

University of Delaware School of Music presents

***Zoe Lipkin, soprano***

Lori Geckle, piano

March 16<sup>th</sup>, 2024 3:00 PM

Gore Recital Hall

**I**

**Sul fil d'un soffio etesio**

from *Falstaff*

**Lorelei**

Giuseppe Verdi

(1813-1901)

Clara Schumann

(1819-1896)

**II**

**Sie liebten, sich beide**

from *Sechs Lieder*

**Chorshat ha'ekaliptus**

Clara Schumann

Naomi Shemer

(1930-2004)

**III**

*La Courte Paille*

**Quelle Aventure**

**La Reine de Coer**

**Ba, Be, Bi, Bo, Bu**

Francis Poulenc

(1899-1963)

**IV**

**Goodnight Moon**

Eric Whitacre

(1970-)

**Intermission**

**V**

**Lied der Suleika**

from *Myrthen*

**Quel guardo il cavalieri**

from *Don Pasquale*

Robert Schumann

(1810-1856)

Gaetano Donizetti

(1797-1848)

**VI**

**Mister Snow**

from *Carousel*

Richard Rodgers

(1902-1979)

Oscar Hammerstein II

(1895-1960)

**Vanilla Ice Cream**

from *She Loves Me*

Jerry Bock

(1928-2010)

**VII**

**Stars and the Moon**

from *Songs for a New World*

**Finishing the Hat**

from *Sunday in the Park with George*

Jason Robert Brown

(1970-)

Stephen Sondheim

(1930-2021)

Cole Walker, piano

Lila Wright, violin

**VIII**

**Fever Dream**

opb. mxmtoon

arr. Zoe Lipkin

Leia Gibson, alto

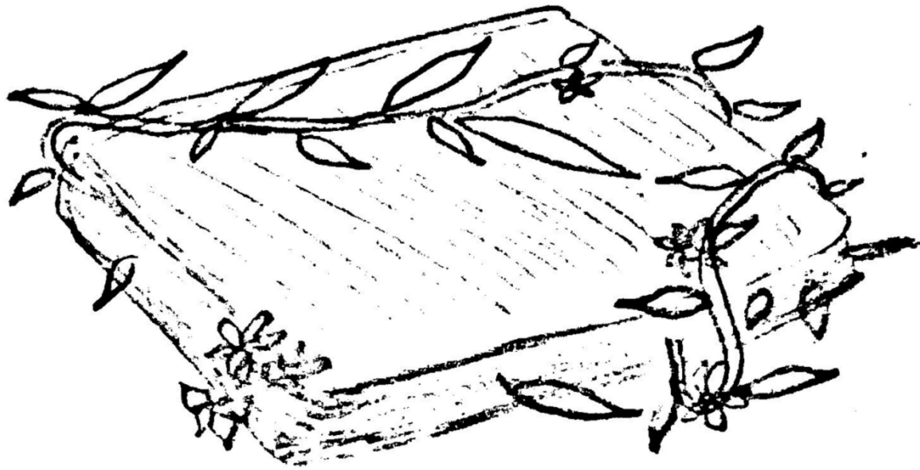
Alex Kravchenko, tenor

Cole Walker, baritone

Gage Walker, bass

TJ Suchta, vocal percussion

# Stories We Tell, Stories We Live



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# I

Nannetta's whimsical aria "Sul fil d'un soffio etesio" brings listeners right into the magic and awe of the fantasy genre. The metric elusiveness created by the interactions between the voice and piano accompaniment immediately paints a world free of the typical constraints of reality. The sparkle and delicacy trademark of fairies is brought out in frequent upward melodic leaps and their embellished returns. The fact that this piece, within the context of the opera, is part of an elaborate prank, makes this piece a perfect testament to the power of storytelling.

By contrast, Schumann's "Lorelei" is notably darker in character. This comes through musically in the denser chords, minor tonality, and far more abundant use of accidentals and, by Western standards, unusual and jarring melodic leaps. The text painting in this piece is stunning because it leans into the nuances of each word; you can feel the warmth of the sun in "Abendsonnenschein" ("evening sun") and hear the boatman's pain in "weh" with its ringing high note. The use of space is also so intentional, leaving room for the piano accompaniment to shine independently and take on the role of the tumultuous waves.

I chose to pair these starkly contrasting pieces because together they demonstrate the range you can find in the vividness of fantastical worlds.

