

# SILENT NOON

Words by  
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Music by  
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**Largo sostenuto**

*mf*  
Your hands lie

*mp* *sonore*

*simile*

4  
o - pen in the long fresh grass, the fin - ger -

7  
points look through like ro - sy blooms. Your eyes smile

*pp*

*pp*

Ed. Hölzli

11

peace. The pas-ture gleams and glooms 'Neath bil - low - ing

*cresc.*

15

skies that scat - ter and a - mass.

*f*

19

*Poco più mosso.*

*pp*

*simile*

23

All round our nest, far as the eye can

26

pass, are gol - den - king-cup fields with sil - ver

30

edge, where the cow - pars - ley skirts the

33

*pp* haw - thorn hedge. *pp poco rall.* 'Tis vi - si - ble si - lence,

37

still as the hour - glass.

## Quasi Recitative

41 *a tempo*

*a tempo*

*cresc.*

*pp una corda*

Deep in the sun - search'd growths the

46

dra - gon - fly \_\_\_\_\_ hangs \_\_\_\_\_ like a blue thread loos - en'd from the

50

sky: \_\_\_\_\_ So \_\_\_\_\_ this wing'd

*Tempo I.*

55

*f*

*p*

hour is dropt to us from a - bove \_\_\_\_\_

*f*

*p*

59 *poco rall.* *mf a tempo*

Oh! clasp we to our hearts, for

*poco rall.* *mf sonore*

63

death - less dower, this close-com - pan - ion'd in - ar - ti - cu - late

*pp*

*pp*

67

hour, when two - fold si - lence was the song the

*pp*

*pp*

72

song of love.

## Silent Noon

Dante Gabriel Rossetti (1828–1882)

Your hands lie open in the long fresh grass, -  
The finger-points look through like rosy blooms:  
Your eyes smile peace.  
The pasture gleams and glooms  
'Neath billowing skies that scatter and amass.  
All round our nest, far as the eye can pass,  
Are golden kingcup fields with silver edge  
Where the cow-parsley skirts the hawthorn hedge.  
'Tis visible silence, still as the hour glass.  
Deep in the sunsearched growths the dragonfly  
Hangs like a blue thread loosened from the sky: -  
So this winged hour is dropt to us from above.  
Oh! clasp we to our hearts, for deathless dower,  
This close-companioned inarticulate hour  
When twofold silence was the song of love.

## Stiller Mittag

Deine Hände liegen offen im hohen, frischen Gras,  
Deine Fingerspitzen schauen hindurch wie rosa Blüten:  
Deine Augen lächeln Frieden.  
Die Weide erglänzt und erlischt  
Unter wogendem Himmel, der sich lichtet und verdichtet.  
Rund um unser Nest, so weit das Auge reicht,  
Sind goldene Trollblumenfelder mit silbernem Rand,  
Wo der Wiesenkerbel die Weißdornhecke säumt.  
Dieses sichtbare Schweigen, still wie das Stundenglas.  
Tief im sonnendurchfluteten Wuchs hängt die Libelle  
Wie ein blauer Faden, vom Himmel gelöst:  
So sinkt auch diese geflügelte Stunde zu uns herab.  
Oh! Halten wir an unsern Herzen fest, als unsterbliche Gabe,  
Diese innige, unaussprechliche Stunde,  
Als zweifaches Schweigen das Lied der Liebe war.