

INCANTRA + ILLUMINE
+ MAIN LINE UNITARIAN CHURCH PRESENT



_____ a concert
_____ for advocacy
_____ + action



OPEN YOUR MOUTH

6.27.25 // 7:30 PM

ALYSSA BRODE
TIM FAULKNER
MARISA ROBINSON
KIRA SCHARF
RACHEL SIGMAN

WITH KAT BOWMAN
+ DAVID BROWN

PROCEEDS TO BENEFIT RECLAIM PHILADELPHIA

OPEN YOUR MOUTH

DIRECTED BY ALYSSA BRODE

The New Colossus

Bernofsky / Lazarus

from *Vignettes: Ellis Island (A Song Cycle in Six Parts)*

Kaj pt. 1

Smith / Sorenson

Jack

Smith / Tellalian

from *Three Dreams*

I Dream a World

Adderley / Hughes

from *A World Turned Upside Down*

Patch of Blue Sky

Hall / Frank

from *Poèmes juifs*

Chant de Sion

Milhaud / unknown

from *Holocaust Cantata: Songs from the Camps*

The Train

arr. McCullough / trans. Clark

Wernher von Braun

Lehrer

from *Shadow of the Blues*

Litany

Musto / Hughes

Angel Down

Germanotta, Khayat

from *Who Are These Children?*

The Children

Britten / Soutar

Say Their Names

Grill / NPR's Code Switch

Pollution

Lehrer

from *Late Summer*

Crickets

Cipullo / Heyen

from *Siren Cycle*

Hot Plastic Love

Chew / Cohen



INTERMISSION

from *Les voix mystérieuses*

L'hiver	Offenbach / Barthet
Harfenspieler II	Wolf / Goethe
Eat the Rich	Dunphy / Jones
Sparrow	Simon
Ballade zum 218	Eisler / Brecht
La Peureuse	Ferrari / Laclos
Calling for Jane	Dean / Reifler
Until My Body Is My Own	Kaufman
Open Your Mouth	Day / Proverbs, Chronicles (adapted)

from *Girondines*

I Relinquish My Pen	van Sciver / Kunkle
She Was Warned	Pierson / King, McConnell

from *Shades of Freedom*

The Soul of America	Grey / Lewis (adapted)
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from *Into the Woods*

Children Will Listen	Sondheim
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CLICK SONG NAME TO JUMP TO TEXT & PROGRAM NOTES

OPEN YOUR MOUTH runs approximately 1 hour, 50 minutes
including a 15-minute intermission.

THE NEW COLOSSUS

2018

MUSIC: LAUREN BERNOFSKY (B.1967)

TEXT: EMMA LAZARUS (1849–1887)

*Not like the brazen giant of Greek fame,
With conquering limbs astride from land to land;
Here at our sea-washed, sunset gates shall stand
A mighty woman with a torch, whose flame
Is the imprisoned lightning, and her name
Mother of Exiles. From her beacon-hand
Glows world-wide welcome; her mild eyes command
The air-bridged harbor that twin cities frame.
“Keep, ancient lands, your storied pomp!” cries she
With silent lips. “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-tost to me,
I lift my lamp beside the golden door!”*

PROGRAM NOTES

Emma Lazarus penned “The New Colossus” in 1883 as a contribution to a fundraising effort for the Statue of Liberty’s pedestal construction. By 1903, the full text was inscribed on a plaque and installed as a permanent fixture inside the statue’s base.

Lazarus, born into a high social standing in New York, leveraged her privilege to better the lives of immigrants. She worked firsthand with Jewish refugees who were fleeing antisemitic Russian pogroms, wrote vehement arguments in favor of immigrants’ rights, and solicited financial support from Jewish philanthropists to found the Society for the Improvement and Colonization of East European Jews.

2009

MUSIC: ALAN LOUIS SMITH (1955–2003)

KAJ, PT. 1

TEXT: KAJ SORENSON, BORN IN 1909,
EMIGRATED FROM DENMARK IN 1923, AGE 14.

The day I sailed my father said to me, "Remember this, if you smile and laugh, everybody will smile and laugh with you. But if you cry, you cry alone..." After I boarded the ship I was looking out over the gangplank. I looked out and my family was there. I saw my mother crying and I remember a lump coming up in my throat. But I was determined not to cry.

JACK

TEXT: JACK TELLALIAN, BORN 1913,
AN ARMENIAN WHO EMIGRATED FROM TURKEY IN 1921, AGE 7.

When we were coming to America... one old lady came to my grandmother and said, "I understand in America they shovel gold off the sidewalks. Will you please send me a shovelful?" But when we came to America, we didn't find any shovels of gold on the sidewalk.

PROGRAM NOTES

The texts for this song cycle are sourced from the Ellis Island Oral History Project, an initiative spearheaded by Paul Sigrist, Jr., featuring firsthand accounts by immigrants as they passed through Ellis Island upon arrival in the United States.

Since the excerpts are taken from the lives of many individuals, the journey of the cycle, like the journey of the immigrants, tells a collective tale appropriate to America's "melting pot."

– composer Alan Louis Smith

I DREAM A WORLD

1996

MUSIC: CEDRIC ADDERLEY (B.1965)

TEXT: LANGSTON HUGHES (1902–1967)

*I dream a world where man
No other man will scorn,
Where love will bless the earth
And peace its paths adorn
I dream a world where all
Will know sweet freedom's way,
Where greed no longer saps the soul
Nor avarice blights our day.
A world I dream where black or white,
Whatever race you be,
Will share the bounties of the earth
And every man is free,
Where wretchedness will hang its head
And joy, like a pearl,
Attends the needs of all mankind—
Of such I dream, my world!*

PATCH OF BLUE SKY

2016

MUSIC: JULIANA HALL (B.1958)

TEXT: ANNE FRANK (1929–1945)

(FROM THE DIARY OF A YOUNG GIRL IN AN ENTRY DATED NOVEMBER 8, 1943.)

I see the eight of us in the Annex as if we were a patch of blue sky surrounded by menacing black clouds. The perfectly round spot on which we're standing is still safe, but the clouds are moving in on us, and the ring between us and the approaching danger is being pulled tighter and tighter. It looms before us like an impenetrable wall, trying to crush us, but not yet able to. I can only cry out and implore, "Oh, ring, ring, open wide and let us out!"

