

## Since First I Met Thee

Text by an anonymous poet [Am?]  
Set by *Anton Rubinstein* (1829–1894)

**Long**    **years**    **have**    **winged**    **their**    **weary**    **flight**  
[lɒŋ    jɪəz    hæv    wɪŋd    ðeɪ    'wi:ɪ    fla:ɪt]

**Since**    **first**    **I**    **met**    **thee,**  
[sɪns    fɜ:st    ʔa:ɪ    met    ði]

And though enshrined within my heart,  
I'd fain forget thee;  
For as the clouds around the sun  
Obscure its brightness,  
So thou hast robbed my once glad life  
Of all its lightness!

Oh, world so wondrous fair,  
Oh, heart, once free from care!  
From out my inmost soul escapes a sigh:  
From me now all hath flown,  
That could in life atone  
For weary hours of anguish long gone by.

The pity take on one whose life  
Is in thy living,  
Though love and pity be akin  
Yet dare the giving,  
And pity take on me,  
'Tis all I ask of thee!

Ah love! if love of thine be like to mine,  
Thy heart must yield the boon for which I pine,  
Then pity take on me,  
'Tis all I ask!

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

*Thank you!*

