

Let Each Gallant Heart

Text by *John Turner* [Br]

Set by *Henry Purcell* (1658/9-1695) [Br], Z. 390

Let each gallant heart,
[lɛt itʃ 'gæl.ənt hɑːt]

Untouch'd with love's dart,
[ʌn.'tʌtʃt wið lʌvz dɑːt]

Prepare for his secret alarms;
That sluggish repose
Wherein now thou art,
Affords far less numerous charms,
For the warfare of love
Yields a thousand times more
Sweets and delights than your dull peace before.

Long torment 'tis sure
We must calmly endure,
Before the dear prize we obtain.
Yet still the hard toil
Is part of the cure,
And such pleasures we find in our pain,
Yields a thousand times more
Blissful delights than your dull peace before.

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

Thank you!

