



AIM HIGH REACH WIDE EDUCATE ALL

Sonoma State University
Department of Music
2022 - 23 Concert Series

FALL 2022 CONCERTS

Tickets \$12
SSU Students Free

Box Office:
707.664-4246
tickets.sonoma.edu

SEPT 1	5:30 PM	Jewish Music Series	Schroeder
SEPT 9	7:30 PM	Fall Guest Guitarist: Tengyue Zhang (TY)	Schroeder
SEPT 11	2:00 PM	Beneath A Tree	Schroeder
SEPT 15	5:30 PM	Jewish Music Series	Schroeder
SEPT 22	7:30 PM	Faculty Recital- Andrew Harrison, saxophone	Schroeder
SEPT 24	7:30 PM	Symphony Orchestra- Collaborative with DDAT	Weill
SEPT 28	1:00 PM	Department Repertory Recital	Schroeder
OCT 4	7:30 PM	Jazz Combos	Schroeder
OCT 5	7:30 PM	Jazz Orchestra	Weill
OCT 6	5:30 PM	Jewish Music Series	Schroeder
OCT 7	7:30 PM	Symphonic Wind Ensemble	Weill
OCT 11	7:30 PM	Concert Band	Weill
OCT 14	2:00 PM	Scholarship Showcase	Schroeder
OCT 19	1:00 PM	Vocal Repertory Recital	Schroeder
OCT 20	5:30 PM	Jewish Music Series	Person
OCT 26	1:00 PM	Instrumental Repertoire Recital	Schroeder
OCT 27–28	ALL DAY	Sonoma State Sings Choral Festival	Weill
NOV 3	5:30 PM	Jewish Music Series	Schroeder
NOV 4	7:30 PM	Concert Choir and SonoVoce	Schroeder
NOV 10	7:30 PM	Faculty Recital- Jonathan Sieberlich, tuba	Schroeder
NOV 13	2:00 PM	Brass Ensemble	Schroeder
NOV 16	1:00 PM	Department Repertory Recital	Schroeder
NOV 17	5:30 PM	Jewish Music Series	Schroeder
NOV 19	7:30 PM	Symphony Orchestra	Weill
NOV 20	10:00 AM	Day of Strings	Schroeder
DEC 6	7:30 PM	Music Theatre Scenes	Schroeder
DEC 7	7:30 PM	Jazz Orchestra	Weill
DEC 8	7:30 PM	Jazz Combos	Schroeder
DEC 9	7:30 PM	Opera Scenes	Schroeder
DEC 10	7:30 PM	Rock Collegium	Schroeder
DEC 11	2:00 PM	Symphonic Wind Ensemble	Weill
DEC 12	7:30 PM	Noma Winds & Concert Band	Weill
DEC 13	7:30 PM	Vocal Repertory Recital	Schroeder
DEC 14	1:00 PM	SSU Vocal Faculty Concert	Schroeder

L'Chayim!



To Life!

**music.sonoma.edu
jewishstudies.sonoma.edu**

Sonoma State University
Department of Music
and
Jewish Studies Program
Present

8th Annual Jewish Music Series, Concert VI

Kurt Weill Songs

Sonoma State University Voice Students
with Yvonne Wormer and Dan Cromeenes, organ and piano

Thursday, November 17, 2022
5:30 pm
Schroeder Hall

WELCOME

Welcome to the eighth Jewish Music Series presented by the Sonoma State University Department of Music and Jewish Studies Program.

Explore the sound of the Jewish people through their music. This six-concert series will include classic and modern **Klezmer**, music of the **ancient Mideast**, songs of the synagogue, American musical theatre, and music by **composers imprisoned in the Holocaust**.

Presented as part of the class, Survey of Jewish Musics (MUS 343), these concerts are made possible by generous donations to SSU's Jewish Studies Fund. **All shows are in-person**, starting at 5:30pm in Schroeder Hall at the Green Music Center. Admission is free, daily parking fee is \$5.

Info: wilsonb@sonoma.edu

If you loved tonight's performance and would like to contribute to next year's series, please contact me after the show!

Thank you for joining us!

Dr. Brian S. Wilson
Professor, Department of Music
Director, Jewish Studies Program

FALL 2022 JEWISH MUSIC SERIES

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 1	5:30 p.m.	<i>Saul Goodman's Klezmer Band</i> Klezmer Band
THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 15	5:30 p.m.	<i>Hours of Freedom: The Story of the Terezín Composers</i> Classical
THURSDAY, OCTOBER 6	5:30 p.m.	<i>Veretski Pass</i> Klezmer String Trio Cookie Segelstein, violin Stuart Brotman, bass and cello Joshua Horowitz, accordion and cimbalom
THURSDAY, OCTOBER 20	5:30 p.m.	<i>Cantor Arik Luck: The Jewish Soul</i> Liturgical
THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 3	5:30 p.m.	<i>Qadim Ensemble</i> Sephardic and Mizrahi
THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 17	5:30 p.m.	<i>The Vocal Music of Kurt Weill</i> SSU Voice Students

ABOUT THIS SERIES

This series is curated and hosted by Professor Brian S. Wilson. Professor Wilson's background is in trombone, piano, music education, composition and conducting and thus has taught just about every course in the curriculum. Versatility is his curse! He teaches music theory and conducts groups for special projects, Music Theory for non-majors and Survey of Jewish Musics. He was formerly the SSU Director of Bands and Music Education and Music Department Chair for 13 years.

A versatile composer, arranger, conductor and educator, Brian Scott Wilson (b. 1962, Lynn, MA) creates music with economy, purpose and humor. Winner of the International Trombone Association Composition Competition for **The Avanti**, Wilson's scoring and sense of pacing have earned him a reputation as a master of craft. Finding inspiration in the music of Stravinsky, Mingus and Varese, Wilson's eclectic style utilizes classic and jazz elements in a way that feels simultaneously familiar and new. His deep spirituality finds expression in works as diverse as **Klezmer Concerto** for clarinet and **Prayer for Peace** for women's choir and orchestra.

Formerly Music Director of the University of Detroit Classic Theatre Study Abroad program, Wilson has participated in conducting master classes by Frederick Fennell and Sergiu Commissiona. An inveterate traveler, he has guest conducted his works in Russia, Poland, Iceland, Israel, Greece, Italy, Latvia, Estonia, Korea, Costa Rica, Canada, France, Switzerland and throughout the US, and spent time performing and doing research in China, France and Germany.

