

Wolf Trap Opera  
presents

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

Gretchen Krupp, *mezzo-soprano*  
Nicholas Newton, *bass-baritone*  
Joseph Li, *piano*

### **Love in the Dictionary**

Celius Dougherty (1902 - 1986)  
Text by Anonymous

Love: A strong, complex emotion or feeling of personal attachment  
Causing one to appreciate, delight in, or crave the presence or possession of the object, and  
to please and promote the welfare of that object;  
Devoted affection or attachment;  
Specifically, the feeling between partners for life;  
Brother and sister;  
Or lover and sweetheart;  
One who is beloved;  
A sweetheart;  
Animal passion;  
The personification of the love-passion;  
Cupid;  
In some games, as tennis, nothing

### **Romanzo di Central Park**

Charles Ives (1874 - 1954)  
Text by James Henry Leigh Hunt (1784 - 1859)

Grove,  
Rove,  
Night,  
Delight  
Heart,  
Impart,  
Prove  
Love,  
Heart,  
Impart,  
Love,  
Prove,  
Prove  
Love,  
Kiss,  
Bliss,  
Kiss,  
Bliss  
Blest,  
Rest,  
Heart,  
Impart,  
Love.



# WOLF TRAP

FOUNDATION FOR THE PERFORMING ARTS

## **Tell me the truth about love**

Benjamin Britten (1913 - 1976)

Based on the poem by W.H. Auden (1907 - 1973)

Some say that love's a little boy  
And some say it's a bird  
Some say it makes the world go round  
And some say that's absurd  
And when I asked the man next-door  
Who looked as if he knew  
His wife got very cross indeed  
And said it wouldn't do

Does it look like a pair of pyjamas  
Or the ham in a temperance hotel?  
Does its odour remind one of llamas  
Or has it a comforting smell?  
Is it prickly to touch as a hedge is  
Or soft as eiderdown fluff?  
Is it sharp or quite smooth at the edges?  
O tell me the truth about love

I looked inside the summer-house;  
It wasn't even there:  
I tried the Thames at Maidenhead  
And Brighton's bracing air  
I don't know what the blackbird sang  
Or what the tulip said;  
But it wasn't in the chicken-run  
Or underneath the bed

Can it pull extraordinary faces?  
Is it usually sick on a swing?  
Does it spend all its time at the races  
Or fiddling with pieces of string?  
Has it views of its own about money?  
Does it think Patriotism enough?  
Are its stories vulgar but funny?  
O tell me the truth about love

Your feelings when you meet it  
I am told you can't forget  
I've sought it since I was a child  
But haven't found it yet  
I'm getting on for twenty-eight  
And still I do not know  
What kind of creature it can be  
That bothers people so

When it comes, will it come without warning  
Just as I'm picking my nose?  
Will it knock on my door in the morning  
Or tread in the bus on my toes?  
Will it come like a change in the weather?  
Will its greeting be courteous or rough?  
Will it alter my life altogether?  
O tell me the truth about love



# WOLF TRAP

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## **Night and Day**

From *Gay Divorce* (1932)

Cole Porter (1891 - 1964)

Night and day  
You are the one  
Only you beneath the moon and under the sun  
Whether near to me or far  
It's no matter, darling, where you are  
I think of you night and day

Night and day  
Why is it so  
That this longing for you follows wherever I go?  
In the roarin' traffic's boom  
In the silence of my lonely room  
I think of you night and day

Night and day  
Under the hide of me  
There's an oh such a hungry yearnin' burnin' inside of me  
And its torment won't be through  
'Til you let me spend my life making love to you  
Day and night  
Night and day.

## **i carry your heart**

John Duke (1899 - 1984)

Text by e.e. cummings (1894 -1962)

i carry your heart with me(i carry it in  
my heart)i am never without it(anywhere  
i go you go,my dear;and whatever is done  
by only me is your doing,my darling)  
i fear  
no fate(for you are my fate,my sweet)i want  
no world(for beautiful you are my world,my true)  
and it's you are whatever a moon has always meant  
and whatever a sun will always sing is you

here is the deepest secret nobody knows  
(here is the root of the root and the bud of the bud  
and the sky of the sky of a tree called life;which grows  
higher than soul can hope or mind can hide)  
and this is the wonder that's keeping the stars apart

i carry your heart(i carry it in my heart)



# WOLF TRAP

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## September Song

Kurt Weill (1900 - 1950)

Text by Maxwell Anderson (1888 - 1959)

When I was a young man courting the girls  
I played me a waiting game  
If a maid refused me with tossing curls  
I'd let the old Earth take a couple of whirls  
While I plied her with tears in lieu of pearls  
And as time came around she came my way  
As time came around she came.