## **Sul fil d'un soffio etesio** from *Falstaff*

Giuseppe Verdi  
(1813-1901)

Sul fil d'un soffio etesio  
scorrete, agili larve;  
fra i rami un baglior cesio  
d'alba lunare apparve.  
Danzate! E il passo blando  
misuri un blando suon,  
la magiche accoppiando carole  
alla canzon.

Erriam sotto la luna  
scegliendo fior da fiore;  
ogni corolla in core  
porta la sua fortuna.  
Coi gigli e le viole  
scriviam de' nomi arcani;  
dalle fatate mani  
germogolino parole...  
parole alluminate di puro argento  
e d'or...  
carmi e malie.  
Le fate hanno, per cifre,  
i fior.

On the breath of an etesian breeze  
scurry, agile shadows  
among the branches a bluish-grey glow  
of the rising moon has appeared.  
Dance! And may the gentle steps  
measure a gentle sound,  
combining the magical dances  
with the song.

Let us wander beneath the moon,  
choosing flower by flower;  
each crown of petals, in its heart,  
brings its good fortune.  
With the lilies and the violets,  
let us write secret names;  
from our enchanted hands  
may words blossom...  
words illuminated by pure silver  
and gold...  
Magic incantations and charms.  
The Faeries have, for alphabet letters,  
flowers.

## Lorelei

Clara Schumann  
(1819-1896)

Ich weiß nicht, was soll es bedeuten,  
Daß ich so traurig bin;  
Ein Märchen aus alten Zeiten,  
Das kommt mir nicht aus dem Sinn.

I do not know what it means  
That I should feel so sad;  
There is a tale from olden times  
I cannot get out of my mind.

Die Luft ist kühl und es dunkelt,  
Und ruhig fließt der Rhein;  
Der Gipfel des Berges funkelt  
Im Abendsonnenschein.

The air is cool, and twilight falls,  
And the Rhine flows quietly by;  
The summit of the mountains glitters  
In the evening sun.

Die schönste Jungfrau sitzet  
Dort oben wunderbar,  
Ihr goldnes Geschmeide blitzet,  
Sie kämmt ihr goldenes Haar.

The fairest maiden is sitting  
In wondrous beauty up there,  
Her golden jewels are sparkling,  
She combs her golden hair.

Sie kämmt es mit goldenem Kamme  
Und singt ein Lied dabei,  
Das hat eine wundersame,  
Gewalt'ge Melodei.

She combs it with a golden comb  
And sings a song the while;  
It has an awe-inspiring,  
Powerful melody.

Den Schiffer im kleinen Schiffe  
Ergreift es mit wildem Weh;  
Er schaut nicht die Felsenriffe,  
Er schaut nur hinauf in die Höh'.

It seizes the boatman in his skiff  
With wildly aching pain;  
He does not see the rocky reefs,  
He only looks up to the heights.

Ich glaube, die Wellen verschlingen  
Am Ende Schiffer und Kahn;  
Und das hat mit ihrem Singen  
Die Lorelei getan.

I think at last the waves swallow  
The boatman and his boat;  
And that, with her singing,  
The Loreley has done.

## II

“Sie liebten, sich beide” offers a bittersweet tale with a slightly hauntingly delivered message to not let love go unsaid. The metric setting of this piece gives it the push and pull effect of a waltz to me, which I feel as capturing the characters’ inner turmoil. The minor tonality, slower tempo, and sparser accompaniment also evoke a beautiful quiet sadness that suits the text perfectly.

“Chorshat ha’ekaliptus” is a dual love story, of sorts, in that it uses the parents’ love story as a vehicle for telling a love story about life and its cycles. I almost feel the verse-chorus structure of the song itself to be a nod to life’s cyclical nature. I find Shemer’s melodic lines in this piece to be simply beautiful. They also feel natural and comforting to sing, which seems fitting to me for a piece about nostalgia and being able to see how life goes on after adversity.

Paired together, my hope is these pieces capture how music has the power to capture the complexities of love stories, regardless of their happy or tragic ending.

### Sie liebten, sich beide from *Sechs Lieder*

Clara Schumann

Sie liebten sich beide, doch keiner  
Wollt’ es dem andern gestehn;  
Sie sahen sich an so feindlich,  
Und wollten vor Liebe vergehn.

