

# Tsjip

## Last movements

In Old Master music in sonata form,  
by Mozart, by Schubert, you always find,  
after the sadness and the emotional storm  
that moves or maddens the listening mind,  
strumming the nerves like the strings they play  
that four, five or six will make the mood gay

This is a convention, we know, of course,  
and a wistfulness in the rumti-ti-tum  
might be detected; the sorrow's force  
gives way to the logical musical sum,  
as vigorously, brightly, the players bend  
to a dance where unhappiness comes to an end.

But perhaps there's thanksgiving concealed there too  
for a life that also contained some joy,  
a kind of reminder for me and you  
that nothing's pure, and without alloy  
nothing. The dark swallows up despair  
as well as hope - says that rustic air.

Gavin Ewart uit: *The collected Ewart 1933-1980*. London 1980

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