

The Wanderer [ðʌ 'wʌn.də.ɹə]

Text by *Anne Hunter* (1742-1821)

Set by (*Franz*) *Joseph Haydn* (1732-1809), Hob. XXVIa, #32

To	wander	alone	when	the	moon,	faintly	beaming
[tu	'wʌn.dəɹ	ə.'loːʊn	ˌmɛn	ðʌ	mun	'faɪnt.li	'biːm.ɪŋ]

With glimmering lustre, darts thro' the dark shade,
Where owls seek for covert, and night-birds complaining
Add sound to the horror that darkens the glade.

'Tis not for the happy; come, daughter of sorrow,
'Tis here thy sad thoughts are embalm'd in thy tears,
Where, lost in the past, disregarding tomorrow,
There's nothing for hopes and nothing for fears.

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

Thank you!

