

Palimpsest

Toothbrush Time

William Bolcom

Lyrics by Arnold Weinstein

It's toothbrush time
Ten a.m. again and toothbrush time
Last night at half past nine it seemed okay
But in the light of day not so fine at toothbrush time
Now he's crashing round my bathroom
Now he's reading my degree
Perusing all my pills
Reviewing all my ills
And he comes out smelling like me
Now he advances on my kitchen
Now he raids every shelf
Till from the pots and pans and puddles and debris
Emerges three eggs all for himself
Oh, how I'd be ahead if I'd stood out of bed
I wouldn't sit here grieving
Waiting for the wonderful moment of his leaving
At toothbrush time, toothbrush time
Ten a.m. again and toothbrush time
I know it's sad to be alone
It's so bad to be alone
Still I should've known
That I'd be glad to be alone
I should've known, I should've known
Never should have picked up the phone and called him
"Hey, uh, listen, um
Oh, you gotta go too?
So glad you understand
And ..."
By the way, did you say
Nine tonight again?
See you then
Toothbrush time

Songs My Mother Taught Me

Charles Ives

Poem by Alfred Heyduk

Translation by Natalie Macfarren

Songs my mother taught me in the days long vanished,
Seldom from her eyelids were the tear drops banished.
Now I teach my children each melodious measure;
Often tears are flowing from my memory's treasure.

Vocalise

Andre Previn

Song with no text

The Monk and His Cat

Samuel Barber

adapted by W. H. Auden from an 8th or 9th century anonymous Irish text

Pangur, white Pangur,
How happy we are
Alone together, Scholar and cat.
Each has his own work to do daily;
For you it is hunting, for me, study.
Your shining eye watches the wall;
My feeble eye is fixed on a book.
You rejoice when your claws entrap a mouse;
I rejoice when my mind fathoms a problem.
Pleased with his own art
Neither hinders the other;
Thus we live ever
Without tedium and envy.
Pangur, white Pangur,
How happy we are,
Alone together, Scholar and cat.

Heart We Will Forget Him
Aaron Copland

Poem by Emily Dickinson

Heart, we will forget him
You and I, tonight.
You may forget the warmth he gave,
I will forget the light.

When you have done, pray tell me,
That I my thoughts may dim;
Haste! lest while you're lagging,
I may remember him!

Eve-Song: Snake
Jake Heggie

Lyrics by Philip Littell

Snake, is it true
About the fruit? My intuition tells me what you say about this fruit is true.
I'd like to find out, snake.
I'd love to know.
Go ahead in front of me
Where I can see you.
I will follow you.
Oh!
The snake is in the tree.
Where I cannot see him.
He is now the color of Shadows.
Very few things are
As visible as I am
When I'm clean.
When a thing is visible,
It always mean that the thing,
The tree frog, or that fruit,
means to be seen.
Visibility's
A warning
or

An invitation
And it never tells you
Which.
What's visible will either
Feed you,
Mate with you,
Or kill you.
Either way you gain
Experience.
Here goes.
Sweet.
Sour.
Salty.
Bitter.
And the taste of air,
Of rottenness,
Earth,
And water.
Now I know

Only

Morton Feldman

Poem by Rainer Maria Rilke

Only when flight
Shall soar not for its own sake
Only up into heavens lonely silence,
And be no more
Merely the lightly profiling, proudly
Successful tool,
Playmate of winds,
Beguiling time there,
Careless and cool:
Only when some pure Whither
Outweighs boyish insistence
On the achieved machine
With who has journeyed thither
Be, in that fading distance,
All that his flight has been.