



ANDRÉ CHIANG, BARITONE

MEGAN BARTH ARGO, PIANO

Baritone **André Chiang** was described as “vocally commanding” (*Oregonian*), “handsome of voice” (*Opera News*), and lauded with “let’s hear more from this singer” (*Washington Post*). Mr. Chiang’s recent engagements include Dandini (*La cenerentola*) with Dayton Opera, Older Thompson (*Glory Denied*) with Painted Sky Opera, and Schaunard (*La bohème*) with Mississippi Opera. Chiang’s Stern Auditorium at Carnegie Hall debut came as the Baritone soloist in the World Premiere of Martin Palmeri’s *Gran Misa*. Upcoming engagements include Masetto (*Don Giovanni*) with Dayton Opera and Escamillo (*Carmen*) with Mobile Opera. Additionally, he maintains an active private studio teaching classical and CCM styles.



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Megan Barth Argo is Opera Répétiteur and Vocal Coach for the Michael and Anne Greenwood School of Music at Oklahoma State University. She is a rising collaborative artist who has performed and studied throughout the United States and Barcelona, Spain. She has participated in



numerous festivals including Brevard Music Festival, Songfest, Baldwin Wallace Art Song Festival, and Atlantic Music Festival where she was both a pianist and apprentice coach under Arlene Shrut. In the summer of 2016, Ms. Argo served as a Collaborative Piano Fellow and Faculty for the Hawaii Performing Arts Festival. She has had the pleasure of working with renowned artists who include Roger Vignoles, Warren Jones, Graham Johnson, Rudolph Piernay, Susanne Mentzer, Libby Larsen, William Bolcom, Jake Heggie, and many others. Ms. Argo has music directed on over 30 musical productions and has collaborated in multiple recitals.

“Fight the dragons” from *Big Fish*

Andrew Lipka (b. 1964)

from *Here, Bullet*

“Here, Bullet”

“Eulogy”

“A Soldier’s Arabic”

“Curfew”

Kurt Erickson (b. 1970)

“Dust and Ashes” from *Natasha, Pierre, and the Great Comet of 1812*

Dave Malloy (b. 1976)

“Neřikal jsem to” from *Příhody lišky Bystroušky*

Leoš Janáček (1854-1928)

“Вы мне писали” from *Евгений Онегин*

Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky (1840-1893)

“Nostalgia”

“Flower in the Mist”

“Three Wishes”

Huang Tzu (1904-1938)

“People will say we’re in love” from *Oklahoma!*

with Olivia Yokers, soprano

Richard Rodgers (1902-1979)

Oscar Hammerstein II (1895-1960)

PROGRAM NOTES

Big Fish: A Novel of Mythic Proportions is a work of fiction written by Daniel Wallace. The book was adapted into a film entitled *Big Fish* in 2003, directed by Tim Burton and starring Ewan McGregor along with a slew of other well-known movie stars. The musical adaptation was created in 2013 and premiered in Chicago before heading to Broadway later that year. With a book by John August, music and lyrics by Andrew Lippa (*You're A Good Man, Charlie Brown, The Wild Party, The Addams Family*), and starring Norbert Leo Butz (*Wicked, The Last Five Years, Dirty Rotten Scoundrels*) as Edward Bloom, the musical ran for a total of ninety-eight performances and garnered multiple Astaire Award and Drama Desk Award nominations.¹

The general plot of the musical *Big Fish* revolves around a young salesman from Alabama traveling around the country and living a life of mythic proportions like meeting a witch, traveling with a giant, a mermaid, working for the circus, and fighting a war. The stories are told as flashbacks to his son Will, as Older Will is a soon to be father of his own and wants to know the truth behind his father's tall tales.

"Fight the Dragons" takes place in Act 2 and after many adventures. Edward is about to leave for a sales tour, and he tells young Will to be brave and strong so he can fight the dragons when Edward is away. The piece follows a simple song form and uses the acoustic guitar strums/figures to evoke a folksy "at home" sense of sound. The short phrases during the verse contrast with the more legato connected chorus and show the different sides of Edward: the storyteller who is forthright yet exaggerated and the father who is caring and loving.