JEWISH STUDIES PROGRAM

The Jewish Studies Program at Sonoma State University is an interdisciplinary program that provides students with the chance to earn a minor degree through the study of language, culture, history, comparative religion, and politics. Jewish Studies courses will foster interfaith dialogue, promote cultural diversity, and increase understanding of how religion has influenced societies around the world.

MISSION STATEMENT

The purpose of the Jewish Studies Program at Sonoma State University is to foster interfaith understanding, cultural diversity, peace and positive change in the world through the study of the history, culture, language and religious practices of Jewish people.

PROGRAM

(All selections composed by Kurt Weill (1900–1950))

From *The Eternal Road* (1937)

Text by Franz Werfel (1890–1945)

The Promise

John Kirk, baritone

The Song of Miriam

Melody Rose Neal, soprano

Nick Lawson, baritone

Kiddush (1946)

Traditional Hebrew blessing

Emily Rae Fealy, soprano

***Two Folksongs of the New Palestine* (1928)**

Text by text by Alexander Penn and Nathan Alterman

Havu L'Venim (Bring the Bricks)

Ba'a M'nucha (Then Comes Peace)

Charlie Whitaker, soprano

From *Ofrah's Lieder* (1916)

Original text by Jehuda Halevi (1075–1141)

Langsam und zart "In meinem Garten steh'n zwei Rosen"

Emily Rae Fealy, soprano

Youkali

Text by Roger Fernay (1905–1983)

David Kerr, baritone

From *Die Dreigroschenoper* (*The Threepenny Opera*)

Text by Bertolt Brecht (1898–1956)

Moritat von Mackie Messer (Mack the Knife)

Gabrielle Giddings, mezzo-soprano

Barbarasong (The Barbara Song)

Julianne Nguyen, soprano

Pirate Jenny

English translation by Marc Blitzstein (1905–1964)

Nora Sarault, mezzo-soprano

From *The Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny*

Text by Bertolt Brecht

The Alabama Song

Samuel Martin, baritone

From *Lost in the Stars*

Text by Maxwell Anderson (1888-1959)

Thousands of Miles

Nick Lawson, baritone

Lost in the Stars

Michaela Thomas, mezzo-soprano

From *Huckleberry Finn* (unfinished musical)

Text by Maxwell Anderson

The Catfish Song

Brayden Simmons-Ayala, baritone

From *One Touch of Venus* (musical-1943)

Text by Ogden Nash

Speak Low

Sybil Staglik, alto

I'm a Stranger Here Myself

Corwin Wilson, soprano

From *One Touch of Venus* (film-1948)

Text by Ann Ronell (1906-1993)

Don't Look Now

Rachel Archambault, mezzo soprano

From *Love Life* (1948)

Text by Alan Jay Lerner (1918-1986)

Love Song

Kyle Piet, baritone

From *Down in the Valley* (1948)

Text by Arnold Sundgaard (1909–2006)

Lonesome Dove

Maggie Millard, soprano

From *Lady in the Dark* (1941)

Text by Ira Gershwin (1896–1983)

The Saga of Jenny

Kathryn Rodriguez, soprano

From *Street Scene* (1946)

Text by Langston Hughes (1901–1967)

Lonely House

Alexander Pletkin, tenor

ABOUT THE ARTISTS

Students in Vocal Repertory class are performing today. Vocal Repertory Class is the weekly two-hour class comprising all the voice majors at Sonoma State University in which singers learn how to bring songs to life in front of their colleagues, to work with instrumental collaborators and other solo singers, receive coaching from world class guest artists and SSU's expert voice faculty, prepare for solo and group recitals (several each semester), and form a close and supportive community of artists. M. Jane Erwin currently leads Vocal Rep, and is supported from collaborative pianists Yvonne Wormer and Dan Cromeenes, and wonderful voice teacher colleagues Christa Durand, Pamela Hicks, Mark Kratz and Krista Wigle. There are singers at every stage of their college journey, and the voice program at SSU emphasizes the distinction between technique and genre. Singers at SSU are equipped with the versatility and artistry to make a career wherever they wish in the music world, and will sound great doing it.

ABOUT THE MUSIC OF KURT WEILL

More than half a century after his premature death, the life and the art of Kurt Weill continues to fascinate. On many levels he is *sui generis* among the émigré composers of the 1930s, and perhaps among all American composers—especially in his juxtaposition of styles. His music mirrors the various artistic, moral, political, and spiritual contradictions of his generation and his times.

Weill was born in Dessau, Germany, the son of a cantor and scion of a family of rabbis and rabbinic scholars whose Judeo-German roots have been traced to the 13th century. He began composing at age twelve; his first surviving piece is a setting of *mi addir* in Hebrew, a text sung at Jewish weddings, but his first substantial piece was a song cycle on poems (in German translation) by the great medieval Spanish-Hebrew poet Yehuda Halevi. While at the Berliner Musikhochschule, he studied with Engelbert Humperdinck and was briefly an assistant to the conductor Hans Knapperstbusch at the Dessau Opera. He then entered the master class of the legendary Ferruccio Busoni and became acquainted with the music of some of the composers who would become important leaders of the German avant-garde. During those years, Weill wrote his first stage work, as well as his first symphony, a string quartet, and other concert pieces.

In 1926 while in Dresden, Weill enjoyed his first major theatrical success: a one-act opera with a libretto by George Kaiser, with whom he would collaborate on other important works. It was in Kaiser's home that Weill met his future wife, the singer Lotte Lenya, who is generally acknowledged as the pervasive, propelling energy behind his work and certainly the champion of his legacy.

Weill began a collaboration with the left-wing, socially critical, and sympathetically

communist poet and playwright Bertolt Brecht that would yield a half dozen musical theater works, including the full-length opera *Aufstieg und Fall der Stadt Mahagonny* (The Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny) and the social satire *Die Dreigroschenoper* (The Threepenny Opera), which is based on John Gay's 18th-century *The Beggar's Opera* and is, to this day, regarded as Weill's greatest international success; it has been translated into eleven languages.

