

## Silverlight (lascia Che Io Pianga)

Guldbrandsen, Christine

Low light of morning  
pale in my window  
falls like silver water  
on night's desert land.

Where are my fears now?  
where are the shadows  
I saw yesterday?

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Dreaming or waking  
there was no place to rest.  
All night I feared the end of things,  
that love was frail, that love would fail;  
then I heard a bird was singing  
in the breaking of the dawn.

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