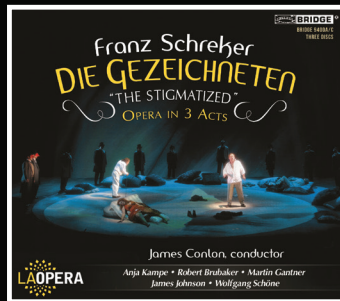


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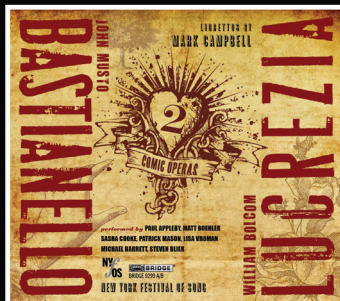
**DIE GEZEICHNETEN**

**Franz Schreker**

*Franz Schreker, libretto*

Anja Kampe, Robert Brubaker  
Martin Gantner, James Johnson  
Wolfgang Schöne  
LA Opera Orchestra and Chorus  
James Conlon, conductor

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**LUCREZIA**

**William Bolcom**

**BASTIANELLO**

**John Musto**

*Mark Campbell, librettos*

Lisa Vroman, Sasha Cooke  
Paul Appleby, Patrick Mason  
Matthew Boehler  
New York Festival of Song

BRIDGE 9299A/B

**THE LONG CHRISTMAS DINNER**  
**AN OPERA BY PAUL HINDEMITH**

**LIBRETTO BY THORNTON WILDER**



**AMERICAN SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA · LEON BOTSTEIN**

**RECORDED LIVE AT ALICE TULLY HALL, LINCOLN CENTER**

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# THE LONG CHRISTMAS DINNER (1960/61)

MUSIC BY PAUL HINDEMITH

LIBRETTO BY THORNTON WILDER

- 1 Introduction (1:49)
- 2 "I reckon we're ready" (1:49)
- 3 Arioso: "I was remembering" (2:24)
- 4 Allegro: "What a joy" (6:07)
- 5 Andante: "How long have we been in this house?" (4:31)
- 6 Jig: "Merry Christmas to all" (5:14)
- 7 Quasi recitativo: "Did you enjoy yourselves at the ball?" (:56)
- 8 Allegretto: "Light is her step" (4:19)
- 9 "It was great to be in Alaska then" (2:41)
- 10 Andante: "Time flies so fast" (5:48)
- 11 Sextet: "We talk of the weather" (2:42)
- 12 Allegro: "Why are you all so gloomy?" (2:28)
- 13 "Mother, now I must pack" (1:19)
- 14 "Forgive me" (1:37)
- 15 Lento: "I was trying to think this morning" (2:19)
- 16 Calmo: "Such beautiful snow" (2:40)

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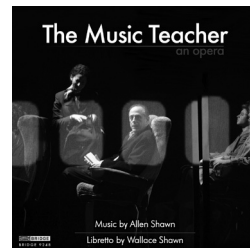


**VALIS**  
Tod Machover

*An opera based on the novel  
by Philip K. Dick*

Patrick Mason, Anne Azéma  
Terry Edwards, Janice Felty  
Mary King, Daryl Runswick  
Thomas Bogdan

BRIDGE 9007



**THE MUSIC TEACHER**  
Allen Shawn  
Wallace Shawn, libretto

Sarah Wolfson, Jason Forbach  
Jeffrey Picon, Parker Posey  
Wallace Shawn  
Rebecca Robbins  
Halley Wegryn Gross  
Elizabeth Berkley  
Timothy G. Long, conductor

BRIDGE 9248



**BLUE MOUNTAIN**  
Justin Dello Joio  
Andrew Boyle, libretto

Nils Harald Sødal  
Njål Sparbo  
Marianne Andersen  
Torben Grue  
The Norwegian Wind Ensemble  
Kenneth Jean, conductor