They loved one another, but neither  
Wished to tell the other;  
They gave each other such hostile looks,  
Yet nearly died of love.

Sie trennten sich endlich und sah’n sich  
Nur noch zuweilen im Traum;  
Sie waren längst gestorben  
Und wussten es selber kaum.

In the end they parted and saw  
Each other but rarely in dreams.  
They died so long ago  
And hardly knew it themselves.

### Chorshat ha’ekaliptus

Naomi Shemer  
(1930-2004)

When mother came her, beautiful and young  
Father build her a house on the hill  
The springs passed, half a centry went by  
And meanwhile her curls have turned to gray.

Ksho’ima ba’a heina yafa utse’ira  
Az aba al giva’h banah lah bayit  
Chalfu ha’avivim, chatsi me’ah avrah  
Vetaltalim hafchu seiva beintayim.

כשאמא באה הנה יפה וצעירה  
אז אבא על גבעה בנה לה בית  
חלפו האביבים, חצי מאה עברה  
ותלחלים הפכו שיבה בינתיים.

*But on the banks of the Jordan it’s as though  
nothing has changed  
The same silence and also the same scenery  
The eucalyptus grove  
The bridge  
The boat  
And the salty smell on the water*

*Chorus:*  
Aval al chof yarden k’mo me’uma lo karah  
Ota hadumiyah vegam ota hatafura  
Chorshat ha’ekaliptus  
Hagesher  
Hasira  
Verei’ach hamalu’ach al hamayim.

אבל על חוף ירדן כמו מאומה לא קרה  
אותה הדומיה וגם אותה התפאורה  
חורשת האקליפטוס  
הגשר  
הסירה  
ורייח המלוח על המים.

Meiever layarden ra’amu hatotachim  
Vehashalom chazar besof hakayitz.  
Vechol hatinokot hayu la’anashim  
Veshuv al hagiva’h hekimu bayit.

מעבר לירדן רעמו התותחים  
והשלום חזר בסוף הקיץ  
וכל התינוקות היו לאנשים  
ושוב על הגבעה הקימו בית.

Over the Jordan the cannons thundered  
And peace returned with the end of summer  
And all the children have become adults  
And, in turn, built houses again on the hill.

### III

I fell instantly and immediately in love with “Ba, Be, Bi, Bo, Bu” the first time I heard it because I felt it so perfectly captured the whimsy and humor of such an absurd text. By way of pursuing this piece, I found these two others from *La Courte Paille* that had me equally in awe of their ability to find the musical language to express the poetry’s peculiarities and mood. These three in particular complement each other well, with “Quelle Aventure” being lively and piquing curiosity enough to make way for “La Reine de Coer” to be darker and more mellow before “Ba, Be, Bi, Bo, Bu” snaps listeners out of examining the previous narrator’s intentions too closely by launching into a wildly energetic short burst of a nonsense story.

These pieces are not traditional easy listening by any means, but I contend that they are not meant to be and that is precisely what makes them fun. While they were written in the age of dadaism where the nonsensical was prized, I think only the poetry is nonsensical, while the music itself is actually incredibly intentional and logical. There is so much natural speech cadence that comes through in these pieces and they just ooze with character and wit. While Poulenc wrote this set for a singer’s child, my personal feeling is that this would fall more into the Roald Dahl category of children’s works.

*La Courte Paille*

Francis Poulenc  
(1899-1963)

#### Quelle Aventure

Une puce, dans sa voiture,  
Tirait un petit éléphant  
En regardant les devantures,  
Où scintillaient les diamants.

A flea, in its carriage  
was pulling a little elephant along  
gazing at the shop windows,  
where diamonds were sparkling.

—Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu! Quelle aventure!

Good gracious! Good gracious! What goings-on!

Qui va me croire, s’il m’entend?

Who will believe me if I tell them?

L’éléphanteau, d’un air absent,  
Suçait un pot de confiture.  
Mais la puce n’en avait cure  
Elle tirait en souriant.

The little elephant was absentmindedly  
sucking on a pot of jam.  
But the flea took no notice,  
and went on pulling with a smile.

—Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu! Que cela dure,  
Et je vais me croire dément!

Good gracious! Good gracious! If this goes on,  
I shall really think I am mad!

Soudain, le long d’une clôture,  
La puce fondit dans le vent  
Et je vis le jeune éléphant  
Se sauver en fendant les murs.