The social messages and leftist perspectives in Weill's works were sure to invite contempt from the Nazis and their followers, who viewed social reformers as the agents of Germany's defeat in the First World War and considered Weill's art an example of the quintessential "cultural Bolshevism" that was lethal to German society. This, together with his affiliation with the egregious communist Brecht, as well as the wider circles of Weimar's leftist avant-garde, made Weill a focus of efforts to discredit him and sabotage his performances. His so-called leftist sympathies, however, must be appreciated in the context of the universalist and pacifist orientations of his time and circle, rather than as a form of political commitment. When Weill's sense of artistic isolation drove him from Germany in 1933, it was probably less as a Jew at that stage and more for his unwillingness to reorient his work to an art devoid of social or political dimension. After a sojourn as a refugee in Paris, Weill went to New York in 1935, initially to supervise the production of *The Eternal Road*, a unique amalgam of biblical pageant, music drama, Jewish passion play, and theatrical extravaganza in the service of a Jewish ideological message. His collaborators were director Max Reinhardt and playwright Franz Werfel. Inspired by the anti-Jewish measures of the new Nazi regime in Germany as well as by the ideals of the Zionist movement, the work was conceived to reflect the broad spectrum of Jewish history and persecution through biblical accounts in the context of—and related to—events of the modern era. It attempted to convey the perpetual homelessness of the Jewish people and to suggest an ultimate solution to their suffering and wandering: a return as a national entity to their reclaimed and rebuilt ancient home in Palestine—the Land of Israel.

The "American" Weill turned away from the opera house per se, even though some of his American musical theater works have been considered operatic—or even prototypes of a new form of American opera. He focused instead on commercial theater, becoming a leading figure in the revitalization of the Broadway musical and the exploration of a distinctly American musical-dramatic genre. Weill's first full-fledged Broadway show was *Knickerbocker Holiday*, in which Walter Huston sang "September Song," followed by other scores including *Lady in the Dark*, *One Touch of Venus*, *Street Scene*, and *Lost in the Stars*. He was working on a musical based on *Huckleberry Finn* at the time of his fatal heart attack in 1950.

Of the major American musical theater composers and songwriters who happened to be Jews—among them Jerome Kern, Irving Berlin, Harold Arlen, Jule Styne, and Stephen Sondheim—Weill was one of the very few, along with

Leonard Bernstein, to write even a single synagogue piece. His imaginative setting of the *kiddush*, commissioned in 1946 by New York's Park Avenue Synagogue for its annual Sabbath eve service devoted to new music, is today considered a liturgical masterpiece. And he expressed his willingness to compose additional Hebrew liturgical settings.

After *The Eternal Road*, Weill collaborated on two further large-scale Jewish pageants—*We Will Never Die* (1943) and *A Flag Is Born* (1946)—whose purposes, though ultimately unsuccessful, were to galvanize public support in order to effect changes in government policies. Weill's literary partner for both was playwright Ben Hecht, who had published the first indisputable graphic evidence that the Holocaust and the "final solution" were already under way. *We Will Never Die* was conceived to bring the Holocaust to public attention and to provoke Allied action to save Europe's remaining Jews. With an all-star cast and a chorus of 400 rabbis and cantors, it played to 40,000 people in a single day in two performances at New York's Madison Square Garden, and then toured several cities.

A Flag Is Born had an even more overtly propagandist and militant aim in its support of the Revisionist Zionist cause, which thus separated it from a large part of American Jewry, including advocates in Washington, as well as from mainstream Zionist circles. Nonetheless, with a high-profile cast that included Marlon Brando, Paul Muni, and Luther Adler, the production had 120 New York performances followed by a tour, and it raised respectable sums for its Revisionist sponsors and their faction in Palestine.

There may always be some debate about the extent and evolution of Weill's "Jewish identity," especially over whether his Judaically oriented works represent either a form of spiritual "return to his roots" or an awakening of a related ethnic-national consciousness—or, on some level, both. Certainly, by the mid-1940s it would seem that the earlier universalist and pacifist Weill had become Weill the fervent Jewish nationalist. Many have been convinced that *The Eternal Road* represented his own personal "road back" to Jewish identification, while others have claimed that his Jewish works arose more simply from the feeling of solidarity among Jewish artists that was precipitated by Germany's war against the Jews and the enthusiasm for the Zionist enterprise as a response. On balance, though, it is difficult in retrospect to imagine Weill the composer as divorced from the genuine Jewish and humanitarian concerns expressed so artistically in his Jewish works.

- Neil W. Levin

THE COLLABORATORS

Franz Werfel (*The Eternal Road*) was an Austrian poet, playwright and novelist whose career spanned both World Wars. Werfel's first book of poems was published in 1911, when he was just 21. For the 1937 opera, *The Eternal Road*, Werfel was commissioned to write the libretto (along with Weill to compose the music) for activist Meier Weisgal's piece to alert an ignorant public to Hitler's persecution of Jews. Werfel served in the Austro-Hungarian Army during the first World War, where his experience inspired him to write prolifically on mythology, religion and humanism. He was the last husband of composer Alma Mahler, and his best known novels are *The Forty Days of Musa Dagh* and *The Song of Bernadette*.

Roger Fernay ("Youkali") was a pseudonym for the French actor and trade union organizer Roger Bertrand. Weill had originally written the tune to "Youkali" as an instrumental interlude for the 1934 French play *Marie Galante* by Jacques Deval. Fernay had studied law but abandoned it to become an actor, and later a writer and lyricist. He had an important role in the French professional union, The National Union of Authors and Composers, including as its secretary general.

Jehuda Halevy (*Ofrahs Lieder*). Considered by many to be the greatest of all medieval Spanish poets, Jehuda Halevy dedicated much of his life's work to the defense of the Jewish faith. He was also a physician and philosopher, and wrote widely on many subjects in many forms. His education included Arabic literature, Greek sciences and philosophy, and traditional Jewish scholarship. Many of the details of his life are unclear; after more than a thousand years few records have remained. An awakening of some kind caused him to turn his attention to sacred and religious subjects, from which his reputation as a defender of Judaism arose. But before this experience, Halevy had written a wide variety of poetry, including love songs like the text for "Ofrah's Lieder." The German translator for this work is unknown.

Bertolt Brecht (*Die Dreigroschenoper* and *The Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny*). German theater practitioner - playwright, dramatist, actor - Bertolt Brecht was a pioneer in a theatrical concept arising in the 1920s known as "Epic Theater" which favored realism and direct interaction with an audience over romanticized storytelling. Brecht's vivid writing won him critical acclaim as a new voice for the times, and Brecht counted Charlie Chaplin, Munich comedian and clown Karl Valentin, and German playwright Franz Wedekind ("Spring Awakening") among his inspirations. His stories blend gritty realism, absurdity and darkly comic parody, taking aim at a corrupt and fundamentally unjust society. Brecht first collaborated with Kurt Weill in 1927 for *The Mahagonny Project* which ultimately developed into the full opera, *The Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny*. In 1927 Brecht and Weill adapted John Gay's 1728 ballad opera *The Beggar's Opera* into *Die Dreigroschen Oper* (*The Threepenny Opera*).

