

Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal

Text by *Lord Alfred Tennyson* (1809-1892) [Br]

Set by *Benjamin Britten* (1913-1976) [Br]; *Gustav Holst* (1874-1934) [Br], op. 20a, #6, and from *Songs from The Princess*, H. 80, #6; *Philip Moore* (1943-) [Br], *Summer Night*; *Roger Quilter* (1877-1953) [Br], op. 3, #2; *Ned Rorem* (1923-) [Am]

Now sleeps the crimson petal, now the white;
[na:ʊ slɪps ðə 'krɪm.zən 'pet.əl na:ʊ ðə mə:ɪt]

Nor waves the cypress in the palace walk;
[nɔɹ we:ɪvz ðə 'sa:ɪ.pɪə(r)s ɪn ðə 'pæl.ɪ(ə)s wɔk]

Nor winks the gold fin in the porphyry / (porph'ry) font:
The firefly wakens: waken thou with me.

Now droops the milkwhite peacock like a ghost,
And like a ghost she glimmers on to me.

Now lies the earth all Danae to the stars,
And all thy heart lies open unto me.

Now slides the silent meteor on, and leaves
A shining furrow, as thy thoughts in me.

Now folds the lily all her sweetness up,
And slips into the bosom of the lake:

So fold thyself, my dearest, thou, and slip
Into my bosom and be lost in me.

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

Thank you!

