

Speak Love

I. Song

for Tom and Anne Heck

Words by
Henriette de Saussure Blanding
Poems, San Francisco, 1911

Frank A. Wallace
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Were I a bird, I would wing to thee,
Were I the breeze, I would blow for thee,
Were I the wind, I would sigh for thee,

Were I a lark, I would sing to thee,
Were I the rose, I would grow for thee,
Were I a he - - - ro I'd die for thee,

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Were I a star _____ I would shine for thee, _____
 Were I a wave _____ I would break for thee, _____
 None of these gifts _____ can I give to thee, _____

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Were I a lov - er _____ I'd pine for thee.
 Were I a heart I _____ would ache for thee.
 Bid me, dear, on - ly _____ to live for thee.

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IV. Death in Life

for Earl and Artelle Wallace

Grave

If while your love were still my ver - y own, —
 I would have longed for voice and lips and hands, —
 Such sac - red grief — were — bless - ed - ness... —

— Cold Death had laid his hand u - pon your heart,
 — Yet with the wan - dering night winds from the sea,
 — To - night Mine is the ang - uish of a diffe - rent lot:

I would have bowed my head and made no moan, Scorn - ing a power too weak our souls to
 Our souls had still em - braced in mys - tic lands, Known on - ly to Love's ho - ly sym - pa -
 To know your lips as sweet, your eyes as bright, And, search - ing for your soul — to find it —