

# **THE SILENCE OF LOVE**

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The Silence of Love by Edmond Holmes

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**EDMOND HOLMES**

**THE SILENCE OF  
LOVE**





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LOVE  BY  
EDMOND HOLMES

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*Prof. G. S. Norton*

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TO OXFORD.

*"Queen of romance!" whose charm hath witched away  
The numbing spell that held my life in thrall,  
Is it not meet that on this vernal day  
These wasted blossoms at thy feet should fall?  
Absence from thee was winter to my heart:  
Leafless I stood 'neath leaden, frosty skies:  
Bleak were the winds that blew my boughs apart:  
And still the sap delayed and could not rise.  
But thy dear presence is perennial spring:  
And, to thy side restored, from every root  
I feel the rising life-stream throb and sting  
And tingle into leaf and flower and fruit.  
So, since thy love begot them, do not scorn  
To wear these tokens of a life re-born.*

The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,  
The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,  
Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard ;  
Enough that he heard it once : we shall hear it by-and-by.

R. BROWNING, *Abt Vogler*.



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- I. When first the light of thy beloved eyes.
- II. Was it my fault that, when the south-wind blew?
- III. Is it thy fault that thou art fair as spring?
- IV. "I may not love thee." "May not!" but I do.
- V. I may not love thee, for a flaming sword.
- VI. I may not love thee;—yet perchance I may.
- VII. When from the body death has loosed the soul.
- VIII. Nature hath crowned thee with her fairest crown.
- IX. When with closed eyes I strive to paint thy face.
- X. The mists rise upward from the Ocean's breast.
- XI. From many a fount on distant moor or fell.
- XII. What if a storm in some lone mountain height?
- XIII. Well may the river bless the surging flood.
- XIV. Sometimes in dreams I clasp thy breast to mine.
- XV. By love must love be mastered, fire by fire.
- XVI. O do not think my heart is numb and cold.
- XVII. "Friends" we must call ourselves,—a sacred name.
- XVIII. Love! dost thou love me?" Oft the words have sprung.
- XIX. The hours are minutes when we sit alone.
- XX. I sometimes wish that all the song and light.
- XXI. Could words unfold the secrets of my heart.
- XXII. I asked the wind to tell my heart's unrest.
- XXIII. Is it not well that love should seal my lips?
- XXIV. When spring-time comes, the happy pairing birds.
- XXV. Is my love wasted? Will it never earn.

- XXVI. What do I seek? What do I strive to gain?  
XXVII. My love is deeper than the midmost sea.  
XXVIII. I ask not for possession of thy heart.  
XXIX. To master Destiny by force of will.  
XXX. Is it so fated? Must we some day part.  
XXXI. Men ask what is the issue of my quest?  
XXXII. Had no stern mandate held our lives apart.  
XXXIII. O love! what art thou? Who hath seen thy face?  
XXXIV. What purpose rules the courses of the stars?  
XXXV. When in the east the flowing tide of day.  
XXXVI. If love must die of gaining what it seeks.  
XXXVII. Men ask what is the issue of my quest?  
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XL. Love! if thou lov'st me, give me but one sign.  
XLI. When on my brow death's cooling airs blow free.  
XLII. Sometimes I long to send my soul afar;  
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XLV. What has life taught me? Will the Judge Most High,  
XLVI. Scanning the future with prophetic sight.  
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XLIX. Once, in the travail of my speechless love.  
L. Wilt thou be mine when death has set us free.

TO PSYCHE.