

Sonnet XLIII ['sɑn.ɪt ,fɒɹ.ti.'θɹi]

Text by *Edna St. Vincent Millay* (1892-1950) [Am]

Set by *Gary Bachlund* (1947-), *What Lips My Lips Have Kissed*; *Jack Hamilton Beeson* (1921-2010), *What Lips My Lips Have Kissed*, from *Two Millay Sonnets*, #2; *Leonard Bernstein* (1918-1990) [Am], *What Lips My Lips Have Kissed*, from *Songfest*, #11; *Jake Heggie* (1961-) [Am], *What Lips My Lips Have Kissed*, from *Before the Storm*, #3

What lips my lips have kissed, and where, and why,
[ʍɑt lɪps ma:ɪ lɪps hæv kɪst ænd wɛɹ ænd wɑ:ɪ]

I have forgotten, and what arms have lain
[ɑ:ɪ hæv fɒɹ.'ɡɑt.ən ænd ʍɑt ɑɹmz hæz le:ɪn]

Under my head till morning; but the rain
Is full of ghosts tonight, that tap and sigh
Upon the glass and listen for reply,
And in my heart there stirs a quiet pain
For unremembered lads that not again
Will turn to me at midnight with a cry.
Thus in winter stands the lonely tree,
Nor knows what birds have vanished one by one,
Yet knows its boughs more silent than before:
I cannot say what loves have come and gone,
I only know that summer sang in me
A little while, that in me sings no more.

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

Thank you!

