

Content [kən.'tɛnt]

Text by an anonymous poet

Set by (*Franz*) *Joseph Haydn* (1732–1809), Hob. XXVIa:36

Ah me, how scanty is my store!
[ɑ mi ha:ʊ 'skænti ɪz ma:ɪ stɔɹ]

Yet, for myself, I'd ne'er repine,
[jɛt fɔɹ mə:ɪ.'sɛlf a:ɪd nɛɹ ɹɪ.'paɪn]

Tho' of the flocks that whiten o'er
Yon plain one lamb were only mine.

'Tis for my lovely maid alone,
This heart has e'er ambition known;
This heart, secure in its treasure,
Is bless'd beyond measure,
Nor envies the monarch his throne.

When in her sight from morn to eve,
The hours they pass unheeded by;
No dark distrust our bosoms grieves,
And care and doubt far distant fly.

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This heart, secure in its treasure,
Is bless'd beyond measure,
Nor envies the monarch his throne.

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

Thank you!

