

If ever two were one, then surely we

Text by *Anne Bradstreet* (1612?-1672) [Am]

Set by *Ernst Bacon* (1898 - 1990) [Am] *To a Loving Husband*; *Leonard Bernstein* (1918 - 1990) [Am], *To My Dear and Loving Husband*, from *Songfest*, #6; *Ned Rorem* (1923-) [Am], *To My Dear and Loving Husband*, from *Women's Voices*, #3

If	ever	two	were	one,	then	surely	we.
[ɪf	'ɛv.ə	tu	wɜ	wʌn	ðɛn	'sʊə.li	wɪ]

If ever man were loved by wife, then thee;
If ever wife was happy in a man,
Compare with me, ye women, if you can.
I prize thy love more than whole mines of gold
Or all the riches that the East doth hold.
My love is such that rivers cannot quench,
Nor ought but love from thee, give recompense.
Thy love is such I can no way repay,
The heavens reward thee manifold, I pray.
Then while we live, in love let's so persevere
That when we live no more, we may live ever.

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

Thank you!

