



SCHOOL OF MUSIC

Presents

Abbey Sensenich, mezzo-soprano
Chloe Bruns, soprano
Edward Newman, piano

Saturday, November 13, 2021

5:30 PM

PepsiCo Recital Hall

Program

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I Hate Music! A Cycle of Five Kid Songs for Soprano
III. I Hate Music!
V. I'm a Person Too

Leonard Bernstein
(1918-1990)

Ms. Sensenich

II

Mandoline

Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1924)

Ms. Bruns

Psyché

Émile Paladilhe
(1844-1926)

Ms. Bruns

III

Gesellenreise

W. A. Mozart
(1756-1791)

Ms. Sensenich

Als Luise die Briefe Ihres Ungetreuen Liebhabers Verbrannte

W. A. Mozart
(1756-1791)

Ms. Sensenich

IV

**Wenn mein Bastien einst im Scherze
from *Bastien und Bastienne***

W. A. Mozart
(1756-1791)

Ms. Bruns

Wie Melodien zieht es mir

Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

Ms. Bruns

Gretchen am Spinnrade

Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

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INTERMISSION

V

Gentilles hirondelles

Pauline Viardot
(1821-1910)

Ms. Sensenich

i carry your heart

John Duke
(1899-1984)

Ms. Sensenich

Hai luli!

Pauline Viardot
(1821-1910)

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VI

Four Dickinson Songs

I. Will There Really Be A Morning?

IV. If I...

Lori Laitman
(b. 1955)

Ms. Bruns

Goodnight Moon

Eric Whitacre
(b. 1970)

Ms. Bruns

VII

Flight

Craig Carnelia
(b. 1949)

Ms. Sensenich and Ms. Bruns

Sisters

Irving Berlin
(1888-1989)

Ms. Sensenich and Ms. Bruns

This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for a Bachelor's Degree in Music Education. Ms. Sensenich is a student of Twyla Robinson, and Ms. Bruns is a student of Audrey Davis-Stanley.

The use of recording equipment or taking photographs is prohibited.
Please silence all electronic devices including watches, pagers, and phones.

I Hate Music! A Cycle of Five Kid Songs for Soprano (1943)

Leonard Bernstein

III. I Hate Music!

V. I'm a Person Too

Born in 1918, Leonard Bernstein (1918-1990) quickly became an iconic American conductor and musician in a world where such figureheads had generally been European. He was talented in many areas of music, but is overall remembered for his compositions, conducting, and strong commitment to social change. Held in very high regard, a key aspect of all his work is extreme emotion. Whether that emotion be silly, sad, or aggressive, his compositions and musicianship did not lack in its portrayal.

“I Hate Music!” is regarded as the most popular song of this particular song cycle, on account of Barbara Streisand’s hilariously sardonic rendition. Intended to be witty, this song was named after Bernstein’s old friend and flat mate’s annoyed mutterings when encountered with Bernstein’s never-ending stream of music within their flat. The lyrics suggest a childlike consideration of what music truly is and is not. “I’m a Person Too” follows a more contemplative side of a child’s thought process. Still quite witty, this song depicts a child of a unique nature who finds it odd that adults and others do not seem to understand them, despite having so many assumed similarities.

III. I Hate Music!

Text by Leonard Bernstein

I hate music, but I like to
sing!
But that’s not music!
Not what I call music, no sir!

Music is a lot of men with a
lot of tails
Making lots of noise like a lot
of females,
Music is a lot of folks in a big
dark hall
Where they really don’t want
to be at all,
With a lot of chairs and a lot
of heirs,
And a lot of furs and
diamonds!
Music is silly.
I hate music, but I like to
sing!

V. I'm a Person Too

Text by Leonard Bernstein

I just found out today that I’m a person too,
Like you.

I like balloons, lots of people like balloons,
But ev’ryone says, “Isn’t she cute?
She likes balloons!”
I’m a person too, like you!

I like things that ev’ryone likes
I like soft things and movie and horses
And warm things and red things—
Don’t you?

I have lots of thoughts,
Like what’s behind the sky,
And what’s behind what’s behind the sky?
But ev’ryone says, “Isn’t she sweet?
She wants to know everything!”
Don’t you?

Of course, I’m very young to be saying all these
things
In front of so many people like you.
But I’m a person too!
Though I’m only ten years old,
I’m a person too,
Like you!

