

THE RODGERS FAMILY: A CENTURY OF MUSICALS

Saturday, August 1 and Sunday, August 2, 2015

3:00pm

The Barns at Wolf Trap

Steven Blier, Artistic Director, Pianist and Arranger

with

Talya Lieberman, Sarah Larsen, Abigail Levis, Frederick Ballantine,
Thomas Richards, and Reginald Smith, Jr.

Dear Old Syracuse, from *The Boys from Syracuse* (1938)

Music by Richard Rodgers (1902 – 1979); lyrics by Lorenz Hart (1895 – 1943)

**Performed by Frederick Ballantine, Thomas Richards,
and Reginald Smith, Jr.**

This is a terrible city.
The people are cattle and swine.
There isn't a girl I'd call pretty
Nor a friend that I'd call mine.
And the only decent place on earth
Is the town that gave me birth.

You can keep your Athens,
You can keep your Rome,
I'm a hometown fellow
And I pine for home.
I want to go back... go back...
To dear old Syracuse!
Though I've won out sandals
And my funds are low,
There's a light burning in the patio.
I want to go back... go back...
To dear old Syracuse!

It is no metropolis,
it has no big Acropolis,
and yet there is a quorum
of cuties in the forum.

Both the Nile and Danube are a silly bore,
I've a hometown river that assaults my door.
I want to go back... go back...
To dear old Syracuse!

I do not agree with Mister Spartacus,
I was never meant to be a hearty cuss.
I want to go back... go back...
To dear old Syracuse!
Though the boys wear tunics
That are out of style,
They will always greet me

With a friendly smile.
I want to go back... go back...
To dear old Syracuse!

Wives don't want divorces there,
The men are strong as horses there;
And should a man philander,
The goose forgives the gander.

When the search for love becomes a mania,
You can take the night boat to Albania!
I want to go back... go back...
To dear old Syracuse!

Maybe It's Me, from Peggy-Ann and Fifth Avenue Follies (1926)
Music by Rodgers, lyrics by Hart
Performed by Frederick Ballantine and Abigail Levis

My features are no gems of regularity,
It's more than charity,
To call them fair.
I'm not so very brilliant, and oh God, oh Gee
with no kid prodigy
Do I compare.
I have ordinary habits,
Like a million other Babbitts,
My morals never quite come up to scratch.
And though I'm as mediocre
As a cup of hotel mocha
I'm sure you couldn't find a better match!

There's something nice about you,
What can it be?
Oh let me see,
Maybe it's me.
I'm not so much without you,
But you're a she, that needs a he,
Maybe it's me.

By yourself, you're so dumb it's embarrassin'
But with me, you are smart by comparison.
There's something nice about you,
What can it be?
Now let me see,
Maybe it's me.

I cannot wear my dresses like a mannequin
And I'm no panic in my Robe de Nuit!
My intellect with ev'ry day diminishes,
A school that finishes has finished me.

I've learned what the taste of wine meant
 To a lady of refinement.
 And cigarettes have not improved my voice.
 As for money I can burn it,
 It is spent before I earn it.
 But still you couldn't make a better choice:

There's something nice about you,
 What can it be?
 Oh let me see,
 Maybe it's me.
 I'm not so much without you,
 But you're a he, that needs a she,
 Maybe it's me.

You tell me that your old man's a Senator.
 You are dumb but so's your progenitor.
 There's something nice about you,
 What can it be?
 Now let me see,
 Maybe it's me.

It Never Entered My Mind, from *Higher and Higher* (1940)
Music by Rodgers, lyrics by Hart
Performed by Sarah Larsen

I don't care if there's powder on my nose,
 I don't care if my hairdo is in place.
 I've lost the very meaning of repose,
 I never put a mudpack on my face.
 Oh, who'd have thought that I'd walk in a daze now,
 I never go to shows at night, but just to matinées now.
 I see the show and home I go.

Once I laughed when I heard you saying
 That I'd be playing solitaire,
 Uneasy in my easy chair.
 It never entered my mind.
 Once you told me I was mistaken,
 That I'd awaken with the sun
 And order orange juice for one,
 It never entered my mind.
 You have what I lack myself,
 And now I even have to
 Scratch my back myself,
 Once you warned me,
 That if you scorned me,
 I'd sing the maiden's pray'r again
 And wish that you were there again
 To get into my hair again.
 It never entered my mind.

