

Carmeña

Text by an anonymous poet [Br]

Set by *Henry Lane Wilson* (1871–1915) [Br]

Dance and song make glad the night,
[dænts ænd sɑŋ me:ɪk glæd ðʌ na:ɪt]

^(RP) [dɑnts]

Hark! the castanets are sounding light.
[hɑɜk ðʌ 'kæs.tə.nɛts æɹ 'sa:ʊn.dɪŋ la:ɪt]

Come, ah, come!

Love, I watch the scene so bright.

Ah! now rings a voice I know from ev'ry voice apart,

Thro' the orange grove he hastens,

He is coming, oh, my heart!

Ah! 'mid the throng, many, many are fair;

Bright flow'rets twine in raven hair,

Dark eyes sparkle and gleam,

Soft lips breathe tender sighs,

Shall I fairest seem in his eyes?

Ah, joy! he comes to me!

Hark now rings the music

While the silver moonbeams shine,

In the dance, love, and forever,

I am thine, only thine,

Ah! thine!

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

Thank you!