Mandoline (1891)

Gabriel Fauré

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924) was a French Late Romantic composer and has been recognized as the most advanced figure in French music alongside Claude Debussy (1862-1918). In his charming setting of the poem by Paul Verlaine, “Mandoline” features an effervescent piano accompaniment that imitates a mandolin or lute and a floating, intricate vocal line in constant conversation with the piano.

Mandoline

Poem by Paul Verlaine

Les donneurs de sérénades
Et les belles écouteuses
Échangent des propos fades
Sous les ramures chanteuses.

C'est Tircis et c'est Aminte,
Et c'est l'éternel Clitandre,
Et c'est Damis qui pour mainte
Cruelle fait maint vers tendre.

Leurs courtes vestes de soie,
Leurs longues robes à queues,
Leur élégance, leur joie
Et leurs molles ombres bleues

Tourbillonnent dans l'extase
D'une lune rose et grise,
Et la mandoline jase
Parmi les frissons de brise.

Mandolin

Translation by Richard Stokes

The gallant serenaders
and their fair listeners
exchange sweet nothings
beneath singing boughs.

Tircis is there, Aminte is there,
and tedious Clitandre too,
and Damis who for many a cruel maid
writes many a tender song.

Their short silken doublets,
their long trailing gowns,
their elegance, their joy,
and their soft blue shadows

Whirl madly in the rapture
of a grey and roseate moon,
and the mandolin jangles on
in the shivering breeze.

Psyché (1911)

Émile Paladilhe

Émile Paladilhe (1844-1926), a French composer and pianist of the same era as Gabriel Fauré, composed two volumes of published art songs. Despite his output, he is only remembered for “Psyché,” a haunting retelling of the Greek myth of Cupid and Psyché from *Metamorphoses*.

According to Greek legend, Psyche, a princess of outstanding beauty, aroused jealousy from Venus, the Roman goddess of beauty herself. This piece is sung from the perspective of Cupid, who was ordered by his mother, Venus, to shoot Psyche with one of his arrows in hopes that she would fall in love with a strategically placed hideous beast. When the time comes, Cupid is so enamored with Psyche's beauty that he falls in love with her instead of carrying out his intended task.

Psyché*Text by Pierre Cornielle*

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
 Craint, parmi vos soupirs, des soupirs
 égarés!

Psyche*Translation by Christopher Goldsack*

I am jealous, Psyche, of all nature!
 The sun's rays kiss you too often,
 your hair suffers too much from the
 wind's caresses.
 As it strokes them, I grumble!
 Even the air that you breathe
 passes over your mouth with too much
 pleasure.
 Your dress touches you too closely!
 And as soon as you sigh
 I know not what it is that startles me so
 and fears, amidst your sighs, some sighs
 for another!

Gesellenreise (1785)**W. A. Mozart**

This Lied was composed during the height of Mozart's (1756-1791) success, during his stay in Vienna. Before the composition of many of his operas, but after meeting many other musical icons such as Joseph Haydn, this time frame was one rich with luxury, as well as many performances and compositions. Although not much information is readily available about this piece, it stands as an archetypal example of Classical music, as Mozart's pieces often are. The

Gesellenreise*Libretto by Joseph Franz Ratschky*

Die ihr einem neuen Grade
 der Erkenntnis nun euch naht,
 wandery fest auf eurem Pfade,
 wist, es ist der Weisheit Pfad.
 Nur der unverdrossne Mann
 mag dem Quell des Lichts sich nahn.

Journey of the Companions*Translation by Emily Ezust*

A higher state of knowledge
 You are now approaching,
 Wandering firmly on your path,
 Knowing that it is the path of wisdom.
 Only the serene man
 May approach the source of light.

Als Luise die Briefe Ihres Ungetreuen Liebhabers Verbrannte (1787)**W. A. Mozart**

Written around the same time as the famous opera, *Don Giovanni*, this German Lied of Mozart's features similar patterns of heightened emotional content and operatic drama. German poet Gabriele von Baumberg supplied an equally dramatic storyline for this piece, based upon her personal experience as a teenage girl. Posing as a woman scorned, the performer of this piece must deliver the intended drama, pain, and anger held within the poem.

**Als Luise die Briefe Ihres Ungetreuen
Liebhabers Verbrannte**

Poem by Gabriele von Baumberg

Erzeugt von heißer Phantasie,
in einer schwärmerischen Stunde
zur Welt gebrachte, geht zu Grunde,
ihr Kinder der Melancholie!

