

Evensong ['i:vənsŋ]

(Liza Lehmann – Constance Morgan)

Fold your white wings, dear Angels,
[fəʊld jɔ: waɪt wɪŋz dɪər_ 'eɪndʒəlz]

Fold your white wings;
fəʊld jɔ: waɪt wɪŋz

Dew falls and the nightingale softly now sings.
dju: fɔ:lz ænd ðə 'naɪtɪŋgeɪl 'sɒftli naʊ sɪŋz

Across the lawn lie shadows, so still, so deep,
ʌ'krɒs ðə lɔ:n laɪ 'ʃædəʊz səʊ stɪl səʊ di:p

Dear loving Angels, pass not by,
dɪə 'lʌvɪŋ 'eɪndʒəlz pɑ:s nɒt baɪ

Hush me to sleep.
hʌʃ mi: tu sli:p

Night falls, and whisp'ring goes the wind
naɪt fɔ:lz ænd wɪsprɪŋ ɡəʊz ðə wɪnd

Along the sea;
ʌ'lɒŋ ðə si:

Fold your white wings, dear Angels,
fəʊld jɔ: waɪt wɪŋz dɪər_ 'eɪndʒəlz

Fold them, dear Angels,
fəʊld ðəm dɪər_ 'eɪndʒəlz

Fold them round me.
fəʊld ðəm 'raʊnd mi:]