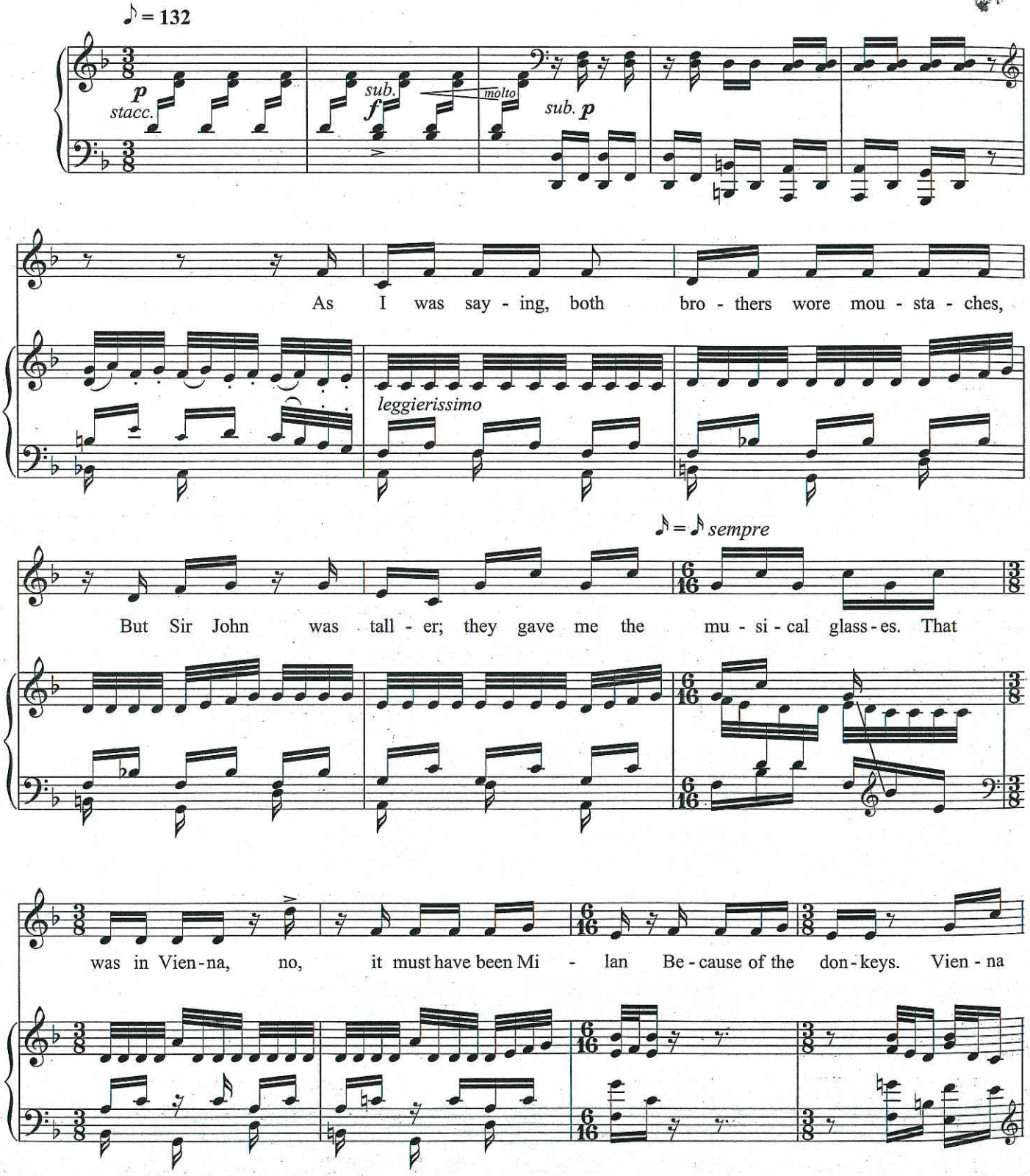
# Baba's Aria and Monologue

from THE RAKE'S PROGRESS

Text by
W.H. AUDEN and
CHESTER KALLMAN

Music by
IGOR STRAVINSKY
(1948-51)

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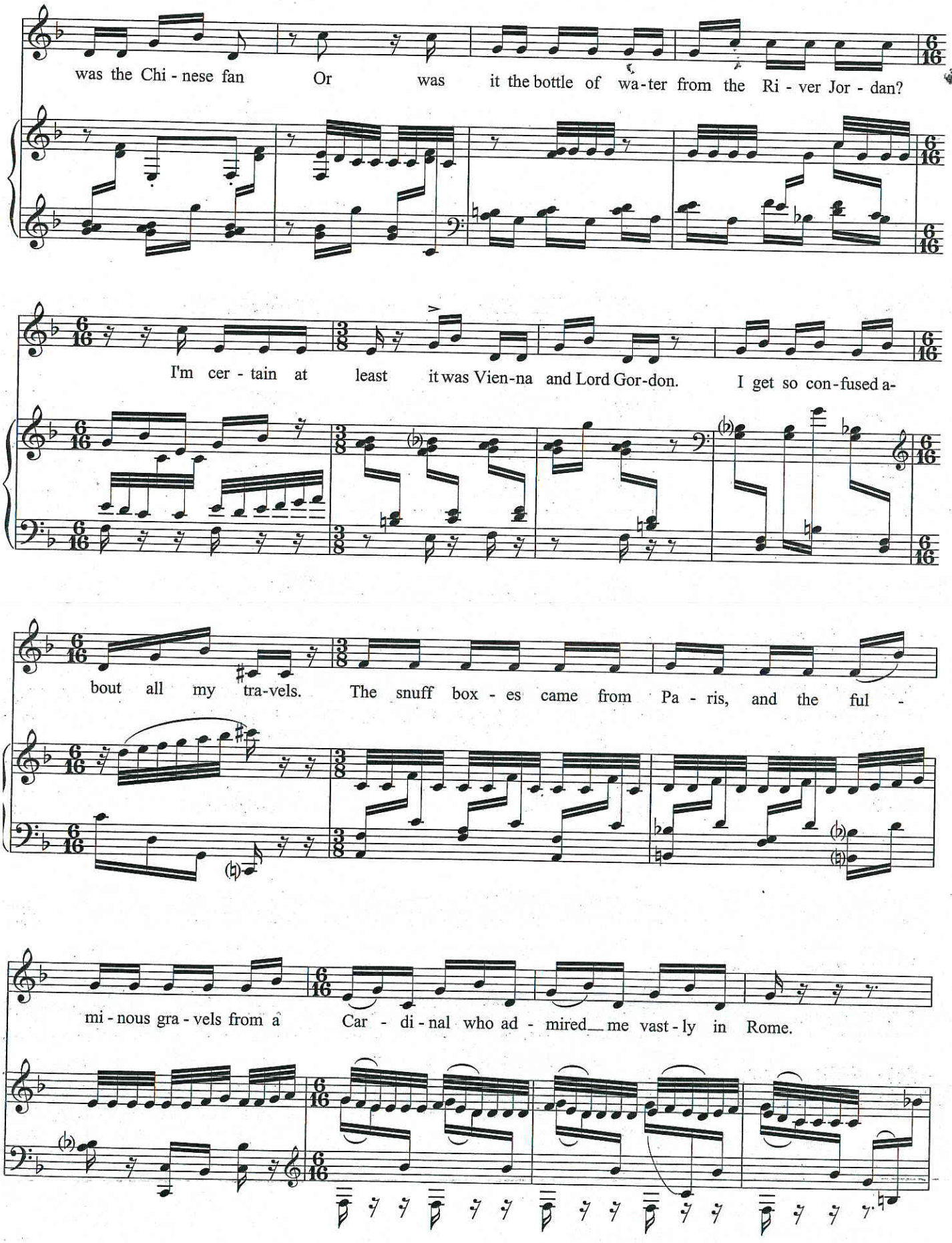
