

## Arias from *Where Angels Fear to Tread*

### HARRIET, Act I

I've done my duty, visiting antiquities,  
But all the way I've suffered!  
I haven't slept a wink all week:  
Puppies on the bed in Parma;  
The festival in Florence—commotion at all hours;  
The room beside the belfry in Bologna—  
    Foreigners are a noisy nation!  
A lazy lot, and I am sure dishonest:  
My Alpenstock was taken in Verona;  
My sketch-book stolen in Sienna;  
My sponge-bag missing from my room in Mantua.  
    Foreigners—!  
And then the train to Poggibonsi!  
Fleas in the cushions, even in first class!  
That humid lady with the yapping dog, telling us  
That never had she sweated so profusely!  
    Foreigners are a filthy nation!

### CAROLINE, Act II

PHILIP

I understand you called on him?

CAROLINE

Called on him? No! No!  
How could I enter that man's house,  
Knowing about him all I know?  
But I did see him on the Rocca...  
He was polite and even charming,  
Pleased to see me, knowing nothing of my purpose here.  
I thought it best to be polite in turn.

We talked of the weather, the wine harvest,  
The *fiesta* this weekend.  
Chatting like two old friends...  
*[with growing agitation]*  
He even mentioned Lilia;  
Pretended he had loved her;  
Offered to take me to her grave?  
The grave of the woman he killed!

PHILIP *[quietly]*

Miss Abbott, you know that is untrue.

CAROLINE *[as though realizing she has been putting on an act]*

Untrue... ? I know. I know.  
But understand, the meeting was a shock.  
The hour was late, approaching sunset,  
And he was sitting on the battlements,  
That glorious view behind him,  
Exactly as he was that evening  
Eighteen months ago...  
How many times I've asked myself  
Why I did not drive him off  
As I had the other suitors.  
He seemed then just another flashing smile...  
But Lilia was enraptured  
And very much in love. One evening  
I called her to my room,  
Meaning to put a stop to it.  
But different words came out:  
"Marry him," I said;  
"If you love him,  
Marry him and be happy!"  
Perhaps I hoped to strike a blow at pettiness;  
To strike at all I hated so at Sawston!  
But my splendid gesture led to tragedy,  
And I was most to blame.  
I failed poor Lilia then; I failed!  
I shall not fail her now.