CHANT DE SION

(SONG OF ZION)

1916

MUSIC: DARIUS MILHAUD (1892–1974)

TEXT: UNKNOWN

*Ce n'est la rosée ni la pluie,
ce sont mes larmes
qui arrosent—Ô Sion—
tes montagnes.*

*It is neither dew nor rain,
but my tears
that water—o Zion—
your mountains.*

*Ce n'est pas le feu
ni le soleil,
c'est notre sang
qui fait rougir—Ô Sion—
tes cieux!*

*It is neither fire
nor sun,
but our blood
that reddens—o Zion—
your skies!*

*Et une vapeur monte,
formée des
larmes de nos yeux,
jusqu'au ciel,
et devient de la pluie,
et ces eaux douces
apaisent notre esprit:
l'esprit de ceux
qui pleurent Jerusalem.*

*And a mist rises,
formed by the
tears of our eyes,
up to the sky,
and turns into rain,
and these sweet waters
soothe our spirit:
the spirit of those
who mourn Jerusalem.*

*Ces larmes des yeux
sont une consolation
pour l'âme,
un remède au coeur brisé;
ce sont elles qui fortifient
les coeurs abattus et
qui apaisent l'âme agitée.*

*These tears of our eyes
are a consolation
for the soul,
a balm for the broken heart;
it is they that strengthen
dejected hearts and
soothe the restless soul.*

THE TRAIN

1998

MUSIC: ORIGINAL – UNKNOWN;

ARRANGED – DONALD MCCULLOUGH (B.1957)

TEXT: ORIGINAL – K. ZYWULSKA;

TRANSLATED – DENNY CLARK

*Already rolling, puffing and blowing,
Already hearing the clatter taking her away,
Eyes last meet, gazing, hands gesture, waving,
Unspoken silent sorrow.
Running still beside the train in fool's futility,
Farewell my love! Remember me!*

*Goodbye to eyes that once caressed me,
Farewell to love that owned my heart,
The dark hour's on us, our fate is sealed,
I must forget you! Farewell my love!*

PROGRAM NOTES

The original melodies of *Holocaust Cantata* came from within the concentration camps themselves, written and sung by those who were incarcerated.

After the war, survivor Aleksander Kulisiewicz spent his remaining years dictating and collecting as many of these songs as he could, amassing around 500 songs from 36 separate concentration camps into a collection now housed at the United States Holocaust Memorial Museum. It was here that composer Donald McCullough began his work on *Holocaust Cantata*, searching through the massive musical archive, as well as scouring letters and other texts for a window into life in the camps. Like Kulisiewicz, McCullough sought to capture the sustaining role that music played in the daily lives of the prisoners.

“Because I wanted the Cantata to speak with a sense of immediacy, I thought it should be sung in English,” said McCullough. He relied on lyricist Denny Clark, who collaborated with translator Marcin Zmudzki to turn original texts into faithful yet singable transliterations.

(The Train is scored for SATB choir, baritone, piano and cello.)

WERNHER VON BRAUN

1953

MUSIC & TEXT: TOM LEHRER (B.1928)

*Gather 'round while I sing you of Wernher von Braun,
A man whose allegiance
Is ruled by expedience.
Call him a Nazi, he won't even frown,
"Nazi, Schmazi," says Wernher von Braun.*

*Don't say that he's hypocritical,
Say rather that he's apolitical.
"Once the rockets are up, who cares where they come down?
That's not my department," says Wernher von Braun.*

*Some have harsh words for this man of renown,
But some think our attitude
Should be one of gratitude,
Like the widows and cripples in old London town,
Who owe their large pensions to Wernher von Braun.*

*You too may be a big hero,
Once you've learned to count backwards to zero.
"In German oder English I know how to count down,
Und I'm learning Chinese!" says Wernher von Braun.*

PROGRAM NOTES

Wernher von Braun (1912–1977) was a leading rocket scientist in Nazi Germany who later became a key figure in the United States space program. During World War II, he oversaw the design and development of the V-2 rocket, the first artificial object to travel into space. By 1960, von Braun was serving as director of NASA's Marshall Space Flight Center and chief architect of the Saturn V, the launch vehicle that propelled the Apollo spacecraft to the Moon in 1969.

Likely one of history's most controversial figures, von Braun was celebrated in his lifetime with such accolades as the 1974 National Medal of Science, and he enjoyed relative celebrity status, even appearing on Disney programming about the future of space flight. But the blood on von Braun's hands was undeniable. His V-2 rocket had originally been conceived as a Nazi "vengeance weapon;" it claimed an estimated 10,000 lives during its manufacture by enslaved prisoners at the Mittelbau-Dora Concentration Camp and thousands more in the subsequent targeted attacks on Allied cities.

Von Braun's 1945 move to the US was part of "Operation Paperclip," a covert intelligence initiative in which 1,600 top scientists and engineers were essentially reappropriated from Nazi Germany to advance US prominence in fields like military technology and space travel. This meant that von Braun's past was swept under the rug when he came to the United States, and he never had to face justice for his crimes.



PICTURED:
WERNHER VON BRAUN (R) WITH
WALT DISNEY, 1954

LITANY

1987

MUSIC: JOHN MUSTO (B.1954)

TEXT: LANGSTON HUGHES (1902–1967)

*Gather up
In the arms of your pity
The sick, the depraved,
The desperate, the tired,
All the scum
Of our weary city.*

*Gather up
In the arms of your pity.
Gather up
In the arms of your love—
Those who expect
No love from above.*

“Gun violence in Pennsylvania [kills or injures] 4,500 Pennsylvanians every year. That’s a death every five hours. A gun-inflicted suicide every 10 hours. And you are 21 times more likely to die by gun homicide if you are Black.”