*I've never been a man who lived an office life.
I've never been a man behind a desk.
I've always been a man who said that staying still was playing dead.
The kind who's looking forward to the challenges ahead.*

*People say that's irresponsible.
People tell me, "Stay at home."
But I'm not made for things like mowin' lawns or apron strings.
I'm my best, when not at rest.*

*So I fight the dragons and I storm the castles and I win a battle or two.
Then comes the day it's time I'm packing up and I am bringing all my stories home to you.*

*All I can see is miles ahead with miles to go.
All I can feel is wind and sun and sky.
Stop for a coffee, make a friend, and pray the day will never end,
'cuz there's one more adventure waitin' 'round another bend*

*where I fight the dragons and I storm the castles and I win a battle or two.
But then a feeling comes, like fifty thousand drums all banging, bring my stories home to you.*

*And I wonder as I wander on the road from door to door, exactly what you think of where I've been.
Do you know I joined the circus, met a mermaid, fought a war?
Do you know I think of you through thick and thin?
Because even though I'm making deals and bringin' people joy,
I'm usually only thinking of my boy*

¹ Playbill, *Big Fish*, Accessed September 7th, 2020, <https://www.playbill.com/production/big-fish-neil-simon-theatre-vault-0000013997>.

*Out there on the road I pray you'll come to my one day
and say: Let's fight the dragons and then storm the castles, 'til we win what needs to be won.
So when I'm old and tired, you'll do the job required.
You'll be there telling stories to your son.*

*Then we fight the dragons and we storm the castles and I do the best that I can.
But ev'rybody knows that's how the story goes to turn each boy into a bigger man
So I'll fight the dragons 'til you can.²*

Here, Bullet is a song cycle composed by Kurt Erickson with poetry by Brian Turner. The cycle was completed in July 2019 and performed around the world via a singers' consortium. The content covers the bloodlust and power of the bullet and gun, the effect and reverberation of suicide, the blending and misunderstanding of cultures, and the calm "normalcy" between the violence of war. The immediacy of tone comes through from Turner's time as a soldier in the Iraq War where he wrote the poetry for his book, *Here, Bullet*. With such visceral images and text, the music is provided a perfect backbone for interpretation and expression of these themes.

"Here, Bullet" is the first song of the set and begins with an invocation of the bullet. The early *recitative*-like section belies the coming wave of energy and the "adrenaline rush." The song stretches the baritone voice from the bottom to the top through use of optional notes, dropping down to E2 and going up to G4. As the frenzy begins to subside, a final structured improvisation begins to cascade the energy into a final thrust of desire for fulfillment from the bullet. The piano fades away and all that is left is the bloodlust.

*Here, Bullet If a body is what you want
then here is bone and gristle and flesh.
Here is the clavicle-snapped wish,
the aorta's opened valves, the leap
thought makes at the synaptic gap.
Here is the adrenaline rush you crave,
that inexorable flight, that insane puncture
into heat and blood. And I dare you to finish
what you've started. Because here, Bullet,
here is where I complete the word you bring hissing
through the air, here is where I moan
the barrel's cold esophagus, triggering
my tongue's explosives for the rifling I have
inside of me, each twist of the round
spun deeper, because here, Bullet,
here is where the world ends, every time.
Here, Bullet, Here,³*

*It happens on a Monday, at 11:20 A.M.,
as tower guards eat sandwiches
and seagulls drift by on the Tigris River.
Prisoners tilt their heads to the west
though burlap sacks and duct tape blind them.
The sound reverberates down concertina coils
the way piano wire thrums when given slack.
And it happens like this, on a blue day of sun,
when Private Miller pulls the trigger
to take brass and fire into his mouth:
the sound lifts the birds up off the water,
a mongoose pauses under the orange trees,
and nothing can stop it now, no matter what
blur of motion surrounds him, no matter what voices
crackle over the radio in static confusion,*

"Eulogy" follows the bullet's invocation by finding its devastating home. The song rocks between tonalities representing nature and the eventual suicide of Private Miller. The sense of disturbance in nature is articulated with quickly struck chords followed by a quickening of the changing harmonies that mix together to provide confusion as to what is happening. A final climb in the vocal line shows the euphoria taken from the moment and the release of Private Miller from his duties.

2 Accessed September 7th, 2020 with adjustments by André Chiang, <https://genius.com/Andrew-lippa-fight-the-dragons-lyrics>.