Ihr danket Flammen euer Sein,
ich geb' euch nun den Flammen wieder,
und all' die schwärmerischen Lieder,
denn ach! er sang nicht mir allein.

Ihr brennet nun, und bald, ihr Lieben,
ist keine Spur von euch mehr hier.
Doch ach! der Mann, der euch
geschrieben,
brennt lange noch vielleicht in mir.

**Wenn mein Bastien einst im Scherze
from *Bastien und Bastienne* (1768)**

Mozart's *Bastien und Bastienne* is a one-act Singspiel, or comic opera, that was one of his earliest operas; he composed it when he was only twelve years old. This opera takes place in a pastoral village and follows Bastienne, a shepherdess, and her best friend and lover, Bastien, who has forsaken her for another pretty face. Bastienne seeks out help from Colas, the village soothsayer, who can supposedly help her win back Bastien with his magical powers. In this aria, Bastienne is told by Colas that flattery and gifts can return Bastien to her heart; she responds that she has offered him everything she has and that he has no reason to leave her.

Wenn mein Bastien einst im Scherze

*Libretto by Frierich Wilhelm Weiskern
And Johann H. F. Miller*

Wenn mein Bastien einst im Scherze
Mir ein Blümchen sonst entwand,
Drang mir selbst die Lust durchs Herze,
Die er bei dem Raub empfand.
Warum wird er von Geschenken
Einer andern jetzt geblendt?
Alles, was nur zu erdenken,
Ward ihm ja von mir gegönnt.
Meiereien, Feld und Herden
Bot ich ihm mit Freuden an.
Jetzt soll ich verachtet werden,
Da ich ihm so viel getan.

**When Louisa Burnt her Unfaithful
Lover's Letters**

Translation by Richard Stokes

Begotten by ardent fantasy,
Born in a rapturous hour
An emotional moment! Perish,
Ye children of melancholy!

You owe your existence to flames,
To flames I now return you
And all those passionate songs;
For ah! he did not sing for me alone.

Now you are burning, and soon, my
dears,
Not a trace of you will remain:
But ah! the man who wrote you
May smoulder long yet in my heart.

W. A. Mozart

One time when my Bastien as a joke

Translation by Bard Suverkrop

One time when my Bastien as a joke
stole a little flower from me,
my heart was filled with the same joy,
that he felt at the little theft.
How is it that he is now blinded
by gifts from another woman?
Everything that one could think of,
I freely gave to him.
Dairy farms, field and herds
I gladly offered to him.
Now I am despised
when I have done so much for him.

Wie Melodien zieht es mir (1888)**Johannes Brahms**

“Wie Melodien” comes from Johannes Brahms’ (1833-1897) *Fünf Lieder*, Op. 105, which is a collection of five songs set to poems by mostly contemporary poets from the time. It is one of Brahms’ most well-known and widely performed songs, with the tender lyricism of the principal melody possibly accounting for its popularity. This selection is set to a poem by Klaus Groth about poetry itself with a comparison to music in the first line. If you read the English translation of the poem, you will notice that the words express how a poem begins as elusive thoughts and fragments that “drift away like fragrance” and “vanish like a breath.” It can be inferred that these fleeting moments eventually evolve into the pure essence of what a poem is, but Groth never quite gets to that conclusion.

Wie Melodien*Poem by Klaus Groth*

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
 Verborgен wohl ein Duft,
 Den mild aus stillem Keime
 Ein feuchtes Auge ruft.

Like Melodies*Translation by Richard Stokes*

Thoughts, like melodies,
 Steal softly through my mind,
 Like spring flowers, they blossom
 And drift away like fragrance.

Yet when words come and capture them
 And bring them before my eyes,
 They turn pale like grey mist
 And vanish like a breath.

Yet surely in rhyme
 A fragrance lies hidden,
 Summoned by moist eyes
 From the silent seed.

Gretchen am Spinnrade (1814)**Franz Schubert**

Franz Schubert (1797-1828) composed the Lied “Gretchen am Spinnrade” at only seventeen years old. The text comes from Johann Wolfgang von Goethe’s *Faust*, a tragic play that is considered the greatest work of German literature. The song opens with a contemplative Gretchen sitting at her spinning wheel and thinking of all the things that Faust, her lover, had promised her. The song’s piano accompaniment ingeniously depicts the endless movement of the spinning-wheel, as well as Gretchen’s growing agitation as the song goes on. Schubert moves through a total of five keys in this Lied—D minor, C major, A minor, E minor, F major, with a return to D minor at the end—which represents the different emotions that Gretchen is feeling throughout, such as frustration, love, hope, and despair.