It was the biggest hit of the 1920s in Berlin, and over 100 years later continues to inform theatrical practice and receive frequent productions all over the world.

Maxwell Anderson (*Lost in the Stars*). Born in Pennsylvania, Anderson survived a sickly childhood while his father's work as a minister caused them to move repeatedly. Although he missed a lot of school, he became a voracious reader, eventually earning a BA in English Literature from the University of North Dakota and an MA in English Literature from Stanford University. He taught high school English in San Francisco and later became the head of the English department at Whittier College in California. He began to find work as a journalist in San Francisco then in New York, and had his first play, *White Desert*, produced in New York in 1923. The success of his second play in 1924, *What Price Glory?*, enabled him to quit journalism and devote his efforts exclusively to playwriting. He wrote books of poetry and essays, and the screenplays to *All Quiet on the Western Front* (1930) and *Death Takes a Holiday* (1934). He won the Pulitzer Prize for Drama in 1933 for his play, *Both Your Houses*. He wrote a successful group of plays on the Tudor family of British monarchy, the most famous of which is *Anne of a Thousand Days*. Anderson collaborated with Kurt Weill on two musicals, *Knickerbocker Holiday* (for which he wrote the lyrics to the famous "September Song") and *Lost in the Stars*, a South African story based on the famous novel, *Cry the Beloved Country* by Alan Paton.

Ogden Nash's (*One Touch of Venus* musical) witty, clever and light-hearted lyrics caused The New York Times to dub him "the country's best-known producer of humorous poetry" in his 1971 obituary. His classic line, "Candy is dandy, but liquor is quicker" has put a smile on innumerable faces. He famously mangled words to create clever rhymes and took whimsical aim at the vicissitudes of everyday living. Nash was born in New York and raised mostly in the south (where his ancestors had made their mark in the American Revolution, one of them having the city of Nashville named after him). He attended Harvard but dropped out in order to earn a living. After trying serious poetry (he had read Keats, Shelley, Byron and other classical English poets), Nash decided to turn to humor in case no one took him seriously. The result was the delightfully absurd body of work which continues to charm readers (and singers) everywhere.

Ann Ronell (*One Touch of Venus* film) was an American composer and lyricist. She studied music and composition under Walter Piston at Radcliffe College, where she also composed for school plays. She was one of the first successful female composers in Hollywood, notable also for being one of the few who could compose both music and lyrics. Ronell's most famous song, "Willow Weep for Me" was recorded by many famous singers, including Ella Fitzgerald, Billie Holiday, Frank Sinatra, Barbra Streisand, Sarah Vaughn and Tony Bennett.

Alan Jay Lerner (*Love Life*), American lyricist, is best known for his collaborations with Frederick Loewe on Tony Award winning musicals *My Fair Lady* (1956)

and *Camelot* (1960). Lerner was educated at Harvard, where he worked on the yearbook staff with classmate John F. Kennedy, and co-wrote a song with classmate Leonard Bernstein. While at Harvard, Lerner spent several summers studying music composition at Juilliard. Kept at home from WWII due to an eye injury, Lerner met Loewe in 1942, and the pair went on to produce *Brigadoon* (1947), *Paint Your Wagon* (1951) and later *Gigi* (1968) in addition to their two biggest hits. He was inducted into the Songwriters Hall of Fame in 1971, and garnered three Academy Awards, two Tony Awards and two Golden Globe Awards for his work. His sunny, clever and wry lyrics have won him legions of fans worldwide.

Arnold Sundgaard (*Down in the Valley*) was an American playwright, lyricist, librettist, writer of children's books, as well as a college professor of theater and drama. He received his bachelor's degree in 1935 from the University of Wisconsin, and went on to study at the Yale School of Drama. He taught at Columbia University, Bennington College, and the University of Texas. While his own Broadway plays achieved mixed success, Sundgaard collaborated more successfully with composers such as Weill, and operatic composers Alec Wilder and Douglas Moore. He also wrote for *The New Yorker* and *Atlantic Monthly* magazines.

Ira Gershwin (*Lady in the Dark*) was an American lyricist known for his collaborations with his younger brother George, as well as many other hit creations with the top composers of his day such as Harold Arlen, Jerome Kern and Harry Warren. With his brother he wrote more than a dozen Broadway musicals. Three of his songs won an Academy Award nomination for Best Original Song ("They Can't Take That Away from Me," "Long Ago and Far Away," and "The Man That Got Away"), and numerous songs of his have become standards covered by top recording artists over many decades. He was a co-recipient, along with George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind, of the 1932 Pulitzer Prize for Drama for their Musical *Of Thee I Sing*.

Langston Hughes (*Street Scene*) was an American poet, playwright, novelist and social activist known for his prolific writings on Black experience in America. Raised first by his grandparents then by his mother and stepfather, Hughes became a writer at a very young age. After high school he attended Columbia University, and although he dropped out of Columbia he became a prominent and innovative voice for life in the surrounding neighborhood of Harlem, becoming a leader in the Harlem Renaissance, a cultural and intellectual revival of African American arts, music, fashion, theater and politics in the 1920s and 30s. His published works include poetry, novels and short stories, non-fiction, plays and children's books.

- M. Jane Erwin

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

From *The Eternal Road* (1937)

Text by Franz Werfel

The Promise

And the Lord spoke to Abram:

Go now forth from thy place of birth,

And from thy Fatherland,

And from thy father's house into a land,

That I the Lord will show thee.

And I will make of thee a mighty nation;

And thy name shall fill the earth with glory

And blessings shall flow from thee.

And those that bless thee shall have my blessing,

And those that curse thee shall be accursed,

And to thee will all the nations turn

And be blessed in thy name forever.

The Song of Miriam

Text by Franz Werfel (1880-1945)

Translated by Ludwig Lewisohn (1882-1955)

MIRIAM

The princess beheld in the rushes below

A basket of branches and willows,

And rending her down she heard tiny and low

A wailing born over the billows.

The babe was dainty as woven of light,

The princess had found her heart's delight.

My brother is high in the counsels of Egypt,

My brother is mighty in Egypt.

MOSES

A stranger am I in a stranger's land,

A stranger among the Egyptians

MIRIAM

His place in the court is as high as a star,

He sits next to the Sun-God gleaming,

He looks on our burdens as though from afar.

On Israel's wounds that are streaming,

He walks with staff and diadem proud

Through his folk that moaning to Earth is bowed.

My brother is high in the counsels of Egypt,

My brother is mighty in Egypt.

