

MUSIC IN THE MANOR

Texts & Translations

6:30pm | Set 1

Mango Salad | Kimberly R. Osberg, composer (instrumental)

Sleep Saga | Dianne Davies, music & text

1. Monsters

I can't sleep! I can't sleep! Sleep!
There's a monster in my closet.
There's a monster in my closet.
My closet, my closet.
And another one under my bed.
Mommy I'm scared, I can't sleep!
Sleep.....sleep.

2. Love Birds

Dena & Ricky are lovebirds. They're
going steady. I can't believe it!
Dena and Ricky are lovebirds. Will
they get married? Can it be true?
Ricky says Jessie likes me. Ricky says
Jessie likes me!
Likes me!
I can't sleep, cuz I like Ricky.

3. I'm in!

Last week the group said that I could
be "in."
It was great! It was great!
For me to be in Dana had to be "out."
It was great? It was great?
Now she eats alone and she looks oh
so sad.
It's not great! It's not great!
She should be in it's not right,
it's not fair.
It's not great! It's not great!
Dana's back "in"
and she's happy again.
It was great! It was great!
Now I sit alone and it's my time to
weep. It's not great!

4. Prom

I did not study! Oh!
Tomorrow is my test!
It's a very important, very important,
very important test!
Why didn't I study? Study! Why?
And tomorrow is the Prom!
...and I don't have a dress!

5. The Dress

Tomorrow I get married!
I can't wait! I can't wait!
Tomorrow I get married,
I get married.
And mom is still sewing the dresses.
Why must she always procrastinate?
Why didn't she start sooner?
I can't stand the racket!
The racket! The racket!
The racket!
Tomorrow I get married. I can't wait!

6. Kids

It's been a long day.
I've no words to say.
There's been laughing,
jumping, running, chasing.
Hide and go seek, hide and go seek.
It's been a long day.
I've no words to say.
(Mommy I'm scared, I can't sleep!)
Sleep.....sleep.



"What's That Smell?," from COVID Bake-Off | Monica Chew, composer & Sandra Flores-Strand, librettist

EVE: Did it work?

LILLY: No.

EVE: Here, take some more.

LILLY: That's enough garlic, my stomach's turning sour.

EVE: Sorry! Water?

LILLY: Yes.

EVE: I know this method that worked for my friend, but I don't remember what it was.

LILLY: Eve, we're running out of time!

EVE: Ah ha! Here's a list. Lemon and honey?

LILLY: No.

EVE: Nose irrigation?

LILLY: No.

EVE: Eat crushed up ginger?

LILLY: No.

BOTH: What will it take to regain [your/my] taste and sense of smell?

EVE: Fresh ground coffee?

LILLY: No.

EVE: Eat cayenne pepper?

LILLY: No.

EVE: Peppermint tea?

LILLY: No.

BOTH: What will it take to regain [your/my] taste and sense of smell?

EVE: Cinnamon? Curry leaves? Castor oil? Cardamom seeds?

LILLY: No! Wait...wait... YES! Just a minute... There it is...
It's weak, but it's there!

BOTH: It's there!

Floral, fruity, tangy, sweet.

[Your/My] taste is back, we can compete.

Oh taste, oh smell, you're back again,

So we can win the prize!



6:55pm | Set 2

"Yo Crío Una Mosca," from *Cuatro Canciones Andinas* | Gabriela Lena Frank, composer & José María Arguedas, translator (to Spanish from Quechua), Ruth Wilson (to English from Spanish)

Yo crío una mosca
de alas de oro,
yo crío una mosca
de ojos encendidos.

I am nursing a fly
of wings of gold,
I am nursing a fly
of inflamed eyes.

Trae la muerte
en sus ojos de fuego,
trae la muerte
en sus cabellos de oro,
en sus alas hermosas.

It carries death
in its eyes of fire,
it carries death
on its little hairs of gold,
on its beautiful wings.

En una botella verde
yo la crío;
nadie sabe
si bebe,
nadie sabe
si come.