Gretchen am Spinnrade

Poem by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Meine Ruh' ist hin,
Mein Herz ist schwer,
Ich finde sie nimmer
Und nimmermehr.

Wo ich ihn nicht hab'
Ist mir das Grab,
Die ganze Welt
Ist mir vergällt.

Mein armer Kopf
Ist mir verrückt
Mein armer Sinn
Ist mir zerstückt.

Meine Ruh' ist hin,
Mein Herz ist schwer,
Ich finde sie nimmer
Und nimmermehr.

Nach ihm nur schau' ich
Zum Fenster hinaus,
Nach ihm nur geh' ich
Aus dem Haus.

Sein hoher Gang,
Sein' edle Gestalt,
Seines Mundes Lächeln,
Seiner Augen Gewalt.

Und seiner Rede
Zauberfluss.
Sein Händedruck,
Und ach, sein Kuss!

Mein Busen drängt sich
Nach ihm hin.
Ach dürft' ich fassen
Und halten ihn.

Und küssen ihn
So wie ich wollt'
An seinen Küssen
Vergehen sollt'!

Gretchen at the spinning-wheel

Translation by Richard Stokes

My peace is gone
My heart is heavy;
I shall never
Ever find peace again.

When he's not with me,
Life's like the grave;
The whole world
Is turned to gall.

My poor head
Is crazed,
My poor mind
Shattered.

My peace is gone
My heart is heavy;
I shall never
Ever find peace again.

It's only for him
I gaze from the window,
It's only for him
I leave the house.

His proud bearing
His noble form,
The smile on his lips,
The power of his eyes,

And the magic flow
Of his words,
The touch of his hand,
And ah, his kiss!

My bosom
Yearns for him.
Ah! if I could clasp
And hold him,

And kiss him
To my heart's content,
And in his kisses
Perish.

Gentilles hirondelles (1880)

Pauline Viardot

Recognized more as a French singer rather than a composer, Pauline Viardot's (1821-1910) insight to the emotional complexity of singing and performing is made clear in this piece. Although she strained her voice through her operatic career, her expertise continued beyond that time, during which she composed and taught. Her music tends to transcend any specific category or style, as her main focus was to communicate and express—to connect with the audience through a shared experience of music. This piece in particular deals with the lonely process of searching for a loved one who is no longer there to be found. As the piece progresses, the performer feels the impact of both hope and hopelessness. By the conclusion of this piece, all that remains is a helpless notion of wanting to reunite, and yet being fully aware that such an occurrence is impossible.

Gentilles hirondelles

Text by Anonymous

Oiseaux légers, gentilles hirondelles,
Si comme vous, mon cœur avait des
ailes,
Au ciel de pourpre et d'or
Comme il prendrait l'essor
Et volerait vers les tourelles
Où s'est enfui mon doux trésor.

Et là, caché parmi les fleurs de sa
fenêtre,
Je lui dirais, en sons mélodieux,
L'amour qu'en mon cœur a fait naître
Le doux et chaste éclat de ses beaux
yeux!

Oiseaux charmants, plaintives
tourterelles,
Si comme vous mon âme avait des ailes,
Dès que tout alentour
Poindraient les feux du jour,
Je volerais vers les tourelles
Où s'est enfui mon doux amour.

Et là, caché parmi les fleurs de sa
fenêtre,
Je me plaindrais en sons mélodieux
Des feux qu'en mon cœur a fait n'être
Le doux et chaste éclat de ses beaux
yeux

Je lui dirais l'amour qu'a fait naître
Le chaste éclat le doux éclat de ses
beaux yeux!

Gentle swallows

Translation by Victor Wilder

Light birds, gentle swallows,
If like you, my heart had wings,
In the sky of purple and gold
As it would take off
And fly to the turrets
Where has my sweet treasure fled.

And there, hidden among the flowers of
his window,
I would tell her, in melodious sounds,
The love that in my heart gave birth
The sweet and chaste glow of her
beautiful eyes!

Charming birds, plaintive turtledoves,
If like you my soul had wings,
As soon as everything around
Would break out the fires of day,
I would fly to the turrets
Where has my sweet love gone.