But it's a long, long while from May to December  
But the days grow short when you reach September  
When the autumn weather turns the leaves to flame  
One hasn't got time for the waiting game.

And the days dwindle down to a precious few  
September, November,  
And these few precious days I'll spend with you  
These precious days I'll spend with you.

When you meet with the young men early in Spring  
They court you in song and rhyme  
They woo you with words and a clover ring  
But if you examine the goods they bring  
They have little to offer, but the songs they sing  
And a plentiful waste of time of day  
A plentiful waste of time

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## **The Rainbow-Child**

Samuel Coleridge-Taylor (1875 - 1912)

Text by Marguerite Radclyffe-Hall (1880 - 1943)

The sunshine met the stormwind  
As he swept across the plain,  
And she wooed him till he lov'd her,  
And his kisses fell as rain.

She was fair, and he was ardent.  
And behold! one happy morn,  
While I watched their mingled glory,  
Lo! A rainbow child was born!

## **Thou has bewitched me my beloved**

Samuel Coleridge-Taylor (1875 - 1912)

Text by Marguerite Radclyffe-Hall (1880 - 1943)

Thou hast bewitched me, beloved,  
Till I am weaker than water,  
Water that drips from the fountain,  
Through thy white tapering fingers.

Yet as the waters together  
Gather and grow to a torrent,  
Gathers the flood of my passion,  
Bearing thee forth on its bosom!

## **You Lay So Still in the Sunshine**

Samuel Coleridge-Taylor (1875 - 1912)

Text by Marguerite Radclyffe-Hall (1880 - 1943)

You lay so still in the sunshine,  
So still in that hot sweet hour –  
That the timid things of the forest land  
Came close; a butterfly lit on your hand,  
Mistaking it for a flow'r.

You scarcely breath'd in your slumber,  
So dreamless it was, so deep–  
While the warm air stirr'd in my veins like wine,  
The air that had blown thro' a jasmine vine,  
But you slept – and I let you sleep.



# WOLF TRAP

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## **She's My Girl**

Music and text by Tom Lehrer (b. 1928)

Sharks gotta swim, and bats gotta fly,  
I gotta love one woman till I die.  
To Ed or Dick or Bob  
She may be just a slob,  
But to me, well,  
She's my girl.

In winter the bedroom is one large ice cube,  
And she squeezes the toothpaste from the middle of the tube.  
Her hairs in the sink have driven me to drink,  
But she's my girl and I love her.

The girl that I lament for,  
The girl my money's spent for,  
The girl my back is bent for,  
The girl I owe the rent for,  
The girl I gave up lent for,  
Is the girl that heaven meant for me.

So though for breakfast she makes coffee that tastes like shampoo,  
I come home for dinner and get peanut butter stew,  
Or if I'm in luck, It's broiled hockey puck.  
But, oh well,  
What the hell,  
She's my girl,  
And I love her.



# WOLF TRAP

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## **Toothbrush Time**

From *Cabaret Songs*

William Bolcom (b. 1938)

Text by Arnold Weinstein (1927 - 2005)

It's toothbrush time  
Ten a.m. again and toothbrush time  
Last night at half past nine it seemed okay  
But in the light of day not so fine at toothbrush time  
Now he's crashing round my bathroom  
Now he's reading my degree  
Perusing all my pills  
Reviewing all my ills  
And he comes out smelling like me  
Now he advances on my kitchen  
Now he raids every shelf  
Till from the pots and pans and puddles and debris  
Emerges three eggs all for himself  
Oh, how I'd be ahead if I'd stood out of bed  
I wouldn't sit here grieving  
Waiting for the wonderful moment of his leaving  
At toothbrush time, toothbrush time  
Ten a.m. again and toothbrush time  
I know it's sad to be alone  
It's so bad to be alone  
Still I should've known  
That I'd be glad to be alone  
I should've known, I should've known  
Never should have picked up the phone and called him  
"Hey, uh, listen, um  
Oh, you gotta go too?  
So glad you understand  
And ..."  
By the way, did you say  
Nine tonight again?  
See you then  
Toothbrush time



