

# SEATTLE OPERA.

## **Songs of Summer LIVE**

**Margaret Gawrysiak, Mezzo-Soprano**  
**John Keene, Piano**

**Sunday, June 13, 2:00 PM**

### **Recital Text**

#### **SONGS ABOUT SONGS**

##### **“WHAT SHALL I SING?”**

from ***MEET ME AT HAROLD MOORES*** (1998)

Music & text by Errollyn Wallen

Sing, sing, what shall I sing?  
This heart has turned into a pudding string.  
Cry, cry, no more to be done  
Though the sea has been emptied and a journey begun.  
Sing, sing, yes, that's what they say  
Though the sea has been emptied  
And I've been carried away.  
Cry, no more to be done.  
Though pain has undone me...  
In the arms of a man.  
Sing, sing, what shall I sing?  
This heart has turned into a pudding string.

Cry, no more to be done,  
Though the sea has been emptied and a journey begun.  
Sing, sing, yes, that's what they say  
Though the sea has been emptied and I've been carried away.  
Laugh, yes.  
As soon as I can.

**“AN DIE LEIER” (1822)**

Music by Franz Schubert

Text by Franz von Bruchmann

*Ich will von Atreus' Söhnen,*  
I would sing of Atreus' sons,

*Von Kadmus will ich singen!*  
of Cadmus would I sing,

*Doch meine Saiten tönen*  
but my strings bring forth

*Nur Liebe im Erklingen.*  
only sounds of love.

*Ich tauschte um die Saiten,*  
I have changed the strings,

*Die Leier möcht ich tauschen!*  
I should like to change the lyre!

*Alcidens Siegesschreiten*  
Alcides' victorious march

*Sollt ihrer Macht entauschen!*  
should ring out from its might!

*Doch auch die Saiten tönen*  
But these strings, too,

*Nur Liebe im Erklingen!*  
bring forth only sounds of love!

*So lebt denn wohl, Heroen!*  
Farewell, then, heroes!

*Denn meine Saiten tönen*  
For my strings,

*Statt Heldensang zu drohen,*  
instead of threatening with heroic songs,

*Nur Liebe im Erklingen.*  
bring forth only sounds of love.

**“(IF YOU CAN’T SING IT) YOU’LL HAVE TO SWING IT (MR. PAGANINI)”**

from *Rhythm on the Range* (1936)

Music & Text by Sam Coslow

The concert was over at Carnegie Hall  
The maestro took bow after bow  
He said, "My dear friends, I have given my all  
I'm sorry, it's all over now"  
When from the balcony way up high  
There suddenly came a mournful cry  
Oh, Mister Paganini, please play my rhapsody  
And if you cannot play it, won't you sing it  
And if you can't sing it, you simply have to  
Swing it  
I said, "Swing it"  
And don't ding it  
Listen, Paganini, we breathlessly await  
Your masterful baton, go on and sling it  
And if you can't sling it  
You'll simply have to swing it  
We've heard your repertoire and  
At the final bar  
We greeted you with round applause

But what a great ovation,  
Your interpretation  
Of "I never cared much for moonlit skies,  
I never blinked back at fireflies"  
Would do  
So Paganini, don't you be a meanie  
What have you up your sleeve? Come on and spring it  
And if you can't spring it, you'll simply have to sing it

## **SONGS ABOUT GOING OUT**

**"I AM EASILY ASSIMILATED"** from **CANDIDE** (1956)

Music by Leonard Bernstein

Text by Leonard & Felicia Bernstein

I was not born in sunny Hispania  
My father came from Rovno Gubernya  
But now I'm here, I'm dancing a tango  
Di de di!  
I am easily assimilated

I never learned a human language  
My father spoke a High Middle Polish  
In one half-hour I'm talking in Spanish  
*Por favor! Toreador!*  
I am easily assimilated

It's easy, it's ever so easy  
I'm Spanish, I'm suddenly Spanish  
And you must be Spanish, too  
Do like the natives do  
These days you have to be  
In the majority  
Mis labios rubí  
*Dreiviertel Takt, mon très cher ami*  
Oui oui sí sí ja ja yes yes da da je ne sais quoi  
A long way from Rovno Gubernya  
*Mis labios rubí*

*Dos rosas que se abren a mí  
Conquistan mi corazón  
Y solo con una divina canción  
Hey!*

