

## Summer is Gone Text by Christina Rossetti

### Note: IPA is for Americanized English

Summer is gone with all its roses,  
'sʌməɪz ɪz ɡɔn wɪð ɔl ɪts 'rəʊzɪz,

Its sun and perfumes and sweet flowers,  
ɪts sʌn ænd pər'fjumz ænd swit 'flaʊərz,

Its warm air and refreshing showers:  
ɪts wɔrm ɛr ænd rɪ'frɛʃɪŋ 'ʃaʊərz:

And even Autumn closes.  
ænd 'iːvən 'ɔtəm 'kləʊzɪz.

Yea, Autumn's chilly self is going,  
jeɪ, 'ɔtəmz 'tʃɪli self ɪz 'ɡoʊɪŋ,

And winter comes which is yet colder;  
ænd 'wɪntər kʌmz wɪtʃ ɪz jət 'kəʊldər;

Each day the hoar-frost waxes bolder  
iʃ deɪ ðə hɔr-frɔst 'wæksɪz 'bəʊldər

And the last buds cease blowing.  
ænd ðə læst bʌdz sis 'bləʊɪŋ.