Once you said in your funny lingo
 I'd sit at bingo day and night
 And never get the numbers right.
 It never entered my mind.
 Once you told me I'd stay up Sunday
 To read the Monday morning dirt,
 And find you're merging with some skirt.
 It never entered my mind.
 Life is not so sweet alone.
 The man who came to dinner
 Lets me eat alone.
 I confess it, I didn't guess it.
 That I would sit and mope again
 And all the while I'd hope again
 To see my darling dope again.
 It never entered my mind!

Ev'rybody Loves You, from *I'd Rather Be Right* (1937)
Music by Rodgers, lyrics by Hart
Performed by Thomas Richards

I wonder what you're dreaming while you're sleeping?
 I'll never know, you'll never know.
 Now at last the world cannot come peeping
 Into the thoughts you call your own.
 You close your eyes and you're alone;
 You're in a world that's bright and new
 and there is no one in it but you.

Comfy and cozy
 All the world is rosy
 Ev'ry body loves you
 When you're asleep.
 Too late to start now
 taking things apart now,
 Ev'ry body loves you
 When you're asleep.
 You forget your Alphabet
 When you've been counting sheep,
 Does my dreamer know
 Troubles will keep?
 Comfy and cozy
 All the world is rosy,
 Ev'rybody loves you
 When you sleep!

Sing for Your Supper, from *The Boys from Syracuse* (1938)
Music by Rodgers, lyrics by Hart; vocal arrangement by Hugh Martin
Performed by Talya Lieberman, Sarah Larson, and Abigail Levis

Hawks and crows do lots of things
 But the canary only sings.
 She is a courtesan on wings,
 So I've heard.
 Eagles and storks are twice as strong.
 All the canary knows is song.
 But the canary gets along,
 Gilded bird!

Sing for your supper and you'll get breakfast.
 Songbirds always eat,
 If their song is sweet to hear.
 Sing for your luncheon and you'll get dinner.
 Dine with wine of choice,
 If romance is in your voice.
 I heard from a wise canary,
 Trilling makes a fellow willing.
 So little swallow, swallow now.
 Now is the time to
 Sing for your supper and you'll get breakfast.
 Songbirds are not dumb.
 They don't buy a crumb of bread, it's said,
 so sing and you'll be fed.

Out of My Dreams, from *Oklahoma* (1943)
Music by Rodgers; lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein II (1895-1960)
Performed by Talya Lieberman

Out of my dreams and into your arms I long to fly
 I will come as evening comes to woo a waiting sky.
 Out of my dreams and into the hush of falling shadows,
 When the mist is low and stars are breaking through.
 Then out of my dreams I'll go
 Into a dream with you.

Make up your mind,
 Make up your mind, Laurie!
 Laurie dear!
 Make up your own
 Make up your own story,
 Laurie dear!
 Old Pharaoh's Daughter won't tell you
 What to do.
 Ask your heart—
 Whatever it tells you
 Will be true.

Out of my dreams and into your arms I long to fly...

The Gentleman Is a Dope, from *Allegro* (1947)
Music by Rodgers, lyrics by Hammerstein
Performed by Abigail Levis

The boss gets on my nerves
 I've got a good mind to quit.
 I've taken all I can,
 It's time to get up and git
 And move to another job.
 Or maybe another town!
 The gentleman burns me up!
 The gentleman gets me down!

The gentleman is a dope,
 A man of many faults,
 A clumsy Joe
 Who wouldn't know
 A rhumba from a waltz.
 The gentleman is a dope
 And not my cup of tea,
 (Why do I get in a dither?
 He doesn't belong to me!)

The gentleman isn't bright,
 He doesn't know the score.
 A cake will come,
 He'll take a crumb
 And never ask for more!
 The gentleman's eyes are blue
 But little do they see.
 (Why am I beating my brains out?
 He doesn't belong to me!)

He's somebody else's problem,
 She's welcome to the guy!
 She'll never understand him
 Half as well as I.

