

The Blind Ploughman [ðʌ bla:ɪnd 'plɑ:ʊ.mən]

Text by *Marguerite Radclyffe-Hall* (1880-1943) [Br]

Set by *Robert Coningsby Clarke* (1879-1934) [Br]

Set my hands upon the plough,
[set ma:ɪ hændz ə.'pɑn ðʌ plɑ:ʊ]

My feet upon the sod:
[ma:ɪ fit ə.'pɑn ðʌ sɑd]

Turn my face towards the east,
And praise be to God!

Ev'ry year the rains do fall,
The seeds they stir and spring;
Ev'ry year the spreading trees
Shelter birds that sing.

From the shelter of your heart,
Brother drive out sin.
Let the little birds of faith
Come and nest therein

God has made His sun to shine
On both you and me;
God, who took away my eyes,
That my soul might see.

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

Thank you!

