

# SILENTIUM AMORIS

*Oscar Wilde*

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 unto Thee mine eyes did show  
Why I am silent, and my lute unstrung;  
Else it were better we should part, and go,  
Thou to some lips of sweeter melody,  
And I to nurse the barren memory  
Of un-kissed kisses, and songs never sung.