

22 Igor Strawinsky
As I was saying (*The Rake's Progress*)

As I was saying
both brothers wore moustaches,
but Sir John was taller;
they gave me the musical glasses.
That was in Vienna, no,
it must have been Milan,
because of the donkeys.
Vienna was the Chinese fan.
Or was it the bottle of water
from the river Jordan?
I'm certain at least
it was Vienna and Lord Gordon.
I get so confused about all my travels.
The snuff boxes came from Paris,
and the fulminous gravels
from a cardinal who admired me
vastly in Rome.
You're not eating, my love.
Count Moldau gave me the gnome,
and Prince Obolowsky
the little statues of the Twelve Apostles,
which I like best of all my treasures
except my fossils.
Which reminds me
I must tell Bridget
never to touch the mummies.
I'll dust them myself.
She can do the wax-work dummies.
Of course, I like my birds, too,
especially my Great Auk.
But the moths will get in them.
My love, what's the matter,
why don't you talk?
What's the matter?

...

Speak to me!

Come, sweet, come.

Why so glum?

Smile at Baba who,
loving smiles at you.

Do not frown, husband dear ...

[TOM: sit down!]

Scorned! Abused!

Neglected! Baited!

Wretched me!

Why is this? Why is this?

I can see.

I know, I know who is
your bliss, your bliss,
your love, your love, your life,
while I, your loving wife,
lie not! am hated, am hated.

Young, demure, delightful, clever!

Is she not? Not as I.

That is what I know you sigh.

Then sigh! Then cry!

For she your wife shall never,
shall never, never be.

Oh, no! no, never, ne(ver)