3 Kurt Erickson, "Here, Bullet" from *Here, Bullet* (Fayetteville: Classical Vocal Reprints, 2020), 3-13.

*because if only for this moment the earth is stilled,
and Private Miller has found what low hush there is
down in the eucalyptus shade, there by the river.⁴*

“A Soldier’s Arabic” plays with a jazzier tone quality and uses the piano ostinato to create a mysterious sentiment between the culture clash. The balance between the styles help distinguish the differences and clash of cultures. The song ends with a recitation of the poem in-full following the line, “To be spoken, it must be earned.” Uniquely, the piece is directed to flow directly into “Curfew” through an *attacca* that seemingly coincides with the change from war into the new normalcy.

*At dusk, bats fly out by the hundreds.
Water snakes glide in the ponding basins
behind the rubbed palaces. The mosques
call their faithful in, welcoming
the moonlight as prayer.
Today, policemen sunbathed on traffic islands
and children helped their mothers
string clothes to the line, a slight breeze
filling them with heat.
There were no bombs, no panic in the streets.
Sgt. Gutierrez didn’t comfort an injured man
who cupped pieces of his friend’s brain
in his hands; instead, today,
white birds rose from the Tigris. today⁶*

*The word for love, habib, is written from right
to left, starting where we would end it
and ending where we might begin.
Where we would end a war
another might take as a beginning,
or as an echo of history, recited again.
Speak the word for death, maut,
and you will hear the cursives of the wind
driven into the veil of the unknown.
This is a language made of blood.
It is made of sand, and time.
To be spoken, it must be earned.⁵*

“Curfew” closes the cycle out with less of a bang and more of a reflection. The piece has interposed struck chords using grace notes to indicate the distance of war from the current location. Using interesting images like “policemen sunbathing on traffic islands” and normal images like the handling of laundry, the poem begs the listener to take note and calm in the moments away from war. A final musical cypher pays homage to Private Miller, and the cycle ends with a reflective and hopeful message for a return to normal.

“Inspired by a 70-page slice of *War and Peace*, *Natasha*, *Pierre* & *The Great Comet of 1812* brings us just inches from Tolstoy’s brash young lovers as they light up Moscow in a “heaven-sent fireball” (*The New York Times*) of romance and passion.”⁷ The musical was written by Dave Malloy who acted as both composer and librettist. The production is known for its massive cast, unique nearly through-composed musical writing, and mix of traditional musical theatre sounds and electronic music mixed with many different genres. The show also used innovative and immersive staging and stage setting with audience members all around the theater, for many of the productions, utilizing all available space for storytelling.

“Dust and Ashes” is sung by Pierre after he narrowly survives a duel and deals with his depressed lot in life. Within the original iteration of the show, the piece did not exist. When Josh Groban agreed to play the role of Pierre for the Broadway production at the Imperial Theatre, Malloy wrote a song to further develop and establish the character. “While “Dust and Ashes” was written for Groban in the sense that its range and style were tailored to suit him, the song itself plays a key role in changing Pierre’s arc in the show—

4 Kurt Erickson, “Eulogy” from *Here, Bullet* (Fayetteville: Classical Vocal Reprints, 2020), 15-27.

5 Kurt Erickson, “A Soldier’s Arabic” from *Here, Bullet* (Fayetteville: Classical Vocal Reprints, 2020), 29-37.

6 Kurt Erickson, “Curfew” from *Here, Bullet* (Fayetteville: Classical Vocal Reprints, 2020), 39-45.

7 Accessed September 7th, 2020, <https://greatcometbroadway.com/>.

and in doing so, creating a character that offers an unusually realistic dramatization of depression.⁸ The song begins with scarcity of tone from the accompaniment and vocal line and builds to a climax and reinvigoration of the character. The opening chords show the discordant nature of Pierre's existence, along with his drunken stupor, and provide the backbone of the song from a harmonic sense.

*Is this how I die?
Ridiculed and laughed at
Wearing clown shoes
Is this how I die?
Furious and reckless sick with booze*

*How did I live? I taste every wasted minute
Every time I turned away
From the things that might have healed me
How long have I been sleeping?*

*Is this how I die?
Frightened like a child
Lazy and numb
Is this how I die?
Pretending and preposterous and dumb*

*How did I live?
Was I kind enough and good enough?
Did I love enough?
Did I ever look up and see the moon
And the stars and the sky?
Oh why have I been sleeping?*

*They say we are asleep
Until we fall in love
We are children of dust and ashes
But when we fall in love we wake up
And we are a God
And angels weep
But if I die here tonight
I die in my sleep*

