

The Self-Banished [ðʌ 'sɛlf.'bæɪn.ɪt]

Text by *Edmund Waller* (1608-1687) [Br]

Set by *John Blow* (1649-1708) [Br], from *Amphion Anglicus; Sir Edward Elgar* (1857-1934) [Br]

It is not that I love you less
[ɪt ɪz nɒt ðæt a:ɪ lʌv ju lɛs]

Than when before your feet I lay:
[ðæən wɛn bɪ.'fɔɹ jɔɹ fɪt a:ɪ le:ɪ]

But to prevent the sad increase
Of hopeless love, I keep away.

In vain! (alas!) for ev'ry thing
Which I have known belong to you,
Your form does to my fancy bring,
And makes my old wounds bleed anew.

Who in the Spring from the new Sun
Already has a fever got,
Too late begins those shafts to shun,
Which Phoebus through his veins has shot.

Too late he would the pain assuage,
And to shadows thick he doth retire;
About with him he bears the rage (pain),
And in his tainted blood the fire.

Absence is vain for ev'ry thing
That I have known belong to you,
Your form does to my fancy bring,
And makes my old wounds bleed anew...

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

Thank you!

