

## STRAVINSKY - text by W. H. Auden and Chester Kallman

No Word from Tom  
from *The Rake's Progress*

ANNE

No word from Tom.  
Has love no voice?  
Can love not keep a May-time vow in  
cities?  
Fades it as the rose cut for a rich  
display?  
Forgot!  
But no! To weep is not enough.  
He needs my help.  
Love hears, love knows,  
Love answers him  
across the silent miles and goes.

Quietly, night, oh! find him and  
caress.  
And may thou quiet find his heart,  
although it be unkind. nor may its  
beat confess,  
although I weep, it knows of  
loneliness.  
Guide me, oh! moon, chastely  
when I depart.  
And warmly be the same  
he watches without grief or shame.  
It can not be thou art a colder moon  
upon a colder heart.

My father! Can I desert him  
And his devotion for a love who has  
deserted me?  
No, my father has strength of  
purpose  
While Tom is weak and needs the  
comfort of a helping hand  
O God, protect dear Tom, support my  
father, and strengthen my resolve

I go, I go to him  
Love cannot falter  
Cannot desert  
Though it be shunned  
Or be forgotten  
Though it be hurt  
If Love be love  
It will not alter  
Though it be shunned  
Or be forgotten  
Though it be hurt  
If love be love  
It will not alter  
If love be love  
If love be love  
It will not alter  
It will not alter  
It will not alter  
O should I see  
My love in need  
It shall not matter  
It shall not matter  
What he may be  
I go, I go to him  
Love cannot falter  
Cannot desert  
Cannot falter  
Cannot desert  
Cannot desert  
Time cannot alter  
Cannot, cannot, cannot alter  
A loving heart  
An ever-loving heart

**BERNSTEIN - text by Lillian Hellman**

'O Happy We'  
from *Candide*

CANDIDE

Soon, when we feel we can afford it,  
We'll build a modest little farm.

CUNEGONDE

We'll buy a yacht and live aboard it,  
Rolling in luxury and stylish charm.

CANDIDE

Cows and chickens.

CUNEGONDE

Social whirls.

CANDIDE

Peas and cabbage.

GUNEGONDE

Ropes of pearls.

CANDIDE

Soon there'll be little ones beside us;  
We'll have a sweet Westphalian home.

CUNEGONDE

Somehow we'll grow as rich as Midas;  
We'll live in Paris when we're not in  
Rome.

CANDIDE

Smiling babies.

CUNEGONDE

Marble halls.

CANDIDE

Sunday picnics.

CUNEGONDE

Costume balls.

Oh, won't my robes of silk and satin  
Be chic! I'll have all that I desire.

CANDIDE

Pangloss will tutor us in Latin  
And Greek, while we sit before the fire.

CUNEGONDE

Glowing rubies.

CANDIDE

Glowing logs.

CUNEGONDE

Faithful servants.

CANDIDE

Faithful dogs.

CUNEGONDE

We'll round the world enjoying high life,  
All bubbly pink champagne and gold.

CANDIDE

We'll lead a rustic and a shy life,  
Feeding the pigs and sweetly growing old.

CUNEGONDE

Breast of peacock.

CANDIDE

Apple pie.

CUNEGONDE

I love marriage.

CANDIDE

So do I.

CUNEGONDE, CANDIDE

Oh, happy pair!

Oh, happy we!

It's very rare

How we agree.

**MENOTTI**

Hello, O Margaret it's you  
from *The Telephone*

**LUCY**

Excuse me. Hello! Hello!  
Oh, Margaret, it's you.  
I am so glad you called,  
I was just thinking of you.  
It's been a long time since you called  
me.  
Who? I? I cannot come tonight.  
No, my dear, I'm not feeling very well.  
When? Where? I wish I could be  
there!  
I'm afraid I must not. Hello? Hello?  
What did you say, my darling?  
What did you say? Hello? Hello?  
Please speak louder!  
I heard the funniest thing!  
Jane and Paul are going  
to get married next July.  
Don't you think it is the funniest  
thing  
you ever heard? I know... of course...

And how are you?  
And how is John?  
And how is Jean?  
You must tell them that I send them  
my love.  
And how is Ursula,  
and how is Natalie,  
and how is Rosalie?  
I hope she's gotten over her cold.  
And how is your mother,  
and how is your father,  
and how is dear little granny?

Ha, ha! Ha, ha!  
Oh, dear! Well then, good-bye.  
I am so glad you called,  
I was just think of you.  
It's been a long time since you called me.  
Yes, you already told me that.  
No my darling, of course I won't forget!  
Yes, goodbye, my dear, good-bye  
Yes my darling, good-bye. Yes!  
Ha, ha! Ha, ha!  
That's the funniest thing I ever heard!  
And how are you,  
and Bets, and Bob,  
and Sara, and Sam?  
You must tell them that I send them my love.  
And how is the pussycat, how is the dog?  
Oh, I'm so glad! Goodbye!  
Yes, Margaret!  
All right, all right!, good-bye!  
All right, all right!, good-bye!  
Now, Margaret, goodbye! So long.