In a bottle of ginger ale
I nurse it,
nobody knows
if it drinks,
nobody knows
if it eats.

Vaga en las noches
como una estrella,
hiere mortalmente
con su resplandor rojo,
con sus ojos de fuego.

It roams at night
like a star,
it wounds mortally
with its red splendor,
with its eyes of fire.

En sus ojos de fuego
lleva el amor,
fulgura en la noche
su sangre,
el amor que trae en el corazón.

In its eyes of fire
it carries love,
its blood
flashes in the night
the love that it carries in its heart.

Nocturno insecto,
mosca portadora de la muerte,
en una botella verde
yo la crío
amándola tanto.

Nocturnal insect,
fly bearer of death
in a green bottle,
I nurse it,
loving it very much.

Pero, ¡eso sí!
Nadie sabe
si le doy de beber,
si le doy de comer.

But there!
Nobody knows i
If I give it drink
if I give it food.



How Doth the Little Crocodile? | Lisa Neher, composer & Lewis Carroll, text

How doth the little crocodile
Improve his shining tail
And pour the waters of the Nile
On every golden scale!

How cheerfully he seems to grin,
How neatly spreads his claws,
And welcomes little fishes in
With gently smiling jaws!

"Adelaide's Aria," from *The Enchanted Pig* | Jonathan Dove, composer & Alasdair Middleton, librettist

Tiara! Do you call this a tiara? I want a proper tiara! Not this thing!
I had more sparkle from beads on an old bit of string!
I want shine! I want bling!

And the veil? Where's the veil? The design was so fine that four of the
nuns who were making it found they'd gone blind.
Do I look like I mind if some nuns have gone blind? The whole bleeding
convent can drop down dead
Just so long as that veil is on top of my head by tonight. All right?

And the Swan? Where's it gone? The sixteen foot swan that I'm sitting on
as I'm pulled up the aisle by those dwarves. God! Those dwarves! Send
them back! I said all along I want dwarves that are strong. And those
dwarves can't lift up my train. Send them all back again!
And get out and hustle some midgets with muscle!

And the doves! The doves that are being released when I stand in front of
the priest and say "I do." They won't do. Shoot them all! They're too small!
Maybe it's me, but I like a dove you can see. Is it really too much to ask?
Have I set some impossible task? I just want some sparkle, I want things to
shine.

It's my wedding. My wedding. Mine.
It's like some awful conspiracy. Why can't you get it? Why don't you see?
It's my wedding. So who's it about? It's my wedding. I don't want to shout.
It's my wedding, so it's all about me!

Now get out! And don't come back until everything's perfect!



7:20pm | Set 3

The Sunrise Ruby | Gwyneth Walker, composer & Rumi, text (trans. by Coleman Barks)

The Sunrise Ruby
In the early morning hour,
just before dawn, lover and beloved wake
and take a drink of water.
She asks, "Do you love me or yourself more?
Really, tell the absolute truth."
He says, "There's nothing left of me.
I'm like a ruby held up to the sunrise.
Is it still a stone, or a world
made of redness? It has no resistance
to sunlight."
This is how the Lord said, I am God
and told the truth!
The ruby and the sunrise are one

"You Have Become a Forest," from *Four Poems by Nikita Gill* | Melissa Dunphy, music & Nikita Gill, text

One day when you wake up,
you will find that you have become a forest.
You have grown roots and found strength in them
that no one thought you had.
You have become stronger and more beautiful,
full of life giving qualities.
You have learned to take all the negativity around you
and turn it into oxygen for easy breathing.
A host of wild creatures live inside you
and you call them stories.
A variety of beautiful birds rest inside
your mind and you call them memories.
You have become an incredible self
sustaining thing of epic proportions.
And you should be so proud of yourself,
of how far you have come
from the seeds of who you used to be.



If You Cheese (A WORLD PREMIERE!) | Kimberly R. Osberg, music & text

BONNIE: Oh my God, how is nothing ready?? Oh my God!

