

ENGLISH-

- “Fair Robin I Love” from *Tartuffe* Kirke Mechem (b. 1925)
- “Love is a Plaintive Song” from *Patience* Arthur Sullivan (1842–1900)
- “Piccola Serenata” Leonard Bernstein (1918–1990)
Melody Rose Neal, soprano
- “The Daisies” (Op. 2, No. 1) Samuel Barber (1910–1981)
- “The Vagabond” from *The Songs of Travels* Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872–1958)
- “Bright is the Ring of Words” from *The Songs of Travel* Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872–1958)
David Kerr, baritone
- “Shallow” from *A Star is Born* Stephani Germanotta (b. 1986), Mark Ronson (b.1975),
Andrew Wyatt (1979), & Anthony Rossomando (b. 1976)
Gabrielle Giddings, mezzo-soprano and David Kerr, baritone

FRENCH-

- “La vie en rose” Edith Piaf (1915–1963) & Luis Guglielmi (1916–1991)
- “Chanson d’amour” Gabriel Fauré (1845–1924)
Gabrielle Giddings, mezzo-soprano
- “Fleur Desséchée” Pauline Viardot (1821–1910)
- “Psyché” Émile Paladilhe (1844–1926)
Melody Rose Neal
- “Serenade Italienne” (Op. 2, No. 5) Ernest Chausson (1855–1899)
- “Ne me quitte pas” Jacques Brel (1929–1978)

David Kerr

GERMAN-

“Du bist die Ruh” Franz Schubert (1797–1828)

“Das verlassene Mägdlein” Hugo Wolf (1860–1903)

Melody Rose Neal

“Wie Melodien” (Op. 105, No. 1) Johannes Brahms (1833–1897)

Gabrielle Giddings

“Wie bist du meine Königin” Johannes Brahms (1833–1897)

“An die Musik” Franz Schubert (1797–1828)

David Kerr

INTERMISSION

ITALIAN-

“Sebben crudele” Antonio Caldara (1670–1736)

“Santa Lucia” Teodoro Cottrau (1827–1879)

David Kerr

“O del mio dolce ardor” from *Paride ed Elena* Christoph Willibald von Gluck (1714–1787)

Gabrielle Giddings

“Ah, perdona al primo affetto” (K. 621) Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756–1791)
from *La Clemenza di Tito*

Gabrielle Giddings and Melody Rose Neal

“In uomini, in soldati” (K. 588) from *Così fan tutte* Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756–1791)

Melody Rose Neal

MUSICAL THEATER-

“Slipping Through My Fingers” from *Mamma Mia* Benny Andersson (b. 1946)

“I Remember” from *Ever After* Zina Goldrich (b. 1964)

“If Ever I Would Leave You” from *Camelot* Frederick Loewe (1901–1988)

Gabrielle Giddings

“Come to My Garden” from *The Secret Garden* Lucy Simon (b. 1940)

“A Quiet Thing” from *Flora the Red Menace* John Kander (b. 1927)

“Vanilla Ice Cream” from *She Loves Me* Jerry Bock (1928–2010)

Melody Rose Neal

FINALE

“It’s Love” from *Wonderful Town* Leonard Bernstein (1918–1990)

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Fair Robin I Love

Fair Robin I love and hourly die,
But not for a lip, nor a languishing eye;
He's fickle and false, and there we agree,
For I am as false and as fickle as he.

We neither believe what either can say;
And neither believing, we neither betray.
'Tis civil to swear and say things, of course;
We mean not the taking for better or worse.

When present we love; when absent agree:
I think not of Robin, nor Robin of me.
The legend of love no couple can find,
So easy to part or so easily joined

Love is a Plaintive Song

Love is a plaintive song,
Sung by a suffering maid,
Telling a tale of wrong,
Telling of hope betrayed;
Tuned to each changing note,
Sorry when he is sad,
Blind to his ev'ry mote,
Merry when he is glad!
Merry when he is glad!

Love that no wrong can cure,
Love that is always new,
That is the love that's pure,
That is the love that's true!
That is the love, the love that's true!

Rendering good for ill,
Smiling at every frown,
Yielding your own self-will,
Laughing your tear-drops down;
Never a selfish whim,
Trouble, or pain to stir;
Everything for him,
Nothing at all for her!
Nothing at all for her!

Love that will aye endure,
Though the rewards be few,
That is the love that's pure,
That is the love that's true!
That is the love, the love that's true!