# WOLF TRAP

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## **Your Feet's Too Big**

Arranged by Fats Waller (1904 - 1943)

Who's that walkin' round in here? Ughh.. it's you...  
Up in Harlem at a table for two  
There were four of us, me, your big feet and you  
From your ankle up, I'd say you sure look sweet  
But from there down you're just too much feet

Yes, your feet's too big  
Don't want ya 'cause ya feet's too big  
Can't use ya 'cause ya feet's too big  
I really hate ya 'cause ya feet's too big

Nya da da da. Woah!  
Where did ya get 'em?  
Nya da da da!  
Your girl she likes you, she said she thinks you're nice  
She says you got what it takes to take her to paradise  
She likes your face, she says she loves your rig  
But look at em, look at em ya feet's too big!

Oh your feet's too big  
Don't want ya 'cause ya feet's too big  
Mad at you 'cause your feet's too big  
I really hate you 'cause your feet's too big

Your pedal extremities are colossal  
To me, you look just like a fossil  
Ya got me walkin', talkin' and squawkin'  
'Cause your feet's too big

Can't go nowhere wit ya' <sup>{[ ]}</sup><sub>SEP</sub>  
Cause ya feet's too big.  
Can't get in the bed next to ya  
Cause ya feet's too big.  
Look at em, look at em  
Spread across the floor

When you go and die,  
Ain't nobody gonna sob  
The undertaker's gonna have quite a job  
You gonna look funny when they lay you in the casket  
Look at them big feet  
Sticken up out the basket

Oh your feet's too big  
Don't want ya 'cause ya feet's too big  
Can't use ya 'cause your feet's too big  
I really hate you 'cause your feet's too big  
Oh your feet's too big

Don't want ya 'cause ya feet's too big  
Mad at you 'cause your feet's too big  
I really hate you 'cause your feet's too big  
Your pedal extremities are obnoxious!





# WOLF TRAP

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## **Animal Passion**

From *Natural Selection* (1977)

Jake Heggie (b. 1961)

Text by Gini Savage

Fierce as a bobcat's spring  
With start-up speeds of sixty miles per hour  
I want a lover to sweep me off my feet  
And slide me into the gutter  
Without the niceties of small-talk roses or champagne  
I mean business  
I want whiskey  
I want to be swallowed whole  
I want tiles to spring off the walls  
When we enter hotel rooms or afternoon apartments  
I won't pussy-foot around responsibility  
"shoulds" and "oughts" are out for good  
And I don't want to be a fat domestic cat  
I want to be frantic  
Yowls and growls to sound like the lion house at feeding time  
I don't give a damn who hears  
I don't give a damn!  
No discreet eavesdroppers' coughs can stop us in our frenzy  
Let the voyeurs voient  
And let the great cats come.



# WOLF TRAP

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## **The Masochism Tango**

Music and text by Tom Lehrer (b. 1928)

I ache for the touch of your lips dear,  
But much more for the touch of your whips, dear,  
You can raise welts  
Like nobody else  
As we dance to the Masochism Tango.

Let our love be a flame, not an ember,  
Say it's me that you want to dismember  
Blacken my eye  
Set fire to my tie  
As we dance to the Masochism Tango

At your command,  
Before you here I stand,  
My heart is in my hand .....(eecchh!)  
It's here that I must be.  
My heart entreats,  
Just hear those savage beats,  
And go put on your cleats,  
And come and trample me.

Your heart is hard as stone or mahogany.  
That's why I'm in such exquisite "agony".  
My soul is on fire,  
It's aflame with desire,  
Which is why I perspire when we tango.

You caught my nose  
In your left castanet, love,  
I can feel the pain yet, love,  
Everytime I hear drums.  
And I envy the rose  
That you held in your teeth, love,  
With the thorns underneath, love,  
Sticking into your gums.

Your eyes cast a spell that bewitches.  
The last time I needed 20 stitches  
To sew up the gash  
You made with your lash,  
As we danced to the Masochism Tango.

Bash in my brain,  
And make me scream with pain,  
Then kick me once again,  
And say we'll never part.  
I know too well,  
I'm underneath your spell  
So darling if you smell  
Something burning, it's my heart.

Take your cigarette from its holder,  
And burn your initials in my shoulder.  
Fracture my spine  
And swear that you're mine,  
As we dance to the Masochism Tango