

Embroidery in childhood, *Peter Grimes*

(Benjamin Britten – libretto by Montagu Slater, based on a poem by George Crabbe)

Embroidery in childhood was a luxury of idleness.

[ɪm 'brɔɪdəri ɪn 'tʃaɪldhʊd wɒz ə 'lʌkʃəri ɒv 'aɪdəlnɪs

A coil of silken thread giving dreams of a silk and satin life.

ə kɔɪl ɒv 'sɪlkən θreɪd 'gɪvɪŋ dri:mz ɒv ə sɪlk ænd 'sætɪn laɪf

Now my broidery affords the clue whose meaning we avoid.

nəʊ maɪ 'brɔɪdəri ʌ'fɔ:dz ðə klu: hu:z 'mi:nɪŋ wi: ʌ'vɔɪd

My hand remembered its old skill – These stitches tell a curious tale.

maɪ hænd rɪ'membəd ɪts ɔʊld skɪl ði:z 'stɪtʃɪz təl ə 'kjʊəriəs teɪl

I remember I was brooding on the fantasies of children

aɪ rɪ'membə(r) aɪ wɒz 'bru:ɪdɪŋ ɒn ðə 'fæntəsɪz ɒv 'tʃɪldrən

And dreamt that only by wishing I could bring some silk into their lives.

ænd dremt ðæt 'əʊnli baɪ 'wɪʃɪŋ aɪ kʊd brɪŋ sʌm sɪlk 'ɪntu ðeə laɪvz

Now my broidery affords the clue whose meaning we avoid.

nəʊ maɪ 'brɔɪdəri ʌ'fɔ:dz ðə klu: hu:z 'mi:nɪŋ wi: ʌ'vɔɪd]