*All of my life I spent searching the words
Of poets and saints and prophets and kings
And now at the end all I know that I've learned
Is that all that I know is I don't know a thing*

*So easy to close off place the blame outside
Hiding in my room at night so terrified*

*All the things I could have been
But I never had the nerve
Life and love I don't deserve*

*So all right, all right I've had my time
Close my eyes let the death bells chime
Bury me in burgundy I just don't care
Nothing's left I looked everywhere*

*Is this how I die?
Was there ever any other way my life could be?
Is this how I die?
Such a storm of feelings inside of me?*

*But then why am I screaming?
Why am I shaking?
Oh God, was there something that I missed?
Did I squander my divinity?
Was happiness within me the whole time?*

*They say we are asleep
Until we fall in love
We are children of dust and ashes
But when we fall in love we wake up
And we are a God
And angels weep
But if I die here tonight
I die in my sleep*

*They say we are asleep until we fall in love
And I'm so ready to wake up now*

*I want to wake up
Don't let me die while I'm like this
I want to wake up
God don't let me die while I'm like this
Please let me wake up now
God don't let me die while I'm like this
I'm ready, I'm ready
To wake up⁹*

8 Hailey Bachrach, "How One Song Changed the Arc of 'Great Comet': More than just a nice showcase for Josh Groban, 'Dust and Ashes' makes the non-linearity of mental illness dramatically compelling.," *American Theatre*, March 30, 2017, Accessed September 7th, 2020, <https://www.americantheatre.org/2017/03/30/how-one-song-changed-the-arc-of-great-comet/>.

9 Accessed September 7th, 2020 with adjustments by André Chiang, <https://genius.com/Dave-malloy-dust-and-ashes-lyrics>.

Příhody lišky Bystroušky (The Cunning Little Vixen) by Leoš Janáček is an opera in three acts adapted by from *Liška Bystrouška*, by Rudolf Těsnohlídek, a serialized novella from the 1920s.¹⁰ The drawings from the novella were of great interest to Janáček, and he worked with the writer and illustrator to faithfully recreate these characters in the opera. The story follows the adventures of a small fox who is captured by a forester, escapes, starts a family, and tragically dies at the hands of a poacher. The opera is filled with lush orchestration and many themes evoking nature and its interaction with man.

"Neřikal jsem to" is the Forester's Act III aria. Throughout the story, the Forester is in the woods, at home, or at a bar, and he is constantly balancing his thoughts and constantly reminded of his life through his interactions with animals, nature, and humanity. A common theme in the opera is the cyclical movement of nature between life and death. The aria acts more as a series of thoughtful interjections that show a sense of how the Forester is processing his thoughts. With a movement into the joy he has had throughout his life, the music changes and begins a sweeping figure until the end which sees the Forester caught up in joy and contentment in the woods. The Forester is often sung by a bass-baritone because of the timbre required as well as the flexibility in both the low and high ranges.

*Neřikal jsem to? Malovaný jako vojáček.
Palička kaštanová jako děvčátko.*

Wasn't I right? Like a painted toy soldier! With a chestnut-colored head, like a girl's!

*Je to pohádka či pravda?
Pohádka či pravda?
Kolik je tomu let, co jsme kráčeli dva mladí lidé,
ona jak jedlička, on jak šerý bor?
Také jsme hříbky sbírali, tuze pohmoždili,
pošlapali, protože ... protože pro lásku jsme
neviděli.*

Is it a fairy-tale or is it all true?
Fairy-tale or truth?
How many years have passed since two young people walked here?
She was like a young fir tree. He like a dark forest. We also collected mushrooms, trampled on them, crushing them, because... love had blinded us.

*Co však huběnek, co však huběnek jsme
nasbírali! To byl den po naší svatbě, bože, to
byl den po naší svatbě! Kdyby ne much, člověk
by v tu minutu usnul...*

Yet many times kisses we reaped, how many kisses we reaped. That was the day after our wedding, that was the day after our wedding. If it weren't for the flies I could fall asleep this very moment.

