

Silentium Amoris

William Control

As often-times the too resplendent sun
Hurries the pallid and reluctant moon
Back to her sombre cave, ere she hath won
A single ballad from the nightingale
So doth thy Beauty make my lips to fail
And all my sweetest singing out of tune

And as at dawn across the level mead
On wings impetuous some wind will come
And with its too harsh kisses break the reed
Which was its only instrument of song
So my too stormy passions work me wrong
And for excess of Love my Love is dumb

But surely into Thee mine eyes did show
Why I am silent, and my lute unstrong
Else it were better we should part and go
Thou to some lips of sweeter melody
And I to nurse the barren memory
Of unkissed kisses and songs never sung