The gentleman is a dope,
 He isn't very smart.
 He's just a lug
 You'd like to hug
 And hold against your heart.
 The gentleman doesn't know
 How happy he could be...
 Look at me! Crying my eyes out,
 As if he belonged to me.
 He'll never belong to me!

Come Home, Joe, from *Allegro* (1947)
Music by Rodgers, lyrics by Hammerstein
Performed by Reginald Smith, Jr.

Come home, come home, where the brown birds fly
 Through a pale blue sky,
 To a tall green tree;
 There is no finer sight for a man to see.
 Come home, Joe, come home.
 Come home and lie by a laughing spring
 Where the breezes sing,
 And caress your ear.
 There is no sweeter sound for a man to hear.
 Come home, Joe, come home.

You will find a world of honest friends who miss you,
 You will shake the hands of men whose hands are strong.
 And when all their wives and kids run up and kiss you,
 You will know that you are back where you belong.

You'll know you're back where there's work to do,
 Where there's love for you,
 For the love you give.
 There is no better life for a man to live,
 Come home, Joe, come home,
 Come home, Joe, come home.

Stepsisters Duet, from *Cinderella* (1957)
Music by Rodgers, lyrics by Hammerstein
Performed by Talya Lieberman and Sarah Larsen

Why would a fellow want a girl like her,
 A frail and fluffy beauty?
 Why can't a fellow ever once prefer
 A solid girl like me?
 She's a frothy little bubble
 With a flimsy kind of charm,
 And with very little trouble I could break her little arm!
 Oh, oh, why would a fellow want a girl like her,
 So obviously unusual?
 Why can't a fellow ever once prefer
 A usual girl like me?

Her cheeks are a pretty shade of pink,
 But not any pinker than a rose is.
 Her skin may be delicate and soft,
 But not any softer than a doe's is.
 Her neck is no whiter than a swan's.

She's only as dainty as a daisy.
 She's only as graceful as a bird,
 So why is the fellow going crazy?

Oh why would a fellow want a girl like her,
 A girl who's merely lovely?
 Why can't a fellow ever once prefer
 A girl who's merely me?

She's a frothy little bubble
 With a frilly sort of air,
 And with very little trouble
 I could pull out all her hair!
 Oh, oh, why would a fellow want a girl like her,
 A girl who's merely lovely?
 Why can't a fellow ever once prefer
 A girl who's merely me?
 What's the matter with a man?
 What's a matter with a man?
 What's the matter with a man?
 What's the matter with a man?

Take the Moment, from *Do I Hear a Waltz?* (1965)
Music by Rodgers, lyrics by Stephen Sondheim (b. 1930)
Performed by Frederick Ballantine

Take the moment, let it happen.
 Hug the moment, make it last.
 Hold the feeling for the moment,
 Or the moment will have passed.
 All the noises buzzing in your head,
 Warning you to wait—what for?
 Don't listen!
 Let it happen, take the moment.
 Make the moment many moments more.
 Make for us a thousand more.

The Boy From..., from *The Mad Show* (1966)
Music by Mary Rodgers Guettel, lyrics by Stephen Sondheim (b. 1930)
Performed by Abigail Levis

Tall and slender, like an Apollo,
 he goes walking by and I have to follow him,
 The boy from—
 Tacarembo la Tumbe del Fuego Santa Malipas Zacatecas la Junta del Sol y Cruz.
 When we meet I feel I'm on fire
 And I'm breathless every time I inquire
 How are things in
 Tacarembo la Tumbe del Fuego Santa Malipas Zacatecas la Junta del Sol y Cruz.

Why when I speak, does he vanish.
 (Ooh.) Why is he acting so clannish?
 (Ooh.) I wish I understood Spanish.
 When I tell him I think he's the end
 He giggles a lot with his friend.
 Tall and slender, moves like a dancer,
 But I never seem to get any answer from
 The boy from
 Tacarembo la Tumba del Fuego Santa Malipas Zacatecas la Junta del Sol y Cruz.
 I've got the bluet.