Kiddush (1946)

Traditional Hebrew blessing

Barukh atah, Adonai, Eloheinu melekh
ha-olam, borei p'ri ha-gafen.
Barukh atah, Adonai, Eloheinu
melekh ha-olam,
asher kid'shanu b'mitsvotav
v-ratsa vanu,
ve-shabat kodsho be-ahava
uv-ratson hinhilanu,
zikaron le-ma'aseh v'reishit,
t'hila le-mikra'ei kodesh,
zekher li-y'tsi'at Mitsra'yim.
Ki vanu vaharta ve-otanu
kidashta mikol ha'amim,
ve-Shabat kodsh'kha b'ahava
uv-ratson hinhaltanu.
Barukh atah Adonai,
m'kadesh ha-Shabat.

Praised are You, Lord our
God, Ruler of the universe,
Creator of the fruit of the vine.
Praised are You, Lord our
God, Ruler of the universe,
who has sanctified us through
His commandments
Lovingly You have favored us with
the gift of your Holy Shabbat
And has taken delight in us.
Out of love and with favor
You have given us the
holy Sabbath
As our inheritance,
in remembrance of Your creation,
First among the sacred days
Which recall the Exodus from Egypt.
You have chosen us of all
peoples for Your service,
And You have given us a
sacred purpose in life.
In loving favor, You have given us
Your holy Shabbat as a heritage.
Praise are You, O Lord, who
hallows the Shabbat.

Two Folksongs of the New Palestine (1928)

Text by Alexander Penn (1906-1972) and Nathan Alterman (1910-1970)

Havu L'venim (מינבל ובה)

Havu l'venim,
ein p'nai la'amod af rega!
B'nu habanaim,
al pachad v'al yega!
Kir el kir narim,
likrat michshol vafega.

Kulanu nashir,
himnon binyan artzenu:
Bimkom etmol Yesh lanu machar,
uv'ad kol kir,
b'henef binyanenu,
atid amenu hu lanu sachar.

Bring on the bricks
There's no time to lose!
builders - build,
Have no fear and never give up!
Wall by wall,
we will build for tomorrow's
setbacks and losses.

Together we shall sing
A song for building our land;
Rather than yesterday,
we have tomorrow;
the future of our people
is our payment

Havu, havu l'venim
k'far, moshav vakeret!
Shiru zemer habonim,
shir binyan vamered!

Ba'a M'nucha (החונמ האב)

Ba'a m'nucha layagea
Umargoa leamel.
Laila chiver mistarea
Al s'dot emek yizr'el.
Tal mil'mata ul'vana meal,
Mibeit Alfa ad nahalal.

Ma, ma laila milel?
D'mama b'yizr'el.
Numa, emek,
eretz tif'eret
Anu l'cha mishmeret.

Yam hadagan mit noe'a,
Shir haeder m' tzaltzel.
Zohi artzi us'doteha.
Zehu emek yizr'el.
T'vorach artzi vtihalal,
Mibeitalfa ad nahalal.

Ofel b'har hagilboa,
Sus doher mitzel el tzel.
Kol z'aka af gavao,
Mis'dot emek yizr'el.
Miyara umi zeh sham nafal
Bein beitalfa v'nahalal?

for each wall we build,
with each wave of the arm.

Bring, bring on the bricks,
every village, town and city!
Sing the builders' song,
a song of building and rebellion!

Peace comes to he who toils
and rest to he who slaves away.
The pale night falls over
the fields of the Jezreel Valley.
Dew from below and
the moon above
from Beit Alfa to Nahalal.

What is there, night after night?
Silence in the Valley.
Rest, valley, glorious land,
We are here to watch over you.

The grain sways;
the song of the flock fills the air.
This is my land and its fields,
this is the Jezreel Valley.
Bless you, my land; may
you be praised,
from Beit Alfa to Nahalal.

Mount Gilboa is dark now;
horses gallop from one
shadow to the next.
A sound rings out to the heavens,
from the fields of the
Valley of Jezreel.
Who pulled the trigger,
and who fell dead,
Between Beit Alfa and Nahalal?

From Ofrah's Lieder (1916)

Original Hebrew text by Jehuda Halevi (1075-1141)

German translation by Unknown

In meinem Garten steh'n zwei Rosen
In meinem Garten stehn zwei Rosen
und harren dein, mit dir zu kosen.

In my garden stand two roses
and they wait for you, to
make love to you.

Als Schlangen lauern meine Lokken
am Blumenbeete meiner Wangen.
O, tue Freund, nicht so erschrocken
und nahe ihnen ohne Bangen;
sie sollen, Trauter dich berücken
in mir die Schönste zu erblicken.

Youkali

Text by Roger Fernay (1905-1983)

C'est presque au bout du monde
Ma barque vagabonde
Errant au gré de l'onde
M'y conduisit un jour
L'île est toute petite
Mais la fée que l'habite
Gentiment nous invite
A en faire le tour
Youkali, c'est le pays de nos désirs
Youkali, c'est le bonheur, c'est le plaisir
Youkali, c'est la terre où l'on
quitte tous les soucis
C'est, dans notre nuit,
comme une éclaircie
L'étoile qu'on suit
C'est Youkali
Youkali, c'est le respect de
tous les voeux échangés
Youkali, c'est le pays des
beaux amours partagés
C'est l'espérance
Qui est au coeur de tous les humains
La délivrance
Que nous attendons tous pour demain
Mais c'est un rêve, une folie
Il n'y a pas de Youkali
Et la vie nous entraîne
Lassante, quotidienne
Mais la pauvre âme humaine
Cherchant partout l'oubli
A, pour quitter la terre
Se trouver le mystère
Où rêves se terrent
En quelque Youkali
It was almost at world's end

Like snakes my curls lie in wait
at the flowerbed of my cheek
Oh, take them friend, be
not so frightened
and approach them without worries;
they should charm you, beloved,
into seeing the most beautiful in me.

That my vagabond little boat,
Wandering at the will of the waves,
Conducted me one day.
The island is very small
But the spirit that lives there
Kindly invited us
To take a walk around
Youkali, it's the land of our desires
Youkali, it's happiness, it's pleasure
Youkali, it's the land where you
leave all your worries behind
It's like a shaft of light in a dark night
The star we follow
It's Youkali
Youkali, it's the respect from
vows that are exchanged
Youkali, it's the land where
loves are shared
It's the hope
In every human heart
Tomorrow's deliverance
That we all await today
But it's only a dream, a madness:
There is no Youkali.
And life carries us along
In tedium, day by day.
But the Poor human soul,
Searching everywhere for oblivion,
Has, in order to escape the world,
Managed to find the mystery
Where dreams burrow themselves
In some Youkali.