The Daisies

In the scented bud of the morning -- O
When the windy grass went rippling far
I saw my dear one walking slow
In the field where the daisies are.
We did not laugh and we did not speak
As we wandered happ'ly to and fro;
I kissed my dear on either cheek
In the bud of the morning -- O!

A lark sang up from the breezy land
A lark sang down from a cloud afar
As she and I went hand in hand
In the field where the daisies are.

The Vagabond

Give to me the life I love
Let the lave go by me
Give the jolly heaven above
And the byway nigh me
Bed in the bush with stars to see
Bread I dip in the river—
There's the life for a man like me
There's the life for ever

Let the blow fall soon or late
Let what will be o'er me;
Give the face of earth around
And the road before me

Wealth I seek not, hope nor love
Nor a friend to know me;
All I seek, the heaven above
And the road below me

Or let autumn fall on me
Where afield I linger
Silencing the bird on tree
Biting the blue finger
White as meal the frosty field—
Warm the fireside haven—
Not to autumn will I yield
Not to winter even!

Bright is the Ring of Words

Bright is the ring of words
When the right man rings them,
Fair the fall of songs
When the singer sings them,

Still they are carolled and said—
On wings they are carried—
After the singer is dead
And the maker buried.

Low as the singer lies
In the field of heather,
Songs of his fashion bring
The swains together.

And when the west is red
With the sunset embers,
The lover lingers and sings
And the maid remembers.

Shallow

Tell me somethin', girl
Are you happy in this modern world?
Or do you need more?
Is there somethin' else you're searchin'
for?
I'm fallin'
In all the good times, I find myself
longin' for change
And in the bad times, I fear myself

Tell me something, boy
Aren't you tired tryin' to fill that void?
Or do you need more?
Ain't it hard keepin' it so hardcore?

I'm falling
In all the good times, I find myself
longing for change
And in the bad times, I fear myself
I'm off the deep end, watch as I dive in
I'll never meet the ground
Crash through the surface, where they
can't hurt us
We're far from the shallow now
In the sha-ha, sha-ha-llow
In the sha-ha-sha-la-la-la-llow
In the sha-ha, sha-ha-llow
We're far from the shallow now

La vie en rose

*Des yeux qui font baisser les miens,
Un rire qui se perd sur sa bouche,
Voilà le portrait sans retouche,
De l'homme auquel,
J'appartiens.*

*Quand il me prend dans ses bras,
Il me parle tout bas, je vois la vie en
rose.
Il me dit des mots d'amour,
Des mots de tous les jours
Et ça me fait quelque chose.
Il est entré dans mon cœur,
Une part de bonheur,
Dont je connais la cause.*

*C'est lui pour moi,
Moi pour lui dans la vie.
Il me l'a dit,
L'a juré pour la vie.
Et, dès que je l'aperçois,
Alors je sens en moi,
Mon cœur qui bat.*

A gaze that make me lower my own,
A laugh that is lost on his lips,
That is the un-retouched portrait,
Of the man to whom I belong.

When he takes me into his arms,
He speaks to me softly,
And I see life through rose-colored
glasses.
He speaks words of love to me,
They are every day words,
And they do something to me.
He has entered into my heart,
A bit of happiness,
That I know the cause of.

It's only him for me,
And me for him, for life.
He told me, he swore to me, for life.
As soon as I notice him,
I feel inside me,
My heart beating.

I thought that love was just a word,
They sang about in songs I heard,
It took your kisses to reveal,
That I was wrong and love is real.

Hold me close and hold me fast,
The magic spell you cast,
This is la vie en rose.
When you kiss me heaven sighs,
And though I close my eyes,
I see la vie en rose.
When you press me to your heart,
I'm in a world apart,

A world where roses bloom.
And when you speak,
Angels sing from above.
Everyday words seem to turn into
love songs.
Give your heart and soul to me,
And life will always be,
La vie en rose.

Chanson d'amour

*J'aime tes yeux, j'aime ton front,
Ô ma rebelle, ô ma farouche,
J'aime tes yeux, j'aime ta bouche
Où mes baisers s'épuiseront.*

I love your eyes, I love your brow,
O my rebel, O my wild one,
I love your eyes, I love your mouth
Where my kisses shall dissolve.

*J'aime ta voix, j'aime l'étrange
Grâce de tout ce que tu dis,
Ô ma rebelle, ô mon cher ange,
Mon enfer et mon paradis!*

I love your voice, I love the strange
Charm of all you say,
O my rebel, O my dear angel,
My inferno and my paradise.