*A přece su rád, když k víčerom slunéčko
zablýskne... Jak je les divukrásný!
Až rusalky přijdou zase domů, do svých
lesních sídel, příběhnou v košílkách, až zase
přijde k nim květen a láska! Vítat se budou,
slezet pohnutím nad shledáním. Zas rozdělí
štěstí sladkou rosou do tisíců květů, petrklíčů,
lech a sasanek a lidé budou chodit s hlavami
sklopenými a budou chápat, že šlo vůkol nich
nadpozemské blaho.¹¹*

Still I'm happy when the sun shines in the evening... How wonderful the forest looks! When the wood nymphs come back home to their summer seats, clad in light robes, Maytime and love will return to them! They'll welcome each other, shedding tears of joy! Again they will pour honey-dew happiness into thousands of blossoms, primroses, meadow-pea and anemones. People will pass by with heads bowed down and they will come to understand that supernatural bliss has come their way.¹¹

10 Jirí Zahrádka, Leoš Janáček: *The Cunning Little Vixen* (New York: Universal Edition, 2008), XLVII-XLVIII.

11 Sona Vávrová, liner notes to *Janáček: The Cunning Little Vixen*, Czech Philharmonic Orchestra, Supraphon #103471, CD, 1992.

Евгений Онегин (*Eugene Onegin*) by Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky is an opera in three acts with text adapted from Pushkin's novel, *Eugene Onegin*. Tchaikovsky, along with co-librettist Konstantin Shilovsky, loved the more approachable "everyday" feel and the dynamic, dramatic characters. The piece was finished in Italy in January of 1878; and though it is an opera, Tchaikovsky saw it more as "lyrical scenes" so it would not be premiered by the grand opera houses. The premiere came at the Moscow Conservatory in March of 1878.¹² With many grand orchestral dances like the polonaise and masterful romantic swells and harmonies, the opera has become beloved around the world and is probably the most performed Russian opera worldwide.

"Вы мне писали" is Onegin's Act 1 aria that is in response to Tatyana's letter scene (a *tour de force* twenty-minute scene where Tatyana writes a soul-opening letter to Onegin). Onegin, despite having the opera named after him, is acting like the villain and scorning the love of someone he does find attractive and interesting. The aria is written in a way that sounds like he is "telling off" Tatyana and her "childish" dreams of love, family, and relationships. A stark contrast comes at the end of the opera where Tatyana, in a new station, chastises Onegin in a similar fashion for trying to come and take her away from her marriage and duty. The music is distinctly mellifluous and needs extreme legato from the singer to be portrayed as the arrogant young man who believes everything he is espousing.

*Вы мне писали,
Не отрицайтесь. Я прочел
Души доверчивой признанья,
Любви невинной излиянья;
Мне ваша искренность мила!
Она в волненье привела
Давно умолкнувшие чувства.
Но вас хвалить я не хочу;
Я за нее вам отплачу
Признаньем также без искусства.
Примите ж исповедь мою,
Себя на суд вам отдаю!*

You wrote to me,
Do not deny it. I have read the
confession of a trusting soul,
an innocent outpouring of love;
Your sincerity is sweet to me!
She brought excitement to
long-silenced feelings.
But I don't want to praise you;
I will repay you for it with
Confession also without art.
Accept my confession,
I give myself to you for judgment!

*Когда бы жизнь домашним кругом
Я ограничить захотел,
Когда б мне быть отцом, супругом
Приятный жребий повелел,
То верно б, кроме вас одной,
Невесты не искал иной.
Но я не создан для блаженства,
Ему чужда душа моя.
Напрасны ваши совершенства,
Их не достоин вовсе я.
Поверьте, (совесть в том порукой),
Супружество нам будет мукой.
Я сколько ни любил бы вас,
Привыкнув, разлюблю тотчас.
Судите ж вы, какие розы
Нам заготовил Гименей,
И, может быть, на много дней!
Мечтам и годам нет возврата!
Ах, нет возврата;
Не обновлю души моей!
Я вас люблю любовью брата,
Любовью брата,*

Whenever I wanted to limit my life to my
home circle,
When I would be a father, a spouse
A pleasant lot commanded,
It would be true, besides you alone,
I would not look for another Bride.
But I was not created for bliss,
my soul is alien to Him.
Your perfections are in vain,
I am not worthy of them at all.
Believe me, (conscience is a guarantee),
marriage will be a torment for us.
No matter how much I love you,
accustomed, I will stop loving you immediately.
Judge what kind of roses
Hymen has prepared for Us,
And maybe for many days!
There is no return to dreams and years!
Ah, there is no return;
I will not renew my soul!
I love you with the love of a brother,
with the love of a brother,

¹² The Opera 101, "Eugene Onegin: An Opera by Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky," Accessed September 7th, 2020, <https://www.theopera101.com/operas/onegin/>.

