

The Ships of Arcady [ðʌ ʃɪps ʌv 'ɑːkə.di]

Text by *Francis Ledwidge* (1887-1917) [Br]

Set by *Michael (Dewar) Head* (1900-1976) [Br]

Through **the** **faintest** **filigree**
[θru ðʌ 'feɪn.tɪst 'fɪ.lɪ.ɡri]

Over **the** **dim** **waters** **go**
[ˈoːv.ə ðʌ dɪm 'wɑː.təz goːʊ]

Little ships of Arcady
When the morning moon is low.

I can hear the sailors' song
From the blue edge of the sea,
Passing like lights along
Through the dusky filigree.

Then where moon and waters meet
Sail by sail they pass away,
With little friendly winds replete
Blowing from the breaking day.

What little ships have flown,
Dreaming still of Arcady,
I look across the waves, alone
In the misty filigree.

Through the faintest filigree
Over the dim waters go
Little ships of Arcady
When the morning moon is low.

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

Thank you!