Suddenly, along by a fence,  
the flea disappeared in the wind  
and I saw the young elephant  
make off, breaking through the walls.

Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu! La chose est sûre,

Good gracious! Good gracious! It is perfectly true,

Mais comment la dire à maman?

but how shall I tell Mommy?

## La Reine de Coer

Mollement acoudée  
a ses vitres de lune,  
la reine vous salue,  
d'une fleur d'amandier.

C'est la reine de coeur,  
elle peut, s'il lui plait,  
vous mener en secret  
vers d'étranges demeures.  
Où il n'est plus de portes,  
de salles ni de tours  
et où les jeunes mortes  
viennet parler d'amour.

La reine vous salue,  
hâtez-vous de la suivre  
dans son château de givre  
au doux vitraux de lune.

Gently leaning on her elbow  
at her moon windows,  
the queen waves to you,  
with a flower of the almond tree.

She is the queen of hearts,  
She can, if she wishes,  
lead you in secret  
to strange dwellings.  
Where there are no more doors,  
no rooms or towers  
and where the young dead  
come to speak of love.

The queen waves to you,  
hasten to follow her  
into her castle of hoar-frost  
with the lovely moon windows.

## Ba, Be, Bi, Bo, Bu

Ba, be, bi, bo, bu, bé!  
Le chat a mis ses bottes,  
il va de porte en porte  
jouer, danser, chanter.

Pou, chou, genou, hibou.  
'Tu dois apprendre à lire,  
à compter, à écrire'  
lui crieton de partout.

Mais rikketikketau,  
le chat de s'esclaffer,  
en rentrant au château:  
il est le Chat botté!

Ba, be, bi, bo, bu, bé!  
The cat has put on his boots,  
he goes from door to door  
playing, dancing, singing.

Lice, cabbage, knee, owl.  
"You must learn to read,  
to count, to write,"  
they cry to him on all sides.

But rikketikketau,  
the cat bursts out laughing,  
as he goes back to the castle:  
He is Puss in Boots!

## IV

“Goodnight Moon” is another piece that immediately stole my heart. It is one of few songs that can consistently move me to tears when I hear it. Whitacre so perfectly captures the bittersweet nostalgia of looking back. Margaret Wise Brown’s children’s book makes an unexpected, but beautiful foundation for what, to me, feels like a love song to everything that has helped us be who we are now because of the comfort and grounding it gave us in the past.

Following the previous songs in this set, this piece begins to bridge the gap between narrative and reality as we move into the second thematic half of the recital. It offers an intimacy and self-awareness in interacting with this story that is the best transition I could have hoped to find.

### Goodnight Moon

Eric Whitacre  
(1970-)

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 toyhouse  
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  
Goodnight noises everywhere



## V

In “Lied der Suleika”, the speaker romanticizes her situation of being far from the one she loves. The small melodic flourishes add a touch of whimsy, while the use of repetition throughout evokes stability and serenity. These elements reflect how the speaker finds comfort and hope in this narrative she creates for herself.

At the beginning of “Quel guardo il cavaliere”, the speaker is reading a love story – something akin to a classic like Cinderella or Romeo and Juliet – but instead of finding it comforting and hopeful, as in “Lied der Suleika”, she finds it absurd and hilarious. Her reaction reads much like the protagonist in a modern rom-com, which is particularly notable, given *Don Pasquale* was written in 1842! She then rewrites the story she is being fed, in a sense, by asserting that she is just as capable of using her charms to her advantage as the knight in the story is. Her casual trills and high notes underscore her cleverness and the strength she feels in not being swayed by romantic clichés.

Both speakers in these songs demonstrate how the narratives we choose about ourselves and how we relate to the world around us are tied to our self-image and mindset: While in “Lied der Suleika”, the speaker’s narrative allows her to find purpose in loving the man she loves from afar, in “Quel guardo il cavaliere”, the speaker’s narrative allows her to find empowerment in rejecting the traditional love story.

### Lied der Suleika from *Myrthen*

Robert Schumann  
(1810-1856)

Wie mit innigstem Behagen,  
Lied, empfind’ ich deinen Sinn!  
Liebevoll du scheinst zu sagen:  
Dass ich ihm zur Seite bin.

With what heartfelt contentment,  
O song, do I sense your meaning!  
Lovingly you seem to say:  
That I am at his side;

Dass er ewig mein gedenket,  
Seiner Liebe Seligkeit  
Immerdar der Fernen schenket,  
Die ein Leben ihm geweiht.