**“BY THE SEA” from *SWEENEY TODD* (1979)**  
Music & Text by Stephen Sondheim

Ooh, Mr. Todd  
I'm so happy  
I could eat you up  
I really could  
You know what I'd like to do, Mr. Todd?  
What I dream?  
If the business stays as good  
Where I'd really like to go  
In a year, or so  
Don't you want to know?  
Yes, of course  
Do you really want to know?  
Yes, yes, I do, I do  
Always had a dream  
Ever since I was skinny little slip of a thing  
And my rich Aunt Nettie used to take me to the seaside  
August bank holiday  
The pier...  
Making little castles in the sand  
I can still feel me toes wiggling around in the briney  
By the sea, Mr. Todd, that's a life I covet  
By the sea, Mr. Todd, oh, I know you'd love it  
You and me, Mr. T, we could be alone  
In a house what we'd almost own  
Down by the sea  
Anything you say  
Wouldn't that be smashing?  
With the sea at our gate we'll have kippered herring  
What have swum to us straight from the Straights of Bering  
Every night in the kip, when we're through our kippers

I'll be there slipping off your slippers  
By the sea  
With the fishies splashing  
By the sea  
Wouldn't that be smashing  
Down by the sea  
Anything you say, anything you say  
I can see us waking  
The breakers breaking  
The seagulls squawking  
Oh-ooh  
I'll do me baking, then I'll go walking  
With you, you  
I'll warm me bones on the esplanade  
Have tea and scones with me gay young blade  
Then I'll knit a sweater  
While you write a letter  
Unless we've got better to do  
Anything you say  
Think how snug it will be underneath our flannel  
When it's just you and me and the English channel  
In our cozy retreat kept all neat and tidy  
We'll have chums over every Friday  
By the sea  
Don't you love the weather?  
By the sea  
We'll grow old together  
By the seaside  
By the beautiful sea  
Oh, I can see us now  
In our bathing dresses  
You in a nice rich navy  
And me, stripes perhaps  
It'll be so quiet  
That who'll come by it  
Except a seagull, oh-ooh  
We shouldn't try it  
Until it's legal for two

But a seaside wedding could be devised  
Me rumpled bedding, legitimized  
Me eyelids'll flutter  
I'll turn into butter  
The moment I mutter, "I do"  
By the sea, in our nest  
We could share our kippers  
With the odd-paying guests from the weekend trippers  
Have a nice, sunny sweet for the guests to rest in  
Now and then you could do the guest in  
By the sea  
Married nice and proper  
By the sea  
Bring along your chopper  
To the seaside  
By the beautiful sea  
Come on, darling  
Give us a kiss  
Ooh, that was lovely

**“YOU LEAVE ME BENT” (2016)**

Music by Lori Laitman

Text by Dana Gioia, reprinted by permission of the poet

I met him last summer at the Museum of Art.  
He was looking at the Goyas, so I knew he was smart.  
He took me to dinner. We caught a few shows.  
Last week at the office, he left me a rose.  
He calls me each evening for an intimate chat.  
He even remembers the name of my cat, “Mr. Peaches”  
We’re madly in love, but what can I do.  
Something is missing, and its color is blue.  
So tonight I’m gonna tell him....  
You leave me bent  
And totally spent.  
I lost my composure  
The moment you went.  
Why do you have

To be such a gent  
And drop me off home  
With zip to repent.  
Where did you come from?  
Life was so humdrum  
Until you arrived,  
Impossibly handsome.  
With impeccable taste  
You laid me to waste.  
Without having laid me  
You totally made me  
By being so chaste.  
I knew from the first  
That you were a winner.  
You paid for the dinner  
And said I looked thinner  
Than when we first met.  
How much better can it get?  
Well, there's one thing  
You seem to forget.  
I'm rather embarrassed,  
But let me be plain.  
I feel like Tarzan,  
So stop being Jane.  
Do I need to find Cheetah  
And have him explain  
What the Laws of the Jungle  
So clearly ordain?  
So take off that shirt. You  
Proved you've got virtue.  
You're a regular saint.  
I don't want to hurt you,  
But I'm going to kick your  
Gorgeous behind.  
A good guy like you  
Is annoying to find.  
No, I don't want to hurt you,  
But let me alert you



That a really good man  
Is annoying to find

**“POUR UNE FEMME” from LA FILLE DU RÉGIMENT (1840)**

Music by Gaetano Donizetti

Libretto by Jules-Henri Vernoy de Saint-Georges  
and Jean François Bayard

*Pour une femme de mon nom,*  
For a lady of my name,

*Quel temps, hélas ! qu'un temps de guerre!*  
what a time, alas, this time of war!

*Aux grandeurs on ne pense guère...*  
Nobility hardly counts at all,

*Rien n'est sacré pour le canon!*  
nothing is sacred to the cannon!

*Aussi, vraiment, je vis à peine...*  
Indeed truly I'm barely alive.

*Je dépéris, je le sens bien...*  
My health's declining, I feel it clearly...

*Jusqu'aux vapeurs, à la migraine,*  
I have the vapors, a migraine is coming on.

*L'ennemi ne respecte rien!*  
The enemy, alas, doesn't respect anything.

*Les Français, chacun me l'assure,*  
The French, I am assured,

*Sont aussi braves que galants...*  
are a band of brigands.