*J'aime tes yeux, j'aime ton front,
Ô ma rebelle, ô ma farouche,
J'aime tes yeux, j'aime ta bouche
Où mes baisers s'épuiseront.*

I love your eyes, I love your brow,
O my rebel, O my wild one,
I love your eyes, I love your mouth
Where my kisses shall dissolve.

*J'aime tout ce qui te fait belle,
De tes pieds jusqu'à tes cheveux,
Ô toi vers qui montent mes vœux,
Ô ma farouche, ô ma rebelle!*

I love all that makes you beautiful
From your feet to your hair,
O you the object of all my vows,
O my wild one, O my rebel

Fleur dessechee

*Dans ce vieux livre l'on t'oublie,
Fleur sans parfum et sans couleur,
Mais une étrange rêverie,
Quand je te vois, emplis mon cœur.*

*Quel jour, quel lieu te virent naître?
Quel fut ton sort? qui t'arracha?
Qui sait? Je les connus peut-être,
Ceux dont l'amour te conserva!*

*Rappelais-tu, rose flétrie,
La première heure ou les adieux?
Les entretiens dans la prairie
Ou dans le bois silencieux?*

*Vit-il encor? existe-t-elle?
À quels rameaux flottent leurs nids!
Ou comme toi, qui fus si belle,
Leurs fronts charmants sont-ils flétris?*

Psyché

*Je suis jaloux, Psyché, de toute la nature!
Les rayons du soleil vous baisent trop souvent,
Vos cheveux souffrent trop les caresses du vent,
Quand il les flatte, j'en murmure!
L'air même que vous respirez
Avec trop de plaisir passe sur votre bouche.
Votre habit de trop près vous touche!
Et sitôt que vous soupirez
Je ne sais quoi qui m'effarouche
Crain, parmi vos soupirs, des soupirs égarés!*

Pressed Flower

In this old book you are forgotten,
Flower without scent or color,
But a strange reverie,
When I see you, fill my heart.

What day, what place saw you born?
What was your fate? Who picked you?
Who knows? Perhaps I may know,
Those whose love preserved you!

Did you remember, withered rose
The first hour or the farewells?
The talks in the meadow
Or in the silent wood?

Does he still live? Does she exist?
On what branches float their nests!
Or like you, who were so beautiful,
Are their charming looks withered?

Psyché

I am jealous, Psyché, of all nature!
The rays of sun kiss you too often,
Your hair is too caressed by the wind,
When it flatters them, I grumble!
The very air you breathe
With too much pleasure passes your lips
Your dress touches you too closely!
And when you sigh
I don't know what frightens me more,
Fear, among your sighs, sighs for another!

Serenade Italienne

*Partons en barque sur la mer
Pour passer la nuit aux étoiles.
Vois, il souffle juste assez d'air
Pour gonfler la toile des voiles.*

*Le vieux pêcheur italien
Et ses deux fils qui nous conduisent,
Écoutent, mais n'entendent rien
Aux mots que nos bouches se disent.*

*Sur la mer calme et sombre, vois
Nous pouvons échanger nos âmes,
Et nul ne comprendra nos voix
Que la nuit, le ciel et les larmes.
we can exchange our souls,*

Let's go out in a boat on the sea
To spend the night under the stars.
Look, it's blowing just enough breeze
to swell the canvas of the sails.

The old Italian fisherman
and his two sons, who sail us out,
hear but understand nothing
of the words we say to each other.

On the calm dark sea, look!
and our voices will not be understood
except by the night, the sky and the
waves.

Ne Me Quitte Pas

*Ne me quitte pas
Il faut oublier
Tout peut s'oublier
Qui s'enfuit déjà
Oublier le temps
Des malentendus
Et le temps perdu
A savoir comment
Oublier ces heures
Qui tuaient parfois
A coups de pourquoi
Le cœur du bonheur
Ne me quitte pas*

*Moi je t'offrirai
Des perles de pluie
Venues de pays
Où il ne pleut pas
Je creuserai la terre
Jusqu'après ma mort
Pour couvrir ton corps
D'or et de lumière
Je ferai un domaine
Où l'amour sera roi*

*Do not leave me now
We must just forget
Yes, we can forget
All that's flown beyond
Let's forget the time
The misunderstands
And the wasted time
To find out how
To forget these hours
Which sometimes kill
The blows of why,
A heart full of joy.
Do not leave me now*

