

The Sea Is Calm To-Night

Text by *Matthew Arnold* (1822–1888) [Br]

Set by *Samuel Barber* (1910–1981) [Am], *Dover Beach*, op. 3; *Ralph Vaughan Williams* (1872–1958) [Br], *Dover Beach*

The sea is calm to-night,
[ðʌ si ɪz kɑm tu.'na:ɪt]

The tide is full, the moon lies fair
[ðʌ ta:ɪd ɪz fʌl ðʌ mun la:ɪz fɛr]

Upon the straights; on the French coast the light
Gleams and is gone; the cliffs of England stand,
Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay.
Come to the window, sweet is the night-air!
Only, from the long line of spray
Where the sea meets the moon-blanch'd land,
Listen! you hear the grating roar
Of pebbles which the waves draw back, and fling,
At their return, up the high strand,
Begin, and cease, and then again begin,
With tremulous cadence slow, and bring
The eternal note of sadness in.

Sophocles long ago
Heard it on the Ægean, and it brought
Into his mind the turbid ebb and flow
Of human misery; we
Find also in the sound a thought,
Hearing it by this distant northern sea.

The Sea of Faith
Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furl'd...

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

Thank you!

