

A Spring Morning [ʌ spɪŋɪŋ 'mɔːɹnɪŋ]

Text from an Old English Air [Br]

Set by *Henry Carey* (1687?–1743) [Br], arranged by *Henry Lane Wilson* (1871–1915) [Br]

Flocks are sporting, doves are courting,
[flɒks æ 'spɔːtɪŋ dɒvz æ 'kɔːtɪŋ]

Warbling thrushes sweetly sing. Ah!
Joy and pleasure without measure
Heralds in the lovely spring. La, la, ah!

Gentle zephyrs, silent glades,
Purling streams and cooling shades,
Senses charming, pains disarming,
Love each tender heart invades.

Dancing, singing, piping, springing,
With our mirth the valleys ring. Ah!
Joy and pleasure without measure
Heralds in the lovely spring. La, la, ah!

The entire text to this title with the complete
IPA transcription is available for download.

Thank you!

