

## Walking the Woods ['wɒk.ɪŋ ðə wʊdz]

Text by an anonymous poet from *A Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions* (1578) [Br]

Set by *Peter Warlock* (1894–1930) [Br]

**I**      **would**    **I**      **were**    **Actæon**    **whom**    **Diana**      **did**      **disguise,**  
[a:ɪ    wʊd    a:ɪ    wɜr    'æk.ti.ən    hum    da:ɪ.'æɪn.ə    dɪd    dɪs(z).'gɑ:ɪz]

To walk the woods unknown whereas my lady lies:  
A hart of pleasant hue I wish that I were so,  
So that my lady knew alone me and no mo'.

To follow thick and plain, by hill and dale alow,  
To drink the water fain, and feed me with the sloe;  
I would not fear the frost, to lie upon the ground,  
Delight should quite the cost, what pain so that I found.

The shaling nuts and mast that falleth from the tree  
Should serve for my repast, might I my lady see;  
Sometime that I might say when I saw her alone,  
"Behold thy slave, alone, that walks these woods unknown!"

---

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

*Thank you!*

