

In an Arbour Green

Text by *Robert Wever* possibly *Richard Wever* (c1500?-1560?) [Br]

Set by *Peter Warlock* (1894-1930) [Br], *Youth*

In	an	arbour	green	asleep	whereas	I	lay
[ɪn	æn	'ɑɹ.be	grɪn	ə.'slɪp	ˌweɪr.'æz	aːɪ	leɪ]

The birds sang sweet in the middés of the day:
I dreamed fast of mirth and play;
In youth is pleasure, in youth is pleasure.

Methought I walked still to and fro,
And from her company I could not go,
But when I waked it was not so.
In youth is pleasure, in youth is pleasure.

Therefore my heart is surely pight
Of her alone to have a sight
Which is my joy and heart's delight.
In youth is pleasure, in youth is pleasure.

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

Thank you!

