

The Daisies

Text by *James Stephens* (1882-1950) [Irish]

Set by *Seymour Barab* (1921-) [Am], from *The Rivals*, #1; *Samuel Barber* (1910-1981), op. 2, #1;

Dorothy Parke (1904-1990) [Irish], from *A Honeycombe*; *Roger Quilter* (1877-1953) [Br], *In the scented bud of the morning-O*

In	the	scented	bud	of	the	morning	O,
[ɪn	ðə	ˈsɛnt.ɪd	bʌd	ʌv	ðə	ˈmɔːɹ.nɪŋ	ˈoːʊ]

When the windy grass went rippling far!
I saw my dear one walking slow
In the field where the daisies are.

We did not laugh, and we did not speak,
As we wandered happ'ly, to and fro,
I kissed my dear on either cheek,
In the bud of the morning O!

A lark sang up, from the breezy land;
A lark sang down, from a cloud afar;
As she and I went, hand in hand,
In the field where the daisies are.

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

Thank you!

