

Art Is Calling for Me [ɑt ɪz 'kɔl.ɪŋ fɔɹ mi]

The Prima Donna Song from *The Enchantress* [ði ɪ(ɛ)n.tʃænt.ɪs] (soprano)

Text by *Fred de Gresac* (c. 1866/79–1943) [Fr] and *Harry B. Smith* (1860–1936) [Am]

Set by *Victor Herbert* (1859–1924) [Am]

Mama is a queen and Papa is a king;
[ˈmɑ.mə ɪz ʌ kwɪn ænd ˈpɑ.pə ɪz ʌ kɪŋ]

So I am a princess (and) I know it;
[soːʊ əːɪ æm ʌ ˈprɪnt.sɪ(ə)s ænd əːɪ noːʊ ɪt]

But court etiquette is a dull dreary thing,
I just hate it all, and I show it.
To sing on the stage, that's the one life for me,
My figure's just like Tetrizzini;
I know I'd win fame if I sang in "Bohème;"
That op'ra by Signor Puccini.
I've roulades and the trills
That would send the cold chills
Down the backs of all hearers of my vocal frills

I long to be a prima donna, donna, donna,
I long to shine upon the stage,
I have the *embonpoint*
To become a queen of song;
And my figure would look pretty as a page.
I want to be a screechy peachy *cantatrice*
Like other plump girls that I see;
I hate society;
I hate propriety;
Art is calling for me.

I'm in the elite, and men sigh at my feet...

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

Thank you!

