My Spirit Sang All Day

Words by Robert Bridges
Gerald Finzi

My spirit sang all day
O my joy.
No-thing my tongue could say,

Vivace

My spirit sang all day
O my joy.
No-thing my tongue could say,

My spirit sang all day
O my joy.
No-thing my tongue could say,

On-ly my joy!
O my joy and spake,

On-ly my joy!
My heart an e-cho caught,
O my joy and spake,

On-ly my joy!
O my joy and spake,

Tell me thy thought,
Hide not thy joy.

Tell me thy thought,
Hide not thy joy.

Tell me thy thought,
Hide not thy joy.
My eyes gan peer a-

Tell me thy thought,
Hide not thy joy.
O my joy What beauty hast thou found? Shew us thy round,

My jealous ears grew whist; O my joy, Music from heaven is't. Sent for our joy? She also came and heard;

heaven is't Sent for our joy? She also came and heard;
O my joy, What, said she, is this word? What is thy joy?

And I replied - O see, O my joy, 'Tis thee, I cried, 'tis thee: Thou art my joy.

cried, 'tis thee: Thou art my joy.