*Où l'amour sera loi
Où tu seras reine
Ne me quitte pas
I offer you*

*Pearls of rain
Coming from the lands
Where it never rains
I will cross the world
Till after my death*

*To cover your bosom
With gold and light
I will make a kingdom*

*Ne me quitte pas
Je t'inventerai
Des mots insensés
Que tu comprendras
Je te parlerai
De ces amants-là
Qui ont vu deux fois
Leurs cœurs s'embraser
Je te raconterai
L'histoire de ce roi
Mort de n'avoir pas
Pu te rencontrer*

*On a vu souvent
Rejaillir le feu
D'un ancien volcan
Qu'on croyait trop vieux
Il est paraît-il
Des terres brûlées
Donnant plus de blé
Qu'un meilleur avril
Et quand vient le soir
Pour qu'un ciel flamboie
Le rouge et le noir
Ne s'épousent-ils pas
Ne me quitte pas*

*Je ne vais plus pleurer
Je ne vais plus parler
Je me cacherai là
A te regarder
Danser et sourire
Et à t'écouter
Chanter et puis rire
Laisse-moi devenir
L'ombre de ton ombre
L'ombre de ta main
L'ombre de ton chien*

*where love will be king
Where love will be the law
Where you will be queen
Do not leave me now*

*Do not leave me now,
Will invent for you
The insane words
That you'll understand
And I will tell you
Of these lovers who
Were seen twice
With their hearts in blaze
I will say in detail
The story of this king
Dead, from having not
Encountered you.*

*One often recalls
Flames light anew
From an old volcano
Thought to be too old.
It appears that
The scorched fields
Can give more corn
Than the best of springs.
And when evening comes
In this blazing sky
The red and the night
Marry nevermore.
Do not leave me now*

*I will cry no more
I will talk no more
Will hide somehow
Just to look at you
Dance and smile
And to hear you
Sing and then laugh
Let me be for you
The shadow of your shadow
The shadow of your hand
The shadow of your dog*

Du Bist die Ruh

*Du bist die Ruh,
Der Friede mild,
Die Sehnsucht du,
Und was sie stillt.*

*Ich weihe dir
Voll Lust und Schmerz
Zur Wohnung hier
Mein Aug' und Herz.*

*Kehr' ein bei mir,
Und schliesse du
Still hinter dir
Die Pforten zu.*

*Treib andern Schmerz
Aus dieser Brust.
Voll sei dies Herz
Von deiner Lust.*

*Dies Augenzelt,
Von deinem Glanz
Allein erhellt,
O füll' es ganz.*

Das Verlassene Mägdlein

*Früh, wann die Hähne krähn,
Eh' die Sternlein schwinden,
Muss ich am Herde stehn,
Muss Feuer zünden.*

*Schön ist der Flamme Schein,
Es springen die Funken;
Ich schaue so darein,
In Leid versunken.*

*Plötzlich, da kommt es mir,
Treuloser Knabe,
Dass ich die Nacht von dir
Geträumet habe.*

You are Rest

You are rest,
Gentle peace;
You are the longing,
And too what satisfies it.

I dedicate to you
Full of desire and pain
To the dwelling here
My eyes and heart.

Come to me,
And close
Quietly behind you
The gates.

Drive other pain
From this breast.
May this heart be full
Of your lust.

This temple of eyes,
From your radiance
Alone brightens,
Oh, fill them completely.

The Forsaken Maiden

Early, when the roosters crow,
Before the little stars disappear,
I must stand at the hearth,
To kindle the fire.

Beautiful is the flame's shine,
The sparks fly;
I look so deeply into them,
Lost in suffering sorrow.

Suddenly, it comes to me,
My unfaithful love,
That of you in the night

*Träne auf Träne dann
Stürzet hernieder;
So kommt der Tag heran—
O ging' er wieder!*

I have dreamed
Tear after tear
Flood down;
And as the day comes—
O were it gone again!

Wie Melodien

*Wie Melodien zieht es
Mir leise durch den Sinn,
Wie frühlingsblumen blüht es
Und schwebt wie Duft dahin,*

*Doch kommt das Wort und faßt es
Und führt es vor das Aug',
Wie Nebelgrau erblasst es
Und schwindet wie ein Hauch.*

*Und dennoch ruht im Reime
Verborgen wohl ein Duft,
Den mild aus stillem Keime
Ein feuchtes Auge ruft.*

Like Melodies

It moves like a melody,
Gently through my mind;
It blossoms like spring flowers
And wafts like a fragrance.