From *Die Dreigroschenoper* (*The Threepenny Opera*)

Text by Bertolt Brecht (1898-1956)

Moritat von Mackie Messer

(Mack the Knife)

Und der Haifisch, der hat Zähne,
Und die trägt er im Gesicht,
Und Macheath der hat ein Messer,
Doch das Messer sieht man nicht.

An 'nem schönen blauen Sonntag
Liegt ein toter Mann am Strand
Und ein Mensch geht um die Ecke,
Den man Makkie Messer nennt.

Und Schmul Meier bleibt
verschwunden,
Und so mancher reiche Mann,
Und sein Geld hat Makkie Messer,
Dem man nichts beweisen kann.

Jenny Towler ward gefunden
Mit 'nem Messer in der Brust,
Und am Kai geht Makkie Messer,
Der von allem nichts gewusst.

Und das grosse Feuer in Soho,
Sieben Kinder und ein Greis,
In der Menge Makkie Messer,
Den man nichts fragt und
der nicht weiss.

Und die minderjähr'ge Witwe,
Deren Namen jeder weiss,
Wachte auf und war geschändet,
Makkie, welches war dein Preis?

Barbarasong (The Barbara Song)

Einst glaubte ich, als ich
noch unschuldig war,
und das war ich einst grad so wie du,
vielleicht kommt auch zu
mir einmal einer,
und dann muß ich wissen, was ich tu.
Und wenn er Geld hat,
und wenn er nett ist,
und sein Kragen ist auch werktags rein,

And the shark, he has teeth,
And he wears them in his face,
And MacHeath, he has a knife
But the knife, you don't see.

On a beautiful blue Sunday
Lies a dead man on the street
And a man goes around the corner
Whom they call Mack the Knife.

And Schmul Meier is missing,
And many a rich man,
And his money has Mack the Knife,
On whom they can't pin anything.

Jenny Towler was found
With a knife in her chest,
And on the wharf walks
Mack the Knife,
Who knows nothing about all this.

The big fire in Soho,
Seven children and an old man,
Into the crowd goes Mack the Knife,
Whom no one questions
and no one knows.

And the minor-aged widow,
Whose name everyone knows,
Woke up and was raped,
Mack, what was your price?

I once used to think in
my innocent youth,
(And I once was as innocent as you),
That someone some day
might come my way,
And then I should know
what's best to do.
And if he'd got money, and
seemed a nice chap,

und wenn er weiß, was sich
bei einer Dame schickt,
dann sage, dann sage, dann
sage ich ihm "Nein!"

Da behält man seinen Kopf oben,
und man bleibt ganz allgemein.
Sicher scheint der Mond
die ganze Nacht,
sicher wird das Boot am
Ufer losgemacht,
ja, aber weiter kann nichts sein.
Ja, da kann man sich doch
nicht nur hinlegen,
ja, da muß man kalt und herzlos sein.
Ja, da könnte so viel geschehen,
ach, da gibt's überhaupt nur: Nein.

Der erste, der kam, war
ein Mann aus Kent,
der war, wie ein Mann sein soll.
Der zweite hatte drei Schiffe im Hafen,
und der dritte war nach mir toll.
Und als sie Geld hatten,
und als sie nett waren,
und ihr Kragen war auch werktags rein,
und als sie wußten, was sich
bei einer Dame schickt,
da sagte, da sagte, da sagte
ich ihnen "Nein."

Da behielt ich meinen Kopf oben,
und ich blieb ganz allgemein.
Sicher schien der Mond
die ganze Nacht,
sicher ward das Boot am
Ufer losgemacht,
ja, aber weiter konnte nichts sein.

Ja, da kann man sich doch
nicht nur hinlegen,
ja, da muß' ich kalt und herzlos sein.
Ja, da könnte doch viel geschehen,
aber da gibt's überhaupt nur: Nein.

Jedoch eines Tages, und
der Tag war blau,

And his workday shirts
were white as snow,
And if he knew how to treat
a girl with due respect,
I'd have to tell him, "No!"

That's where you must keep your
head screwed on and insist on
going slow.
Sure the moon will shine
throughout the night,
Sure the boat is on the
river tied up tight,
That's as far as things can go.

Oh, you can't lie back, you
must stay cold at heart,
Oh, you must not let
your feelings show.
Oh, the moment you
feel it might start,
Oh, then your only answer's, "No!"
The first one that came
was a man of Kent,
And all that a man ought to be.

The second one owned three
ships down at Wopping,
And the third was crazy about me.
And as they'd got money, and
all seemed nice chaps,
And their workday shirts
were white as snow,
And as they knew how to treat
a girl with due respect,
Each time I told them, "No!"

That's when I used to get my head
screwed on and I chose to take
it slow.
Sure the moon could shine
throughout the night,
Sure the boat was on the
river tied up tight,
That's as far as things could go.
Oh, you can't lie back, you

kam einer, der mich nicht bat,
und er hängte seinen Hut an den
Nagel in meiner Kammer,
und ich wußte nicht was ich tat.
Und als er kein Geld hatte,
und als er nicht nett war,
und sein Kragen war auch
am Sonntag nicht rein,
und als er nicht wußte, was sich
bei einer Dame schickt,
zu ihm sagte, zu ihm sagte, zu
ihm sagte ich nicht "Nein."

Da behielt ich meinen Kopf nicht oben,
und ich blieb nicht allgemein.
Ach, es schien der Mond
die ganze Nacht,
und es ward das Boot am
Ufer festgemacht,
und es konnte gar nicht anders sein!
Ja, da muß man sich doch
einfach hinlegen,
ja, da kann man doch nicht
kalt und herzlos sein.
Ach, da mußte soviel geschehen,
ja da gab's überhaupt kein Nein.

must stay cold at heart,
Oh, you must not let
your feelings show.
Oh, the moment you
feel it might start,
Oh, then your only answer's, "No!"

But then one day, and
the day was blue,
Came a man who didn't ask at all.
And he went and hung his hat
on the nail of my little attic,
And what happened, I can't recall.
And as he'd got no money
and was not a nice chap,
And his Sunday shirts
were not like snow,
And as he'd no idea of treating
a girl with due respect,
I could not tell him, "No!"

That's the day my head
was not screwed on,
and to hell with goingslow!
Oh, the moon could shine
so clear and bright,
Oh, the boat kept drifting
downstream that night,
That was how it simply had to go.
Oh, you can't lie back, you
must stay cold at heart,
In the end you'll have to
let your feelings show.
Oh, the moment you
know it might start,
And there's no time for saying, "No!"