Why are his trousers vermilion?
 (His trousers are vermilion.)
 Why does he claim he's Castilian?
 (He's thays he'th Cathtilian.)
 Why do his friends call him Lillian?
 And I hear at the end of the week
 He's leaving to start a boutique.
 Though I smile I'm only pretending
 'Cause I know today's the last I'll be spending
 With the boy from--
 Tacarembo la Tumba del Fuego Santa Malipas Zacatecas la Junta del Sol y Cruz.
 Tomorrow he sails.
 He's moving to Wales,
 To live in
 Llanfair pwllgwn gyllgogerych wyrndrobwll llandysiliogogoch...
 Och!

**Something Known, from *Member of the Wedding* (unfinished)
 Music by Mary Rodgers Guettel, lyrics by Marshall Barer (1923 – 1998)
 Performed by Sarah Larsen**

Love will not be directed,
 Love will not be defined.
 It may bring joy or pain
 Or more than likely both combined.
 Best-laid plans don't matter
 Not yours or mine or his.
 Love won't do what you want it to,
 Love's only what it is.

Something known but never spoken,
 Something natural yet set apart,
 Something swift, a glimpse of something shining,
 Seen from the corner of your heart.
 But don't look too hard or it will vanish
 Like the morning star at break of day.
 Something soft like thunder on a mountain
 Heard from a million miles away.
 A bright October fire deep inside you.
 A joy that hangs like saffron in the air,

But though the ways to say it are denied you,
The heart has means to show it when it's there.

Love isn't a song, it's only music.
Words may come to you,
But words are never right.
What makes you whole when you are broken
Is something known but never spoken.
Or if spoken, only spoken
By the sparkle on the water,
In the shadows in the poplars
Late at night.

Happily Ever After, from *Once Upon a Mattress* (1959)
Music by Mary Rodgers Guettel, lyrics by Marshall Barer
Performed by Sarah Larsen, Frederick Ballantine, and Reginald Smith, Jr.

They all lived happily, happily, happily ever after.
A couple is happily leaving the chapel eternally tied.
As the curtain descends there is nothing but loving and laughter.
When the fairy tale ends the heroine's always a bride.
Happily ever after.

Ella, the girl of the cinders,
Did the wash and the walls and the winders.
But she landed a prince
Who was brawny and blue-eyed and blond.
But I honestly doubt that
She could ever have done it without that
Crazy lady with the wand.
I have no one but me.
Fairy Godmother, where can you be?

Snow White was so pretty they tell us,
The queen was insulted and jealous,
When the mirror declared that Snow White
Was the fairest of all.
She was dumped on the border
But was saved by some men who adored her.
Oh I grant you, the guys they were small.
I'm alone in the night,
Not a dwarf, not an elf
Not a goblin in sight!

She lived happily, happily, happily ever after.
A magical kiss counteracted the apple eventually.
Though I know I'm not clever
I'll do what they tell me I hafta.
I want some happily ever after to happen to me.

Rapunzel had platinum tresses

That were double the length of her dresses.
 She was kept in a tower for years
 By a wicked old Witch.
 'Til one night in despair, down
 She scrambled by letting her hair down.
 That's what I call quite a switch.
 I'll be finished before I begin
 And besides I don't want to get out,
 I want to get in!

I want to live happily, happily, happily ever after.
 I want to walk happily out of the chapel eternally tied.
 For I know that I'll never live happily ever after
 'Til after I'm a bride.
 Then I'll be happily happy
 And thoroughly satisfied.

**The Light in the Piazza, from The Light in the Piazza [2005]
 Music and lyrics by Adam Guettel (b.1964)
 Sung by Talya Lieberman**

I don't see a miracle shining from the sky.
 I'm no good at statues and stories.
 I try.

That's not what I think about.
 That's not what I see.
 I know what the sunlight can be.
 The light...The light in the piazza.

Tiny sweet, and then it grows,
 And then it fills the air.
 Who knows what you call it—
 I don't care!

Out of somewhere I have something
 I have never had,
 And sad is happy.
 That's all I see.
 The light...The light in the piazza.

It's rushing up.
 It's pouring out.
 It's flying through the air.
 Who knows what you call it.
 But it's there! It is there!

