

## The Secrets of the Old [ðʌ 'si.kɪə(ɪ)ts əv ði oːʊld]

Text by *William Butler Yeats* (1865-1939) [Irish]

Set by *Samuel Barber* (1910-1981) [Am], op. 13, #2

<b>I</b>	<b>have</b>	<b>old</b>	<b>women's</b>	<b>secrets</b>	<b>now</b>
[aːɪ]	hæv	oːʊld	'wɪm.ɪnz	'si.kɪə(ɪ)ts	nəːʊ]

<b>That</b>	<b>had</b>	<b>those</b>	<b>of</b>	<b>the</b>	<b>young;</b>
[ðæt]	hæd	ðoːʊz	əv	ðʌ	jʌŋ]

Madge tells me what I dared not think  
When my blood was strong,  
And what had drowned a lover once  
Sounds like an old song.

Though Marg'ry is stricken dumb  
If thrown in Madge's way,  
We three make up a solitude;  
For none alive today  
Can know the stories that we know  
Or say the things we say:

How such a man pleased women most  
Of all that are gone,  
How such a pair loved many years  
And such a pair but one,  
Stories of the bed of straw  
Or the bed of down.

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The entire text to this title with the complete  
IPA transcription is available for download.

*Thank you!*