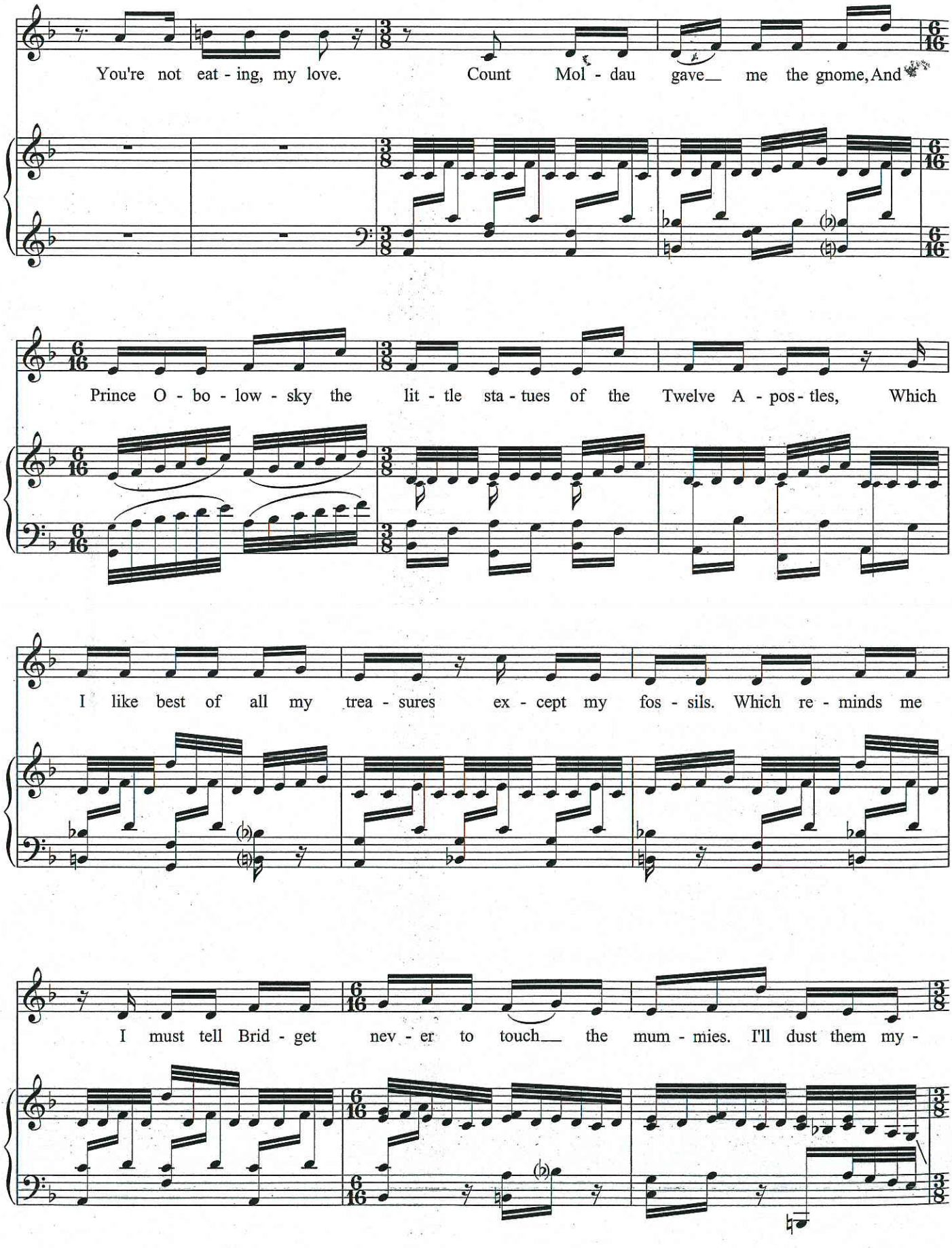
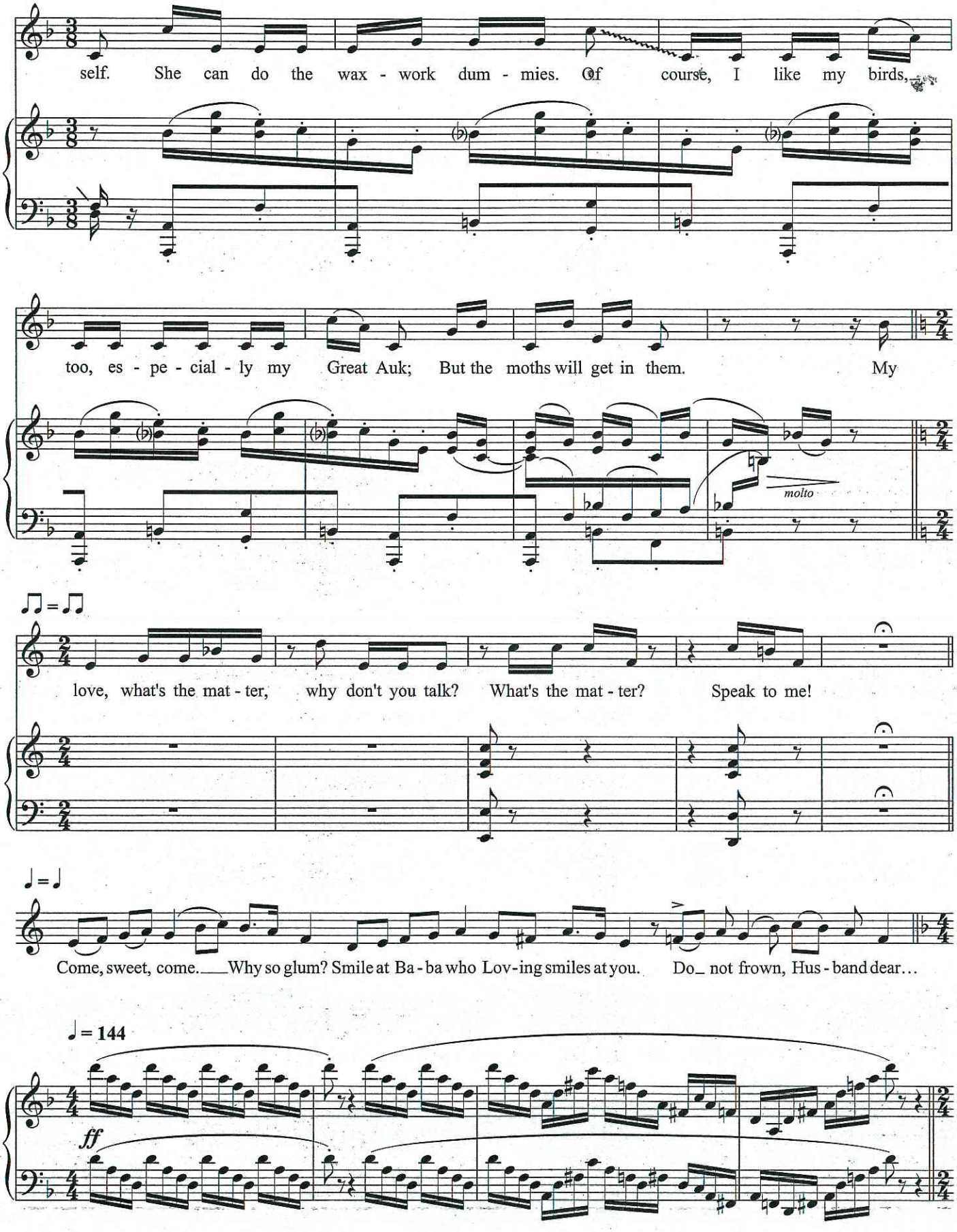
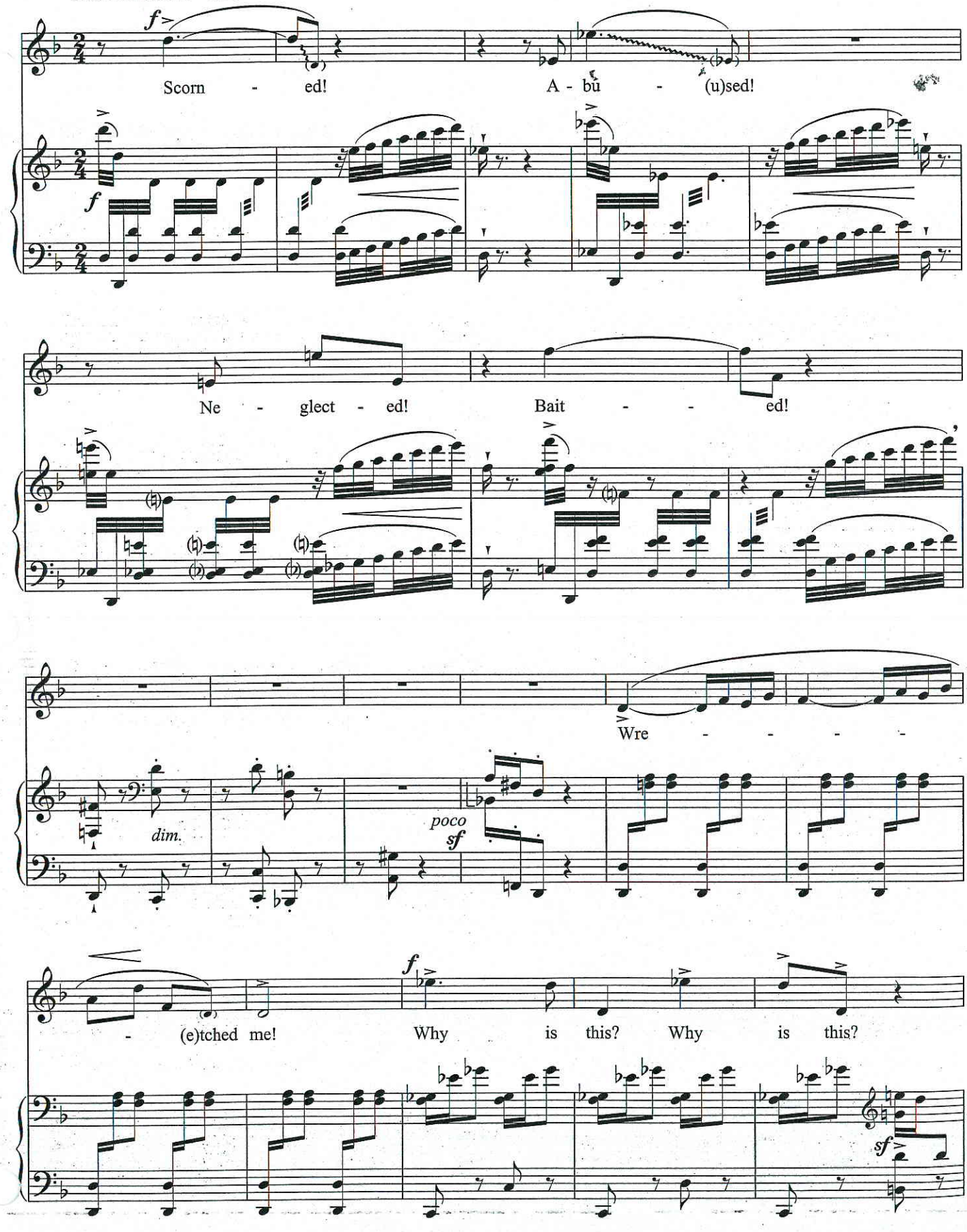
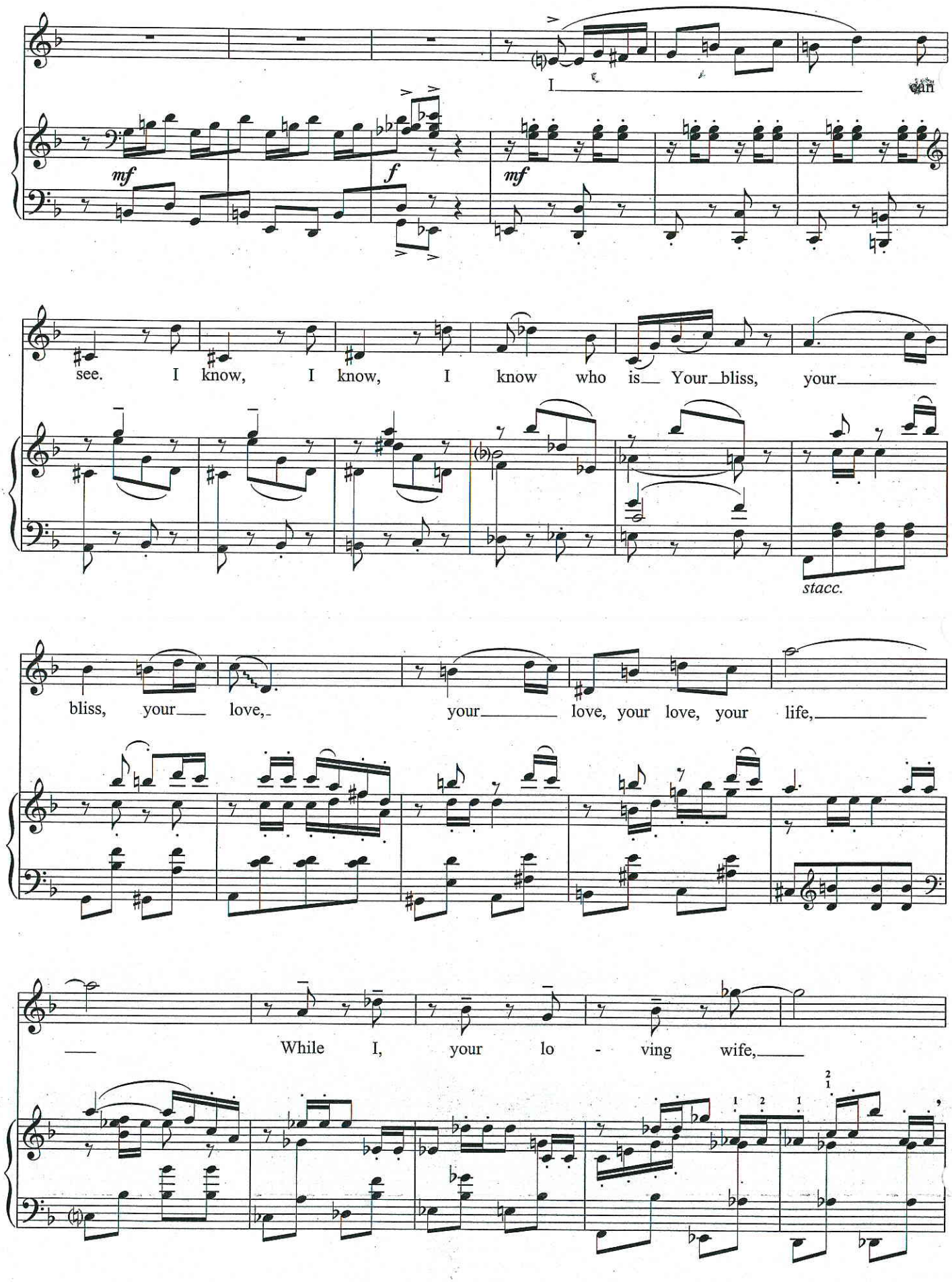
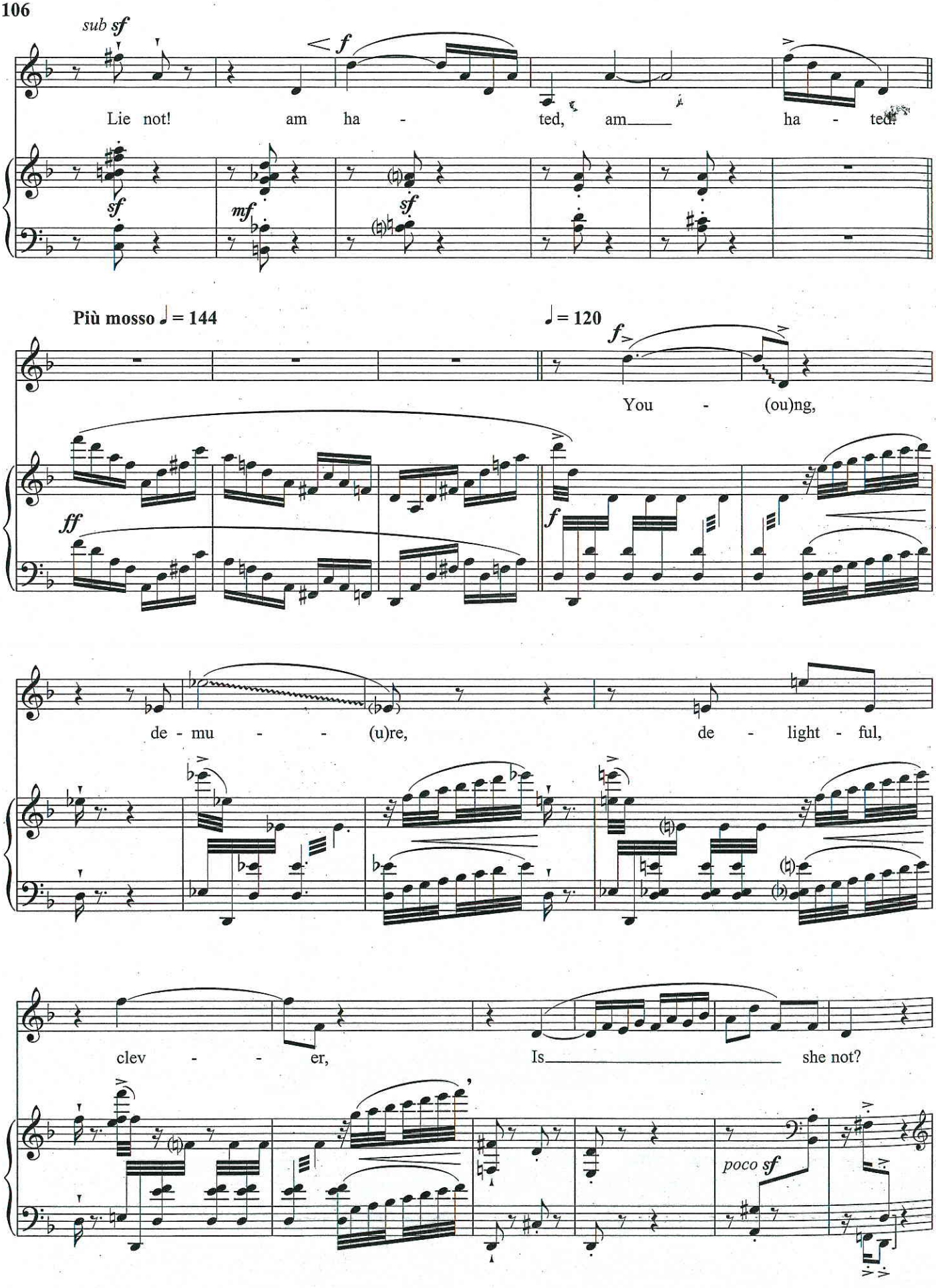

was the Chi - nese fan Or was it the bottle of wa-ter from the Ri - ver Jor - dan?
