

Blue Are Her Eyes

Text by *Mary MacMillan* [Am?]

Set by *Wintter Watts* (1884-1962) [Am]

Blue **are** **her** **eyes,**
[blu æ hɜ a:ɪz]

Limpid and blue,
Blue as the sea;
Soft is her voice,
Liquid and soft,
Soft as the Southwind at twilight.

And the touch of her lips, ah!
Who can tell?
For the touch of her lips
Is the fire of life,
And the sweetness of death! Oh!

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

Thank you!