That he ever thinks of me,  
And ever bestows his love’s rapture  
On her who, far away,  
Dedicates her life to him.

Ja, mein Herz, es ist der Spiegel,  
Freund, worin du dich erblickt,  
Diese Brust, wo deine Siegel  
Kuss auf Kuss hereingedrückt.

For my heart, dear friend, is the mirror,  
Wherein you have seen yourself;  
And this the breast where your seal is imprinted  
Kiss upon kiss.

Süßes Dichten, laute Wahrheit,  
Fesselt mich in Sympathie!  
Rein verkörpert Liebesklarheit  
Im Gewand der Poesie.

Your sweet verses, their unsullied truth  
Chain me in sympathy;  
Love’s pure embodied radiance  
In the garb of poetry!

**Quel guardo il cavalieri**  
from *Don Pasquale*

Gaetano Donizetti  
(1797-1848)

“Quel guardo,  
il cavaliere in mezzo al cor trafisse,  
Piego il ginocchio e disse:  
Son vostro cavalier.  
E tanto era in quel guardo  
Sapor di paradiso,  
Che il cavalier Riccardo,  
Tutto d'amor conquiso,  
Giurò che ad altra mai,  
Non volgeria il pensier.”  
Ah, ah!

So anch'io la virtù magica  
D'un guardo a tempo e loco,  
So anch'io come si bruciano  
I cori a lento foco,  
D'un breve sorrisetto  
Conosco anch'io l'effetto,  
Di menzognera lagrima,  
D'un subito languor,  
Conosco i mille modi  
Dell'amorose frodi,  
I vezzi e l'arti facili  
Per adescare un cor.

Ho testa bizzarra,  
son pronta vivace,  
Brillare mi piace scherzar:  
Se monto in furore  
Di rado sto al segno,  
Ma in riso lo sdegno fo presto a cangiar,  
Ho testa bizzarra,  
Ma core eccellente, ah!

“That glance  
it pierced the knight's heart,  
he bent on his knees and said:  
I am your knight.  
And in that glance there was  
such taste of heaven  
that the knight Riccardo,  
completely conquered by love,  
swore that he would never  
think of another woman.”  
Ah, Ah!

I also know the magic virtue  
of a glance at the right time in the right place,  
I also know how hearts burn  
on the slow fire  
of a short smile.  
I also know the effect  
of a deceitful tear,  
of an instant languor  
I know the thousand means  
love-frauds use,  
the charms and the easy arts  
used to seduce a heart.

I have an odd mind,  
I have a ready wit,  
I like being witty, joking:  
If I get angry  
I rarely can remain calm  
But I can soon change indignation in laugh,  
I have an odd mind,  
but an excellent heart, ah!

## VI

Ah, “Mister Snow”! It is just one of the most feel-good songs to sing. Plus, it is a beautiful example of storytelling seeing as Carrie Pipperidge takes us through her entire love story, past, present, and future. She experiments with different modes of storytelling too – narrating, reenacting, and sharing stream of consciousness. The blockier piano accompaniment adds to the playful and lively mood of the song and the repetition of the vocal line allows the beautiful simplicity of the life Carrie is imagining to come through.

“Vanilla Ice Cream” is a slightly more modern music theatre take on being in love, full of many absurd punchlines as Amalia slowly comes to realize she is in love with her co-worker Georg. While “Mister Snow” gives us the full story coming from the perspective of already being head-over-heels in love, “Vanilla Ice Cream” gives us a window into that process of discovering you have fallen in love. As the song switches back and forth between Amalia writing a letter to her blind date that she thinks she no-showed and dreamily reflecting on her previous night’s unexpectedly kind interactions with Georg, changes in key, tempo, and melodic range underscore these changes in mood. Also, the piano accompaniment matches these changes by being much more sparse and gentle when Amalia is writing and using a more active line of blockier chords when she is reflecting. Stylistically, both of these songs blend elements of classical and contemporary music genres, so they provide the segue into the next two more contemporary sets.

### **Mister Snow** from *Carousel*

Richard Rodgers  
(1902-1979)  
Oscar Hammerstein II  
(1895-1960)

His name is Mister Snow  
And an upstandin' man is he  
He comes home every night in his round-bottomed boat  
With a net full of herring from the sea

An almost perfect boy  
As refined as a girl could wish  
But he spends so much time in his round-bottomed boat  
That he can't seem to lose the smell of fish

The first time he kissed me, the whiff of his clothes  
Knocked me flat on the floor of the room  
But now that I love him, my heart's in my nose  
And fish is my fav'rite perfume!