DAWN: Take a deep breath, Bonnie!

CLAIRE: Bonnie, calm down!

D&C: We're here to help!

B: Thank you, dear friends - I have a big order, it's due at three

C: Three??

C&D: It's already 2:15!

B: Oh God!

C: I'll open up a window...

B&C: Why?

C: That way, it will be a BRIEs.

B: Oh my God.

D: Now Claire, let's help our friend...

C: I'm sorry.

D: ...there's STILTONs of work to do

D&B: Ha-ah-ah...

B: Please, just go grate that please

D: If you so please

C: If you so please?

B: ...please...

D&C: If you so cheese!

B: Pepper, Colby, Monterey...

C: I've never heard of Pepper, Colby, or Monterey

D: Ah! You don't know Jack!

B: Can you shred that a little faster please?

D: You have such "grate" expectations of me!

D&C: I think it's GOUDAnough.

B: Aren't you both tired yet??

D&C: Perhaps you're right. You're right - you're alright now.

B: It's alright, now...

B: Can you please get the boards for the meats?

C: Of course!

B: Then I will go cut the....this.

D: Phew! That was a close one

C: Not for me...I'm cured.

D: I'm getting tired. This work is taking rather long.

C: Well that's why it is called a "cheese BORED"

D: Cheese board?

C: Cheese bored

D: ...cheese bored? Cheese bored!

D&C: Cheese "bored"! Cheese "bored"!

B: You both are killing me! Please! I really need some help. Can you just do that for me please? Instead of laughing at my cheese?

D&C: We're here to help

B: Thank you

D&C: We're on board.

All: Let's build this cheese board!

C: Gouda!

B: Brie!

D: ...and cheddar!

C: Asaigo!

B: Fontina!

D: Burrata!

C: Blue cheese!

B: Goat cheese!

D: More...cheddar?

B: That one is a little sharper...

B: We're running out of time! Do we have enough cheese?

C&D: This is a nice spread!

B: OH MY GOD!

C: Huh? That wasn't a-

B: I forgot the dip! Ruined! I am ruined!



IF YOU CHEESE (cont'd)

D: I'm sure we can find something

C&D: Don't worry! Don't worry.

C: I'll break the glass!

B&D: ...Why??

C: You should always break the glass...in QUESO emergency!

B&D: Oh my God!

B: I'm going to kill you

D: This was NACHO cheese to deal with!

All: This order's almost done!

B: Just need to box it up!

D: Wait! But this swiss inside!

B: Why?

D: They can use it to ward off vampires!

B: ...okay, that one doesn't even make sense - there's no garlic in that type of cheese!

D: No, but...

C&D: ...it's still hole-y!

B: Oh my God.

C&D: That was MUESTERous!

B: Oh my GOD!!

C&D: She's got it now!

B: Please, no...

C&D: She's FETAp!

B: I can't take it any longer!! I cannot bear it!

C&D: She CAMEMBER it!

B: Oh my God, we made it!

C&D: We made it FONDUE you agree?

B: It wasn't easy

All: It's never easy being cheesy.

B: But with a little,

All: ...hard work - and some help along the whey - you can feed your dreams, if you cheese!

7:40pm | Set 4

"Bored Cat Duet," from *Meow and Forever* | Jodi Goble, composer & Basil Considine, librettist

CHESTER: Bored, I'm really bored.

NALA: Really bored

BOTH: Deep as the sea is our ennui.

C: So we weep recklessly

N: fecklessly. So we weep endlessly,

C: friendlessly.

BOTH: So we weep.

C: Ev'ryday, the same routine

N: The bowl is full, the bowl is empty.

C: She takes the bag, she leaves with the phone,

N: she leaves us alone

C: alone.

BOTH: The sunlight crawls and we follow.

N: We peer through the glass...

C: It's a bird!

N: It's a bug!

C: Where?

N: I don't know!

C: ...it's just lint on the rug.

BOTH: How long, cruel world, how long?

C: I feel hunger.

