

Bredon Hill ['bri.dən hɪl]

Text by *Alfred Edward Housman* (1859-1936) [Br]

Text by *George Sainton Kaye Butterworth* (1885-1916) [Br], from *Bredon Hill and Other Songs*, #1;
John Woods Duke (1899-1984) [Am]; (*Gerald*) *Graham Peel* (1878-1937) [Br], *In summertime on Bredon*, alternate title: *Bredon Hill*; *Sir Arthur Somervell* (1863-1937) [Br], *In summertime on Bredon*, from *A Shropshire Lad*, #4; *Ralph Vaughan Williams* (1872-1958) [Br], from *On Wenlock Edge*, #5

In	summertime	on	Bredon
[ɪn	'sʌm.ə.taɪm	ən	'bri.dən]

The	bells	they	sound	so	clear;
[ðə	bɛlz	ðeɪ	saʊnd	soʊ	klɪə]

Round both the shires they ring them
In steeples far and near,
A happy noise to hear.

Here of a Sunday morning
My love and I would lie,
And see the coloured counties,
And hear the larks so high
About us in the sky.

The bells would ring to call her
In valleys miles away;
"Come all to church, good people;
Good people come and pray."
But here my love would stay.

And I would turn and answer
Among the springing thyme,
"Oh, peal upon our wedding,
And we will hear the chime,
And come to church in time."...

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

Thank you!