Pirate Jenny

English translation by Marc Blitzstein (1905-1964)

You gentlemen can watch while I'm scrubbin' the floors,
And I'm scrubbin' the floors while you're gawkin',
And maybe once you tip me and it makes you feel swell,
On a ratty waterfront in a ratty old hotel,
And you never guess to who you're talkin',
Suddenly one night, there's a scream in the night,
And you yell, "What the hell could that-a been?"
And you see me kinda grinnin' while I'm scrubbin'
And you say "What the hell's she got to grin?"
And a ship, a black freighter,
With a skull on its masthead will be comin' in.

You gentlemen can say, "Hey girl finish the floors,
get upstairs, make the beds, earn your keep here!"
You toos me your tips and look out at the ships;
But I'm countin' your head while I make up the beds
'cause there's nobody gonna sleep here.
Tonight none of you will sleep here.
Then that night there's a bang in the night,
and you yell, "Who's that kickin' up a row?"
And you see me kinda starin' out the winda.
And you say "What's she got to stare at now?"
And the ship, the black freighter,
turns around in the harbor, shootin' guns from the bow!

Then you gentlemen can wipe off that laugh from your face,
ev'ry buildin' in town is a flat one.
Your whole stinkin' place will be down to the ground,
Only this cheap hotel standin' up safe and sound,
And you yell, "Why the hell spare that one?"
And you yell, "Why the hell spare that one?"
All the night through with the noise and to do,
You wonder who's that person lives up there.
Then you see me steppin' out into the morning,
lookin' nice with a ribbon in my hair.
And the ship, the black freighter,
Runs a flag up its masthead and a cheer rings the air!

By noontime the dock is all swarmin' with men,
Comin' off of that ghostly freighter.
They're movin' in the shadows where no one can see,
And they're chainin' up the people and bringin' them to me,
Askin' me, "Kill them now or later?"
Noon by the clock and so still on the dock,

You can hear a fog-horn miles away.
In that quiet of death, I'll say,
"Right now!" And they pile up the bodies and I'll say,
"That'll learn you."
Then a ship, the black freighter,
Disappears out to sea, and on it is me.

**From *The Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny*
Text by Bertolt Brecht**

The Alabama Song

Oh, show us the way to the next whisky bar
Oh, don't ask why, oh, don't ask why!
For we must find the next whisky bar
For if we don't find the next whisky bar,
I tell you we must die!

Oh, moon of Alabama
We now must say goodbye
We've lost our good old mamma
And must have whisky, oh you know why!

Oh, show us the way to the next little dollar
Oh, don't ask why, oh, don't ask why!
For we must find the next little dollar
For if we don't find the next little dollar,
I tell you we must die!

Oh, moon of Alabama
We now must say goodbye
We've lost our good old mamma
And must have dollars, oh you know why!

**From *Lost in the Stars*
Text by Maxwell Anderson (1888-1959)**

Thousands of Miles

How many miles to the heart of a child?
Thousands of mile, thousands of miles.
When he lay on your breast, he looked up and smiled
across tens of thousands, thousands of miles.

Each lives alone in a world of dark,
Crossing the skies in a lonely arc,
Save when love leaps out like a leaping spark
over thousands, thousands of miles.

Not miles, or walls, or length of days,
Nor the cold doubt of midnight can hold us apart.
For swifter than wings of the morning,
The pathways of the heart.

How many miles to the heart of a son?
Thousands of miles, thousands of miles.
Farther off than the rails or the roadways run
across tens of thousands, thousands of miles.

The lines on the map stretch far and thin,
To the streets and days that close him in,
But then as of old he turns round to grin
over thousands, thousands of miles

Not miles or walls or length of days,
Nor the cold doubt of midnight can hold us apart.
For swifter than wings of the morning.
The pathways of the heart
Over tens of thousands of miles.

Lost in the Stars

Before Lord God made the sea or the land
He held all the stars in the palm of his hand
And they ran through his fingers like grains of sand
And one little star fell alone

Then the Lord God hunted through the wide night air
For the little dark star in the wind down there
And he stated and promised he'd take special care
So it wouldn't get lost again

Now, a man don't mind if the stars get dim
And the clouds blow over and darken him
So long as the Lord God's watching over him
Keeping track how it all goes on

But I've been walking through the night and the day
Till my eyes get weary and my head turns gray
And sometimes it seems maybe God's gone away
Forgetting his promise that we heard him say

And we're lost out here in the stars
Little stars big stars blowing through the night
And we're lost out here in the stars
Little stars big stars blowing through the night
And we're lost out here in the stars

From *Huckleberry Finn* (unfinished musical)

Text by Maxwell Anderson

The Catfish Song

Oh catfish, come on my line,
Oh catfish, come in my hand.
Oh catfish, you must be mine;
You're goin' to walk on land.

Oh sunfish, come to my bait;
Oh sunfish, come to my pan.
Oh sunfish, please don't be late,
Comfort my inner man.

Catfish, sunfish, pickerel, eel,
You're best fried in fresh corn meal.
White perch, bull-head, yellow trout,
Take that hook, don't spit it out.

Oh two hungry men are we.
Oh, you are a noble fish.
Oh, hark to this desperate plea,
Fill up our empty dish.

Oh catfish, you are divine
Oh bull-head, I love you too.
Oh, tell me you will be mine,
Make all my dreams come true

From *One Touch of Venus* (musical-1943)

Text by Ogden Nash

Speak Low

Speak low
When you speak, love,
Our summer day withers away
Too soon, too soon.

Speak low
When you speak, love,
Our moment is swift,
Like ships adrift,
Were swept apart too soon.

Speak low, darling, speak low,
Love is a spark
Lost in the dark
Too soon, too soon.

I feel wherever i go
That tomorrow is near,
Tomorrow is here
And always too soon.

Time is so old
And love so brief,
Love is pure gold
And time a thief.

I'm A Stranger Here Myself (*One Touch of Venus*)
Ogden Nash (1902-1971)

Tell me, is love still a popular suggestion,
Or merely an obsolete art?
Forgive me for asking this simple question,
I'm unfamiliar with his heart,
I'm a stranger here myself.

Why is it wrong to murmur, I adore him,
When it's shamefully obvious I do?
Does love embarrass him, or does it bore him?
I'm only waiting for my cue,
I'm a stranger here myself.

I dream of a day, of a gay warm day,
With my face between his hands.
Have I lost the path, have I gone astray?
I ask, and no one understands.

Love me, or leave me,
That seems to be the question;
I don't know the tactics to use.
But if he should offer a personal suggestion,
How could I possibly refuse,
When I'm a stranger here myself?

