

31

Rain has fallen all the day
O come among the laden trees.
The leaves lie thick upon the way
Of memories.

Staying a little by the way
Of memories shall we depart.
Come, my beloved, where I may
Speak to your heart.

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Notes

This was No. 32 in the 1907 edition.

Nature cries (rain) in sympathy with the end of love; the leaves are falling and winter is upon us.

‘Come among the laden trees’ carries ironic echoes from more joyful moments earlier in the suite.

‘Speak to’ – rather than sing to – your heart.