

Wolf Trap Opera  
presents

## **Salon Series: Intimate Evenings of Song**

Shannon Jennings, *soprano*  
Conor McDonald, *baritone*  
Joseph Li, *piano*  
Kenneth Rittenhouse, *trumpet\**

### **Geisslerlieder**

Spiritual folk songs, c. 1349  
Text and music by Anonymous

Maria, Mutter reine Maid,  
erbarm dich über die Christenheit,  
Erbarm dich über deine Kind,  
die noch in diesem Elend sind.

Maria, Mutter gnadevoll,  
du kannst und magst uns helfen wohl,  
Verleih uns einen gnäd'gen Tod  
und b'hüt' uns da vor aller Not.

Erwirb uns Huld um deines Kind,  
des Reich nimmer sein End' gewinnt,  
Daß er uns lös' von aller Not  
und b'hüte vor dem jähen Tod.

### **Flagellant songs**

Mother Mary, Virgin pure,  
take pity on the World,  
Have mercy on your children,  
who are yet in distress.

Gracious Mother Mary,  
you can and would help us,  
Grant us a merciful death  
and protect us from all hardship.

Procure for us the Grace of your Child,  
whose Kingdom will never end,  
So that He might deliver us from hardship  
and protect us from sudden death.

### **The Desire for Hermitage**

From *Hermit Songs*  
Samuel Barber (1910 - 1981)  
Text by Anonymous, translated by Seán Ó Faoláin

Ah! To be all alone in a little cell with nobody near me;  
beloved that pilgrimage before the last pilgrimage to Death.  
Singing the passing hours to cloudy Heaven;  
feeding upon dry bread and water from the cold spring.  
That will be an end to evil when I am alone  
In a lovely little corner among tombs  
Far from the houses of the great.  
Ah! To be all alone in a little cell, to be alone, all alone:  
Alone I came into the world,  
Alone I shall go from it.



# WOLF TRAP

FOUNDATION FOR THE PERFORMING ARTS

## ***Knoxville: Summer of 1915***, Op. 24

Samuel Barber (1910 - 1981)

Text by James Agee (1909 - 1955)

We are talking now of summer evenings in Knoxville Tennessee in the time that I lived there so successfully disguised to myself as a child. It has become that time of evening when people sit on their porches, rocking gently and talking gently and watching the street and the standing up into their sphere of possession of the trees, of birds' hung havens, hangars. People go by; things go by. A horse, drawing a buggy, breaking his hollow iron music on the asphalt; a loud auto; a quiet auto; people in pairs, not in a hurry, scuffling, switching their weight of aestival body, talking casually, the taste hovering over them of vanilla, strawberry, pasteboard and starched milk, the image upon them of lovers and horsemen, squared with clowns in hueless amber. A streetcar raising its iron moan; stopping, belling and starting; stertorous; rousing and raising again its iron increasing moan and swimming its gold windows and straw seats on past and past and past, the bleak spark crackling and cursing above it like a small malignant spirit set to dog its tracks; the iron whine rises on rising speed; still risen, faints; halts; the faint stinging bell; rises again, still fainter, fainting, lifting, lifts, faints foregone: forgotten. Now is the night one blue dew.

Now is the night one blue dew, my father has drained, he has coiled the hose.

Low on the length of lawns, a frailing of fire who breathes....

Parents on porches: rock and rock. From damp strings morning glories hang their ancient faces.

The dry and exalted noise of the locusts from all the air at once enchants my eardrums.

On the rough wet grass of the back yard my father and mother have spread quilts. We all lie there, my mother, my father, my uncle, my aunt, and I too am lying there....They are not talking much, and the talk is quiet, of nothing in particular, of nothing at all. The stars are wide and alive, they seem each like a smile of great sweetness, and they seem very near. All my people are larger bodies than mine...with voices gentle and meaningless like the voices of sleeping birds. One is an artist, he is living at home. One is a musician, she is living at home. One is my mother who is good to me. One is my father who is good to me. By some chance, here they are, all on this earth; and who shall ever tell the sorrow of being on this earth, lying, on quilts, on the grass, in a summer evening, among the sounds of the night. May God bless my people, my uncle, my aunt, my mother, my good father, oh, remember them kindly in their time of trouble; and in the hour of their taking away.