But when it is captured in words,
And placed before my eyes,
It turns pale like a gray mist
And disappears like a breath.

And yet, remaining in my rhymes,
There hides still a fragrance ,
Which mildly from the quiet bud,
My moist eyes call forth.

An Die Musik

*Du holde Kunst, in wieviel grauen
Stunden
Wo mich des Lebens wilder Kreis
umstrickt
Hast du mein Herz zu
warmer Lieb entzunden
Hast mich in eine beßre Welt entrückt*

*Oft hat ein Seufzer, deiner Harf
entflossen
Ein süßer, heiliger Akkord von dir
Den Himmel beßrer Zeiten mir
erschlossen
Du holde Kunst, ich danke dir dafür*

Beloved art, in how many a bleak hour,
when I am enmeshed in life's
tumultuous round,
have you kindled my heart to the
warmth of love,
and born me away to a better
world!

Often a sigh, escaping from your harp,
a sweet, celestial chord
has revealed to me a heaven of happier
times.
Beloved art, for this I thank you!

Wie Bist du Meine Königin

*Wie bist du, meine Königin,
Durch sanfte Güte wonnevoll!
Du lächle nur – Lenzdüfte wehn
Durch mein Gemüte wonnevoll!*

*Frisch aufgeblühter Rosen Glanz
Vergleich ich ihn dem deinigen?
Ach, über alles was da blüht,
Ist deine Blüte, wonnevoll!*

*Durch tote Wüsten wandle hin,
Und grüne Schatten breiten sich,
Ob fürchterliche Schwüle dort
Ohn Ende brüte, wonnevoll.
Laß mich vergehn in deinem Arm!
Es ist in ihm ja selbst der Tod,
Ob auch die herbste Todesqual
Die Brust durchwüte, wonnevoll.*

How blissful, my queen, you are,
By reason of your gentle kindness!
You merely smile, and springtime fragrance
Wafts through my soul blissfully!

Shall I compare the radiance
Of freshly blown roses to yours?
Ah! more blissful than all that blooms
Is your blissful bloom!

Roam through desert wastes,
And green shade will spring up –
Though fearful sultriness broods
Endlessly there – blissfully.
Let me perish in your arms!
Death in your embrace will be –
Though bitterest mortal agony rage
Through my breast – blissful.

O del mio dolce ardor

*O del mio dolce ardor
Bramato oggetto,
L'aura che tu respiri,
Alfin respiro.*

*Ovunque il guardo io giro,
Le tue vaghe sembianze
Amore in me dipinge:
Il mio pensier si finge
Le più liete speranze;
E nel desio che così
M'empie il petto
Cerco te, chiamo te,
spero e sospiro.*

Oh, Of My Sweet Passion

Oh, of my sweet passion
Craved object
The aura that you're breathing,
At last I breathe [it too].

Everywhere I look,
Your vague aspect
Gives birth to love in me:
My thought imagines
The most joyous hopes;
And in the desire which, so,
Fills my chest
I look for you, I call you,
I hope and sigh

Santa Lucia

*Sul mare luccia l'astro d'argento,
Placida è l'onda, prospero è il vento
Venite all'agile barchetta mia...
Santa Lucia! Santa Lucia!*

*Con questo zeffiro, così soave
Oh! Com'è bello star su la nave!
Su passeggeri, venite via!
Santa Lucia! Santa Lucia!*

The silver star twinkles above the sea,
The waves are gentle, the wind is favorable.
Come onto my agile little boat,
Santa Lucia! Santa Lucia!

With this so gentle wind
Oh how pleasant it is to be on the ship!
All aboard passengers, come away!
Santa Lucia! Santa Lucia!

