

The Enchantress [ðɪ ˈɪ(ɛ)n.tʃən.tɹɪs]

Text by *Henry Fothergill Chorley* (1808-1872) [Br], note: may be by *Robert Herrick* (1591-1674) [Br]
Set by *John Liptrot Hatton* (1809-1886) [Br]

By the lore of ages far,
[ba:ɪ ðʌ lɔːr əv 'e:ɪ.dʒɪs fɑː]

By the rites which cowards shun,
[ba:ɪ ðʌ ra:ɪts ˌwɪtʃ 'kɑ:ʊ.ədz ʃʌn]

I from grave and herb and star
Have my wand of triumph won.

Warriors I have brought to shame,
Turning glory to disgrace.
Kings have trembled when I came
Reading doom upon my face.

But, for thee, but, for thee,
My wild hair shall braided be
With the rose of richest breath,
With the jasmine white as death.

And my voice in music flow,
And mine eyes all gently glow,
For, believe me, love like ours
Is the pow'r of magic powers.

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

Thank you!

