

Poems

Stephen Sondheim

Rain
Glistening
On the silver birch
Like my lady's tears
Your turn

Rain
Gathering
Winding into streams
Like the roads to Boston
Your turn

Haze
Hovering
Like the whisper of the silk
As my lady kneels
Your turn

MANJIRO
Haze
Glittering
Like an echo of the lamps
In the streets of Boston
Your turn

Moon
I love her like the moon
Making jewels of the grass
Where my lady walks
My lady wife

Moon
I love her like the moon
Washing yesterday away
As my lady does
America
Your turn

Wind
Murmuring
Is she murmuring for me
Through her field of dreams?
Your turn

Wind
Muttering
Is she quarreling with me?
Does she want me home?
Your turn

I am no nightingale
But she hears the song
I can sing to her

My lady wife

I am no nightingale

But my song of her
Could outsing the sea
America

Dawn
Flickering
Tracing shadows of the pines
On my lady sleeping
Your turn

Dawn
Brightening
As she opens up her eyes
But it's I who come awake
Your turn

You go

Your turn

Leaves
I love her like the leaves
Changing green to pink to gold
And the change is everything

Sun
I see her like the sun
In the center of a pool
Sending ripples to the shore
Till my journey's end

Your turn

Rain

Haze

Moon

Wind

Nightingale

Dawn

Leaves

Sun

End