

Welcome, Pretty Primrose

Text by an anonymous poet [Br?]

Set by *Ciro Pinsuti* (1829–1888) [It / Br]

Welcome, pretty primrose flow'r,
[ˈwɛl.kəm ˈprɪt.i ˈprɪm.ɹoːʊz flɑːʊɹ]

That comes when sunshine comes,
[ðæt kʌmz mɛn ˈsʌn.ʃaɪn kʌmz]

When rainbows arch the silver show'r
Of ev'ry cloud that roams.

I joy to see thy primrose bloom,
That tells of spring's new day;
And in my thoughts afar I roam
O'er sunny haunts away!

Welcome, pretty primrose flow'r,
To me thy coming seems
To wake again the springtime hour,
With sunshine in its dreams! Ah!

Gazing on thee, early flow'r,
I seem to hear the spring,
That calls the sunshine every hour,
And tells the bird to sing!

And as I dream, my dream is rife
With thoughts akin to thee,
Of glad spring life, a sweet spring life,
That's very dear to me...

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

Thank you!

