

The Singer [ðʌ 'sɪŋ.ə]

Text by *Bronnie Taylor* [Br]

Set by *Michael (Dewar) Head* (1900-1976) [Br], from *Five Songs*, #4

I **met** **a** **singer** **on** **the** **hill,**
[a:ɪ mɛt ʌ 'sɪŋ.ə ɒn ðʌ hɪl]

He **wore** **a** **tattered** **cloak;**
[hi wɔr ʌ 'tæt.əd klo:ʊk]

His cap was torn,
His shoes were worn,
And dreamily he spoke.
Fa la la la la la...

A wrinkled face, a cheery smile,
And a nobby stick had he;
His eyes were grey and far away
And changeful as the sea.

I offered him a piece of gold
And hoped that he would stay.
No word he spoke, but shook his head
And smiled and went his way.
Fa la la la la la...

I watched the singer down the hill.
My eyes went following after,
I thought I heard a fairy flute
And the sound of fairy laughter,
Fa la la la la la...

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

Thank you!

