

“Tell me not Now”

By William Watson

TELL me not now, if love for love
Thou canst return,—
Now while around us and above
Day's flambeaux burn.
Not in clear noon, with speech as clear,
Thy heart avow,
For every gossip wind to hear ;
Tell me not now !

Tell me not now the tidings sweet,
The news divine ;
A little longer at thy feet
Leave me to pine.
I would not have the gadding bird
Hear from his bough ;
Nay, though I famish for a word,
Tell me not now !

“Tell me not Now”

But when deep trances of delight
All Nature seal;
When round the world the arms of Night
Caressing steal;
When rose to dreaming rose says, “*Dear,*
Dearest;” and when
Heaven sighs her secret in Earth’s ear,—
Ah, tell me then!