

In Uomini from *Così fan tutte*

In men, in soldiers, you hope for fidelity?

Don't let anyone hear you, for pity's sake!

They are all cut from the same cloth,

Swaying branches, fickle breezes have more consistency than men! Lying tears, false glances, deceiving voices, lying charms

Are their primary qualities!

They love us only for their own pleasure,

Then they show us no respect and deny us affection.

You might as well ask a barbarian to have pity!

Let us, oh women, pay them with the same coin

For this evil breed of indiscreet men.

Let us love at our convenience, for our vanity!

The Crucible Act III Duet

ABIGAIL

John, I knew you'd come back to me. Night after night I been waitin' for you.

JOHN

No, no you could not.

ABBY

I cannot sleep for dreaming, I cannot dream, but I wake and walk about thinkin' I'd find you coming through some door. Oh John, my love. Come to me now as you came before, like some great stallion wildly pantin' for me. We are free now, free to love.

JOHN (*rebuffs her*)

No, no, Abby, we are *not* free!

ABBY

John, surely you sport with me.

JOHN

You know me better. We are not free, I say. Elizabeth lies in jail, accused by you. The village lies under a curse, *your* curse. That is why I'm here, to tell you you must free them. You can and you must.

ABBY

Free them? But I am freeing them from their own corruption. I am possessed by the Spirit. I open them to God, these psalm-singin' hypocrites who say I danced for the Devil. Let them suffer for it now who must. But someday they will come to me and thank me on their knees.

JOHN

Abby, Abby, what do you say? You've become a monster of evil. You whelp of the Devil, how can you do these things? Are you looking to be whipped? Are you?

ABBY

No, no. I look only for John Proc- tor that took me from my sleep and put knowledge in my heart. For him that awakened me and taught me to love. Oh, John, you too are possessed of the spirit of God.

JOHN

The spirit of God?

ABBY

Leave Elizabeth, your sickly wife.

JOHN

Speak nothing of Elizabeth.

ABBY

Together let us do our holy work.

JOHN

“Holy work” you call it? It’s fraud, pretense and fraud, and I shall expose it.

ABBY

Call it what you will, do what you like. But if your sniveling Elizabeth dies, remember, remember it is *you* who kill her. *(She runs off.)*

Chacun le sait from *Le Fille du Regiment*

Everyone knows it, everyone says it:

The regiment is the best,

The only one who receives credit

In all the cabarets of France.

The regiment: in all countries

The fear of lovers of husbands,

But of great beauty!

It is there, by God!

Here it is, by Jove!

It is there, it is there, here it is,

The handsome twenty-first!

It has won so many battles,

That our emperor, one thinks,

Will make every one of our soldiers,

In peacetime, a Marshal of France!

Because it is known, the regiment,

The most victorious, the most charming,

Is feared by one sex and loved by the other!

It is there, by God!

Here it is, by Jove!

It is there, it is there, here it is,

The handsome twenty-first!

What Good Would the Moon Be? from *Street Scene*

I've looked in the windows at diamonds, They're beautiful but they're cold.

I've seen Broadway stars in fur coats That cost a fortune so I'm told,

I guess I'd look nice in diamonds, and sables might add to my charms, but if someone I

don't care for would buy them I'd rather have two loving arms!

What good would the moon be

Unless the right one shared its beams?

What good would dreams-come true be if love wasn't in those dreams?

And a primrose path—What would be the fun of walking down a path like that without the right one?

What good would the night be unless the right lips whisper low: Kiss me, oh, darling, kiss me, while ev'ning stars still glow?

No, it won't be a primrose path for me,

No it won't be diamonds or gold, but maybe there will be someone who'll love me, someone who'll love just me to have and to hold!

The Song of Majnun: Scene 6 Duet, Scene 7 Aria

Layla:

This letter comes from a grieving woman

to a man of grief,

from a prisoner to a man who roams free.

Oh, my love, if only we could live together in this world!

But happiness is denied us,

my heart weeps over our cruel fate.

What is life in this world?

Majnun:

Be patient and hope

Layla:

My days are passing quickly,
this rose, without your love, will fade and die.

Majnun:

I write to one who holds my fate in her hands.
Do not speak of fading like the day.
You are my crown which does not adorn my brow.
You are my garden to whose gate I have no key.

