

Dream-Pedlary [dʒɪm 'pɛd.lər.i]

Text by *Thomas Lovell Beddoes* (1803-1849) [Br]

Set by *Jack Hamilton Beeson* (1921-2010) [Am], from *Six Lyrics*, #1; *Bainbridge Crist* (1883-1969) [Am], *If There Were Dreams to Sell*; *Bernard van Dieren* (1887-1936) [Dutch]; *Cecil Armstrong Gibbs* (1889-1960) [Br]; *John Ireland* (1879-1962) [Irish], *If There Were Dreams to Sell*; *Sir Charles Hubert Hastings Parry* (1848-1918) [Br], from the collection *English Lyrics, Twelfth Set*, #5

If **there** **were** **dreams** **to** **sell,**
[ɪf ðɛə wɛə dʒɪmz tu sɛl]

What **would** **you** **buy?**
[wʌt wʊd ju baɪ]

Some cost a passing bell;
Some a light sigh,
That shakes from Life's fresh crown
Only a roseleaf down.
If there were dreams to sell,
Merry and sad to tell,
And the crier rang the bell,
What would you buy?

A cottage lone and still,
With bowers nigh,
Shadowy, my woes to still,
Until I die.
Such pearl from Life's fresh crown
Fain would I shake me down.
Were dreams to have at will,
This would I buy.

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

Thank you!

