"In Dreams", from *Songs of Travel* (R. Vaughan Williams – R. L. Stevenson)

In dreams unhappy, I behold you stand
[ɪn driːmz ʌnˈhæpi aɪ bɪˈhoʊld juː stænd

As heretofore:
æz ˌhɪətuːˈfɔː

The unremember'd tokens in your hand avail no more.
ði ʌnrɪˈmɛmbəd ˈtoʊkənz ɪn jɔː hænd ʌˈveɪl noʊ mɔː

No more the morning glow, no more the grace,
noʊ mɔː ðə ˈmɔːnɪŋ gloʊ noʊ mɔː ðə greɪs

Enshrines, endears.
ɪnˈʃraɪnz ɪnˈdɪəz

Cold beats the light of time upon your face
koʊld biːts ðə laɪt ɒv ˈtaɪm ʌˈpɒn jɔː feɪs

And shows your tears.
ænd ʃoʊz jɔː tɪəz

He came and went. Perchance you wept awhile
hiː keɪm ænd ˈwɛnt pɜːˈtʃɑːns juː wɛpt ʌˈwaɪl

And then forgot.
ænd ðɛn foˈgɒt

Ah me! But he that left you with a smile
ɑː miː bʌt hiː ðæt lɛft juː wɪð ə smaɪl

Forgets you not.
foˈgɛts juː nɒt]

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