– source: *CeaseFirePA*

ANGEL DOWN

2016

MUSIC & TEXT: STEFANI GERMANOTTA (B.1986),
NADIR KHAYAT (B.1972)

*I confess I am lost
In the age of the social
On our knees, take a test
To be loving and grateful*

*Shots were fired on the street
By the church where we used to meet
Angel down, angel down
But the people just stood around*

(chorus)

*I'm a believer, it's a trial
Foolish and weaker,
I'd rather save an angel down
I'm a believer, it's chaos
Where are our leaders?
I'd rather save an angel down*

*Doesn't everyone belong
In the arms of the sacred?
Why do we pretend we're wrong?
Has our young courage faded?
Shots were fired on the street
By the church where we used to meet
Angel down, angel down
Why do people just stand around?*

chorus

PROGRAM NOTES

Stefani Germanotta—better known by the world as Lady Gaga—was moved to write “Angel Down” after the 2012 killing of Trayvon Martin, in which Martin, a 17-year-old African American, was fatally shot by George Zimmerman. Zimmerman, a volunteer for his neighborhood watch program, spotted Martin walking home from a convenience store and called the local authorities from his car, reporting “a real suspicious guy” who seemed to be “up to no good.” After telling the police dispatcher “he’s running,” Zimmerman took it upon himself to leave his vehicle and follow Martin on foot. What followed was an altercation that ended with Zimmerman discharging his firearm at close range, killing Martin.

Zimmerman’s trial the following year was the focus of intense media coverage. Charged with second-degree murder, Zimmerman claimed he had acted in self defense, though Martin had been unarmed. Little evidence could support or refute his self-defense claims, including witness testimony that offered conflicting interpretations of events. Though the case sparked national discussions about American gun laws and racial profiling, the jury ultimately declared Zimmerman not guilty.

THE CHILDREN

1969

MUSIC: BENJAMIN BRITTEN (1913–1976)

TEXT: WILLIAM SOUTAR (1898–1943)

*Upon the street they lie
Beside the broken stone:
The blood of children stares from the broken stone.*

*Death came out of the sky
In the bright afternoon:
Darkness slanted over the bright afternoon.*

*Again the sky is clear
But upon earth a stain:
The earth is darkened with a darkening stain:*

*A wound which everywhere
Corrupts the hearts of men:
The blood of children corrupts the hearts of men.*

*Silence is in the air:
The stars move to their places:
Silent and serene the stars move to their places:*

*But from earth the children stare
With blind and fearful faces:
And our charity is in the children's faces.*

SAY THEIR NAMES

2020

MUSIC: STANLEY GRILL (B.1954)

TEXT: FROM NPR'S "CODE SWITCH"

Eric Garner had just broken up a fight.

Ezell Ford was walking in his neighborhood.

Michelle Cusseau was changing the lock on her home door when police arrived.

Tanisha Anderson was having a bad mental health episode; her brother called 911.

Tamir Rice was playing in a park.

Natasha McKenna was having a schizophrenic episode when she was tased.

Walter Scott was going to an auto parts store.

Bettie Jones answered the door to let Chicago police officers in to help her upstairs neighbor, who had called 911 to resolve a domestic dispute.

Philando Castile was driving home from dinner with his girlfriend.

Botham Jean was eating ice cream in his living room in Dallas.

Atatiana Jefferson was babysitting her nephew at home.

Eric Reason pulled into a parking spot.

Dominique Clayton was sleeping in her bed.

Breonna Taylor was also asleep in her bed.

And George Floyd was at the grocery store.

The list goes on. Too many names. The time has come.

No more. No more. No more.

POLLUTION

1960

MUSIC & TEXT: TOM LEHRER (B.1928)

*If you visit American city
You will find it very pretty
Just two things of which you must beware:
Don't drink the water and don't breathe the air!*

*Pollution, pollution
They got smog and sewage and mud
Turn on your tap
And get hot and cold running crud*

*See the halibuts and the sturgeons
Being wiped out by detergents
Fish got to swim and birds got to fly
But they don't last long, if they try*

*Pollution, pollution
You can use the latest toothpaste
And then rinse your mouth
With industrial waste*

*Just go out for a breath of air
And you'll be ready for Medicare
The city streets are really quite a thrill
If the hoods don't get you, the monoxide will*

*Pollution, pollution
Wear a gas mask and a veil
Then you can breathe
As long as you don't inhale*

*Lots of things there that you can drink
But stay away from the kitchen sink
The breakfast garbage that you throw into the bay
They drink at lunch in San Jose*

*So go to the city, see the crazy people there
Like lambs to the slaughter
They're drinking the water
And breathing the air*

from *Late Summer*

CRICKETS

2001

MUSIC: TOM CIPULLO (B.1956)

TEXT: WILLIAM HEYEN (B.1940)

*Evenings,
where lawns are not sprayed with poisons,
You can still hear the crickets,
You can still see lightning bugs signaling,*

*Look, a yellow green strobe under the trees, but gone,
But there again,
Sometimes in the same spot,
And sometimes not
As the tiny purveyors of phosphor drift past our houses,
Looking for one another,
And the crickets,
The ones that still have their legs,
Keep scraping them together,
Listen, maybe for the last time on earth,
Listen.*

from *Siren Cycle*

HOT PLASTIC LOVE

2023

MUSIC: MONICA CHEW (B.1977)

TEXT: MEGAN COHEN (B.1983)

*Be my plastic love.
Tough like tupperware.
Soft like bubblewrap.*

*I'm yours tonight.
Your bendy disposable straw.
No strings attached.
A single-use grocery bag.
So hold me close
Like a plastic six-pack ring choking a sea turtle!*

*Our love is like plastic. Everywhere forever.
We are like plastic. Melting together.
Be my plastic. Hot plastic.*

*All through the night
You're popping my bubblewrap.
'Til morning comes
I'm snapping your Tupperware.
We intertwine
Like a plastic six-pack ring choking a young dolphin!*

*Love me like plastic. Everywhere forever.
We are like plastic. Melting together.
Be my plastic. Hot plastic.*

Centuries from now when all the world is death
When all the water's gone and only dust is left
On this scorched earth.

What will be lasting?

Will there still be plastic?

Will there be single-use bottles, and happy meal toys,
and PVC pipes, and disposable straws, and... LOVE!!!!???

Love you like plastic. Everywhere forever.

We are like plastic. Melting together.

Be my plastic. Hot plastic.

You're my plastic love.

Tough like tupperware.

Soft like bubblewrap.



