Song Without Words

Lily of the valley, buttercups. Caresses of love.
Swallows' twitter. The kiss of sunbeams.
The forest turning green. The meadow blooming.
A bright, free, murmuring brook.
The day burns out. The sunset ignites.
The groves are full of whispers and rustlings.
New rapture revives for the dwellers
Of a fairy-tale, bright, free land.
The dying breath of the evening wind.
The shifting face of the full Moon.
Mad joy. Inexplicable sorrow.
The moment of the impossible. The moment of happiness.