

## Vilia

Hanna Glawari's aria from *The Merry Widow (Die Lustige Witwe)* (soprano)  
Translated from the German original by *Adrian Ross* (1859-1933) [Br]  
Set by *Franz Lehar* (1870-1948) [Gr]

**There once was a Vilia, a witch of the wood,**  
[ðɛɹ wʌnts wɔz ʌ 'vil.jə ʌ wɪtʃ əv ðʌ wʊd]

**A hunter beheld her alone as she stood.**  
[ʌ 'hʌn.tɚ bi.'hɛld hɜr ə.'lo:ʊn æz ʃi stʊd]

The spell of her beauty upon him was laid;  
He looked and he longed for the magical maid!  
For a sudden tremor ran,  
Right through the love-bewildered man,  
and he sighed as a hapless lover can.  
"Vilia, O Vilia! the witch of the wood!  
Would I not die for you, dear, if I could?  
Vilia, O Vilia, my love and my bride!"  
Softly and sadly he sighed.

The wood-maiden smiled, and no answer she gave,  
But beckoned him into the shade of the cave;  
He never had known such a rapturous bliss,  
No maiden of mortals so sweetly can kiss!  
As before her feet he lay, she vanished in the wood away,  
And he called vainly till his dying day!  
"Vilia, O Vilia! the witch of the wood!  
Would I not die for you, dear, if I could?  
Vilia, O Vilia, my love and my bride!"

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

*Thank you!*

