

Thou Art to All Lost Love the Best

Text by *Robert Herrick* (1591-1674) (Br)

Set by *Ned Rorem* (1923-) (Am), *To the Willow-Tree*, from *Flight For Heaven*, #7

Thou **art** **to** **all** **lost** **love** **the** **best,**
[ðə:ʊ ɑrt tu ɔl last lʌv ðʌ bɛst]

The **only** **true** **plant** **found,**
[ði 'o:ʊn.li tu plænt fa:ʊnd]
(RP) [plant]

Where-with young men and maids distrest,
And left of love, are crown'd.

When once the lover's rose is dead,
Or laid aside forlorn:
Then willow garlands 'bout the head
Bedew'd with tears are worn.

When with neglect, the lover's bane,
Poor maids rewarded be
For their love lost, their only gain
Is but a wreath from thee.

And underneath thy cooling shade,
When weary of the light,
The love-spent youth and lovesick maid
Come to weep out the night.

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

Thank you!