Last night, he spoke quite low  
And a fair-spoken man is he  
And he said, "Miss Pipperidge, I'd like it fine  
If I could be wed with a wife  
And indeed, Miss Pipperidge, if you'll be mine  
I'll be yours for the rest of my life"

Next moment, we were promised  
And now my mind's in a maze  
For all it can do is look forward to  
That wonderful day of days

When I marry Mister Snow  
The flowers'll be buzzin' with the hum of bees  
The birds'll make a racket in the churchyard trees  
When I marry Mister Snow

Then it's off to home we'll go  
And both of us'll look a little dreamy-eyed  
A driving to a cottage by the oceanside  
Where the salty breezes blow

He'll carry me 'cross the threshold  
And I'll be as meek as a lamb  
Then he'll set me on my feet  
And I'll say kinda sweet  
Well, Mister Snow, here I am

Then I'll kiss him, so he'll know  
That everything'll be as right as right can be  
A living in a cottage by the sea with me  
For I love that Mister Snow

That young sea-faring  
Bold and daring  
Big bewhiskered, overbearing  
Darling Mister Snow

**Vanilla Ice Cream**  
from *She Loves Me*

Jerry Bock  
(1928-2010)

Dear Friend  
I am so sorry about last night  
It was a nightmare in every way  
But together you and I  
Will laugh at last night someday....

Ice cream, he brought me ice cream  
Vanilla ice cream, imagine that  
Ice cream and for the first time  
We were together without a spat

Friendly, he was so friendly  
That isn't like him  
I'm simply stunned  
Will wonders never cease? Will wonders never cease?  
It's been a most peculiar day  
Will wonders never cease? Will wonders never cease?

Oh, where was I?

I am so sorry about last night  
It was a nightmare in every way  
But together you and I  
Will laugh at last night someday

I sat there waiting in that café  
And never guessing that you were fat  
That you were near  
You were outside looking bald... oh my!

Dear Friend,  
I am so sorry about last night

Last night I was so nasty  
Well, he deserved it but even so  
That Georg is not like this Georg  
This is a new Georg that I don't know

Somehow it all reminds me  
Of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde  
For right before my eyes  
A man that I despise  
Has turned into a man I like  
It's almost like a dream  
As strange as it may seem  
He came to offer me vanilla ice cream

## VII

“Stars and the Moon” is another of those pieces that I itched to sing the moment I heard it. The layers of nostalgia, pride, regret, and so many other nuanced emotions, carefully tucked within each word of this piece have always been captivating for me. I know this song will be one that will grow with me because it speaks to years of life experiences that I still have in front of me. However, it was important to me to include it here because it speaks to a theme that I can relate to very strongly at this stage in my life. “Stars and the Moon” posits that holding tightly to our dreams can limit us because it may keep us holding on to rigid narratives about who we have to be.

“Finishing the Hat” is the perfect thematic complement to “Stars and the Moon” because it also warns of the downsides of tunnel vision, but for someone who is achievement- or career-oriented. Both pieces use metaphor to capture the allure these dreams have had for these characters. I have found their beautiful melodies and evolving motifs to be absolutely addicting. I love the addition of the violin part in Kelli O’Hara’s rendition of “Finishing the Hat” because it captures the same bittersweetness of “I’ll never have the moon” in the final line of “Stars and the Moon”. Much like the character in “Stars and the Moon” though, this person would not have changed what she did ultimately, even having the regrets she has. This, of course, comes with its own warning, which is to try to uncover our fatal flaws before they become too cemented for us to negotiate with them. Infinite gratitude to Cole Walker for transcribing the piano accompaniment so this piece could be here.

