

Spring, the Sweet Spring

Text by *Thomas Nashe* (1567-1601) [Br], from *Summer's Last Will and Testament*

Set by *Dominick Argento* (1927-) [Am], *Spring*, from *6 Elizabethan Songs*; *Frederick Delius* (1862-1934)

[Br], *Spring, the Sweet Spring*, from *Four Old English Lyrics*, #1; *Bernard van Dieren* (1887-1936)

[Dutch], *Spring*; *Ivor Gurney* (1890-1937) [Br], *Spring*, from *Five Elizabethan Songs (The Elizas)*; *Peter Warlock* (1894-1930) [Br], *Spring*, from *Peterisms: Second Set*, #2

Spring, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant king,
[sprɪŋ ðə swɪt sprɪŋ ɪz ðə jɪəz 'plez.ənt kɪŋ]

Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring,
[ðen blʊmz ɪtʃ θɪŋ ðen meɪdz dænts ɪn ʌ rɪŋ]
(RP) [dɑnts]

Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing:
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta -woo!

The palm and may make country houses gay,
Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all day,
And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay:
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta -woo!

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,
Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning sit,
In every street these tunes our ears do greet:
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta -woo!

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

Thank you!