*Pour peu qu'on ait de la figure,*  
However modest one's figure may be they

*Ils deviennent entreprenants...*  
become quite forward.

*Aussi, je frémis quand j'y pense!*  
I tremble when I think about it!

*Hélas! je les connais trop bien...*  
I know them too well.

*La beauté, les mœurs, l'innocence...*  
Beauty, principles, innocence,

*Ces gens-là ne respectent rien!*  
these people respect nothing.

**“POISONING PIGEONS IN THE PARK” (1959)**  
Music & Words by Tom Lehrer

Spring is here  
Life is skittles and life is beer  
I think the loveliest time  
Of the year is the spring  
I do, don't you? 'Course you do  
But there's one thing  
That makes spring complete for me  
And makes every Sunday a treat for me  
All the world seems in tune  
On a spring afternoon  
When we're poisoning pigeons in the park  
Every Sunday you'll see  
My sweetheart and me  
As we poison the pigeons in the park  
When they see us coming  
The birdies all try and hide  
But they still go for peanuts

When coated with cyanide  
The sun's shining bright  
Everything seems all right  
When we're poisoning pigeons in the park  
We've gained notoriety  
And caused much anxiety  
In the Audubon Society  
With our games  
They call it impiety  
And lack of propriety  
And quite a variety  
Of unpleasant names  
But it's not against any religion  
To want to dispose of a pigeon  
So if Sunday you're free  
Why don't you come with me  
And we'll poison the pigeons in the park  
And maybe we'll do  
In a squirrel or two  
While we're poisoning pigeons in the park  
We'll murder them all  
Amid laughter and merriment  
Except for the few  
We take home to experiment  
My pulse will be quickenin'  
With each drop of strychnine  
We feed to a pigeon  
(It just takes a smidgin!)  
To poison a pigeon in the park

## **SONGS THAT WITCHES SING**

**“LIDSKOU KRVI”** from **RUSALKA** (1901)

Music by Antonin Dvorak

Libretto by Jaroslav Kvapil.

*Lidskou krví musíš smýti žvlů prokletí*  
Only human blood can free you from this curse,

*za lásku, již chtělas míti v lidském objetí!*  
This curse upon your head for the love you sought.

*Budeš zas, číms byla prve, než tě zklamal svět*  
Then you will be what you were before the world deceived you.

*ale horkem lidské krve lze jen ozdravět.*  
Human blood can restore you to health.

*Opustí tě všechna muka,*  
You will be free of sorrows.

*budeš št'astna, budeš hned,*  
You will be happy again

*zahubí-li tvoje ruka*  
If you slay by your own hand

*toho, jenž tě oklamal,*  
the one who betrayed you!

*toho, jenž tě sved!*  
Smite the one who wronged you!

**“STRIDE LA VAMPA” from *IL TROVATORE* (1853)**

**Music by Giuseppe Verdi**

**Libretto by Salvatore Cammarano**

*Stride la vampa! - la folla indomita*  
The flames roar! The wild crowd

*Corre a quel fuoco - lieta in sembianza;*  
presses in toward the fire.

*Urli di gioia - intorno echeggiano:*

Screams of joy echo about.

*Cinta di sgherri - donna s'avanza!*

A woman approaches, surrounded by soldiers...

*Sinistra splende - sui volti orribili*

A sinister glow on horrible faces...

*La tetra fiamma - che s'alza al ciel!*

and the sparks fly up toward heaven.

*Stride la vampa! - giunge la vittima*

The flames roar! Here is the victim:

*Nerovestita, - discinta e scalza!*

barefoot, wearing only rags.

*Grido feroce - di morte levasi;*

Ferocious cries of death

*L'eco il ripete - di balza in balza!*

echo down through the canyon.

*Sinistra splende - sui volti orribili*

A sinister glow on hideous faces...

*La tetra fiamma - che s'alza al ciel!*

And the sparks fly up toward heaven.

**“WITCH’S RIDE” from *HANSEL AND GRETEL* (1893)**

Music by Engelbert Humperdinck

Libretto by Adelheid Wette (translated by Constance Bache)

Yes, Gretel dear, soon you will disappear.

My, my! I'm so sly!

When in the oven she's peeping,

Quickly behind her I'm creeping!

One little push, bang!  
Goes the door, clang!  
Then soon will Gretel be cooked to a T!  
And when from the oven I take her  
She'll look like a cake from the baker!  
By magic fire, red,  
Changed into gingerbread!  
So hop, hop hop, gallop, lop, lop, lop!  
My broomstick nag, come do not lag!  
At dawn of day I ride away,  
I'm here and there and ev'rywhere!  
At midnight hour, when none can know,  
To join the witches' dance I go!  
And three and four are witches' lore,  
And five and six are witches' tricks,  
And nine is one, and ten is none,  
And seven is nil, or what she will!  
And so they ride till dawn of day!  
Broomstick high!

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