

## In an Arbour Green

Text by *Robert Wever* possibly *Richard Wever* (c1500?-1560?) [Br]

Set by *Peter Warlock* (1894-1930) [Br], *Youth*

<b>In</b>	<b>an</b>	<b>arbour</b>	<b>green</b>	<b>asleep</b>	<b>whereas</b>	<b>I</b>	<b>lay</b>
[ɪn	æn	ˈɑː.bə	grɪn	ə.ˈslɪp	ˌweɪr.ˈæz	aɪ	leɪ]

The birds sang sweet in the middés of the day:

I dreamed fast of mirth and play;

In youth is pleasure, in youth is pleasure.

Methought I walked still to and fro,

And from her company I could not go,

But when I waked it was not so

