



de Vlaminck

V.

*I hear an army charging upon the land
And the thunder of horses plunging, foam
about their knees.
Arrogant, in black armour, behind them stand
Disdaining the reins, with fluttering whips,
the charioteers.*

*They cry unto the night their battlename:
I moan in sleep when I hear afar their
whirling laughter.*

*They cleave the gloom of dreams, a blinding
flame*

*Clanging, clanging upon the heart as upon
an anvil.*

*They come shaking in triumph their long green hair
They come out of the sea and run shouting
by the shore*

*My heart, have you no wisdom thus to despair?
My love, my love, my love, why have you
left me alone?*

(Aus Chamber Music, Verlag „The Egoist Press“, London.)