### Stars and the Moon

from *Songs for a New World*

Jason Robert Brown

(1970-)

I met a man without a dollar to his name  
Who had no traits of any value but his smile  
I met a man who had no yearn or claim to fame  
Who was content to let life pass him for a while  
And I was sure that all I ever wanted  
Was a life like the movie stars led  
And he kissed me right here  
And he said

"I'll give you stars and the moon and a soul to guide you  
And a promise I'll never go  
I'll give you hope to bring out all the life inside you  
And the strength that will help you grow  
I'll give you truth and a future that's twenty times better  
Than any Hollywood plot"  
And I thought, "You know  
I'd rather have a yacht"

I met a man who lived his life out on the road  
Who left a wife and kids in Portland on a whim  
I met a man whose fire and passion always showed  
Who asked if I could spare a week to ride with him  
But I was sure that all I ever wanted  
Was a life that was scripted and planned  
And he said, "But you don't understand—"  
"I'll give you stars and the moon and the open highway  
And a river beneath your feet  
I'll give you days full of dreams if you travel my way  
And a summer you can't repeat  
I'll give you nights full of passion and days of adventure  
No strings, just warm summer rain"  
And I thought, "You know  
I'd rather have champagne"

I met a man who had a fortune in the bank  
Who had retired at age thirty, set for life  
I met a man and didn't know which stars to thank  
And then he asked one day if I would be his wife  
And I looked up, and all I could think of  
Was the life I had dreamt I would live  
And I said to him, "What will you give?"

"I'll give you cars and a townhouse in Turtle Bay  
And a fur and a diamond ring  
And we'll be married in Spain on my yacht today  
And we'll honeymoon in Beijing  
And you'll meet stars at the parties I throw at my villas  
In Nice and Paris in June"

And I thought, "Okay"  
And I took a breath  
And I got my yacht  
And the years went by  
And it never changed  
And it never grew  
And I never dreamed  
And I woke one day  
And I looked around  
And I thought, "My God  
I'll never have the moon"

## Finishing the Hat

from *Sunday in the Park with George*

Stephen Sondheim  
(1930-2021)

Yes, he looks for me  
Good  
Let him look for me to tell me why he left me—  
As I always knew he would  
I had thought he understood  
They have never understood  
And no reason that they should  
But if anybody could...

Finishing the hat  
How you have to finish the hat  
How you watch the rest of the world  
From a window  
While you finish the hat

Mapping out a sky  
What you feel like, planning a sky  
What you feel when voices that come  
Through the window  
Go  
Until they distance and die  
Until there's nothing but sky

And how you're always turning back too late  
From the grass or the stick  
Or the dog or the light  
How the kind of man who's willing to wait's  
Not the kind that you want to find waiting  
To return you to the night  
Dizzy from the height  
Coming from the hat

Studying the hat  
Entering the world of the hat  
Reaching through the world of the hat  
Like a window  
Back to this one from that

Studying a face  
Stepping back to look at a face  
Leaves a little space in the way like a window  
But to see—  
It's the only way to see  
And when the one man that you wanted goes  
You can say to yourself, "Well, I give what I give"  
But the one man who won't wait for you knows  
That however you live  
There's a part of you always standing by  
Mapping out the sky  
Finishing a hat  
Starting on a hat  
Finishing a hat...  
Look, I made a hat...  
Where there never was a hat.

## VIII

To be performing this piece with this group of people beside me is itself a fever dream. I cannot thank Leia, Cole, Gage, TJ, and Alex enough for dedicating their energy and musicianship to another one of these crazy little projects with me.

This is the first piece I have ever attempted to arrange, but as soon as I heard these lyrics, I heard ensemble voicings in my ear and could only imagine doing it justice with my dear friends experiencing this life transition with me. I needed their voices supporting, dueting, and singing countermelodies around mine. As much as I love “Finishing the Hat”, this is what needed to be the message at the end of my senior recital about the narratives we choose.

To me, this song is the ultimately anthem to a meaningful existence. It is not about ultimate success. It is not about playing it safe or risking everything. It is purely about having your days be memorable. That is all I can hope for me and my peers as we embark on this next chapter.

### Fever Dream

opb. mxmtoon  
arr. Zoe Lipkin

Life's a losing game when you don't play  
Don't hold your cards too close is what they say  
Now, love is just another leap of faith  
But I jump right in

I took the train, I took the call  
I didn't know just where I'd fall  
Or where it'd take me  
Another step, another stair  
I'll never know if I'll get there  
But just maybe

I want something more than  
More than restless mornings  
Getting by's so boring  
Ah-ooh, ah-ooh

Take another look before it goes  
Days are only footprints in the snow  
How far away can I walk  
Till I'm way too far from home  
I wish I knew, I wish I knew  
I want something more than...

Once Upon A Time...