And there, hidden among the flowers of
his window,
I would complain in melodious sounds
Fires that in my heart made to be
The sweet and chaste glow of her
beautiful eyes

I would tell her the love that sparked
The chaste shines the soft radiance of
her beautiful eyes!

i carry your heart (1962)**John Duke**

This piece exemplifies the profound love between two beings with connected hearts and lives. I see it as the love between a mother and her unborn child, although it could also be representative of soulmates who are forever connected in their love. E. E. Cummings crafted this beautifully tender poem, and purposefully utilized all lower-case prose to force focus onto the meaning of the words, and not the words themselves.

i carry your heart*Poem by E. E. Cummings*

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 keeping the stars apart
i carry your heart (i carry it in my heart)

Hai luli! (1880)**Pauline Viardot**

“Hai luli!” is Pauline Viardot’s most well-known piece, as well as one of her most heartbreaking. She brings to life Xavier de Maistre’s poetry through the piece’s haunting beauty, as the text details a lover left behind. This character becomes angry as they realize that they may have been abandoned and begins to visualize a vengeful response. The ending unveils the internal struggle the character faces, however, and demonstrates the internal vulnerability that remains, despite the anger.

Hai luli!*Poem by Xavier de Maistre*

Je suis triste, je m'inquiète,
 je ne sais plus que devenir,
 Mon bon ami devait venir,
 et je l'attends ici seulette.
 Hai luli! Hai luli!
 Où donc peut être mon ami?

Je m'assieds pour filer ma laine,
 le fil se casse dans ma main...
 Allons, je fillerai demain;
 aujourd'hui je suis trop en peine!
 Hai luli! Hai luli!
 Qu'il fait triste sans son ami!

Si jamais il devient volage,
 s'il doit un jour m'abandonner,
 Le village n'abqu'à brûler,
 et moi même avec le village!
 Hai luli! Hai luli!
 A quoi bon vivre sans ami?

Hai luli!*Translation by Richard Stokes*

I am sad, I am anxious,
 I no longer know what's to become of me.
 My lover was to have come,
 And I wait for him here alone.
 Hai luli, hai luli,
 How sad it is without my lover!

I sit down to spin my wool,
 The thread snaps in my hand:
 Well then! I shall spin tomorrow,
 Today I am too upset.
 Hai luli, hai luli,
 Where can my lover be?

Ah! If it's true that he's unfaithful,
 And will one day abandon me,
 Then let the village burn
 And me too along with the village!
 Hai luli, hai luli,
 What point is there in living without a love

Four Dickinson Songs (1996)**Lori Laitman****I. Will There Really Be A Morning?****IV. If I...**

Lori Laitman (b. 1955) is an American composer of multiple operas, choral works, and hundreds of art songs set to texts by classical and contemporary poets. Her music is widely performed across the globe and has received considerable critical acclaim. Laitman's *Four Dickinson Songs* sets four of Dickinson's poems to music for soprano and piano accompaniment.

Emily Dickinson lived from 1830-1886 and was one of America's greatest poets. Her works explored morbid themes of death and immortality, and the fact that she was a social recluse and spent most of her time alone may have contributed to the dark thematic content she wrote about. The first poem used in this song cycle, "Will There Really Be a Morning?," can be interpreted as a constant search for freedom with no avail. The mood of uncertainty in this poem is portrayed through Laitman's use of chromaticism and polytonality.

Laitman's note on her *Four Dickinson Songs* is as follows: "I composed *Four Dickinson Songs* in the spring of 1996. The last song of the cycle, "If I..." was composed as a gift for my father's 80th birthday. Its simple, accessible melody passes from voice to piano and back again before ending with the singer humming. My father is now in good health at age 94."¹

¹ Song of America, Composer's Note

Will There Really Be a Morning?

Poem by Emily Dickinson

Will there really be a "Morning"?
Is there such a thing as "Day"?
Could I see it from the mountains
If I were as tall as they?

Has it feet like Water lilies?
Has it feathers like a Bird?
Is it brought from famous countries
Of which I have never heard?

Oh some Scholar! Oh some Sailor!
Oh some Wise Men from the skies!
Please to tell a little Pilgrim
Where the place called "Morning" lies!

If I...

Poem by Emily Dickinson

If I can stop one heart from breaking,
I shall not live in vain;
If I can ease one life the aching,
Or cool one pain,
Or help one fainting robin
Unto his nest again,
I shall not live in vain.