Sebben Crudele

*Sebben, crudele,
Mi fai languir,
Sempre fedele
Ti voglio amar.*

*Con la lunghezza
Del mio servir
La tua fierezza
Saprò stancar.*

*Although, cruel love,
you make me languish,
I will always
love you true.*

*With the patience
of my serving
I will be able to tire out
your pride*

In Uomini

*In uomini, in soldati, sperare fedelta?
Non vi fate sentir, per carità!
Di pasta simile son tutti quanti,
Le fronde mobili, l'aure incostanti
Han più degli uomini stabilita!
Mentite lagrime, fallaci sguardi
Voci ingannevoli, vezzi bugiardi
Son le primarie lor qualità!*

*In noi non amano che il lor diletto,
Poi ci dispregiano, neganci affetto,
Ne val da barbari chieder pietà!
Paghiam o femmine, d'ugual moneta
Questa malefica razza indiscreta.
Amiam per comodo, per vanità!*

In Men

In men, in soldiers, you hope for loyalty?
Do you not feel, for charity!
All of them cut from the same cloth,
The leaves and air, in constant motion
They have more stability than men!
False tears and fallacious looks
Deceptive voices are liar's habits
Are their primary qualities!

In us, they love only their delight,
Then they despise us, deny us affection,
It is not worth asking barbarians for pity!
Let us women pay them back equally
This evil indiscreet race.
Love for convenience, for vanity!

Ah, perdona

ANNIO

*Ah perdona al primo affetto
Questo accento sconsigliato;
Colpa fu del labbro usato
A così chiamarti ognor.*

SERVILIA

*Ah tu fosti il primo oggetto,
Che finor fedel' amai;
E tu l'ultimo sarai
Ch'abbia nido in questo cor.*

ANNIO

Cari accenti del mio bene.

SERVILIA

Oh mia dolce, cara speme.

SERVILIA, ANNIO

*Più che ascolto i sensi tuoi,
in me cresce piu l'ardor.
Quando un'alma e all'altra unità,
Qual piacer un cor risente!
Ah si tranchi dalla vita
Tutto quel che non è amor.*

Ah, Forgive

ANNIUS

Ah, forgive, my former love,
that thoughtless word;
it was the fault of lips
accustomed always to call you so.

SERVILIA

Ah, you were the first person
whom I ever truly loved;
and you will be the last
to be sheltered in my heart.

ANNIUS

Dear words of my beloved!

SERVILIA

O my sweet, dear hope!

SERVILIA and ANNIUS

The more I hear your words,
the greater my passion grows.
When one soul unites with another,
what joy a heart feels!
Ah, eliminate from life
all that is not love!

Slipping Through My Fingers

Schoolbag in hand,
She leaves home in the early
morning,
Waving goodbye, with an absent
minded smile.
I watch her go with a surge of that
well known sadness
And I have to sit down for a while.

The feeling that I'm losing her
forever
And without really entering her
world
I'm glad whenever I can share her
laughter
That funny little girl

Slipping through my fingers all the
time

I try to capture every minute
The feeling in it,
Slipping through my fingers all the
time
Do I really see what's in her mind
Each time I think I'm close to
knowing
She keeps on growing
Slipping through my fingers all the
time

Sleep in our eyes, her and me at the
breakfast table
Barely awake I let precious time go
by
Then when she's gone, there's that
odd melancholy feeling
And a sense of guilt I can't deny

What happened to those wonderful
adventures
The places I had planned for us to go
Well, some of that we did, but most
we didn't
And why, I just don't know.

I Remember

Every night when I was young,
We'd light a candle by my bed,
And look at all the stars he painted,
High above my head.
He said everyone a symbol,
Of a lesson he would teach,
And he painted some all down my
wall,
So I'd have some right in reach.

It wasn't long before they all came
down,

Slipping through my fingers all the
time

I try to capture every minute
The feeling in it
Slipping through my fingers all the
time
Do I really see what's in her mind
Each time I think I'm close to
knowing

She keeps on growing
Slipping through my fingers all the
time

Sometimes I wish that I could freeze
the picture
And save it from the funny tricks of
time
Slipping through my fingers

Schoolbag in hand, she leaves home
in the early morning
Waving goodbye with an
absent-minded smile.

Stepmother said that they were
gauche
And she erased them.
And though I haven't wishes upon
my father's stars in years
I can't count how many thousand
times I've traced them.

And it makes me want to cry,
But I'm anything but sad,
For you answered me a prayer
today I didn't know I had.

I searched everywhere I could,
I looked everywhere I knew,
And for so long he was nowhere to
be found,
But here all I have to do is look
around,
And I remember.

I did just what I was told,
And I didn't say a thing.
I thought living in the past would
be unwise,
But here all I have to do is close
my eyes,
And I remember.

And here inside the quiet of this
universe of words,
And the stories that we never got to
share.

If Ever I Would Leave You

If ever I would leave you,
I wouldn't be in summer,
Seeing you in summer
I never would go.

