

Tacite Ombre

Be silent, ye shades, horrible ghosts,

O render some calm!

O now give back peace to the one who languishes
for love!

I know that a tyrant sorrow can explain itself, but
my heart's anxiety cannot.

Ye gods, that I could speak of such harsh humour
and my pain!

I can speak of the affection I have in my breast.

You speak fully with reason in the sincere
judgement of all distant ages.

Be silent, ye shades, etc.

Maria Cosway