INTERMISSION

Wealth inequality has been growing in the United States since the late 1980s. As of the end of 2024, the top 1% of US households owned 30.9% of the country's wealth; the bottom 50% held just 2.6% by comparison. And the growth rate for the ultra-rich is staggering: from 1979 to 2021, the average income of the wealthiest 0.01% of US households grew almost 27 times as quickly as the income of the bottom 20%. Meanwhile, in Philadelphia, more than 300,000 residents were living below the poverty line in 2024, and homelessness affected more Philadelphians than ever.

– sources: Federal Reserve, Inequality.org / Congressional Budget Office, Pew Research Center

from *Les voix mystérieuses* (*The Mysterious Voices*)

L' HIVER

(WINTER)

1852

MUSIC: JACQUES OFFENBACH (1819–1880)

TEXT: ARMAND BARTHET (1820–1874)

*La terre est froide
et le ciel sombre,
Adieu les joyeuses chansons!*

*The earth is cold
and the sky dark,
Goodbye happy songs!*

Adieu les nids,
ruches sans nombre,
Les forêts
jadis pleines d'ombre,
Maintenant blanches
de glaçons!

Goodbye nests,
countless beehives,
The forests,
once full of shade,
now white
with ice!

Voici l'hiver,
voici la neige;
Tous les arbres sont effeuillés,
Qu'un climat plus
doux vous protège!
Voici l'hiver,
oiseaux fuyez.

Here is the winter,
here is the snow;
All the trees are barren;
May a milder climate
protect you!
Here is the winter;
flee, birds.

Adieu le gazon de la plaine,
Adieu les bouquets triomphants,
Qu'on y moissonnait
à main pleine!
Les luttes à perte d'haleine,
Des papillons et des enfants!

Goodbye grass of the plain,
Goodbye flourishing bouquets
That we were harvesting
by the handful!
The breathless struggle,
The butterflies and the children!

Voici l'hiver,
voici la neige;
Où les pauvres marchent nu-pieds,
Pour que le bon Dieu
vous protège.
Voici l'hiver,
enfants priez.

Here is the winter,
here is the snow,
Where the poor walk barefoot;
May the good Lord
protect you.
Here is the winter;
pray, children.

Par les chemins
et par les rues,
On rencontre,
tendant la main,
De pauvres femmes
mal vêtues,
On entend des voix éperdues,
Grelottant de froid et de faim!

Along the paths
and through the streets,
We convene,
arms outstretched,
Poor women
in ill-fitting garments,
We hear distraught voices,
Shivering from cold and hunger!

Voici l'hiver,
voici la neige.
Pensez à tant d'infortunés,
Pour que le bon Dieu
vous protège.
Voici l'hiver,
riches donnez.

Here is the winter,
here is the snow,
Think of so many less fortunate;
May the good Lord
protect you.
Here is winter;
give, wealthy people.

HARFENSPIELER II

(SONG OF THE HARP PLAYERS II)

1891

MUSIC: HUGO WOLF (1860–1903)

TEXT: JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE (1749–1832)

*An die Thüren
will ich schleichen,
Still und sittsam
will ich stehn;
Fromme Hand
wird Nahrung reichen;
Und ich werde weiter gehn.*

*I will slink
door to door,
Still and modest
I will stand;
A pious hand
will offer food;
And I will go on my way.*

*Jeder wird sich
glücklich scheinen,
Wenn mein Bild
vor ihm erscheint;
Eine Thräne wird er weinen,
Und ich weiß nicht
was er weint.*

*Everyone will
seem happy,
But when my likeness
appears before them;
He will shed a tear,
And I know not
why he cries.*

EAT THE RICH

2022

MUSIC: MELISSA DUNPHY (B.1980)

TEXT: OZZIE JONES (B.1970)

*There was a time
When the dream of every dreamer
Was to be a millionaire*

*To have fast Italian sports cars
Beach front property
And silken underwear*

*But just like flesh
Every dream fades away
The sun rises from the dark*

To face a brand-new day
Oh Lord I pray

Make me a billionaire
Oh Lord, oh Lord I pray
Make me a billionaire, oh lord
Lord, oh Lord I pray

Nowadays any pauper from the ghetto
Can go to Mexico in June
But Lord, I want to sip coffee beans in Panama
Then fly private to the moon

Make me a billionaire
Oh Lord, oh Lord I pray
Make me a billionaire, oh lord
Lord, oh Lord I pray

I've been to Monte Carlo
And played roulette in her bars
Now I want to drink old-fashioned
On an ancient beach on Mars

Look around my friends
Let us not be naïve
The writing is on the walls
Let's not all be deceived

The leftist rabble hates us
They lust to eat the rich
They want to rip off our hair plugs
And leave us in a shallow ditch

A few million bucks won't cut it
A hundred billion will make us safe
So next time the cavemen storm the gates
We'll all be in outer space

Make me a billionaire
Oh Lord, oh Lord I pray
Make me a billionaire, oh lord
Lord, oh Lord I pray

SPARROW

1964

MUSIC & TEXT: PAUL SIMON (B.1941)

*Who will love a little sparrow
who's traveled far and cries for rest?*

"Not I," said the oak tree

*"I won't share my branches with no sparrow's nest
and my blanket of leaves won't warm her cold breast"*

*Who will love a little sparrow?
And who will speak a kindly word?*

"Not I," said the swan.

"The entire idea is utterly absurd.

I'd be laughed at and scorned if the other swans heard"

*And who will take pity in his heart?
And who will feed a starving sparrow?*

"Not I," said the golden wheat

*"I would if I could, but I cannot, I know
I need all my grain to prosper and grow"*

*Who will love a little sparrow?
Will no one write her eulogy?*

"I will," said the Earth

"For all I've created returns unto me

From dust were ye made and dust ye shall be"

BALLADE ZUM 218

1929

MUSIC: HANNS EISLER (1898–1962)

TEXT: BERTOLT BRECHT (1898–1956)

***Herr Doktor,
die Periode...***

***Doctor,
my period...***

*Na, freun Sie sich doch man
Daß die Bevölkerungsquote
Mal'n bißchen wachsen kann.*

*Why, you should be happy that
The birth rate
Can grow a little bit.*

**Herr Doktor,
ohne Wohnung...**

Na, 'n Bett wern
Sie wohl noch ham
Da gönn' Sie sich'n
bisschen Schonung
Und halten sich'n
bisschen stramm.
Da sind Sie mal 'ne nette
kleine Mutter
Und schaffen mal'n Stück
Kanonenfutter

Dazu ham Sie 'n Bauch,
und das müssen Sie auch.
Und das wissen Sie auch.
Und jetzt keinen Stuss.
Und jetzt werden
Sie Mutter, und Schluss.

