

## Recollection [ˌɹɛk.əˈleɪk.ʃən]

Text by *Anne Hunter* (1742-1821)

Set by (*Franz*) *Joseph Haydn* (1732-1809), Hob. XXVIa, #26

**The season comes when first we met,**  
[ðə 'siːzən kʌmz wɛn fɜːst wi mɛt]

But you return no more;  
Why cannot I the days forget,  
Which time can ne'er restore?  
O days too (sweet) fair, too bright to last,  
Are you indeed forever past?

The fleeting shadows of delight,  
In memory I trace;  
In fancy stop their rapid flight,  
And all the past replace:  
But, ah, I wake to endless woes,  
And tears the fading visions close!

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

*Thank you!*

