

## Birds in the High Hall Garden

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

Set by *Frederick Delius* (1862-1934) [Br], from *Maud*, #5; *Sir Arthur Somervell* (1863-1937) [Br], from *Maud*, #5

**Birds**    **in**    **the**    **high**    **hall**    **garden**  
[bɜdz    ɪn    ðə    haɪ    hɔl    'gɑɡ.dən]

**When**    **twilight**    **was**    **falling,**  
[wɛn    'twaɪ.laɪt    wɔz    'fɔl.ɪŋ]

Maud, Maud, Maud, Maud,  
They were crying and calling.

Where was Maud? in our wood;  
And I who else? was with her,  
Gathering woodland lilies,  
Myriads blow together.

Birds in our wood sang,  
Ringing thro' the valleys,  
Maud is here, here, here  
In among the lilies.

I kiss'd her slender hand,  
She took the kiss sedately;  
Maud is not seventeen,  
But she is tall and stately.

I know the way she went  
Home with her maiden posy,  
For her feet have touch'd the meadows  
And left the daisies rosy.

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

*Thank you!*