After a little I am taken in and put to bed. Sleep, soft smiling, draws me unto her: and those receive me, who quietly treat me, as one familiar and well-beloved in that home: but will not, oh, will not, not now, not ever; but will not ever tell me who I am.



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## **The Blessed Virgin's Expostulation**

Henry Purcell (1659 - 1695) / Benjamin Britten (1913 - 1976)

Text by Nahum Tate (1652 - 1715)

Tell me, some Pitying Angel quickly say,  
Where does my Soul's sweet Darling Stay?  
In Tyger's, or more cruel Herod's way?  
Ah! Rather let his little Footsteps press  
Unregarded through the Wilderness,  
Where milder Savages resort,  
The desert's safer than a Tyrant's Court.  
Why, fairest Object of my Love,  
Why does thou from my longing Eyes remove?  
Was it a Waking Dream, that did foretell thy Wondrous Birth?  
No Vision from above?  
Where's Gabriel now, that visited my cell?  
I call, I call: Gabriel!  
He comes not; flatt'ring Hopes, farewell.  
Me Judah's Daughters once caress'd.  
Call'd me of Mothers, the most bless'd.  
Now - fatal Change - of Mothers most distress'd.  
How shall my Soul its Motions guide?  
How shall I stem the various tide,  
Whilst Faith and Doubt my Lab'ring Soul divide?  
For whilst of thy dear Sight beguil'd,  
I trust the God, but oh! I fear the Child.

## **'Tis holiday**

Henry Purcell (1659 - 1695) / Benjamin Britten (1913 - 1976)

Text by Nahum Tate (1652 - 1715)

'Tis holiday, bid the trumpet sound!

## **Sound Fame thy brazen trumpet**

Henry Purcell (1659 - 1695) / Benjamin Britten (1913 - 1976)

Text by Thomas Betterton (1653 - 1710) and John Dryden (1631 - 1700)

Sound, Fame, thy brazen trumpet sound;  
Stand in the centre of the Universe,  
And call the list'ning world around,  
While we, in joyful notes rehearse,  
In artful numbers, and well-chosen verse,  
Our great defender's glory.



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## Experiment

From *Nymph Errant* (1933)

Cole Porter (1891 - 1964)

Before you leave these portals  
to meet less fortunate mortals,  
there's just one final message  
I would give to you.  
You all have learned reliance  
on the sacred teachings of science,  
so I hope, through life you never will decline,  
in spite of philistine defiance,  
to do what all good scientists do.  
Experiment,  
make it your motto day and night.  
Experiment,  
and it will lead you to the light.  
The apple on the top of the tree  
is never too high to achieve,  
so take an example from Eve.  
Experiment,  
be curious,  
though interfering friends may frown,  
get furious  
At each attempt to hold you down.  
If this advice you'll only employ,  
The future can offer you infinite joy  
and merriment,  
experiment  
and you'll see.



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## **I'm a Gigolo**

From the musical revue *Wake up and Dream* (1929)  
Cole Porter (1891 - 1964)

I should like you all to know,  
I'm a famous gigolo.  
And of lavender, my nature's got just a dash in it.  
As I'm slightly undersexed,  
You will always find me next  
To some dowager who's wealthy rather than passionate.  
Go to one of those night club places  
And you'll find me stretching my braces  
Pushing ladies with lifted faces 'round the floor.  
But I must confess to you  
There are moments when I'm blue.  
And I ask myself whatever I do it for.

