

Think No More, Lad; Laugh, Be Jolly

Text by *Alfred Edward Housman* (1859-1936) [Br], from *A Shropshire Lad*
Set by *Robert F. Baksa* (1938-) [Br], *Think No More, Lad*, from *Housman Songs*, #10; *George Sainton*
Kaye Butterworth (1885-1916) [Br], *Think No More, Lad*, from *Six Songs from A Shropshire Lad*, #4; *Sir*
Arthur Somervell (1863-1937) [Br], *Think No More, Lad*, from *A Shropshire Lad*, #8

Think no more, lad; laugh, be jolly;
[θɪŋk no:ʊ mɔː læd læf bi 'dʒɔl.i]
 ^(RP) [laf]

Why should men make haste to die?
Empty heads and tongues a-talking
Make the rough road easy walking,
And the feather pate of folly
Bears the falling sky.

Oh, 'tis jesting, dancing, drinking
Spins the heavy world around.
If young hearts were not so clever,
Oh, they would be young for ever;
Think no more; 'tis only thinking
Lays lads underground.

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

Thank you!