N: I feel thirst.

C: This water is stale.

N: This food is dry.

BOTH: I am unfed, I am unloved. I have no cardboard box. I have no

box. Where is my cardboard box? Where is my box?

C: Now I'm really bored.

N: Really bored.

BOTH: Deep as the sea is our ennui...



"Incantation" and "Familiar" from *she conjures* | Lisa Neher, composer & Bea Goodwin, librettist

1. incantation

Mama
Ye' left an echo
A beckon from beyond.
Incantation
on Mother's last breath
cast a spell of endless snow--
Freeze their wheat, no bread to eat!
Split a sail with hunks of hail!
An incantation
Endless snow...

Mama, accused of the unthinkable; a poppet of Father! Poppets are Devil's work—why on Earth would the Magistrate blame my Mother? Perhaps he had somethin' to do with it!
I know! I'll fetch Mother's familiar.
He can crawl into 'is chimney and be my spy!

2. familiar

Hello Caraid!
I bet other crows get green-eyed when ye' come inside!

I'm sorry--
Yer Master, my Mother,
'as been burned alive.
Why?
When women 're born
from the rib of the land,
with their spirits,
mysterious as fog--
The men who hold gavels
hold daggers, hunt witches...
So, I'll be yer Master,
yer Mother now.

Listen closely, will ye' ?
Wing way to the Magistrate's House.
Perch on 'is chimney
then go! fly inside--
As I cast a little spell



8:05pm | Set 5

"Mezzo Aria" from THUMP | Kimberly R. Osberg, composer & Edgar Allen Poe, text (adapted from "The Tell-Tale Heart")

I loved the old man

I could see him as he lay upon his bed.
I looked in upon him while he slept.
His room was as black as pitch – with the thick darkness.

I loved the old man.

...I have heard many things in hell
Up, in the bed – listening...
Night after night.
Many a night – just at midnight
– when all the world slept...
A slight groan – not of pain or of grief,
The low, stifled sound...
From the bottom of the soul,
When overcharged.
It has welled up from my own bosom,
Deeping with its dreadful echo.

I have heard many things in hell.
I knew it well. I knew.

I knew what the old man felt,
His fears had been ever growing.
He had been trying to fancy them causeless.

...I have heard many things in hell.

So strange a noise
Amid the dreadful silence of that house.
A low, dull quick sound.
It increased my fury.
As the beating of the drum
Stimulates a soldier into courage.
The old man's heart...

I loved the old man.



"Rita's Aria," from *A Wedding* | William Bolcom, composer & Robert Altman and Arnold Weinstein, librettists

Now remember, you of the bartending crew:

Remember!

One drink consists of a jigger and a half;
now that's not one jigger, and no, that's not two,
that's one-and-a half jiggers per drink,
one-and-a half, no matter who!

Now if someone insists on a double, here's what you do:
go right ahead and give him a double,
but a double consists of two single jiggers,
not one-and-a half times two.

And no one,
but no one,
no one may pour his or her own drink.
That's the bartender's job.

Oh, no. Not Bloody Mary Mix!

Oh, no, Rita Billingsley is organizing here, and ev'rything is freshly mixed.

And where are the flowers? The flowers? They should have been done
hours ago.

And do up your dress, my dear, this isn't a circus, this is A WEDDING!



8:30pm | Set 6

"Jane's Aria" and "Finale," from *Serial Killers & the City* | Del'Shawn Taylor, composer & Joanie Brittingham, librettist

JANE: I thought you should meet him – my lovely new beau: Field Agent Right, meet my “friends” – no, my foes!

Always thinking I'm so cute, never guessing I'm astute.
Always thinking I'm so dumb, now it's time that you succumb
To the poisons so delectable in that cheese plate, undetectable
Mr. Right, my *fait accompli*, your fate met so promptly!

Now three killers are defeated – his promotion will be completed!
Three poisons of different kinds, the mystery unwinds:
each other another's killer - what an end to this thriller!
Don't worry dear friends – I clean up all my messes.
He'll be shoved off the cruise ship before he even guesses!

