

Pleasing Pain ['plɪz.ɪŋ peɪn]

Text by *Anne Hunter* (1742–1821)

Set by (*Franz*) *Joseph Haydn* (1732–1809), Hob. XXVIa, #29

Far **from** **this** **throbbing** **bosom** **haste,**
[fɑɹ fɹʌm ðɪs 'θɹɒb.ɪŋ 'bʊz.əm heɪst]

Ye doubts, ye fears, that lay it waste;
Dear anxious days of pleasing pain,
Fly never to return again.

But ah, return ye smiling hours,
By careless fancy crown'd with flow'rs;
Come, fairy joys and wishes gay,
And dance in sportive rounds away.

So shall the moments gaily glide
O'er various life's tumultuous tide,
Nor sad regrets disturb their course
To calm oblivion's peaceful source.

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

Thank you!

