

Why So Pale and Wan, Fond Lover? (Orsames' Song)

Text by *Sir John Suckling* (1609-1642) [Br]

Set by *Thomas Augustine Arne* (1710-1778) [Br], *Why so pale and wan*; *Benjamin Britten* (1913-1976) [Br], *Prithee*; *Norman Dello Joio* (1913-) [Am]; *William Lawes* (1602-1645) [Br]; *Horatio William Parker* (1863-1919) [Br], *Orsames' song*, from *Three Love Songs*, op. 10, #3; *Sir Charles Hubert Hastings Parry* (1848-1918) [Br], *Why so pale and wan?*, from the collection *English Lyrics, Third Set*, #4; *Cyril Meir Scott* (1879-1970) [Br], *Why so pale and wan?*, from *Two Old English Lyrics*, op. 55, #2

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
[ˈmɑːɪ sɔːʊ peɪl ænd wɑn fɑnd ˈlʌv.ə]

Prithee, why so pale?
[ˈprɪ.ði mɑːɪ sɔːʊ peɪl]

Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prithee, why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Prithee, why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do't?
Prithee, why so mute?

Quit, quit for shame, this will not move,
This cannot take her;
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her;
The devil take her!

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

Thank you!