OTHERS: Oh how could you betray all your friends this way?

JANE: Friends? Haha, no! You thought I was an idiot
– not taking me serious. I had to remediate!

OTHERS: My scalpel! My gun! My knife!

JANE: Poison's the safest – wow, I'm the greatest!
This brunch is on me – already got the check!

ALL: Your deaths do this way end – at the hand of a friend!

The Sunrise Ruby | Gwyneth Walker, composer & Rumi, text (trans. by Coleman Barks)

The Sunrise Ruby
In the early morning hour,
just before dawn, lover and
beloved wake
and take a drink of water.
She asks, “Do you love me or
yourself more?
Really, tell the absolute truth.”
He says, “There's nothing left of
me.

I'm like a ruby held up to the
sunrise.
Is it still a stone, or a world
made of redness? It has no
resistance
to sunlight.”
This is how the Lord said,
“I am God,”
and told the truth!
The ruby and the sunrise are o



Coyotes | Ricky Ian Gordon, composer & Ray Underwood, text

I understand you coyotes,
I understand the song you croon
I never did before, before I hungered for
his kisses underneath an amber moon
Oh now I loathe you coyotes,
And everything you know of me

You sing of my demise, that laughing in your eyes
Turns all my love to bitter mockery
Yes, coyotes - you tell of all that I am dreaming of
Yes, coyotes - you tell of these folks fool enough to love

Laugh on! Laugh on you wild coyotes
With angels on your razor backs,
Who tell me not to stay
And beckon me away
To run the ridges with your frenzied packs.

No man may own my soul,
From off this frozen knoll
I'll scream it till I turn that moon to wax
Ah! Ah! Ah!

9:00pm | Set 7

Snapshots | Lisa Neher, composer & The University Daily Kansan, text source

1. Crocodiles

Crocodiles are ornery cuz they got all them teeth and no toothbrush.

2. Rain

Rain brings out all the strange things people do to avoid it.

3. Sneaky Squirrels

To the nineteen squirrels who are sitting in a circle on my front lawn:
What are you planning?

4. A Simple Request

I really wish my friends would stop talking about their babies.
I hate babies!

5. Turtle Fence

A turtle fence is exactly what you think it is. It is a fence that keeps turtles from getting hit by cars.

6. Tuesdays and Thursdays

The best part of my Tuesdays and Thursdays is getting to talk to you on the bus.

7. Spoiler Alert!

Nutcracker Spoiler Alert!
The Rat King dies.



"Billy the Kid" from *Cowboy Songs* | Libby Larsen, composer

Billy was a bad man
carried a big gun.
He was always after good folks
and he kept them on the run.

He shot one every morning make his
morning meal. Let a man sass him
– he was sure to feel his steel.

He kept folks in hot water,
stole from ev'ry stage,
when he was full of liquor
he was always in a rage.

He kept things boilin' over,
he stayed out in the brush,
when he was full of dead eye,
other folks'd better hush.

But one day he met a man a whole
lot badder,
and now he's dead, and we ain't none
the sadder

9:30pm | Set 8

"You Have Become a Forest," from *Four Poems by Nikita Gill* | Melissa Dunphy, music & Nikita Gill, text

One day when you wake up, you will find that you have become a forest.
You have grown roots and found strength in them
that no one thought you had.
You have become stronger and more beautiful, full of life giving qualities.
You have learned to take all the negativity around you
and turn it into oxygen for easy breathing.
A host of wild creatures live inside you
and you call them stories.
A variety of beautiful birds rest inside
your mind and you call them memories.
You have become an incredible self-sustaining thing of epic proportions.
And you should be so proud of yourself,
of how far you have come
from the seeds of who you used to be.

***How Doth the Little Crocodile?* | Lisa Neher, composer
& Lewis Carroll, text**

How doth the little crocodile
Improve his shining tail
And pour the waters of the Nile
On every golden scale!

