

**Downtown Music at Grace**  
**AddieRose Forstman, Soprano - Edward Forstman, piano**  
**Wednesday, January 20, 2021**

**Take Care of this House (from *1600 Pennsylvania Avenue*) [1976] by Leonard Bernstein, lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner**

**Farther from the Heart [2016], by Eve Beglarian, poetry of Jane Bowles**

**What Justice Looks Like [2016], music and text by Eve Beglarian, with improvised rhythmic & drone accompaniment**

**Alma [1965], music and text by Tom Lehrer**

**Pollution [1967], music and text by Tom Lehrer**

**\*Poem [2019], by Dr. Maria Thompson Corley, poetry of Terry Thompson**

**\*The Visitor [2019], music and text by Dr. Maria Thompson Corley, with musical quotations of Felix Mendelssohn**

**\*world premieres**

**V. remembering before all this (from *Suite: April 2020*) [2020] by Brad Mehldau**

**Where the Music Comes From [1983] music and text by Lee Hoiby**

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### **Take care of this house**

Take care of this House  
Keep it from harm  
If bandits break in sound the alarm  
Care for this house  
Shine it by hand  
And keep it so clean  
The glow can be seen all over the land  
Be careful at night, check all the doors  
If someone makes off with our dream  
The dream will be yours  
Take care of this house  
Be always on call  
For this house is the hope of us all.

### **Farther from the Heart**

Oh, I'm sad for never knowing courage,  
And I'm sad for the stilling of fear.  
Close to the sun now and farther from the heart.  
I think that my end must be near.

I linger too long at a picnic  
'cause a picnic's gayer than me.  
And I hold to the edge of the table  
'cause the table's stronger than me.  
And I lean on anyone's shoulder  
Because anyone's warmer than me.

### **WHAT JUSTICE LOOKS LIKE**

**(in honor of the first female judge in the United States)**

Esther Hobart Morris  
doe of the Wyoming dawn  
Esther, Esther, milliner and mother,  
a consecrated woman standing strong  
Esther Hobart Morris  
you are my morning star  
abolitionist and suffragette  
succeeding ugly bigot Justice Barr

Esther, show me justice  
Esther, bestow your peace  
I'm longing for your wisdom  
unfurled from west to east  
you're what justice looks like  
the justice of my peace  
an enacted female standing tall  
giving voice unto the least

hey ma'am,  
thank you ma'am,  
South Pass City is the real life Suffragette City  
South Pass City is the real life Suffragette City

Esther Hobart Morris  
your justice brought you peace  
I know your sojourn at the divide  
spreads hope that does not cease  
married to a brawling drunk  
and neither young or pretty  
you used the law to take him down  
right there in South Pass City

Esther, teach me justice  
Esther, bestow your peace  
I'm longing for your wisdom  
unfurled from west to east  
you're what justice looks like  
and justice brings me peace  
a righteous female standing strong  
giving voice unto the least

### **Alma**

The loveliest girl in Vienna  
Was Alma, the smartest as well,  
Once you picked her up on your antenna,  
You'd never be free of her spell.  
Her lovers were many and varied  
From the day she began her beguine.  
There were three famous ones whom she married,  
And God knows how many between...

Alma, tell us,  
All modern women are jealous, .  
Which of your magical wands  
Got you Gustav and Walter and Franz?  
The first one she married was Mahler  
Whose buddies all knew him as Gustav.  
And each time he saw her he'd holler,  
"Ach, that's the fraulein I must have!"  
Their marriage, however, was murdah.  
He'd scream to the heavens above,  
"I'm writing Das Lied von der Erde,  
And she only wants to make love!"

Alma, tell us,  
All modern women are jealous,  
You should have a statue in bronze  
For bagging Gustav and Walter and Franz.  
While married to Gus she met Gropius,  
And soon she was swinging with Walter.  
Gus died and her teardrops were copious.  
She cried all the way to the altar.  
But he would work late at the Bauhaus  
And only came home now and then.  
She said, "What am I running, a chow house?  
It's time to change partners again!"

Alma, tell us,  
All modern women are jealous!  
Though you didn't even use Ponds,  
You got Gustav and Walter and Franz.  
While married to Walt she met Werfel,  
And he too was caught in her net.  
He married her but he was careful,  
'Cause Alma was no Bernadette.  
And that is the story of Alma  
Who knew how to receive and to give.  
The body that reached her embalmah  
Was one that had known how to live!

Alma, tell us,  
How can they help being jealous?  
Ducks always envy the swans  
Who get Gustav and Walter,  
You never did falter  
With Gustav and Walter and Franz!

## Pollution

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 detergeons.  
Fish gotta swim and birds gotta 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 cops don't get you, the monoxide will.  
Pollution, pollution!  
Wear a gas mask and a veil.  
Then you can breathe,  
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!

## Poem

You have given dust  
yet expect gemstones  
absurd child of thorns and blood  
speaking fluent French  
in sous-sols without light  
arms embracing  
a more perfect self  
as the beads of melanin  
stream down your legs  
staining enamel  
self satisfied  
without memories of granny  
or cool runnings  
cool runnings with soulmates on Sat'day

Ignorant of cracks spontaneous  
in your too fine face of bone  
spreading  
spreading  
as you sip sangria  
on Lake Lucerne

You have given dust  
yet expect gemstones

## The Visitor

You picked me up at our house,  
then we drove around the neighborhood  
making smalltalk.  
You were thin, but in an av'rage way  
and your skin glowed with health.  
You came back casually dressed,  
your afro neatly groomed:  
no public pajamas or multiple neckties,  
none of the "homeless chic" you adopted  
light years before the rest.  
(You were so sure of your good looks,  
you assumed you could embrace  
every fashion faux pas.  
Maybe you were right.)

When I remembered I was dreaming,  
and that you were dead  
I asked if you were okay  
and your answer reassured me.

You left this world in the middle of the night,  
with Mom and Dad the reluctant witnesses  
of your freedom.  
You held onto this world as long as you could,  
asked for permission to loosen your grasp,  
then extended beyond your endurance  
because the request was denied.  
Who could let slip a child, first-born, only son,  
dangling over the abyss?

Did you reach back as you fell?  
Or revel in the cool breeze  
as you gained speed  
landing softly, not mangled but restored  
by the impact of your descent?  
Could it be you sent not down, but up,  
evading the iron shackles of gravity  
to soar in unknowable realms?

You didn't say;  
I didn't ask.  
The answer lies  
between.

### **Where the Music Comes from**

I want to be where the music comes from  
Where the clock stops, where it's now  
I want to be with the friends around me  
Who have found me, who show me how  
I want to sing to the early morning  
See the sunlight melt the snow  
And oh, I want to grow  
I want to wake to the living spirit  
Here inside me where it lies  
I want to listen till I can hear it  
Let it guide me and realize

That I can go with the flow unending  
That is blending, that is real  
And oh, I want to feel  
I want to walk in the earthly garden  
Far from cities, far from fear  
I want to talk to the growing garden  
To the devas, to the deer  
And to be one with the river  
Breezes blowing, sky above  
And oh, I want to love.