Goodnight Moon (2012)

Eric Whitacre

Eric Whitacre (b. 1970) is among today's most popular contemporary choral musicians. "Goodnight Moon" is a lullaby set to the text by Margaret Wise Brown. Whitacre says, "Over the first six years of his life, I must have read Goodnight Moon to my son a thousand times. Somewhere around reading number 500 I began hearing little musical fragments, and over time those fragments began to blossom into a simple, sweet lullaby. I knew it was a long shot, but I asked my manager to see if HarperCollins would allow the text to be set to music. To my surprise and delight they agreed – the first time they had ever allowed Goodnight Moon to be used in such a way."²

² Eric Whitacre Music Catalog, Note from Composer

Goodnight Moon

Poem by Margaret Wise Brown

In the great green room
There was a telephone
And a red balloon
And a picture of
The cow jumping over the moon
And there were three little bears sitting on chairs
And two little kittens
And a pair of mittens
And a little toy house
And a young mouse
And a comb and a brush and a bowl full of mush
And a quiet old lady who was whispering “hush”
Goodnight room
Goodnight moon
Goodnight cow jumping over the moon
Goodnight light
And the red balloon
Goodnight bears
Goodnight chairs
Goodnight kittens
And goodnight mittens
Goodnight clocks
And goodnight socks
Goodnight little house
And goodnight mouse
Goodnight comb
And goodnight brush
Goodnight nobody
Goodnight mush
And goodnight to the old lady whispering “hush”
Goodnight stars
Goodnight air
Good night noises everywhere.

Flight (1992)

Craig Carnelia

Tony Award nominee composer and singer Craig Carnelia (b. 1949) may be known for his work in the musicals *Working* and *Sweet Smell of Success*, but he also wrote a beautiful piece made popular by Broadway actresses Sutton Foster and Megan McGinnis. The lyrics tell a story of recognizing the potential within and looking to become one’s best self. Overall, this piece is an ode to those looking to make life changes in a world with the odds stacked against them.

Flight

Lyrics by Craig Carnelia

Let me run through a field in the night,
let me lift from the ground 'til my soul is in flight.

Let me sway like the shade of a tree,
let me swirl like a cloud in a storm on the sea.

Wish me on my way, through the dawning day
I wanna flow, wanna rise, wanna spill,
wanna grow in a grove on the side of a hill.

I don't care if the train runs late,
if the checks don't clear, if the house blows down.
I'll be off where the weeds run wild,
where the seeds fall far from this earthbound town.

And I'll start to soar, watch me rain 'til I pour.
I'll catch a ship that'll sail me astray,
get caught in a wind I'll just have to obey 'til I'm flyin' away.

Let me leave behind all the clouds in my mind.
I wanna wake without wondering why,
finding myself in a burst for the sky, high.

I'll just roll, let me lose all control.
I wanna float like a wish in a well,
free as the sound of the sea in a shell.

I don't know, but maybe I'm just a fool,
I should keep to the ground.
I should stay where I'm at.
Maybe ev'ryone has hunger like this,
and the hunger will pass. But I can't think like that.

All I know is somewhere, through a clearing,
there's a flickering of sunlight on a river long and wide.
And I have such a river inside.

Let me run through a field in the night,
let me lift from the ground 'til my soul is in flight.
Let me sway like the shade of a tree,
let me swirl like a cloud in a storm on the sea.

Wish me on my way, through the dawning day.
I wanna flow, wanna rise, wanna spill,
wanna grow on the side of a hill.
wanna shift like a wave rollin' on,
wanna drift from the path I've been trav'ling upon.
Before I am gone.

Sisters (1954) from *White Christmas*

Irving Berlin

“Sisters” is a well-known showtune that was written for the movie *White Christmas*. This particular duet arrangement comes from *White Christmas: The Musical*, which premiered in 2000 and features Irving Berlin’s (1888-1989) music from the original movie. It is performed by Betty and Judy during their sisters’ act at a nightclub, and the words portray a hilarious love-hate relationship between the two characters.

Sisters

Lyrics by Irving Berlin

Sisters, sisters,
There were never such devoted sisters.
Never had to have a chaperone, no sir,
I’m here to keep my eye on her.

Caring, sharing,
Every little thing that we are wearing.
When a certain gentleman arrived from Rome
She wore the dress, and I stayed home

All kinds of weather, we stick together,
The same in the rain or sun.
Two different faces, but in tight places
We think and we act as one... Uh-huh!

Those who've seen us
Know that not a thing could come between us.
Many men have tried to split us up but no one can.

Lord help the mister who comes between me and my sister,
And lord help the sister who comes between me and my man.

Sisters!
Ever loving sisters!
Sister don’t come between me and my man!