

### **5.1 Master Thomas Tallis (1980)**

Thomas my grave lad,  
why can I not but smile at  
your shy and cloistered dance! yet  
we cannot laugh you from your measure  
nor shame you from your gloom  
not shake you from that strong vision  
born from the long dark sleep.

Thomas, yours is man's awaking  
having thought and proper doubt  
and bravery and joy.  
Master both of lamentation, and  
the well-enchanting skill,  
to your measure the solemn step is matched  
the pavan stately done: your skill  
it is to draw the very sigh of sadness  
for time and man are sad, and then perform  
the gentle rite of gaiety.

Chiswick – 1980.