

## Despair [dɪ.'spɛə]

Text by *Anne Hunter* (1742-1821)

Set by (*Franz*) *Joseph Haydn* (1732-1809), Hob. XXVIa, #28

**The anguish of my bursting heart**  
[ði 'æŋ.gwɪʃ əv maɪ 'bʌstɪŋ hɑːt]

**Till now my tongue hath ne'er betray'd.**  
[tɪl naʊ maɪ tʌŋ hæθ neɪ̯ bɪ.'tɹeɪd]

Despair at length reveals the smart;  
No time can cure, no hope can aid.

My sorrows verging to the grave,  
No more shall pain thy gentle breast.  
Think, death gives freedom to the slave,  
Nor mourn for me when I'm at rest.

Yet, if at eve you chance to stray  
Where silent sleep the peaceful dead,  
Give to your kind compassion way,  
Nor check the tears by pity shed.

Whene'er the precious dew drop falls  
I ne'er can know, I ne'er can see;  
And if sad thought my fate recalls,  
A sigh may rise unheard by me.

---

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

*Thank you!*