How cheerfully he seems to grin,
How neatly spreads his claws,
And welcomes little fishes in
With gently smiling jaws!



If You Cheese (A WORLD PREMIERE!) | Kimberly R. Osberg, music & text

BONNIE: Oh my God, how is nothing ready?? Oh my God!

DAWN: Take a deep breath, Bonnie!

CLAIRE: Bonnie, calm down!

D&C: We're here to help!

B: Thank you, dear friends - I have a big order, it's due at three

C: Three??

C&D: It's already 2:15!

B: Oh God!

C: I'll open up a window...

B&C: Why?

C: That way, it will be a BRIEs.

B: Oh my God.

D: Now Claire, let's help our friend...

C: I'm sorry.

D: ...there's STILTONs of work to do

D&B: Ha-ah-ah...

B: Please, just go grate that please

D: If you so please

C: If you so please?

B: ...please...

D&C: If you so cheese!

B: Pepper, Colby, Monterey...

C: I've never heard of Pepper, Colby, or Monterey

D: Ah! You don't know Jack!

B: Can you shred that a little faster please?

D: You have such "grate" expectations of me!

D&C: I think it's GOUDAnough.

B: Aren't you both tired yet??

D&C: Perhaps you're right. You're right - you're alright now.

B: It's alright, now...

B: Can you please get the boards for the meats?

C: Of course!

B: Then I will go cut the....this.

D: Phew! That was a close one

C: Not for me...I'm cured.

D: I'm getting tired. This work is taking rather long.

C: Well that's why it is called a "cheese BORED"

D: Cheese board?

C: Cheese bored

D: ...cheese bored? Cheese bored!

D&C: Cheese "bored"! Cheese "bored"!

B: You both are killing me! Please! I really need some help. Can you just do that for me please? Instead of laughing at my cheese?

D&C: We're here to help

B: Thank you

D&C: We're on board.

All: Let's build this cheese board!

C: Gouda!

B: Brie!

D: ...and cheddar!

C: Asaigo!

B: Fontina!

D: Burrata!

C: Blue cheese!

B: Goat cheese!

D: More...cheddar?

B: That one is a little sharper...

B: We're running out of time! Do we have enough cheese?

C&D: This is a nice spread!

B: OH MY GOD!

C: Huh? That wasn't a-

B: I forgot the dip! Ruined! I am ruined!



IF YOU CHEESE (cont'd)

D: I'm sure we can find something

C&D: Don't worry! Don't worry.

C: I'll break the glass!

B&D: ...Why??

C: You should always break the glass...in QUESO emergency!

B&D: Oh my God!

B: I'm going to kill you

D: This was NACHO cheese to deal with!

All: This order's almost done!

B: Just need to box it up!

D: Wait! But this swiss inside!

B: Why?

D: They can use it to ward off vampires!

B: ...okay, that one doesn't even make sense - there's no garlic in that type of cheese!

D: No, but...

C&D: ...it's still hole-y!

B: Oh my God.

C&D: That was MUESTERous!

B: Oh my GOD!!

C&D: She's got it now!

B: Please, no...

C&D: She's FETAp!

B: I can't take it any longer!! I cannot bear it!

C&D: She CAMEMBER it!

B: Oh my God, we made it!

C&D: We made it FONDUE you agree?

B: It wasn't easy

All: It's never easy being cheesy.

B: But with a little,

All: ...hard work - and some help along the whey - you can feed your dreams, if you cheese!

10pm | Set 9

"In the Beginning" from *Of Gods and Cats* | Jake Heggie, composer & Gavin Geoffrey Dillard, libretto

In the beginning was the Cat,
and the Cat was without purr;
the ethers stirred
and there was milk,
and the Cat saw that
it was good.

A hand stretched forth across the milk
and scratched behind the Cat's ears ...
and it felt good;

Then the firmament shook
and there was produced a paper bag,
and the Cat went forth, into the bag
and, seeing that it was good ...
She fell asleep,
Purring.



