

O Tuneful Voice

Text by *Anne Hunter* (1742-1821)

Set by (*Franz*) *Joseph Haydn* (1732-1809), Hob. XXVIa, #42

O	tuneful	voice	I	still	deplore,
[o:ʊ	'tjun.fə(ʊ)]	vɔ:ɪs	a:ɪ	ʃtɪl	dɪ.'plɔɹ]

Thy accents, which I hear no more,
Still vibrate on my heart.

In Echo's cave I long to dwell
And still to hear that sad farewell
When we were forced to part.

Bright eyes! O that the task were mine
To guard the liquid fires that shine
And round your orbits play,

To watch them with a vestal's care,
To feed with smiles a light so fair
That it may ne'er decay.

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

Thank you!

