

## A Pastoral Song [ʌ 'pɑ(æ).stɪəl sɑŋ]

Text by *Anne Hunter* (1742-1821) [Br]

Set by (*Franz*) *Joseph Haydn* (1732-1809) [Gr / Br], Hob. XXVIa, #27

**My**      **mother**      **bids**      **me**      **bind**      **my**      **hair**  
[ma:ɪ      'mʌð.ə      bɪdz      mi      ba:ɪnd      ma:ɪ      hɛə]

**With**      **bands**      **of**      **rosy**      **hue,**  
[wɪð      bændz      ɔv      'ro:ʊ.zi      hju]

Tie up my sleeves with ribbons rare,  
And lace my bodice blue.

For why, she cries, sit still and weep,  
While others dance and play?  
Alas! I scarce can go or creep,  
While Lubin is away.

'Tis sad to think the days are gone,  
When those we love were near!  
I sit upon this mossy stone,  
And sigh when none can hear.

And while I spin my flaxen thread,  
And sing my simple lay,  
The village seems asleep, or dead,  
Now Lubin is away.

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

*Thank you!*

