

## The Bubble Song [ðʌ 'bʌb.əl sɑŋ]

Text by *Mabel Dearmer* (1872–1915) [Br]

Set by *Martin Shaw* (1875-1958) [Br]

**Bubbles of green, bubbles of gold,**  
[ˈbʌb.əlz əv grɪn 'bʌb.əlz əv go:ʊld]

**Easy to get, hard to hold,**  
[ˈi:zi tu ɡɛt hɑːd tu ho:ʊld]

Bubbles of shadow, bubbles of light,  
Flashing and sparkling from deep to height.  
Here for a moment, then away,  
The rose-coloured bubble has had his day.

Bubbles of glory, bubbles of gain,  
Gloating away from a castle in Spain,  
Bubbles that fall from the clouds above,  
Delicate prisms, bubbles of love,  
Here for a moment, then away,  
The bubble is broken, ah, well-a-day.

Bubbles of sorrow, bubbles of night,  
Breaking in tears, out of sight.  
Bubbles of anger, bubbles of hate,  
Bubbles of madness, challenging fate!  
Listen, good people, the bulk of your troubles  
Is nothing but bubbles, bubbles, bubbles.

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

*Thank you!*