Your hair streaked with sunlight,
Your lips red as flame,
Your face with a luster,
That puts gold to shame!

But if I'd ever leave you
It couldn't be in autumn
How I'd leave in autumn
I never will know
I've seen how you sparkle
When fall nips the air

Hope I never knew I needed,
Love I thought that I had lost is
everywhere.

Father said before he died,
He explained, well he tried,
If I loved him he was never really
gone,
Though I thought he lied I know
now love goes on,
And I'll remember.

I searched everywhere I could,
I looked everywhere I knew,
Now I know that thanks to you,
Wishes made on walls come true.

I remember.

I know you in autumn
And I must be there.

And could I leave you
Running merrily through the snow?
Or on a wintry evening
When you catch the fire's glow?

If ever I would leave you
How could it be in springtime?
Knowing how in spring I'm
bewitched by you so?
Oh, no! Not in springtime!
Summer, winter or fall!
No, never could I leave you at all!

Vanilla Ice Cream

(Dear friend)

I am so sorry about last night, it was a nightmare in every way,
But together you and I will laugh at last night someday...
Ice cream, he brought me ice cream!
Vanilla ice cream! Imagine that!
Ice cream, and for the first time, we were together without a spat!
Friendly, he was so friendly, that isn't like him; I'm simply stunned.
Will wonders never cease? Will wonders never cease?
It's been a most peculiar day!
Will wonders never cease? Will wonders never cease?...

(Oh, where was I?)

I am so sorry about last night, it was a nightmare in every way,
But together you and I will laugh at last night someday...
I sat there waiting in that and never guessing that you were fat... (Oh!)
That you were...near... you were outside looking bald... (Oh my!)

(Dear friend)

I am so sorry about last night....
Last night I was so nasty!
Well, he deserved it but even so,
That George is not like this George, this is a new George that I don't know.
Somehow it all reminds me of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde
When right before my eyes a man that I despise
Has turned into a man I like!
It's almost like a dream, as strange as it may seem,
He came to offer me vanilla ice cream!

A Quiet Thing

When it all comes true, just the way you planned,
It's funny but the bells don't ring,
It's a quiet thing.

When you hold the world in your trembling hand.
You'd think you'd hear a choir sing,
It's a quiet thing.

There are no exploding fireworks,

Where's the roaring of the crowds?
Maybe it's the strange new atmosphere
Way up here among the clouds!

But I don't hear the drums!
And I don't hear the band!
The sounds I'm told such moments bring.

Happiness comes in on tip-toe
Well, what d'ya know? It's a quiet thing.
A very quiet thing.

Come to My Garden

Clusters of crocus, purple and gold
Blankets of pansies up from the cold.
Lilies and iris safe from the chill
Safe in my garden, snow drops so still.

Come to my garden, nestled in the hill.
There I'll keep you safe beside me.
Come to my garden, rest there in my arms.
There I'll see you safely grown and on your way.
Stay there in my garden where love grows free and wild.
Come to my garden. Come sweet child.

Life me up and lead me to the garden
Where love grows deep and true
Where I'll find you, where I'll show you
My new life I will live for you.

I shall see you in my garden,
Where love grows free and wild.
Come to my garden. Come, sweet day!

It's Love

(You're in love with Ruth and you don't even know it!)
It's love! It's love!
No come on, let's drop it.
It's love! It's love! And nothing can stop it.
You're a silly girl, it's a sign of youth.
You're a silly boy. You're in love with Ruth.

It's love! It's love! Come on now, just try it.
It's love! It's love! Don't try to deny it.
I know the signs, I know it when I see it.
So just face it, just say it.
It's love. (You can do better than that.)
It's love! (Try again!)
It's love! (See you later)
Maybe.

It's love! it's love!
Well, who would've thought it!
If this is love, then why have I fought it?
What a way to feel! I could touch the sky.
What a way to feel! I'm a diff'rent guy!

It's love! At last, I've someone to cheer for!
It's love! At last I've learned what we're here for.
I've heard it said: "You'll know it when you see it."
Well, I see it, I know it, it's love!

It's love! It's love!
Well, who would've thought it?
If this is love, then why have I fought it?
What a way to feel, I could touch the sky.
What a way to feel, I have found my guy!

It's love! At last, I've someone to cheer for.
It's love! At last, I've learned what we're here for!
I've heard it said, "You know it when you see it."
Well, I see it, I know it, it's love!