Layla & Majnun:

You are everything to me.

Layla:

Please come to see me.

Majnun:

I shall stand in your garden.

Layla & Majnun:

For one moment I must gaze upon you again.

Layla:

Mother, I am dying.

Dying

My beloved, whom I live for, whom I die for,

Is going far away.

Far away

Before my soul escapes,

The grief in my heart breaks the seal on my lips.

Hear me, mother.

When I am dead, dress me like a bride.

Make me beautiful.

Beautiful

Clothe me in blood red.

Red is the color of the feast,

And my feast is death,

He will come, I know.

He will come, I know.

He will come to my grave, to my grave, searching for his moon.

No moon will shine, and he will weep, will weep

Cry and lament.

When he comes, mother tell him this:

When Layla broke the chain of the world,

She died thinking of your love.

Your grief in this world was ever hers,

And her longing for you did not die with her.

Tell him, though he cannot see my eyes,

They watch him sill, loving, yearning.

Tell him that I am waiting and ever asking

When do you come to me, Majnun?

When do you come to me Majnun?

When do you come to me Majnun?

Don Pasquale Act I Duet (1842)

The doctor still has not come!

Where could he be?

He was planning some bit of nonsense

at Don Pasquale's expense,

but I didn't understand the details.

O, I wish he'd hurry!

Wait, this is Ernesto's handwriting.

Now I'm worried.

Good news Norina!

Our little plan...

I wash my hands of the whole matter!

Why, what happened?

Read this.

“My dearest Norina,

I am utterly forlorn.

(We’ll fix that!)

Don Pasquale,

Under the influence of that two-faced rascal of a doctor,

(Thanks a lot!)

Has resolved to marry the doctor’s sister,

And to disinherit me.

My despair is infinite;

Love compels me to renounce you.

I leave Rome this very day, and Europe shortly thereafter.

I can offer you nothing, and must therefore say goodbye forever.

I must be miserable that you may be happy.

Your devoted Ernesto.”

What love-sick twiddle-twaddle!

But what if he leaves?

Ernesto’s not going anywhere, I assure you.

Once I clue him in to our little plan,

he’ll stay alright... and be more enamored than ever.

But this plan you keep mentioning,

Would you mind explaining it to me?

Well... in order to punish his nephew Ernesto

For courting you,

Don Pasquale has decided

To get married himself.

This much you’ve already told me!

And seeing his mind to be utterly made up,
I decided to switch tactics...
And to encourage him!

Don Pasquale knows that I have a sister in the convent;
We'll pass you off as her!

He's never seen you before.
Before anyone's the wiser,
I'll present you to him;
He sees you; he's smitten;
The rest is history!

That's brilliant!

Without a moment's delay,
He'll marry you.
My cousin Carlotto will serve as a notary.
After that... it's all in your hands.

You drive him completely nuts,
We get him begging for mercy,
And then...

Enough already; I've got it!

Excellent!

I am ready!
As long as it helps my beloved Ernesto...
I will throw tantrums, I will make scenes.
I know very well what I have to do!

You know very well that I'm Ernesto's dear friend;
Our little intrigue is aimed only at Don Pasquale.

We're agreed; I'll do it.

Now I shall teach you your part!

Shall I be haughty?

No.

Shall I be sad?

No, no, that's not it.

Shall I weep?

No, No, No,...

Shall I scream?

Heavens no! Now stop and listen for just one minute.

You must play the sweet, simple country girl!

A country girl? A country girl!

Let me show you how.

For this, I don't need your lessons!

A drooping head, and pinched lips.

Now let me give it a try.

I'm so shy...

Bravo!

I am an innocent maiden...

Bravo, bravo, you little minx, that's perfect!

Thank you, thank you, Signor, I'm at your service!

Neck drooping...

Like this?

Bravo!

Lips pursed...

Like this?

Bravo!

Let's get going then, no more delay.

Our joke is ready

I'm bursting with confidence.

Ah yes, the moment is here.

What fireworks will soon be exploding overhead.

We'll send that old man's head spinning!

Bravo! Bravo!

Emily's Aria from Our Town

Take me back.

Take me back up the hill.

Take me back to my grave.

Wait!

One more look.

Goodbye.

Goodbye, world.

