

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.