**Herr Doktor, 'n Arbeitsloser
Daß der nicht'n Kind
haben kann...**

Na, Frauchen,
so was is'n bloßer
Antrieb für Ihren Mann.

Herr Doktor...

Bitte, Frau Renner
Da kann ich Sie nicht verstehn.
Sehn Sie, Frauchen,
der Staat braucht Männer
die an der Maschine stehn.
Da sind Sie mal 'ne
nette kleine Mutter
Und schaffen noch'n
Stück Maschinenfutter
Dazu ham Sie 'n Bauch,
und das müssen Sie auch.
Und das wissen Sie auch.
Und jetzt keinen Stuss

**Doctor,
without an apartment...**

Well, you'll probably
still have a bed
So you can give yourself
a little rest
And keep yourself
a little fit.
You'll be a nice
little mother
And you're producing some
cannon fodder.

You have a belly for that,
and you have to.
And you know that too.
And now, no nonsense.
And now, you're going to be
a mother, and that's that.

**Doctor, he's unemployed
So he can't have
a child...**

No, little lady,
that's just a better
motivator for your husband.

Doctor...

Please, Ms. Renner
I don't understand you.
You see, missy,
the state needs men
to run the machines.
You'll be a nice
little mother.
And you're still producing
a piece of machine fodder.
You have a belly for that,
and you have to.
And you know that too.
And now, no nonsense.

Und jetzt werden Sie Mutter
und Schluss.

**Herr Doktor, wo soll ich
denn liegen...**

Frau Renner,
quasseln Sie nicht
Erst wollen Sie
das Vergnügen
Und dann wollen Sie nicht
Ihre Pflicht.
Und wenn wir mal was
verbieten
Dann wissen wir schon,
was wir tun!

Und drum sei'n Sie
mal ganz zufrieden!
Und lassen Sie das mal
unsere Sache sein, ja?
Und nun!

Seien Sie mal 'ne
nette kleine Mutter!
Und schaffen noch'n
Stück Kanonenfutter!
Dazu ham Sie 'n Bauch,
und das müssen Sie auch!
Und das wissen Sie auch!
Und jetzt keinen Stuss.

And now you're going to be
a mother, and that's it.

**Doctor, where should I lie
down...**

Mrs. Renner,
don't babble!
First you want
the pleasure
And then you don't want
to do your duty.
And if we forbid
something,
It's because we know
what we're doing!

And so be
completely content!
And let that be
our business, okay?
And now!

Be a nice
little mother!
And create another
piece of cannon fodder!
You have a belly for that,
and you have to!
And you know that too!
And now, no nonsense.

PROGRAM NOTES

The "218" of "Ballade zum 218" refers to the section of Germany's criminal code that criminalized abortion. It is the first known song in history to protest anti-abortion legislation.

LA PEUREUSE

(THE FRIGHTENED GIRL)

1929

MUSI: GUSTAVE FERRARI (1872-1948)

TEXT: PIERRE CHODERLOS DE LACLOS (1741-1803)

Lison revenait

au village,

-C'était le soir-

Elle aperçut sur son passage,

-Il faisait noir;-

Accourir le jeune Sylvandre,

Lison eut peur.

Elle ne voulut pas

l'attendre;

C'est un malheur.

Lison was returning

to the village,

-It was evening-

She saw as she passed,

-It was black-

The young Sylvandre approaching,

Lison was afraid.

She did not want

to wait for him;

It's a shame.

(chorus)

C'était le soir

Il faisait noir,

Lison eut peur,

C'est un malheur.

(chorus)

It was evening

It was black,

Lison was afraid,

It's a shame.

Que pouvait faire cette belle?

-C'était le soir-

Sylvandre court plus

vite qu'elle;

-Il faisait noir;-

Il la joint

et soudain l'arrête;

Lison eut peur.

La peur la fit choir

sur l'herbette,

C'est un malheur.

What could this beauty do?

-It was evening-

Sylvandre runs faster

than she;

-It was black-

He reaches her

and suddenly stops her;

Lison was afraid.

Fear made her fall

to the ground,

It's a shame.

chorus

Quand Lison fut ainsi tombée,

-C'était le soir-

Le berger, à la dérobée,

-Il faisait noir;-

Voulut ravir certaine rose.

Lison eut peur.

chorus

After Lison had fallen,

-It was evening-

Her pursuer, stealthily,

-It was black-

Wanted to steal a certain rose.

Lison was afraid.

*La peur ne sert pas
à grand' chose,
C'est un malheur.*

chorus

*Personne n'était
sur la route;
-C'était le soir-
Bientôt Lison n'y
vit plus goutte.
-Il faisait noir;-
Sa taille devint
moins légère,
Lison eut peur.
L'hiver d'après,
elle était mère,
C'est un malheur.*

chorus

*Fear is of
little use,
It's a shame.*

chorus

*No one was
on the road;
-It was evening-
Soon Lison could no
longer see a thing.
-It was black-
Her figure became
less light,
Lison was afraid.
The next winter,
she was a mother,
It's a shame.*

chorus

CALLING FOR JANE

2023

MUSIC: RACHEL DEAN (B.1992)

TEXT: ERIN REIFLER (B.1995)

*Hi, my name is-
Wait, am I supposed to give my name?
I'm calling because-
well, prob'ly ev'ry call is the same.
Then how will you know who I...
And I'm asking questions on a voice mail,
so how does a machine know...?
I need help?
Umm, yeah, I need help.
Six-four-three three-eight-four-four, right?
Calling for Jane?*

*Hello? Yes! Hi, this is she.
Okay... okay, yes. Yes.. uh-huh.
Oh no, I really doubt I would...
Or is there anything I should... the night before...?*

Oh, okay no.

No, no, I hear you when you say...

I think it's prob'ly better that nobody I know knows.