Goodbye, Grover's Corners.

Mama, Papa, goodbye.

Goodbye to ticking clocks, to mama's hollyhocks, to coffee and food, to gratitude.

Goodbye!

Goodbye, world.

Goodbye to ironed dresses, to George's sweet caresses, to my wedding ring.... Oh, everything!

Goodbye.

Goodbye, world.

Does anybody ever realize life while they live it, every minute of it, every moment of it?

Oh, Earth, you are too magical for anyone to know your miracle!

Oh..... Take me back!

Take me back up the hill.

Take me back up the hill.

Tanzlied from *Die Tote*

My yearning, my obsession,
they take my back in dreams.

In the dance I once obtained it,
Now I've lost my happiness.

While dancing on the Rhein
in the moonlight,
she confessed to me with a loving
look in her blue eyes,

Confessed to me with her pleading words:

O stay, don't go far away,
preserve the memory of your homeland's
peaceful, flourishing happiness.

My yearning, my obsession,
they take me back in dreams.

The magic of things far away
brings a burning of my soul

The magic of the dance lured me,
and I was then Pierrot.

I followed her, my wonderful sweetheart,
and learned from tears to kiss.

Intoxication and misery,

Illusion and happiness:

Ah, this is a clown's destiny.

My yearning, my obsession,
they take me back in dreams.

Scrapbookers: Micro opera

C= Carol N=Noelle T=Timothy

C: Pictures,

N: Pictures,

C: paper, N:

paper,

C: pens, scissors, N:

pens, scissors C:

stickers,

N: stickers,

C: glue.

N: glue.

C: The album, N:

expensive,

C: page protectors, N:

obsessive,

C: stamps, punches N:

time consuming, C:

embellishments, N:

Just a hobby,

C: decorative tape.

N: decorative tape has taken over your life. C:

Buttons, trimmers, rulers, fonts,

N: Just a hobby! C:

ah, fonts,

N: Just a hobby, all the essentials.

C: Cardstock, patterned papers, cutting tools, adhesives,

N: Do you really need...

C: glitter, ribbon, fringe, sequins,

N: ...all this stuff, Carol?

C: tags, tacks, brads crimpers,

N: Look at her toolbox!

C: embossing powder...

N: It's even bigger than yours!

C: embossing powder,

C: Hi, Bonnie! Did you see those new embellishments? Aren't they the cutest things? I can't wait to use them!

N: Won't a photo album do? Mom and Dad don't care anyway.

C: A nice scrapbook will show our love. Anyone can put pictures in a photo album, even you, Noelle!

N: Well thanks, Carol.

C: Nancy! We enjoyed Christina's birthday party on Saturday.

N: "Anyone can put pictures in a photo album,

C: Can you believe...

N: ...even you,

C: ...she's ten years old?

N: ...Noelle."

N: Can't we do this at home? I don't know anyone here.

C: It's more fun to work in a group.
Socialize, Noelle! Share stories. Have some snacks! For heaven sake!

T: Hey, Carol! Is this your sister?

C: Timothy, meet my sister, Noelle.

T: Nice to meet you, Noelle. Are you in town for a visit?

C & N: Our parents' fiftieth wedding anniversary.

T: You seem a little... uncomfortable. Is this your first time scrapbooking?

N: The scrapbook bug never bit me.

T: You're kidding? You've got a lot to catch up on. Welcome to the crop!

N: Can't we just get this done?!

C: You don't have to like this, Noelle! But, Mom and Dad will be happy knowing we did this together. You know how they always wanted us to be close.

N: Christmas nineteen seventy three! Mom knit us each red sweaters, our names on the front. My name is Noelle Kingendorf. I live on Silverbell Lane.

I was born on Christmas Day, so my parents gave me the name Noelle.

C: Okay! We can use that one. Pick something else.

N: My sister's name is Carol Kingendorf. She's five years older than me.

T: Hey Nicole you can really sing!

C: That's my sister. She likes to embarrass me!

N: Mom wants us to do things together. Knit us each a matching sweater. Although we're really not alike, I think mom likes me better. Come on, Carol! Don't you remember? It's your turn! Sing with me, Carol!

C: My name is Carol Klingendorf-Peterson. I have an annoying little sister. I was born on the tenth of July, and I have no idea why my parents named me "Carol" when I wish my name was Katherine!