I'm cer - tain at least it was Vien-na and Lord Gor-don. I get so con-fused a-
bout all my tra-vels. The snuff box - es came from Pa - ris, and the ful -
mi - nous gra - vels from a Car - di - nal who ad - mired me vast - ly in Rome.

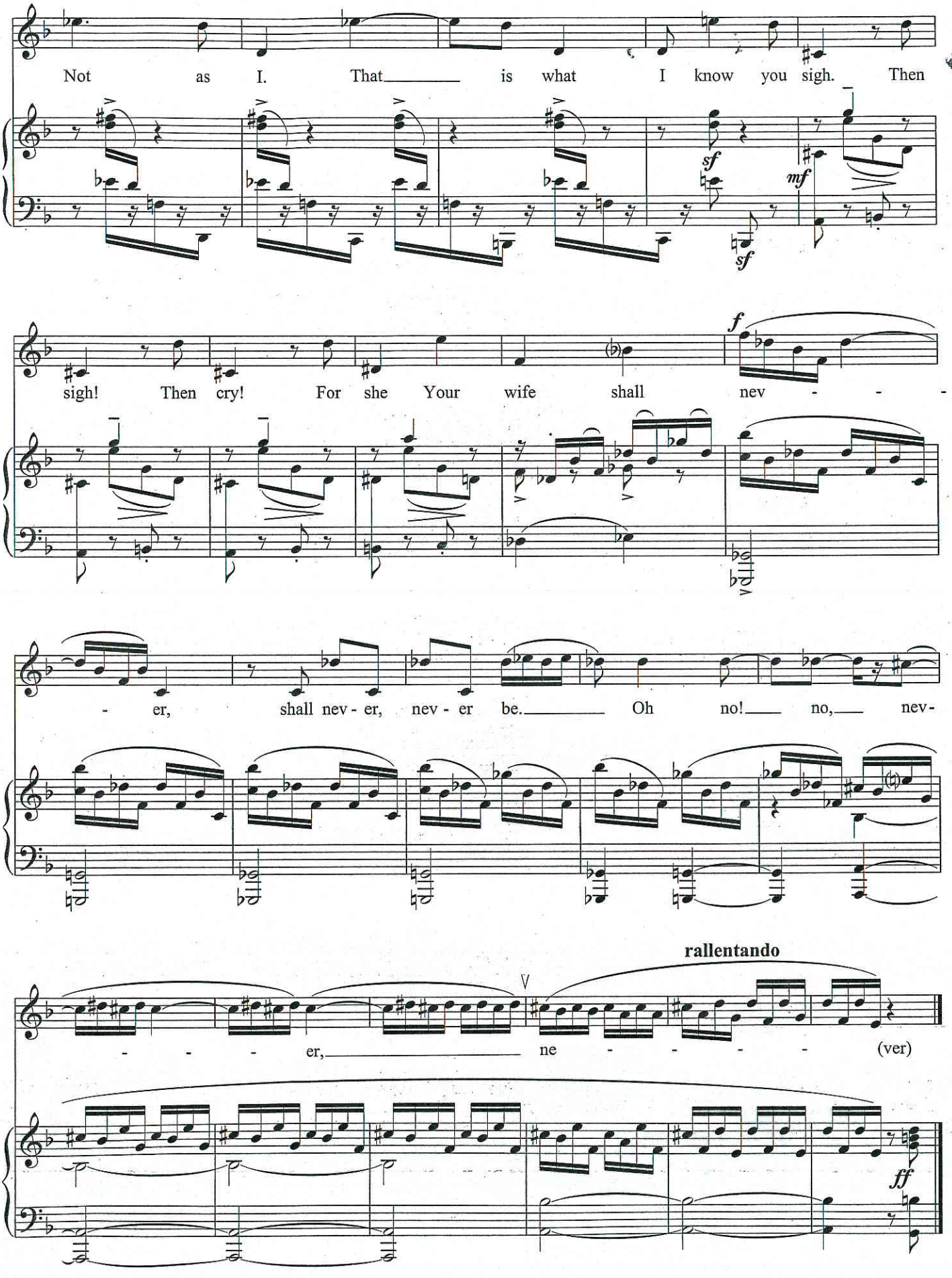