Well, except for you, right?

I can say I know you now! Right, Jane?

No, I know that's not your actual name.

It's all so secret and fun and coded.

This really is not the way I do things.

And I suppose calling this "fun" is loaded.

Um...

You know, you never really think it'll be you.

I certainly did not.

But it's true!

It's true!

If I do nothing, nothing happens.

*And if I don't, I better strap in
to a life that's not my own.*

*Even though there would be two of us,
I would never be more alone.*

I'm not just some ticking clock.

Come on. You can do it. Just knock.

Hi, it's-- Right. No names.

Of course you were expecting me today.

I see. Okay. Okay. Okay.

PROGRAM NOTES

The Jane Collective (1969–1973) was an underground organization in Chicago that arranged abortions for women at a time when abortion was outlawed in most of the country. Dangerous abortions performed by untrained providers were on the rise, and costly, and the collective's founders sought to provide women with safer and more affordable abortions. Women could leave an anonymous message for "Jane," and the collective would return the call to coordinate the procedure, provide counseling services, and ensure anonymity.

UNTIL MY BODY IS MY OWN

2022

MUSIC & TEXT: DANA KAUFMAN (B.1989)

*Please consider joining us in singing the final verse. **

Until my body is my own, I cannot be me.

Until our bodies are our own, we will not be free.

** Until my body is my own, I cannot be me.*

PROGRAM NOTES

Though this song has an obvious connection to reproductive rights, especially following the overturning of *Roe v. Wade* (2022), it stands as a larger statement against the regulation of any person's body, whether that be laws that prevent gender-affirming care for trans individuals or general access to reliable health care. In the composer's words, "This song is for everyone."

OPEN YOUR MOUTH

2019

MUSIC: ASHI DAY (B.1982)

TEXT: ADAPTED FROM PROVERBS 31:8-9, I CHRONICLES 28:20

Open your mouth

For the mute

For the desolate

For the voiceless

For the vulnerable

Be strong

Have courage

And do the work

*Open your mouth
Defend the poor
Defend the needy
Plead the case of the poor
Plead the case of the needy*

*Open your mouth
Open your mouth*

*Be strong
Have courage
And do the work*

from *Girondines*

I RELINQUISH MY PEN

2022

MUSIC: SARAH VAN SCIVER (B.1991)

TEXT: KIRSTEN C. KUNKLE (B.1980)

*Treason. Isn't that funny?
After all this time, treason. I should laugh,
while I still have a mouth that can smile.
They never tell you that at the end
you will be alone with your thoughts.*

*Here I am, and even though I've fought my whole life
for women, for equal rights,
for art, and fulfillment of what I deemed to be obvious,
all I can think about is legacy.*

*I just want my legacy to be worth my head. My head,
which gave me reason and creates supposed treason...
I want to be remembered and respected.
I'm fairly certain that I am proud of myself.
I guess that I am proud.*

*I challenged Rousseau –
contested his notions in "Emile" of women being raised
to fulfill the pleasure and needs of men.*

*I challenged Beaumarchais –
he who tried to ban my play.*

*I even challenged Robespierre –
and that's what landed me here.
A man for the people.
I hope it comes back to bite him,
since he never truly practiced that which he preached.*

*I declare that women are equal.
Women must be equal.
I am yet another scapegoat for a cause
beyond my experience.
I'm neither aristocrat, nor royal,
but philosophy is threatening when it comes
from a woman. How droll.
If I'd kept my mouth shut, I could have kept my head.
But the pen must write and I must be heard.*

*In my words, I will be given a legacy.
My head leaves my body, but not in vain.
It is corporeal.*

Words linger. Words last. Words mean something.

*I am at peace, and I am ready.
I could have done more. I could have said more.
But, there is only so much time on this Earth.*

*What a gift it was to be given any time at all,
and to have had a voice, though it be cut in half,
now at the moment of my prime.*

Let me go now. I relinquish my pen.

PROGRAM NOTES

Olympe de Gouges (1748–1793) was a feminist, social activist, and playwright. She advocated for women's equality in her pamphlet *The Declaration of the Rights of Woman and of the Female Citizen*. Her impassioned writing took on such feminist topics as divorce, rights for unmarried mothers, and maternal healthcare, and she was adamantly outspoken against

slavery. During the French Revolution, she rebuked the violence of Robespierre's Montagnard faction, including the execution of Louis XVI, and instead aligned herself with the Girondins and argued for a constitutional monarchy. De Gouges was arrested as a counterrevolutionary and subsequently sentenced to death. "I Relinquish My Pen" is set in Autumn 1793, after her sentencing and shortly before de Gouges's execution by guillotine.

SHE WAS WARNED

2017

MUSIC: KALA PIERSON (B. 1977)

TEXT: CORETTA SCOTT KING (1927–2006), MITCH MCCONNELL (B.1942)

*She she she she was she was warned,
she was warned,
she was warned
she was given,
was given an explanation
she was she was warned,
nevertheless,
she was nevertheless,
she was warned,
"I write to express my sincere opposition."
"I write."
"I write."
I
nevertheless,
she
I
I
she
I
she
I
I
I*

PROGRAM NOTES

In February 2017, the US Senate convened to debate Senator Jeff Sessions's (R-AL) nomination for Attorney General. Senator Elizabeth Warren (D-MA) spoke out against the confirmation, citing two historical statements opposing Sessions's 1986 nomination to a federal judge position. Both statements called into question Sessions's record on civil rights: the first, a quote from former Senator Ted Kennedy calling Sessions "a disgrace to the Justice Department"; the second, a letter by Coretta Scott King stating that Sessions had used "the awesome power of his office to chill the free exercise of the vote by black citizens."

Warren's statement of opposition was silenced by Senate Majority Leader Mitch McConnell (R-KY), who invoked Senate Rule 19, claiming that she had "impugned the motives and conduct of our colleague from Alabama" by quoting from these records, and she was barred from further participation in the debate. On the matter, McConnell famously commented, "She was warned. She was given an explanation. Nevertheless, she persisted." Those final words have since been adopted by the feminist movement, representing women's strength and resilience against attempts to silence them.

