro, NC
Come to me in the silence of the night,

Come in speaking silence of a dream,

Come with soft rounded cheeks and eyes as bright

As
sun-light on a stream, Come back in tears, O mem’ry, hope, love of
un-finished years.
Oh dream how sweet, too sweet, too bit-ter sweet, Whose
wake-ning should have been in Para-dise, Where souls brim-full of
love abide and meet, Where thirsting long ing eyes watch the slow door That

opening, letting in, lets out no more.

Yet come to me in dreams, that I may live My very life a-

gain though cold in death: Come back to me in dreams that
I may give Pulse for pulse, breath for breath: Speak low, lean low, As

long a - go, my love, how long a - go.
III

Those eyes

Ben Jonson

Jonathan D. Green

Moderato

Ah! do not wanton with those eyes,
Lest I be sick with seeing;
Nor
cast them down,
but let them rise,
Lest shame destroy my being.

Ah!
be not angry with those fires,
For

then their threats will kill me,
Nor look too kind on my de-
sires,
For then my hopes will spill me.
Ah! do not steep them in thy tears, For so will sorrow slay me, Nor spread them as distraught with fears,— Mine own enough betray me.