Both: I think I'm lucky that you're my sister, all that we've shared, I hope I don't forget all these memories.

C: Well thanks for that, Noelle!

N: That was one for the scrapbook! I'm just sharing our story.

C: You organize the pictures, I'll pick out paper.

N: Mom and Dad's wedding, their honeymoon, pictures of me,

C: and pictures of me,

Both: and pictures of you, trips we took, and holidays,

C: my wedding day,

N: Mom and Dad's work, Mom and Dad's church groups,

C: and my Sylvie, Josh, Rachel, Ben.

N: and the family pets. Our senior pictures,

C: Our senior pictures

Both: and ev'ry birthday, Dad's car collection, Mom's fancy crochet, Grandma, Grandpa, Our fav'rite Aunt Jo and Uncle Lou.

C: Pictures of all the things that families do,

N: Family picnics, reunions,

C: pictures of all the things,

N: friends of the family,

C: that families do,

N: best friends, boyfriends,

C: pictures of all the things,

N: family pictures,

C: that families do,

N: family pictures.

Both: Pictures of all the things that
families do.

Avant de quitter ces lieux from *Faust*

O, holy medallion,

Which comes to me from my sister,

When the day of the battle arrives,

Rest here on my heart,

And ward off death.

Before I leave this place,

The home of my ancestors,

To you, O Lord and King of the skies,

I entrust my dear sister.

I beg you to protect her from every danger.

Freed from this sad thought,
I go now to seek my glory.
To fight with the bravest, in the front most rank,
Right in the heart of the enemy.
Yes, I go to fight for my country.
Yet if God should call me to back to himself,
I will watch over you faithfully, O Marguerite.
Before I leave this place
The home of my ancestors
To you, O Lord and King of the skies,
I entrust my dear sister.
O Lord, cast down your loving eyes,
And protect Marguerite!

Moonfall from *Mystery of Edwin Drood*

Between the very dead of night and day
Upon a steely sheet of light, I'll lay
And in the moonfall
I'll give myself to you
I'll bathe in moonfall
And dress myself in dew
Before the cloak of night reveals the morn
Time holds its breath while it conceals the dawn
And in the moonfall, all sound is frozen still
Yet warm against me, your skin will warm the chill of
Moonfall, I feel its fingers
Lingers the veil of nightshade...
Light made from stars that all too soon fall

Moonfall that pours from you
Betwixt our hearts, let nothing intervene
Between our eyes, the only sight I've seen
Is lust'rous moonfall as it blinds my view
So that soon I only see but you

Lady Bird: First Lady of the Land Duet

Lady Bird Johnson: Thank you, but before I go I'd like you to meet my daughters

Lynda, Luci: It's a joy being here in Georgia! We love being here in the South. You could say that life on the Lady Bird Express has been lived from hand to mouth!

Lynda: Do you know what we had for breakfast?

Luci: Crunchy hot biscuits and sausage links!

Lynda: Do you know what we had for lunch?

Luci: Turnip greens and black eyed peas!

Lynda: Do you know what we'll have for dinner?

Luci: Collard greens and chili beans!

Lynda: Is it any wonder?

Luci: Is it any wonder?

Lynda, Luci: Is it any wonder that we love the South?

Luci: We love the South!

Lynda: We love the South!

Both: The food we eat, the folks we meet, we love the South!

Luci: And tomorrow we'll have for breakfast:

Lynda: Harmony grits and scrambled eggs!

Luci: And tomorrow we'll have for lunch:

Lynda: Shrimp Creole and pumpkin pie!

Luci: And tomorrow we'll have for dinner:

Lynda: Crawfish bisque, red beans and rice! Is it any wonder?

Luci: Is it any wonder?

Both: Is it any wonder that we love the South?

Luci: We love the South!

Lynda: We love the South!

Both: The miles and miles of friendly smiles, we love the South!

Hecker: Sure as hell your father doesn't!

Heckler: He's a disgrace to the South!

Heckler: A disgrace and a traitor!

Lynda: Don't you dare call my father a disgrace!

Luci: Don't you dare!

Lynda: Don't you dare call him a traitor! It's all too easy to heckle...

Luci: Too easy to mock and sneer and slander...

Lynda: And smear!