I wrote "She Was Warned" in early 2017. It was the first piece I could finish after the 2016 election. In this piece I use two fragments of text. The first is Mitch McConnell's statement, "She was warned. She was given an explanation. Nevertheless, she persisted" – his justification of why he silenced Elizabeth Warren during the confirmation hearings for Jeff Sessions, as Warren tried to read a letter from Coretta Scott King describing years of racist power abuses by Sessions. The second text fragment is the beginning of King's letter: "I write to express my sincere opposition." The piece is both about resistance and about embodying and amplifying another person's intention – two forms of resisting silencing.

– Kala Pierson, composer

THE SOUL OF AMERICA

2021

MUSIC: JERRELL R. GRAY (B.1989)

TEXT: ADAPTED BY JERRELL R. GRAY, FROM THE LAST PUBLISHED
WORDS OF REPRESENTATIVE JOHN R. LEWIS (1940-2020)

*Though I may not be here with you,
I urge you to follow the high calling of your heart.
Stand up for what you believe.
Get into good trouble.
Speak up, speak out, and vote...
For ordinary people, with extraordinary vision,
can redeem the soul of America.*

*While my time here has come to an end,
I want you to know that you filled me with great hope:
Hope for the American story.
Hope you used your power,
used your vote to make a difference.
For ordinary people, with extraordinary vision,
can redeem the soul of America.*

*We must learn from history's involvement
in our soul-wrenching struggle:
Black lives matter!
For Emmet Till was my George Floyd.
Rayshard Brooks.
Sandra Bland
And Breonna Taylor.
If we are to survive as one unified nation,
We must discover what so readily takes root in our hearts,
Now it's your turn to let freedom ring.
Let freedom ring!*

*Let your generation lay down the heavy burdens of hate
Oh, lay down the burdens of violence and war.
Walk with the wind, brothers and sisters.
Let love heal the soul of America!*

PROGRAM NOTES

In an essay written mere days before his passing in 2020, and published at his request by *The New York Times* on the morning of his funeral, Congressman and lifelong civil rights activist John R. Lewis (D-GA) put out a call to the people of the United States: to use their voices and their votes for positive change, to get into “good trouble,” and to “redeem the soul of America.”

Lewis expressed that during his final days, he had found hope and inspiration from the Black Lives Matter movement that was gaining traction nationwide: a loud and public response to the devastating killing of George Floyd, with millions of individuals taking to the streets to protest police brutality and racially motivated violence.

Composer Jerrell R. Gray adapted these final words by Lewis into the lyrics for “The Soul of America,” which he says “was crafted not only to pay tribute to the memory and legacy of Representative John R. Lewis but also to rekindle the spirit of love and hope within America through music.”

from *Into the Woods*

CHILDREN WILL LISTEN

1986

MUSIC & TEXT: STEPHEN SONDHEIM (1930–2021)

*Careful the things you say
Children will listen
Careful the things you do
Children will see
And learn*

*Children may not obey
But children will listen*

Children will look to you
For which way to turn
To learn what to be

Careful before you say
"Listen to me"
Children will listen

Careful the wish you make
Wishes are children
Careful the path they take—
Wishes come true
Not free

Careful the spell you cast
Not just on children
Sometimes the spell may last
Past what you can see
And turn against you...

Careful the tale you tell
That is the spell
Children will listen...

OPEN YOUR MOUTH IS PRESENTED BY



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ALYSSA BRODE



Alyssa is elated to present *Open Your Mouth* with this impassioned, talented group. Her extensive credits span both coasts: from the traditional operatic canon (Gretel, Musetta, Violetta) to contemporary and musical theater repertoire. She recently workshopped several shows with Theatre on the Verge's New Musicals Festival and has appeared in such world premiere productions as *Girondines* (Pierrette) and *A Metamorphosis* (Clover)—a portrayal for which she was praised for her “endearing charm” and “glittery tones and demeanor” (OperaWire). Alyssa proudly designed the first-ever collection of “Vocal Rest Apparel,” and sells it with other music-themed gifts in her online store “Musicisms.” Though she has already marked the career milestones of performing an opera during a blackout and performing an opera while eating cupcakes, she is still pursuing her all-time goal of performing while playing with cats.

TIMOTHY FAULKNER



Tim has enjoyed performing with the choruses of Opera Delaware, Opera Baltimore, and Boheme Opera NJ, and portraying character roles with Delaware Valley Opera Company, Center Stage Opera, Amici Opera, Alter Ego Chamber Opera and Lyric Opera NJ. He performs regularly with the Opera Project of Stockton, NJ, and recently joined the Bucks County Gilbert and Sullivan society as Richard Dauntless in their production of *Ruddigore*.

MARISA ROBINSON



Soprano Marisa Robinson has performed opera, operetta, and musical theater all over the greater Philadelphia region. In 2023, she made her West Coast debut in the staged premiere of *Girondines* as Pierrette, a role she had the privilege of performing in its 2022 Wilmington Concert Opera world premiere (doubled by the inestimable Alyssa Brode). Favorite roles include Susanna in *Le nozze di Figaro*, Ännchen in *Der Freischütz*, Angelina in *Trial by Jury*, and Casilda in *The Gondoliers*. Offstage, Marisa is the Executive Director of Wilmington Concert Opera, a Pure Barre addict, and a ridiculous fan of peanut butter with chocolate.

KIRA SCHARF



Never known as one for being quiet, Kira is honored to join her voice in this thoughtfully prepared tapestry of engaging works. She is a graduate of TCNJ, Ewing and performs regularly with the Opera Project, NJ. She recently offered "Jesu, deine Gnadenblicke" from Bach's *Ascension Oratorio* at the Presbyterian Church of Lawrenceville, NJ where she is their soprano section leader. She also cantors regularly for Queenship of Mary Roman Catholic Church, Plainsboro, NJ. For the last two years, Kira has joined productions by the Bucks County Gilbert & Sullivan Society, first as the title role in *Iolanthe*, and most recently as Zorah in *Ruddigore*. She resides in Ewing, NJ, with Timothy Faulkner and their two cats (who love all their practicing!)

RACHEL SIGMAN



Rachel Sigman is a lyric soprano and proud Philadelphia native, praised for her versatility and fearless artistry. A rising presence in contemporary opera, she moves seamlessly between baroque, musical theater, and boundary-pushing new works.