Please tell me, tell a stranger by curiosity goaded
Is there really any danger that love is now outmoded?
I'm interested especially in knowing why you waste it;
True romance is so fleshly, with what have you replaced it?
What is your latest foible?
Is Gin Rummy more exquisite?
Is skiing more enjoyable?
For heaven's sake, what is it?

I can't believe that love has lost its glamour,

That passion is really passé?
If gender is just a term in grammar,
How can I ever find my way, since I'm a stranger here myself?

How can he ignore my available condition?
Why these Victorian views?
You see here before you, a woman with a mission;
I must discover the key to his ignition.
And then if he should make a diplomatic proposition,
How could I possibly refuse,
When I'm a stranger here myself?

From *One Touch of Venus* (film-1948)

Text by Ann Ronell (1906-1993)

Don't Look Now

Don't look now, but my heart is showing
In everything I say or do
My feet think they know where they're going
But they yearn to turn to you.

Don't look now, but my eyes are glowing
With visions of a rosy hue,
I still would be warm when it's snowing
For it's Spring to cling to you.

Oh Love, lovely Love
To floating on air you compel me
If this bliss is love
Why didn't somebody tell me?

I've spent lonely nights without knowing
That nights could be delights for two
Don't look now, but my eyes are showing
And I'm falling fast
Falling at last, darling,
Falling in love with you.

Don't look now, but my heart is showing
I everything I say or do
Can't hide it, my heart's Romeoing
I can't stay away from you.

You smile and my dreams start helping
They spin when you come into view,
In circles I may not be going
But I feel I reel with you.

Around, 'round and 'round
I'm just like a record that's playing
Repeating the same sweet sound
The needle must like what I'm saying!

You smile and the stardust is blowing
We're whirling in a world that's new
Don't look now but my heart is showing
And it flips and halts
And turns somersaults, darling,
It wants to waltz with you.

From *Love Life* (1948)

Text by Alan Jay Lerner (1918-1986)

Love Song

New York, Tennessee,
Oregon, Maine,
Wichita, Little Rock,
Butte and Spokane.
I've seen 'em all, Mister,
I've seen their noisy hum.
You know 'em all, Mister,
When you're a bum
Wherever I go I listen
And I hear the lonely tune
Of the frantic, lonely millions
Trying hard to buy the moon.
And I heard a song of harvest
In the green and copper hills,
As the copper turns to pennies
And the green to dollar bills.
Yes, I've heard 'em all, Mister,
But I can't go sing 'em back,
I sing another song along the track.
I sing a song about the ocean,
Sing of how endless is the ocean,
Sing of how ever near the shore and sea,
And that's how true love should ever be.
I sing a song about the snow fall,
Sing of how gentle is the snow fall,
Sing of how pure the snow on ev'ry tree.
And that's how true love should ever stay
I've sung my song on a plain
with the wind and the rain about me.

I've sung it high to a cloud
and the people who crowd along.
Oh I sing a song about forever,
Only a song about forever.
Sing of how empty hearts forever long.
But nobody listens to my song.

From *Down in the Valley* (1948)
Text by Arnold Sundgaard (1909-2006)

Lonesome Dove

Oh, don't you see that lonesome dove
That flies from vine to vine,
She's mourning for her own true love
Like I will mourn for mine.
Like I will mourn for mine, my love,
Believe me what I say,
You are the darling of my heart
Until my dying day.

I wish I were some distant place
Or on some distant shore,
Or down in some low valley place
Where the wild beast howl and roar.
Where the wild beast howl and roar, my love,
Believe me what I say,
You are the darling of my heart
Until my dying day.

From *Lady in the Dark* (1941)
Text by Ira Gershwin (1896-1983)

The Saga of Jenny

There once was a girl named Jenny
Whose virtues were varied and many
Excepting that she was inclined
Always to make up her mind
And Jenny points a moral
With which you cannot quarrel
As you will find

Jenny made her mind up when she was three
She herself was going to trim the Christmas tree
Christmas Eve she lit the candles tossed the taper away
Little Jenny was an orphan on Christmas Day
Poor Jenny Bright as a penny

Her equal would be hard to find
She lost one dad and mother
A sister and a brother
But she would make up her mind

Jenny made her mind up when she was twelve
That into foreign languages she would delve
But at seventeen to Vassar it was quite a blow
That in twenty-seven languages she couldn't say no
To Jenny I'm beholden
her heart was big and golden
But she would make up her mind

Jenny made her mind up at twenty two
To get herself a husband was the thing to do
She got herself all dolled up in her satins and furs
And she got herself a husband but he wasn't hers
Deserved a bed of roses
But as history discloses
She would make up her mind

Jenny made her mind up at fifty-one
She would write her memoirs before she was done
The very day her book was published hist'ry relates
There were wives who shot their husbands in some thirty-three states

Jenny made her mind up at seventy-five
She would live to be the oldest woman alive.
But gin and rum and destiny play funny tricks
And poor Jenny kicked the bucket at seventy-six.
Jenny points a moral
With which we cannot quarrel
Makes a lot of common sense

Jenny and her saga
Prove that you are gaga
If you don't keep sitting on the fence
Jenny and her story
Point the way to glory
To all man and womankind.
Anyone with vision
Comes to this decision
Don't make up
You shouldn't make up
You mustn't make up
Oh never make up
Anyone with vision
Comes to this decision
Don't make up your mind

From *Street Scene* (1946)

Text by Langston Hughes (1901-1967)

Lonely House

At night when everything is quiet
This old house seems to breathe a sigh.
Sometimes I hear a neighbor snoring,
Sometimes I hear a baby cry.

Sometimes I hear a staircase creaking,
Sometimes a distant telephone.
Then the quiet settles down again...
The house and I are all alone.

Lonely house, lonely me!
Funny...with so many neighbors,
How lonely it can be!

Oh lonely street! Lonely town!
Funny...you can be see lonely
With all those folks around.

I guess there must be something
I don't comprehend...
Sparrows have companions,
Even stray dogs find a friend.

The night for me is not romantic.
Unhook the stars and take them down.
I'm lonely in this lonely house...
In this lonely town.

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PERFORMING ENSEMBLES

Symphonic Chorus
Concert Choir
SonoVoce
Musical Theatre and Opera
Symphony Orchestra
Wind Ensemble
Concert Band
Chamber Music Ensembles
Brass Ensemble
Guitar Ensemble
Jazz Orchestra
Latin Band
Concert Jazz Ensemble
Rock Collegium



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