I'm a flower that blooms in the winter,  
Sinking deeper and deeper in snow.  
I'm a baby who has no mother but jazz,  
I'm a gigolo.  
Ev'ry morning, when labor is over,  
To my sweet-scented lodgings I go,  
Take the glass from the shelf  
And look at myself,  
I'm a gigolo.  
I get stocks and bonds  
From faded blondes  
Ev'ry twenty-fifth of December.  
Still I'm just a pet that men forget  
And only tailors remember.  
Yet when I see the way all the ladies  
Treat their husbands who put up the dough,  
You cannot think me odd  
If then I thank God  
I'm a gigolo.



# WOLF TRAP

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## **Anything Goes**

From *Anything Goes* (1934)

Cole Porter (1891 - 1964)

Times have changed  
And we've often rewound the clock  
Since the Puritans got a shock  
When they landed on Plymouth Rock.  
If today  
Any shock they should try to stem  
'Stead of landing on Plymouth Rock,  
Plymouth Rock would land on them.

In olden days, a glimpse of stocking  
Was looked on as something shocking.  
But now, God knows,  
Anything goes.  
Good authors too who once knew better words  
Now only use four-letter words  
Writing prose.  
Anything goes.

The world has gone mad today  
And good's bad today,  
And black's white today,  
And day's night today,  
And most guys today  
That women prize today  
Are just silly gigolos;

So though I'm not a great romancer  
I know that I'm bound to answer  
When you propose  
Anything goes.



# WOLF TRAP

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## **I Get a Kick Out of You**

From *Anything Goes* (1934)

Cole Porter (1891 - 1964)

My story is much too sad to be told,  
But practically everything  
Leaves me totally cold.  
The only exception I know is the case  
When I'm out on a quiet spree  
Fighting vainly the old ennui  
And I suddenly turn and see  
Your fabulous face.

I get no kick from champagne.  
Mere alcohol doesn't thrill me at all,  
So tell me why should it be true  
That I get a kick out of you?

Some get a kick from cocaine.  
I'm sure that if I had even one sniff  
It would bore me terrifically, too.  
Yet I get a kick out of you.

I get a kick every time I see you're standing there before me.  
I get a kick though it's clear to me you obviously don't adore me.

I get no kick in a Plane.  
Flying too high with some guy in the sky  
Is my idea of nothing to do.  
Yet I get a kick out of you.



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## From this Moment On

Cole Porter (1891 - 1964)

Now that we are close, no more nights morose,  
Now that we are one, the beguine has just begun.  
Now that we're side by side, the future looks so gay,  
Now we are alibied when we say:

From this moment on,  
You for me, dear,  
Only two for tea, dear,  
From this moment on.

From this happy day,  
No more blue songs,  
Only whoop-dee-doo songs,  
From this moment on.

For you've got the love I need so much,  
Got this skin I love to touch,  
Got the arms to hold me tight,  
Got the sweet lips to kiss me goodnight.

From this moment on,  
You and I, babe,  
We'll be ridin' high, babe,  
Ev're care is gone  
From this moment on.

## Geisslerlieder

Spiritual folk songs, c. 1349  
Text and music by Anonymous

Alleluja, Ave benedicta Maria  
Ihesu Christi mater et filia  
Flos pudoris, dos amoris, ros dulcoris

Stella maris appellaris  
ora tuum filium  
Sidus splendoris mater salvatoris

Tu dignare deprecare virgo mater filium  
Ne demergat sed abstergat  
prorsus labem criminum!

O Maria omni plena gratia.

## Flagellant songs

Alleluia, hail, blessed Mary  
Mother and daughter of Jesus Christ  
Chaste blossom, endowed with love, sweet dew,

You are called the star of the sea  
Call for the prayers of your son,  
Splendid constellation, mother of the Redeemer,

Consider us worthy of prayer, Mary,  
So that we might not be submerged,  
But that we might banish utterly our wavering  
misdeeds!  
O Mary, full of grace.

\* Mr. Rittenhouse appears courtesy of the D.C. Federation of Musicians, AFM Local 161-710