All I see is, all I want is tearing from inside.
 I see it! Now I see it everywhere!
 It's everywhere!
 It's everything and everywhere!

Fabrizio.
The light in the piazza.
My love.

There Go I, from *Days of Wine and Roses* (work in progress)
Music and lyrics by Adam Guettel
Performed by Thomas Richards

Abandoned buildings and jagged cliffs,
Newborn stars and hieroglyphs
Some things I can't ignore.
I can't ask why, what for.
I love a bolted door.
Let me in there,
let me see,
Let me be here tonight.
I volunteer tonight.
Danger, hazard,
Make me happy.
They make me happy,
I don't know why.

New York City and blinding snow,
if I get lost there, well, there I go.
If it's an iron fence,
If it makes little sense,
If it is too immense,
I want it so,
I always want it so.
Danger and triumph
Make me cry.
They make me feel.
It's not ideal,
But there go I.

Saint Who, from *Millions* (work in progress)
Music and lyrics by Adam Guettel
Performed by Reginald Smith, Jr., with the Company

If she was eaten by a lion,
Wandering through Zion in a sandstorm.
(In a sandstorm.)
Badly executed,
Then reconstituted during Lent.
(And still would not repent.)
That's a story and a date,
That's a person that we can venerate.
That is the quality we're looking for.

(St. Brigid!)
 Brigid was a beauty,
 But she knew her duty was to Jesus.
 (To marry Jesus.)
 She prayed to be ugly.
 She got what she wanted, that's for sure.
 (That is to be sure.)
 She was gruesome, she was vile,
 She had tree frogs in her smile.
 She was wild, wild.
 Not your av'rage Mother Mild.
 That's a personality that satisfies.
 St. Who... St. Who...

Margret wasn't tested
 'Til she was ingested by a dragon.
 (A hungry Dragon.)
 She refused to feed 'im,
 Cut her way to freedom with her cross.
 (Did it with her cross.)
 Margret loved life, ev'ry breath,
 Even torture, even Death!
 She was wild, wild.
 Not your av'rage Mother Mild.
 That's the kind of character we're looking for.
 St Who... St. Who...

Ordinary mothers can't be saints,
 Just because they're good, because they try.
 Ordinary mothers can't be saints
 Just because they die.

If you get beheaded,
 Then you get embedded in the legend.
 (The golden legend.)
 Or if they left her swinging
 And she kept on singing like a bird.
 (Singing like a bird.)
 Was she a shepherd? Could she fly?
 Did she have visions? Could she transmogrify?
 Did she hear voices? Did she have dreams?
 Did she take things to extremes?
 Was she catatonic? Was she blind?
 Was she bubonic and didn't mind?
 Wild, wild.
 Not your av'rage mother mild
 Wild, wild.
 Sanctified and reconciled.
 A woman of integrity and fortitude.
 Maureen, Maureen.

Awaiting You, from *Myths and Hymns* (1998)
Music and Lyrics by Adam Guettel
Performed by Frederick Ballantine

Shining in the eyes of every child
 And in the flame of dawn
 Reflecting on the open sea,
 In every fury and every love
 you are awaiting me.
 But what about the child who cannot breathe?
 Or the gentle sage
 Who won't see the age of thirty-two?
 Then what is reigning from above?
 I am awaiting, I am awaiting you.

Light it all and burn it to the ground!
 Go ahead and let your thunder sound.
 Let me watch my loves and my teachers
 Slowly fade away.
 I'll just have to wait another day.

Maybe in God we trust is just a lucky charm.
 Maybe faith is only hoping
 That we will rise anew.
 And so I rise and so I stand.
 I am awaiting you
 Oh, I will still be standing here awaiting you.

Migratory V, from *Myths and Hymns* (1998)
Music and lyrics by Adam Guettel
Performed by the Company

We sail above the weather,
 We search the ocean floor,
 We rival our creation
 Still yearning for more.
 But can we fly together
 A migratory V
 How wonderful
 If that's what God could see.

A single voice in whispered prayer
 Can only pray to travel there.
 But all as one
 We sound the everlasting sound,
 And sing our salvation.
 Aloft and in formation,
 A migratory V.
 How wonderful
 If that's what God could see.