

To One Who Passed Whistling Through the Night

[tu wʌn hu pɑ(æ)st 'mɪs.lɪŋ θru θʌ na:ɪt]

Text by *Margery Georgina Agrell* (1890–1968)

Set by *Cecil Armstrong Gibbs* (1889–1960) [Br], published in 1921

Something hath called me,
[ˈsʌmp.ðɪŋ hæθ kɔld mi]

Called me from far dreams.
The naked trees are quivering with delight.
Do dreams still hold me,
That faint music streams
Across the haunted silence of the night?

Wonder hath risen,
Risen through the air.
The listening world in worship lovelier grows.
Beauty hath risen
O how clear and fair
The tide of silver music ebbs and flows.

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

Thank you!