You're not eat - ing, my love. Count Mol - dau gave me the gnome, And
Prince O - bo - low - sky the lit - tle sta - tues of the Twelve A - pos - tles, Which
I like best of all my trea - sures ex - cept my fos - sils. Which re - minds me
I must tell Brid - get nev - er to touch the mum - mies. I'll dust them my -


self. She can do the wax - work dum - mies. Of course, I like my birds,
too, es - pe - cial - ly my Great Auk; But the moths will get in them. My
molto
love, what's the mat - ter, why don't you talk? What's the mat - ter? Speak to me!
Come, sweet, come. Why so glum? Smile at Ba - ba who Lov - ing smiles at you. Do not frown, Hus - band dear...
♩ = 144
ff


Meno mosso ♩ = 120
f
Scorn - ed!
A - bu - (u)sed!
Ne - glect - ed!
Bait - - ed!
Wre - - - -
dim.
poco
sf
- (e)tched me!
Why is this? Why is this?
sf


I can
mf
f
mf
see. I know, I know, I know who is Your bliss, your
stacc.
bliss, your love, your love, your love, your life,
While I, your lo - ving wife,


sub sf
f
Lie not! am ha - ted, am ha - ted!
sf
mf
sf
Più mosso ♩ = 144
♩ = 120
f
You - (ou)ng,
ff
f
de - mu - - (u)re, de - light - ful,
clev - - er, Is she not?
poco sf


Not as I. That is what I know you sigh. Then
sf
mf
sf
f
sigh! Then cry! For she Your wife shall nev - - -
- er, shall nev - er, nev - er be. Oh no! no, nev-
rallentando
V
- - - er, ne - - - - (ver)
ff