

Fidelity [fr.'dɛl.ə(ɪ).ti]

Text by *Anne Hunter* (1742-1821)

Set by (*Franz*) *Joseph Haydn* (1732-1809), Hob. XXVIa, #30

While **hollow** **burst** **the** **rushing** **winds,**
[ˈmaːɪl ˈhɒl.oːʊ bɜːst ðə ˈrʌʃ.ɪŋ wɪndz]

And **heavy** **beats** **the** **show'r,**
[ænd ˈheɪ.vi biːts ðə ʃaːʊə]

This anxious, aching bosom finds
No comfort in its pow'r.

For ah, my love, it little knows
What thy hard fate may be,
What bitter storm of fortune blows,
What tempests trouble thee.

A wayward fate hath spun the thread
On which our days depend,
And darkling in the checker'd shade,
She draws it to an end.

But whatsoe'er may be our doom,
The lot is cast for me,
For in the world or in the tomb,
My heart is fix'd on thee.

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

Thank you!

