Despair [dɪ.ˈspɛɐ̯]

Text by *Anne Hunter* (1742-1821) Set by *(Franz) Joseph Haydn* (1732-1809), Hob. XXVIa, #28

The	anguish	of	my	bursting	heart
[ði	ˈæŋ.gwɪ∫	av	maːɪ	ˈbɜst.ɪŋ	haɐ̯t]

Till	now	my	tongue	hath	ne'er	betray'd.
[tɪl	naːบ	maːɪ	t∧ŋ	hæθ	ฐзท	bɪ.ˈtɹeːɪd]

Despair at length reveals the smart; No time can cure, no hope can aid.

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