

Sleep (Ivor Gurney – John Fletcher)

Come, Sleep, and with thy sweet deceiving
kʌm sli:p ænd wið_ðai swi:t di'si:vɪŋ

Lock me in delight awhile;
lɒk mi: ɪn di'laɪt ʌ'waɪl

Let some pleasing dream beguile
let sʌm 'pli:zɪŋ dri:m bi'gaɪl

All my fancies; that from thence
ɔ:l maɪ 'fænsɪz ðæt frɒm ðens

I may feel an influence
aɪ meɪ fi:l ən 'ɪnfluəns

All my powers of care bereaving.
ɔ:l maɪ 'paʊəz ɒv keə bi'ri:vɪŋ

Though but a shadow, but a sliding,
ðəʊ bʌt ə 'ʃædəʊ bʌt ə 'slaɪdɪŋ

Let me know some little joy!
let mi: nəʊ sʌm 'lɪtl dʒɔɪ

We that suffer long annoy
wi: ðæt 'sʌfə lɒŋ ə'nɔɪ

Are contented with a thought
ɑ: kɒn'tentɪd wið ə θɔ:t

Through an idle fancy wrought:
θru: ən 'aɪdəl 'fænsɪ rɔ:t

O let my joys have some abiding!
o let maɪ dʒɔɪz hæv sʌm ʌ'baɪdɪŋ