She performs regularly with Vox Ama Deus, with recent solo appearances in Vivaldi's *Magnificat* and *Gloria*, and Bach's *St. Matthew Passion* and *Mass in B Minor*. Operatic highlights include Donna Anna in *Don Giovanni* and Musetta in *La Bohème* with the Button-Down Opera Project, as well as the premiere of Soffronia in Bel Cantanti Opera's *Briscola, the Magician*. She also appears with Opera Philadelphia and the Philly Symphonic Choir. Rachel was featured as both soloist and chorister on the Grammy-winning 2017 recording of *Wozzeck* with the Houston Symphony.

KAT BOWMAN



Kat Bowman is a collaborative pianist, organist, and vocal coach performing in the greater Philadelphia area. She is the music director of St. Peter's Pikeland UCC in Chester Springs, where she leads the senior choir and plays the organ, piano, flute, and accordion for services. She is one of the founding members of the church's band, the Thin Line, which performs both in-house for church events

and for the Chester Springs community. In 2017, she founded the St. Peter's Pikeland Concert Series, where she regularly performs with a variety of soloists and ensembles.

Kat received her bachelor's degree in piano performance from the University of Maryland in 2005, and her master's degree in opera coaching from Temple University in 2015. She was a faculty pianist at the University of the Arts in downtown Philadelphia, where she coached for both the music and theater departments. She was the instructor for the Opera and Oratorio Repertoire course, and directed the annual opera performance. In addition to her training in opera and classical music, she is an experienced musical theater director, and coaches music and theater at Germantown Academy. She is also an accompanist and coach for the Lower Merion school district, where she is the pianist for Welsh Valley Middle School and Harriton High School's choral programs. She and her colleagues were quite pleased to have taken the Harriton Choir to Carnegie Hall in April, to perform for a Choirs of America festival concert as a Featured Ensemble.

DAVID BROWN



Philadelphia Area violinist David Matthew Brown is the Music Director of Main Line Unitarian Church where he is an active recitalist, conductor, educator, and producer for the illumine concert series. David has performed as a soloist with orchestras including the Csik Chamber Orchestra (Romania), the Vidin Sinfonietta (Bulgaria), and the Newark Symphony. Equally active as a composer, David's compositions have been performed, commissioned, and/or recorded by the New Russia State Symphony Orchestra, International Opera Theater, Network for New Music, 6ixwire Project, and the Nightingale Vocal Ensemble. Moreover, David serves as Principal Conductor for Hub City Opera, is a tuba player, Celtic and Klezmer fiddler, mandolinist, and has composed over fifty Celtic jigs, reels, and other dance forms. By night, he is a grassroots activist, progressive campaign consultant, and a leading voice in the Church/State separation movement through his work as Chair of the Secular Democrats of Pennsylvania.

PT. 3: THE CAUSES

Proceeds from your admission tonight will be donated to **Reclaim Philadelphia** which builds community power to win change, reclaim government for the people, and advance economic, racial, and gender justice. [[link](#)]

If any song or subject particularly moved you this evening, and you have the means and desire to contribute further, here is a list of suggested local organizations:

INSPIRED BY

THE NEW COLOSSUS / KAJ PT. 1 / JACK:

New Sanctuary Movement of Philadelphia builds community across faith, ethnicity, and class in our work to end injustices against immigrants regardless of immigration status and express radical welcome for all. [[link](#)]

INSPIRED BY

PATCH OF BLUE SKY / CHANT DE SION / THE TRAIN / WERNHER VON BRAUN:

Jewish Relief Agency serves over 6,000 diverse, low-income individuals across Greater Philadelphia, by relieving hunger, improving lives, and strengthening our community. Through a monthly Food Distribution Program, JRA harnesses the power of volunteers to deliver kosher, nutritious food assistance and home supplies to thousands of households each month. [[link](#)]

INSPIRED BY

ANGEL DOWN / THE CHILDREN / SAY THEIR NAMES:

Black Lives Matter Philly, a local chapter of the BLM Global Network, is a Black organization that seeks to disrupt violence against Black people while elevating the experiences and leadership of our most marginalized. BLM Philly fights against systemic racism, police brutality, and other issues facing Black people. [[link](#)]

CeaseFirePA is an organization dedicated to ending the epidemic of gun violence in Pennsylvania by: organizing with communities closest to the issue, holding those in power accountable, and maximizing the strengths of every member in its broad coalition—understanding that the strongest work is work done by many. [[link](#)]

INSPIRED BY

POLLUTION / CRICKETS / HOT PLASTIC LOVE:

PennEnvironment works for clean air, clean water, clean energy, wildlife and open spaces, and a livable climate. Their members across the state put grassroots support behind their research and advocacy. [[link](#)]

INSPIRED BY

L'HIVER / HARFENSPIELER II / EAT THE RICH:

The Promise, Philadelphia's Poverty Action Fund, powered by United Way of Greater Philadelphia and Southern New Jersey, is a city-wide coalition dedicated to lifting 100,000 Philadelphians out of poverty. Combining City funding and private donations, The Promise invests in hands-on services by community-based organizations who work collaboratively to help low-income Philadelphians gain access to benefits and opportunities for upward mobility, creating a more equitable Philadelphia. [[link](#)]

INSPIRED BY

BALLADE ZUM 218 / LA PEUREUSE / CALLING FOR JANE / UNTIL MY BODY IS MY OWN:

Abortion Liberation Fund of PA protects and expands abortion access—no matter a person's reason, income, ZIP code, or method—by providing counseling and financial assistance. [[link](#)]

INSPIRED BY

I RELINQUISH MY PEN / SHE WAS WARNED / THE SOUL OF AMERICA

The Committee of Seventy is a nonpartisan civic leadership organization that advances representative, ethical and effective government in Philadelphia and Pennsylvania through citizen engagement and public policy advocacy. [[link](#)]

***ALSO CONSIDER:**

Attic Youth Center's mission is to create opportunities for Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual, Transgender, Queer, and Questioning (LGBTQ) youth to develop into healthy, independent, civic-minded adults within a safe and supportive community and to promote the acceptance of LGBTQ youth in society. [[link](#)]

SPECIAL THANKS

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Lynn Brode

