

To Mary [tu 'mɛr.i]

Text by *Percy Bysshe Shelley* (1792-1822) [Br]

Set by *Maude Valérie White* (1855-1937) [Fr / Br]

O **Mary** **dear,** **that** **you** **were** **here**
[o:ʊ 'mɛr.i dɪə ðæt ju wɛə hɪə]

With **your** **brown** **eyes** **bright** **and** **clear.**
[wɪð jɔə bra:ʊn a:ɪz bra:ɪt ænd klɪə]

And your sweet voice, like a bird
Singing love to its lone mate
In the ivy bower disconsolate;
Voice the sweetest ever heard!
And your brow more...
Than the... sky
Of this azure Italy.
Mary dear, come to me soon,
I am not well whilst thou art far;
As sunset to the sphered moon,
As twilight to the western star,
Thou, beloved, art to me.

O Mary dear, that you were here;
The Castle echo whispers 'Here!'

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

Thank you!

