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The Vigil of Love

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THE VIGIL OF LOVE  
By JOSEPH PLUNKETT

ILLA CANTAT : NOS TACEMUS : QUANDO VER VENIT MEUM ?  
QUANDO FIAM UTI CHELIDON, UT TACERE DESINAM ?  
PERDIDI MUSAM TACENDO, NEC ME PHŒBUS RESPICIT.  
SIC AMYCLAS, CUM TACERENT, PERDIDIT SILENTIUM.  
CRAS AMET QUI NUNQUAM AMAVIT : QUIQUE AMAVIT CRAS AMET.

She sings, but we are silent : when shall Spring  
Of mine come to me ? I as the swallow make  
Me vocal, and this desolate silence break ?  
The Muse has left me for I cannot sing ;  
Nor does Apollo now his splendour bring  
To aid my vision, blinded for her sake—  
Thus mute Amyclas would not silence wake  
And perished in the shadow of its wing.

The wings of the imperishable Dove  
Unfold for flight, and we shall cease from sorrow ;  
Song shall the beauty of dead Silence borrow  
When lips once mute now raise this chant above :  
Love to the loveless shall be given to-morrow,  
To-morrow for the lover shall be love.