Both: When you don't have the problems our father must face....

Luci: Every day of the year...

Lynda: Problems keep pouring in...

Both: Every day of the year!

Heckler: Your father's destroying this country!

Heckler: What he done sure as hell ain't constitutional!

Heckler: Why should he get my vote?

Heckler: Or mine?

Heckler: Or mine?

Luci: I'll tell you why! Since he's been our president he's carried on where Kennedy left off.

Lynda: Carried on where Kennedy left off!

Luci: This is a man who works for you for sixteen hours a day!

Lynda: This is a man who slaves for you,

Both: Using up his last bit of energy doing all a man can do!

Luci: Working his heart out, all for you!

Lynda: Working his heart out, all for you!

Luci: So don't you dare call him a traitor!

Lynda: A traitor and a disgrace!

Both: Don't you dare!

Der Jüngling und der Tod D.545

THE YOUTH

The sun is sinking; O that I might depart with it,
flee with its last ray:
escape these nameless torments,
and journey far away to fairer worlds!
O come, death, and loose these bonds!
I smile upon you, skeleton;
lead me gently to the land of dreams!
O come and touch me, come!

The DEATH

In my arms you will find cool, gentle rest;
you call. I will take pity on your suffering.

Je veux vivre from *Romeo et Juliette*

Ah!

I want to live

In the dream that intoxicates me Still to this day

This sweet flame

That I guard in my soul Like a treasure

I want to live

In the dream that intoxicates me Still to this day

This sweet flame

That I guard in my soul Like a treasure

This intoxication Of youth

Does not last but one day Then comes the hour Where we weep

The heart surrenders to love

And the happiness flees without return

Ah!

I want to live

In this dream that intoxicates me

For a long time This sweet flame

That I guard in my soul Like a treasure

Far from the gloomy winter Let me sleep

And smell the rose Before I pluck the petals

Ah!

Sweet flame

Rests within my soul Like a soft treasure Forever more

My Darling Jim from *Glory Denied*

My darling Jim, today was gorgeous outside,

temp'ature in the forties, not real cold.

All the snow melted, except in the front where the sun never hits.

The girls talk to your picture ev'ry day, and at night in their prayers they say,

"Please keep our daddy safe. Please keep our daddy safe."

My darling Jim, today was gorgeous outside, not real cold.

All the snow melted, except right in front where the sun never hits.

Il Campanello Act I Duet

Seraphina: Well, are you already tired?

Henry: Cousin, a few words, and jest aside-before you stands an offended lover; answer me, why did you marry without my consent?

Ser: How can you ask me that? It's because I found in Henry, a faithless one, a monster, and an inconstant!

Hen: It's you who are so.

Ser: Adieu, Sir.

Hen: Fly not, stay ingrate, at least let me tell you; the cruel one who has taken you from me, shall at your feet expire— my incensed love grew like a volcano, but soon a cold tomb will take it's place.

Ser: You'll not die, I know you, and know for for a seducer. It is revenge and not love that inflames your anger; now that you see me another's. A love rises in your breast, and you forget that I'm the object of your infidelity. Two others you've been with, and I meanwhile—

Hen: 'tis a falsehood!

Ser: I know it! It's in vain to deny it. Two others—

Hen: No, certainly.

Ser: Two others, I am certain.

Hen: No Three, faithless and inconstant woman! I did it to forget I ever loved you, as one can love with the most fervent affection; for you alone burns in this breast which has no equal; this heart throbs for you, and and you alone it seeks.

Ser: I loved you, believing that your heart felt a sincere passion; but hope was a deceitful dream, like unto a fog dispelled by the wind. Alas, love perishes when no longer fanned by the flame of hope.

Hen: Pitiless one!

Ser: I am married.

Hen: For me then-

Ser: I don't care

Hen: You no longer love me?

Ser: Never more, I swear it.

Hen: If all hope in this world is lost to me, I'll pursue that rascal like a blood-thirsty vampire, and at every moment I'll derange his peace. The dance is nearly ended: I'll confuse him so that to his patients he will give, instead of Peruvian bark, cyanide; astringents instead of laxatives; and to you, faithless cousin, traitress Seraphina, Epsom salts instead of syrup!

Ser: Time which cures every evil, will also placate your anger.