**DVORAK - translation Yvonne Kenny**

Song to the Moon

from *Rusalka*

Moon high above in the summer sky  
He too, is watching you shining  
Speak to his heart from up on high  
Tell him I'm lonely and pining  
Speak to his heart from up on high  
Tell him I'm lonely and pining

Tell him I'm longing for him, Silver Moon  
Please bring him quickly to my arms sweet moon  
Tell him I'm longing for him, Silver Moon  
Please bring him quickly to my arms sweet moon

If he were to hear my message through my dreams  
would he remember it when he wakes?  
Moon, don't disappear!

## HEGGIE - Texts by Philip Littell (b.1950)

Eve Song

### IV - Listen

It's entire body ripples back and forth  
like a sentence,  
fascinating.

Do you want to be like God?  
Do you want to be like God?

How do you mean?  
Be old and have a penis?  
I don't think so.

Do you want to be like God?  
Do you want to be like God?  
You know what I mean.

Yes. I do.  
My entire body ripples up and down like a  
story.  
I am listening.

### II - Even

In the evening I am at peace.  
in the evening I hear ev'rything more clearly  
ev'rything  
to the hearer all the world does sing  
with a ringing and a quickening  
overhead the birds wheel and turn  
overhead the setting sun  
reddening no longer burns  
at the water's edge a wind brushes by me  
with a susurration:  
grass and leaves  
flowers glow against the dark'ning trees  
eyesight and the light both go  
ev'ry evening the forest darkens  
in the evening my senses sharpen  
I have no peace at night I have no peace at  
night

### III - Good

Good Morning Whoever you are.  
Good Morning. Do you have a name yet?  
Let me name you.  
It must be the right name  
So I don't Forget.

What Shall I name you?  
What Is your name?  
I have not Eaten yet.

Are you slow?  
Are you fleet?  
Are you obedient?  
Are you Good [] to eat?  
Mm.. Almost Ev'rything is good to eat.  
Good morning.

If I could I would eat the world  
Because it's Good.  
Mm.

**TRADITIONAL arr. ROBERTON**

Fidgety Bairn

Hush, my dear! the gallopin' men  
Ride thro'(through) the bracken and ride owre (over) the ben;  
Mammy'll watch her sleepin' hen (beauty),  
So close your e'en (eyes) my dearie!

Close your e'en (eyes) and greet nae mair (cry no more),  
O but your mither's he'rt is sair (mother's heart is sore),  
Daddy's asleep in the big rockin' chair,  
So close your e'en (eyes) my dearie!

O will ye never learn?  
Ne'er, ne'er was sic a bairn! (There was never such a child like you)  
O, will ye never learn?  
Ne'er, ne'er was sic a barin! (There was never such a child like you)

Breakin' my he'rt (heart), ye (you) fidgety (restless), fidgety,  
Breakin' my he'rt, ye fidgety bairn (restless child)!  
Breakin' my he'rt, ye fidgety, fidgety,  
Breakin' my he'rt, ye fidgety bairn!

**PREVIN - text by Dory Previn**

You're Gonna Hear from Me from *Inside Daisy Clover*

Everyone tells me to know my place  
But that ain't the way I play  
Why am I daring to show my face?  
'Cause I've got something to say

Move over, sun  
And give me some sky  
I've got me some wings  
I'm eager to try  
I may be unknown  
But wait till I've flown  
You're gonna hear from me

Fortune smiled  
On the road before me  
I'm Fortune's child  
Listen, world, you can't ignore me

I've got a song  
That longs to be played  
Raise up my flag  
Begin my parade  
Then watch the world over  
Start comin' up clover  
That's how it's gonna be, you'll see  
You're gonna hear from me

**MILLER-HEIDKE with additional music from GRANDAGE - text by Lally Katz**

Where from *The Rabbits*

Now the land is bare and brown  
And the wind blows empty across the plains  
I have walked these plains for the whole  
Memory of my soul  
And the soul of my mothers  
And the soul of my father's fathers  
We have been the life of these plains  
Ghosts on these plains

The wind once full  
The grass once green  
There were plants in our hands  
The time seems so long ago now

Where is the rich dark earth, brown and moist?  
Where is the smell of rain dripping from gumtrees?

Everything familiar is gone  
Everything I counted on  
I can't run  
I can't swim away from this land

Where is the rich dark earth, brown and moist?  
Where is the smell of rain dripping from gumtrees?  
Where are the billabongs?  
The long-legged birds?  
Where are the rivers?  
They used to flow clear  
Now they're eaten by mud  
Who will save us  
From the rabbits?