

Easter [ist]

Text by *George Herbert* (1593-1633) [Br]

Set by *Ralph Vaughan Williams* (1872-1958) [Br], from *Five Mystical Songs*, #1

Rise heart; thy Lord is risen. Sing his praise
[ra:ɪz hæʁt ða:ɪ lɔəd ɪz 'rɪz.ən sɪŋ hɪz pre:ɪz]

Without delays,
[wɪð.'a:ʊt dɪ.'le:ɪz]

Who takes thee by the hand, that thou likewise
With him may'st rise;
That, as his death calcined thee to dust,
His life may make thee gold, and much more, Just.

Awake, my lute, and struggle for thy part
With all thy art.
The cross taught all wood to resound his name
Who bore the same.
His stretched sinews taught all strings, what key
Is best to celebrate this most high day.

Consort both heart and lute, and twist a song
Pleasant and long:
Or since all music is but three parts vied,
And multiplied;
O let thy blessed Spirit bear a part,
And make up our defects with his sweet art.

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

Thank you!

