

From Far, from Eve and Morning

Text by *Alfred Edward Housman* (1859-1936) [Br], from *A Shropshire Lad*
Set by *Ralph Vaughan Williams* (1872-1958) [Br], from *On Wenlock Edge*, #2

From far, from eve and morning
[fɹʌm fæɹ fɹʌm iv ænd 'mɔ:ɹn.ɪŋ]

And yon twelve-winded sky,
The stuff of life to knit me
Blew hither: here am I.

Now– for a breath I tarry
Nor yet disperse apart–
Take my hand quick and tell me,
What have you in your heart.

Speak now, and I will answer;
How shall I help you, say;
Ere to the wind's twelve quarters
I take my endless way.

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

Thank you!

