

*Never in Word*

Text by Conrad Aiken  
(from *Time in the Rock*, Number LXXXIII)

Music will more nimbly move  
than quick wit can order word  
words can point or speaking prove  
but music heard

How with successions it can take  
time in change and change in time  
and all reorder, all remake  
with no recourse to rhyme!

Let us in joy, let us in love,  
surrender speech to music, tell  
what music so much more can prove  
nor talking say so well:

Love with delight may move away  
Love with delight may forward come  
Or else will hesitate and stay  
finger at lip, at home,

But verse can never say these things;  
only in music may be heard  
the subtle touching of such strings,  
never in word.