

Why Do I Love?

Text by *Ephelia* (Mary Villiers-Stuart (1622-1685) [Br])

Set by *Cecil Armstrong Gibbs* (1889-1960) [Br]

Why do I Love? go, ask the Glorious Sun
[maɪ du aɪ lʌv goʊ æsk ðə 'glɔːrjəs sʌn]
(RP) [ask]

Why every day it round the world doth Run:
[maɪ 'ev.ɹi deɪ it raʊnd ðə wɜːld dʌθ rʌn]

Ask Thames and Tyber, why they ebb and flow:

Ask Damask Roses why in June they blow:

Ask Ice and Hail, the reason, why they're Cold:

Decaying Beauties, why they will grow Old:

They'll tell thee, Fate, that every thing doth move,

Inforces them to this, and me to Love.

There is no Reason for our Love or Hate,

'Tis irresistible, as Death or Fate;

'Tis not his Face; I've sense enough to see,

That is not good, though doated on by me:

Nor is't his Tongue, that has this Conquest won;

For that at least is equall'd by my own:

His carriage can to none obliging be,

'Tis Rude, Affected, full of Vanity:

Strangely Ill natur'd, Peevish and Unkind,

Unconstant, False, to Jealousie inclin'd;

His Temper cou'd not have so great a Pow'r...

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

Thank you!

