

Lady of the Harbor

Emma Lazarus

The Golden Colossus is a sonnet from which this fragment is taken. It is engraved on a plaque in the base of the Statue of Liberty monument in New York's harbor.

Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.
Send these, the homeless, tempest-tossed to me,
I lift my lamp beside the golden door!

The Waltz

Dorothy Parker

This excerpt from the short story portrays the two voices of a sarcastic woman dancing with an inept, awkward partner. We are shown the outwardly sweet, conventional voice, as well as the inwardly frustrated and quite cynical one.

Why, thank you so much, I'd adore to.

Why, I think it's more of a waltz, really, isn't it? We might just listen to the music a second. Shall we? Oh, yes, it's a waltz. Mind? Why, I'm simply thrilled. I'd love to waltz with you.

I'd love to waltz with you. I'd love to have my tonsils out. I'd love to be in a midnight fire at sea. Well, it's too late now.

Oh! Oh, dear. Ow!

No, no, no, no. Goodness, no. It didn't hurt in the least little bit. And anyway, it was my fault. Really it was. Truly. Well, you're just being sweet to say that.

Maybe he didn't do it maliciously. Maybe it's just his way of showing high spirits.

Yes, it's lovely, isn't it? It's simply lovely. But you see, that little step of yours, it's just a tiny bit tricky to follow at first.

And he made up his little step himself. Now I think I've got it: two stumbles, slip, and a twenty-yard dash.

It's the loveliest waltz, isn't it?

I suppose I ought to be glad that one of us is having such a good time. After all, the poor boy's doing the best he can. I suppose I ought to think myself lucky if he brings me back alive.

Ah, easy now!

Oh, it's the loveliest waltz... Oh, I could just go on waltzing... Ah waltzing... Tired? I should say I'm not tired! Ah, I could go on like this... I could go on forever!



Faculty Recital Series

2009-2010 Season

Thursday, April 8
Sara M. Snell Music Theater
7:30 PM

Raphael P. Sanders, Jr., Clarinet Julie Welsh Miller, Piano Deborah Massell, Soprano Donald George, Tenor

Fantasy for Clarinet and Piano (1986)	Keith Gates (1948-2007)
Totus in corde languet, Op. 46 (1815)	Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
Un Seul (1998)	Kalmen Opperman (b.1917)
Three Women, scenes for Soprano, Clarinet and Piano, Op. 45 (1986) Miss Alma Calls Lady of the Harbor The Waltz	Lee Hoiby (b. 1926)
Sonate (1939) Mässig bewegt Lebhaft Sehr langsam Kleines Rondo, gemächlich	Paul Hindemith (1895-1963)

Totus in corde langueo, Op. 46

I am wholly faint at heart,
consumed by love for God,
inflamed by divine love.
Never will I cease,
no, ever will I love;
this sacred fire will ignite my soul.
Neither hell will part me
nor heaven separate me
from the love of Christ.

Three Women
Scenes for Soprano, Clarinet and Piano Op. 45

***Summer and Smoke* by Tennessee Williams**

Alma Winemiller is the repressed yet high-strung daughter of a minister father and a psychologically disturbed mother in Tennessee Williams' play *Summer and Smoke*. She has been in love with her next-door neighbor, John, since they were both children, but he is far too rebellious and carefree to settle down; he only wants her sexually, as he does most other woman he meets. When Alma finally admits her love for John at the end of the play, he has changed too much: he has become engaged to a younger girl, and responds to Alma now only with a spiritual bond, thus rejecting her again. Disillusioned, she ends up consorting with a stranger to whom she will most certainly lose her innocence.

This scene is a phone conversation between Alma and John on one hot summer day when Alma's emotions are smoldering.

Text edited from the original by Lee Hoiby.

John: Hello?

Alma: John!

John: Miss Alma?

Alma: You recognized my voice? Ha-ha! How are you, you stranger, you?

John: I'm pretty well, Miss Alma. How're you doing?

Alma: Surviving, just surviving! Isn't [the heat] fearful?

John: Uh-huh.

Alma: You seem unusually laconic, perhaps I should say more than usually laconic.

John: I had a big night and I'm just recovering from it.

Alma: Well, sir, I have a bone to pick with you.

John: What's that Miss Alma?

Alma: The time of our last conversation on the Fourth of July, you said you were going to take me riding in your automobile.

John: Aw. Did I say that?

Alma: Yes, indeed you did, sir. And all these hot afternoons I've been breathlessly waiting and hoping that you would remember that promise. But now I know how insincere you are. Ha-ha! Time and again the four-wheeled phenomenon flashes by the Rectory and I have yet to put my... my quaking foot in it!

John: What was that, Miss Alma? I didn't understand you.

Alma: Just castigating you, sir, verbally. Ha-ha! Well, never mind. I know how busy you are!

John: I'm afraid we have a bad connection

Alma: I hate telephones. I don't know why but they always make me laugh as if someone were poking me in the ribs! I swear to goodness they do!

(John: Why don't you just go to your window and I'll go to mine and we can holler across?)

(Alma: The yard's so wide I'm afraid it would crack my voice! And I've got to sing at somebody's wedding tomorrow.)

John: You're going to sing at a wedding?

Alma: Oh yes, [at a wedding. I'm going to sing] "The Voice That Breathed O'er Eden." [Don't ask me how,] I'm hoarse as a frog! Ha-ha!

John: Better come over and let me give you a gargle.

Alma: Nasty gargles—I hate them! What I wanted to say is... you remember my mentioning that little club I belong to?

John: Those intellectual meetings!

Alma: Oh, now don't call it that. It's just a little informal gathering every Wednesday.

John: Serve any refreshments?

Alma: Yes, we serve refreshments!

John: Any liquid refreshments?

Alma: Both liquid and solid refreshments.

John: Is this an invitation?

Alma: Didn't I promise I'd ask you? It's going to be tonight!—at 8 o'clock, at my house, at the Rectory, so all you have to do is cross the yard!

John: I'll try to make it, Miss Alma.

Alma: Don't say "try" as if it required some Herculean effort.

John: Reserve me a seat by the punch bowl.

Alma: That gives me an idea! We will have punch, fruit punch with claret in it. Do you like claret?

John: I just dote on claret.

Alma: Now you're being sarcastic. Ha-ha!

John: Excuse me, Miss Alma, but Dad's got to use this phone.

Alma: I won't hang up till you've said you'll come!

John: I'll be there, Miss Alma...

Alma: [Can I count on it?]

John: You can count on it.

Alma: Au revoir, then! Until eight.

John: G'bye, Miss Alma.