*Иль, может быть, еще нежней!
Иль, может быть еще,
Еще нежней!
Послушайте ж меня без гнева,
Сменит не раз младая дева
Мечтами легкие мечты.¹³*

*Ile, maybe even more tender!
Or maybe even
more tender!
Listen to me without anger,
Replaces more than once a young maiden
Dreams light dreams.¹⁴*

Some would call Huang Tzu the “Schubert of China” due to his poetic songwriting and his early death.¹⁵ Tzu was an educator who gained degrees at Oberlin College and Yale University. He studied the pedagogy of music composition and theory and headed China’s National Conservatory after his studies in the United States. His studies in western music helped integrate the curriculum of the conservatory and began a move toward combining the two cultural styles of music evident in his own compositions.

“Nostalgia,” “Flower in the Mist,” and “Three Wishes” are all solo songs that use the musical color scheme of the east and west to provide a unique kind of art song. You can hear the use of the poetic form that informs the writing of Tzu and how nature is a key part of all the songs. The poetry used gives the reader, and in this case the listener, agency in how they interpret its meaning. The mingling of Chinese folk elements with western song form perfectly represent the duality of music within the composer.

Nostalgia

*Willows are sprouting,
Ching Ming Festival has just passed,
I lean against the rainling without words,
The cucoos keep crying outside the walls,
Over and over,
“Better return home!”*

*Waves of a thousand emotions ripple out of me,
full of homesickness,
I ask the falling flowe,
“Is that gentle ripple flowing south?”
I wish to go with it!¹⁶*

Flower in the Mist

*Call it a flower –
It is not a flower,
Call it fog –
It is not fog,
It comes in the dead of the night,
and takes flight at dawn.
It stays no longer than a spring dream
and departs like fleeting morning clouds.¹⁶*

Three Wishes

*Rose, Rose,
in full bloom under the green fence.
I wish the jealous wind and rain would not hit me.
I wish the admiring travelers would not pick me
I wish my beauty would never fade!
So that I could stay youthful.¹⁶*

13 Accessed September 7th, 2020, http://www.murashev.com/opera/Eugene_Onegin_libretto_Russian.

14 Accessed September 7th, 2020, Google Translate,
http://www.murashev.com/opera/Eugene_Onegin_libretto_Russian.

15 Ken Smith, “Huang Tzu Anniversary Concert, Forbidden City Concert Hall, Beijing – review,” Accessed September 7th, 2020, <https://www.ft.com/content/ceede488-5dc9-11e4-b7a2-00144feabdc0>.

16 Translated by Helen Huang.

The last piece is "People will say we're in love" from *Oklahoma!*. I feel like there isn't much to say about this that can't be inferred other than I get to sing it with my lovely wife Olivia. We were married this year in Oklahoma, so it has a deep personal connection for me. It is a pleasure to have the opportunity to sing again for everyone, and I am excited to see what Oklahoma brings to my family and what I can help grow and cultivate at OSU.

LAUREY:

Why do they think up stories that link my name with yours?

CURLY:

Why do the neighbors gossip all day, behind their doors?

LAUREY:

I know a way to prove what they say is quite untrue
Here is the gist, a practical list of "don't's" for you

Don't throw bouquets at me
Don't please my folks too much
Don't laugh at my jokes too much
People will say we're in love!

Don't sigh and gaze at me
Your sighs are so like mine
Your eyes mustn't glow like mine
People will say we're in love!

Don't start collecting things
Give me my rose and my glove
Sweetheart, they're suspecting things
People will say we're in love

CURLY:

Some people claim that you are to blame, as much as I
Why do you take the trouble to bake my fav'rite pie?
Grantin' your wish, I carved our initials on that tree
Jus' keep a slice of all the advice you give so free

Don't praise my charm too much
Don't look so vain with me
Don't stand in the rain with me
People will say we're in love!

Don't take my arm too much
Don't keep your hand in mine
Your hand feels so grand in mine
People will say we're in love!

Don't dance all night with me
'Til the stars fade from above
They'll see it's alright with me
People will say we're in love¹⁷

¹⁷ Accessed September 7th, 2020 with adjustments by André Chiang, <https://genius.com/Richard-rodgers-people-will-say-were-in-love-lyrics>.