Still | Gwyneth Walker, music & text

When the streets are newwet dawning,
night lamps glowing, capering eyes,
walk gently in the song of morning
you are with me as I arise.
Still, still beyond my fingers,
beyond the reaching of my eyes,
comes the time beyond my seeking
you are with me as I arise.
Comes the time beyond all question:
is it you or is it I
who spoke the word to crack the darkness,
to bring you near as I arise.
Love, love this moment glistens
in sacred mourning of our lives.
Beyond the speaking and the breaking
you are with me as I arise.

"Bored Cat Duet," from *Meow and Forever* | Jodi Goble, composer & Basil
Considine, librettist

CHESTER: Bored, I'm really bored.

NALA: Really bored

BOTH: Deep as the sea is our
ennui.

C: So we weep recklessly

N: fecklessly. So we weep
endlessly,

C: friendlessly.

BOTH: So we weep.

C: Ev'ryday, the same routine

N: The bowl is full, the bowl is
empty.

C: She takes the bag, she leaves
with the phone,

N: she leaves us alone

C: alone.

BOTH: The sunlight crawls and we
follow.

N: We peer through the glass...

C: It's a bird!

N: It's a bug!

C: Where?

N: I don't know!

C: ...it's just lint on the rug.

BOTH: How long, cruel world, how
long?

C: I feel hunger.

N: I feel thirst.

C: This water is stale.

N: This food is dry.

BOTH: I am unfed, I am unloved. I
have no cardboard box. I have no
box. Where is my cardboard box?
Where is my box?

C: Now I'm really bored.

N: Really bored.

BOTH: Deep as the sea is our
ennui...



10:30pm | Set 10

A Route to the Sky, from Paper Wings | Jake Heggie, composer & Frederica von Stade, librettist

My mother taught me to fly
not even knowing that she had done so.
I climbed on the roof –
a complicated route to the sky
But the firemen got me down!

Lisa was eight when she climbed
through a window out onto the roof.
When I saw how she'd done it
I nearly fainted,
so I went out after her.
Lisa! Don't move!

Then we were both stuck.
Two trucks, an ambulance,
two station wagons
of rescue teams came to the house.
And the firemen got us down

Sleep Saga | Dianne Davies, music & text

1. Monsters

I can't sleep! I can't sleep! Sleep!
There's a monster in my closet.
There's a monster in my closet.
My closet, my closet.
And another one under my bed.
Mommy I'm scared, I can't sleep!
Sleep.....sleep.

2. Love Birds

Dena & Ricky are lovebirds. They're
going steady. I can't believe it!
Dena and Ricky are lovebirds. Will
they get married? Can it be true?
Ricky says Jessie likes me. Ricky says
Jessie likes me!
Likes me!
I can't sleep, cuz I like Ricky.

3. I'm in!

Last week the group said
that I could be "in."
It was great! It was great!
For me to be in Dana had to be "out."
It was great? It was great?
Now she eats alone
and she looks oh so sad.
It's not great! It's not great!
She should be in it's not right,
it's not fair.
It's not great! It's not great!
Dana's back "in"
and she's happy again.
It was great! It was great!
Now I sit alone
and it's my time to weep.
It's not great!



4. Prom

I did not study! Oh!
Tomorrow is my test!
It's a very important, very important,
very important test!
Why didn't I study? Study! Why?
And tomorrow is the Prom!
...and I don't have a dress!

5. The Dress

Tomorrow I get married!
I can't wait! I can't wait!
Tomorrow I get married,
I get married.
And mom is still sewing the dresses.
Why must she always procrastinate?
Why didn't she start sooner?
I can't stand the racket!
The racket! The racket!
The racket!
Tomorrow I get married. I can't wait!

6. Kids

It's been a long day.
I've no words to say.
There's been laughing,
jumping, running, chasing.
Hide and go seek, hide and go seek.
It's been a long day.
I've no words to say.
(Mommy I'm scared, I can't sleep!)
Sleep.....sleep.

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