## Say Over Again

## Andrew Cashner

To Ann, on our third anniversary, May 12, 2010

Say over again, and yet once over again,
That thou dost love me. Though the word repeated
Should seem 'a cuckoo song'—as thou dost treat it,
Remember, never to the hill or plain,
Valley and wood, without her cuckoo-strain
Comes the fresh Spring in all her green completed.
Belovèd, I, amid the darkness greeted
By a doubtful spirit-voice, in that doubt's pain,
Cry, 'Speak once more—thou lovest!' Who can fear
Too many stars, though each in heaven shall roll,
Too many flowers, though each shall crown the year?
Say thou dost love me, love me, love me—toll
The silver iterance!—only minding, Dear,
To love me also in silence with thy soul.

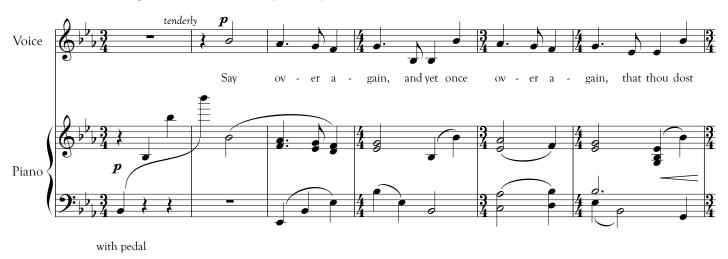
-Elizabeth Barrett Browning

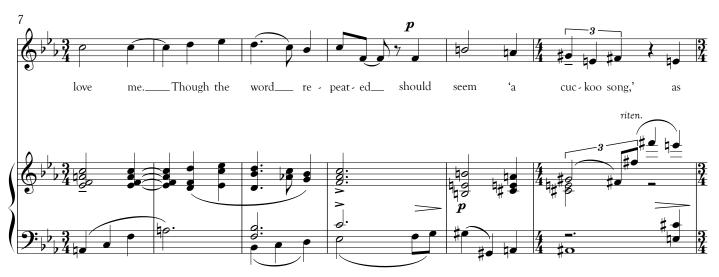
## Say Over Again

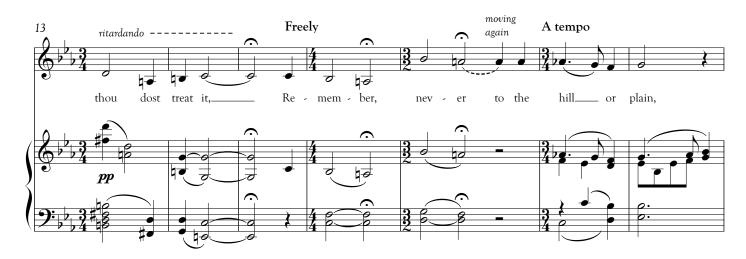
Elizabeth Barrett Browning (1806-1861) (Sonnets from the Portuguese XXI)

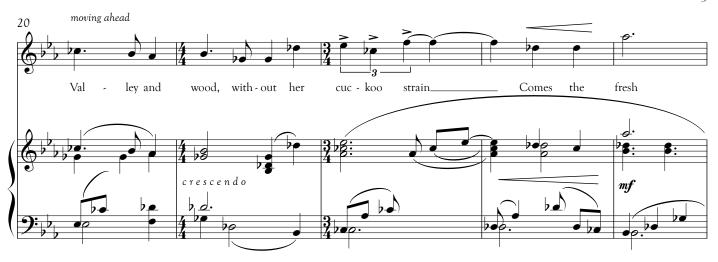
Andrew Cashner (b. 1981)

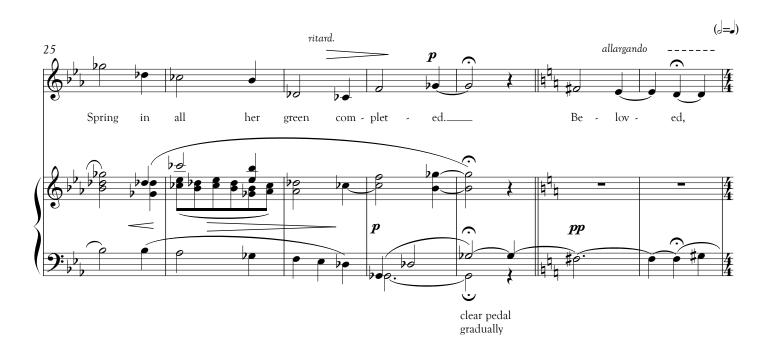
## Flowing, with a hint of dance (= c. 120)



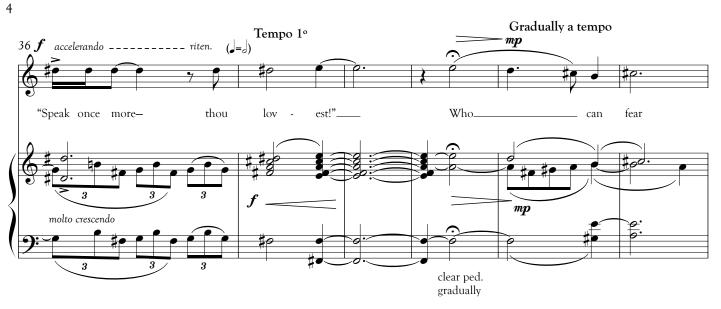


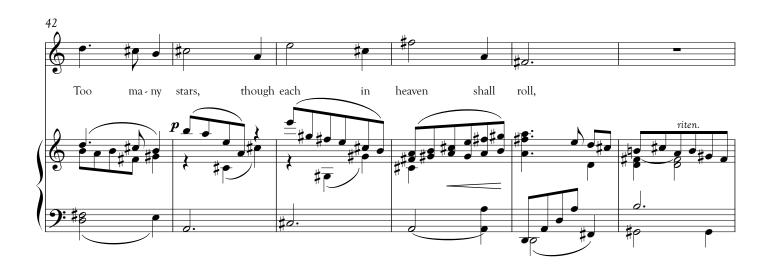


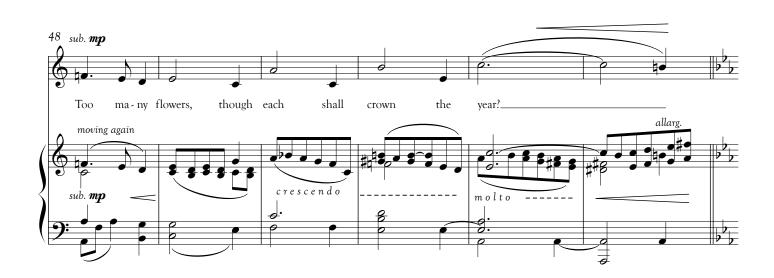














Spring 2004 (Boston) and 2010 (Chicago)