

Bessie Bobtail ['bɛ.sɪ 'bɒb.teɪl]

Text by *James Stephens* (1882-1950) [Irish]

Set by *Samuel Barber* (1910-1981) [Am], op. 2, #3

As **down** **the** **street** **she** **wambled** **slow,**
[æz da:ʊn ðʌ ro:ʊd ʃi 'wɒm.bəld slo:ʊ]

She **had** **not** **got** **a** **place** **to** **go:**
[ʃi hæd nɒt gɒt ʌ ple:ɪs tu go:ʊ]

She had not got a place to fall
And rest herself— no place at all.
She stumped along and wagged her pate
And said a thing was desperate.

Her face was screwed and wrinkled tight
Just like a nut— and, left and right,
On either side she wagged her head
And said a thing; and what she said
Was desperate as any word
That ever yet a person heard.

I walked behind her for a while
And watched the people nudge and smile.
But ever as she went she said,
As left and right she swung her head,
—"Oh, God He knows," and "God He knows:"
And surely God Almighty knows.

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

Thank you!

