

## Night Wanderers [na:ɪt 'wɑːndə.ɹɪz]

Text by *William Henry Davies* (1871-1940) [Welsh]

Set by *Samuel Barber* (1910-1981) [Am]

**They**    **hear**    **the**    **bell**    **of**    **midnight**    **toll,**  
[ðe:ɪ    hɪə    ðə    bɛl    ɔv    'mɪd.na:ɪt    to:ʊl]

And shiver in their flesh and soul;  
They lie on hard, cold wood or stone,  
Iron, and ache in every bone;  
They hate the night: they see no eyes  
Of loved ones in the starlit skies.  
They see the cold, dark water near;  
They dare not take long looks for fear  
They'll fall like those poor birds that see  
A snake's eyes staring at their tree.  
Some of them laugh, half-mad; and some  
All through the chilly night are dumb;  
Like poor, weak infants some converse,  
And cough like giants, deep and hoarse.

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

*Thank you!*

