

Song from Baudelaire

Hush now, my childish grief,  
Sobbing and short of breath,  
You called for evening,  
And evening now is here.

And as it eases down  
Over the anxious town,  
Some find their peace there,  
And others meet their fear.

Each, as he takes his rest,  
Asks of his own regrets.  
And when his question sleeps,  
It blossoms on my lips.

All day the mass of men  
Worked to increase their pain.  
Leave them behind you,  
My childish grief, come here:

Look round the darkning sky.  
See how the years gone by,  
In costumes old and grave,  
They smile now, they smile now and they wave.

Hush now and listen well:  
Over the eastern hill,  
With what soft footsteps  
The night is drawing near.