

# SCREAM QUEENS

## Texts & Translations

Saturday, October 5<sup>th</sup>, 2024 | 8pm | Mendelssohns Bar | Portland, OR

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

**"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!

**"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.

**"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.

**Cowboy Songs** | Libby Larsen, composer & Belle Starr (I.), Robert Creeley (II), and anonymous (III), text

### **1. Bucking Bronco**

My love is a rider, my love is a rider  
My true love is a rider,  
Wild broncos he breaks,  
though he promised to quite  
for my sake.

It's one foot in the stirrup  
and the saddle put on,  
with a swing and a jump  
he is mounted and gone

The first time I met him,  
It was early one spring,  
A riding a bronco –  
a high-headed thing.  
The next time I saw him,  
'twas late in the fall,  
a swinging the girls,  
at Tomlinson's ball.

He gave me some presents,  
among them a ring,  
the return that I gave him  
was a far a better thing:  
a young maiden's heart!  
I'll have you all know,  
That he won it by riding  
his bucking bronco.

Now all young maidens,  
where'er you reside,  
beware of the cowboy  
who swings rawhide,  
He'll court you and pet you,  
and leave you to go,  
in the spring up the trail,  
on his bucking bronco.

### **2. Lift Me into Heaven Slowly**

Lift me into heaven slowly,  
'cause my back's sore,  
and my mind's thoughtful

Lift me into heaven slowly,  
'cause my back's sore  
and my mind's thoughtful,  
and I'm not even sure I want to go.  
Lift me into heaven slowly.

### **3. Billy the Kid**

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 ev'ry morning  
to 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

Billy was a bad man,  
But one day he met a man  
a whole latter badder  
and now he's dead  
And we ain't none the sadder!



***All That We See or Seem*** | Carolyn Quick, composer & Edgar Allan Poe, text

Take this kiss upon the brow!  
And, in parting from you now,  
Thus much let me avow —  
You are not wrong, who deem  
That my days have been a dream;  
Yet if hope has flown away  
In a night, or in a day,  
In a vision, or in none,  
Is it therefore the less gone?  
All that we see or seem  
Is but a dream within a dream.

I stand amid the roar  
Of a surf-tormented shore,  
And I hold within my hand  
Grains of the golden sand —  
How few! yet how they creep  
Through my fingers to the deep,  
While I weep — while I weep!  
O God! Can I not grasp  
Them with a tighter clasp?  
O God! can I not save  
One from the pitiless wave?  
Is all that we see or seem  
But a dream within a dream?

***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!



**"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

**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.



**“I’m Used to the Way I Move,” from *Sense of Self* | Lisa Neher, composer & Kendra Preston Leonard, text**

MAYA: I'm used to the way I move, where my muscles lie, how they work when I swim, how my bones connect with ev'ry ligament and ev'ry tendon.

NAOMI: You'll learn that again, you can do that: you have the patience and power and persistence.

BOTH: We're athletes; we live for what our bodies can do. We make our bodies consistent, reliable, predictable.

MAYA: Everything I do is for my body- to make me stronger-

NAOMI: --to make you stronger,

MAYA: -to make me faster-

NAOMI: --to make you faster--

MAYA: -to make me better-

NAOMI: --to make you better, to keep yourself healthy.

MAYA: --to keep myself healthy.

NAOMI: I'm ready to help you fight, I'm ready to make you better-again. you have the patience and power and persistence.

BOTH: We're athletes: we live for what our bodies can do. We make our bodies consistent, reliable, predictable.

MAYA: All of the training, all of the races, out on the road, the bike, out in the water- that's my core; that's who I am. No matter what I choose, I have to change my body.

**“I Remove Heads With a Surgical Exactness,” from *Serial Killers and the City* | Del’Shawn Taylor, composer & Joannie Brittingham, text**

What can I say? I like to kill.

A doctor who murders is a dying practice!

I remove heads with a surgical exactness.

These detectives think they’re smart –

I’m the master of this art!

Avoiding arrest, a high-end skill

remains to be seen:

The best thrill!



**"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.

**Paper Wings (excerpts) | Jake Heggie, composer & Frederica von Stade, text**

**2. Paper Wings**

When I was young, I lived in  
Greece with my mother  
That's right – Greece.  
We lived in a house, a house with  
a great big balcony  
And Signorina was my nanny.  
One day Signorina  
made me wings out of paper –  
that's right, paper wings.  
And for days and days I pretended  
to fly,  
To fly over the rooftops of Athens.

**4. A Route to the Sky**

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



**"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.





**"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...

**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 how 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 fools 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!



**A Horse with Wings** | Ricky Ian Gordon, composer & Ray Underwood, text

I wanna cry,  
I wanna feel the world around me  
whirling by  
I wanna cry for those that live and  
those that die  
you sing a lullaby—I wanna cry.

I wanna pray,  
That all my wishes could come true  
after today,  
and should I put a word for you in,  
should I say an extra Kyrie—I wanna  
pray.

I wanna lie,  
I wanna think that things are better  
than they are  
I wanna think we've gotten further  
and that far is just an inch away  
--I wanna lie

A horse with wings,  
I wanna think of things like that and  
other things  
I want two brothers, one who laughs  
and one who sings  
I hope the future brings a horse with  
wings.

I wanna know,  
The things they told me way back  
then were really so,  
I wanna make a little mark before I  
go,  
Not barely just get by—I wanna fly.

**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!

#### "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!

#### 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.

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



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