

Gods [gadz]

Text by *Walt Whitman* (1819-1892) (Am)

Set by *Ned Rorem* (1923-) (Am), from *Five Poems of Walt Whitman*, #5

Lover **divine** **and** **perfect** **Comrade,**
[ˈlʌv.ə di.ˈvaɪn ænd ˈpɜːfɛkt ˈkɑm.ræd]

Waiting **content,** **invisible** **yet,** **but** **certain,**
[ˈweɪtɪŋ kən.ˈtɛnt ɪn.ˈvɪz.ə(ɪ).bəl jɛt bʌt ˈsɜːtən]

Be thou my God.

Thou, thou, the Ideal Man,
Fair, able, beautiful, content, and loving,
Complete in body and dilate in spirit,
Be thou my God.

O Death, (for Life has served its turn,)
Opener and usher to the heavenly mansion,
Be thou my God.

Aught, aught of mightiest, best I see, conceive, or know,
(To break the stagnant tie– thee, thee to free, O soul.)
Be thou my God.

All great ideas, the races' aspirations,
All heroisms, deeds of rapt enthusiasts,
Be ye my Gods.

Or Time and Space,
Or shape of Earth divine and wondrous,
Or some fair shape I viewing, worship,
Or lustrous orb of sun or star by night,
Be ye my Gods.

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

Thank you!

