

## To a Wild Rose [tu ʌ wa:ɪld ɹo:ʊz]

Text by *Hermann Hagedorn* (1882-1964) [Am]

Set by *Edward McDowell* (1860-1908) [Am]

**Come, oh, songs! Come, oh, dreams!**  
[kʌm ʔo:ʊ sɑŋz kʌm ʔo:ʊ dɪɪmz]

**Soft the gates of day close,**  
[sɔft ðʌ ge:ɪts ɔv de:ɪ klo:ʊz]

Sleep, my birds! Sleep, streams!  
Sleep, my wild rose!

Pool and bud, hill and deep,  
You who wore my robes, sleep!  
Droop, East! Die, West!  
Let my land rest.

Woods, I woke your boughs,  
Hills, I woke your elf-throngs!  
Land, all thy hopes and woes  
Rang from me in songs!

Come, oh, songs! Come, oh, dreams!  
In our house is deep rest,  
Through the pines gleams, gleams,  
Bright the gold West,

There the flutes shall cry,  
There the viols weep,  
Laugh, my dreams, and sigh!  
Sing, and vigil keep,  
Awake, wild rose.

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

*Thank you!*

