

Look Not in My Eyes, for Fear

Text by *Alfred Edward Housman* (1859-1936) [Br], from *A Shropshire Lad*

Set by *Sir Lennox Berkeley* (1903-1989) [Br], *Look Not in My Eyes*, op. 14, #3; *George Sainton Kaye Butterworth* (1885-1916) [Br], *Look Not in My Eyes*, from *Six Songs from A Shropshire Lad*, # 3; *John (Nicholson) Ireland* (1879-1962) [Irish], *Ladslove*, from *The Land of Lost Content*, #2

Look	not	in	my	eyes,	for	fear
[lʊk	nat	ɪn	maɪ	aɪz	fɔə	fɪə]

They	mirror	true	the	sight	I	see,
[ðeɪ	'mɪr.ə	tu	ðə	saɪt	aɪ	si]

And there you find your face too clear
And love it and be lost like me.
One the long nights through must lie
Spent in star-defeated sighs,
But why should you as well as I
Perish? Gaze not in my eyes.

A Grecian lad, as I hear tell,
One that many loved in vain,
Looked into a forest well
And never looked away again.
There, when the turf in springtime flowers,
With downward eye and gazes sad,
Stands amid the glancing showers
A jonquil, not a Grecian lad.

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

Thank you!

