

Recollection [ˌɹɛk.əˈleɪk.ʃən]

Text by *Anne Hunter* (1742-1821)

Set by (*Franz*) *Joseph Haydn* (1732-1809), Hob. XXVIa, #26

The	season	comes	when	first	we	met,
[ðə	ˈsiːzən	kʌmz	mɛn	fɜːst	wi	mɛt]

But you return no more;
Why cannot I the days forget,
Which time can ne'er restore?
O days too (sweet) fair, too bright to last,
Are you indeed forever past?

The fleeting shadows of delight,