BRIDGE 9273

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**Recording Engineer:** Leszek Wojcik  
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## Cast (in order of appearance)



Lucia/Lucia II.....Camille Zamora, soprano  
 Mother Bayard/Ermengarde.....Sara Murphy, mezzo-soprano  
 Roderick/Sam.....Jarrett Ott, baritone  
 Brandon.....Josh Quinn, bass-baritone  
 Charles.....Glenn Seven Allen, tenor  
 Genevieve.....Catherine Martin, mezzo-soprano  
 Leonora.....Kathryn Guthrie, soprano  
 Roderick II.....Scott Murphree, tenor

American Symphony Orchestra  
 Leon Botstein, conductor

### Setting

90 years in the dining room of the Bayard house

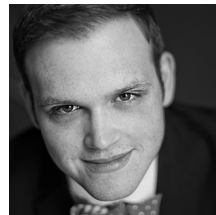
## Marking Time Musically

By Joel Haney

While preparing for an interview in 1948, Paul Hindemith noted, “the opera industry should be made to serve ethical purposes; it should serve the education of the audience—its intellectual and spiritual formation.” This conviction had already shaped *Mathis der Maler* (1935), whose painter-hero struggles to justify art amid Reformation-era upheavals. It would also motivate Hindemith’s future projects: the second version of *Cardillac* (1926; rev. 1952), *Die Harmonie der Welt* (1957), and finally *The Long Christmas Dinner*, which ponders the experience of time as a condition of human possibility and limitation—“the bright and the dark”—through the rise and decline of an American bourgeois family.

Hindemith wrote the music for *The Long Christmas Dinner* between May and August 1960 in Blonay, Switzerland, following a triumphant U.S. conducting tour that had included appearances with the New York Philharmonic, renewing his confidence in American opportunities. After finishing scoring the opera in mid-1961 but also losing hope in a companion project with Thornton Wilder, he led the premiere of his own German version in Mannheim on December 17<sup>th</sup>. Performances in English had to wait until 1963, when Hindemith conducted the opera at the Juilliard School on March 13<sup>th</sup> and 14<sup>th</sup> (Jorge Mester led additional performances) and then at the Library of Congress.

By Kate Lemmon Photography



**Josh Quinn (*Brandon*).** Josh Quinn attended New England Conservatory. His performances include *The Merry Widow* with Janiec Opera and *Dialogues of the Carmelites* with Opera Theatre of St. Louis. Concert appearances include *Carmina Burana* at the Norway Pond Festival Singers and *Ein deutsches Requiem* with New Haven Symphony.

**American Symphony Orchestra.** Founded in 1962 by Leopold Stokowski, the American Symphony Orchestra performs its main series at Carnegie Hall in New York City. It has toured around the world and made numerous recordings. The American Symphony Orchestra is famed for its exploration of rare repertoire and unjustly neglected masterpieces. Many recordings of its live performances are available for download through major Internet retailers.





**Scott Murphree (*Roderick II*).** Scott Murphree has appeared in *Violet Fire* at the National Theater in Belgrade and at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. He also sang in *Die Zauberflöte* with Opera Delaware and Utah Opera, *Don Giovanni* with Opera Delaware, and Bach Cantatas with Orpheus Chamber Orchestra. He was in the world premieres of *Mary Shelley*, *Cymbeline*, and *Billy and Zelda*.



**Jarrett Ott (*Roderick/Sam*).** With the Curtis Institute of Music Opera Theatre, Jarrett Ott performed in *La Cenerentola*, *Dialogues des Carmélites*, *Rinaldo*, *Dido and Aeneas*, *Elegy for Young Lovers*, *Faust*, *The Cunning Little Vixen*, and *Les mamelles de Tiresias*. With Opera Philadelphia he appeared in *Cold Mountain*. He has also sung in the Marlboro Music Festival and Philadelphia's Lyric Fest. He was a finalist in the George London Foundation vocal competition.

The premiere was heavily attended by critics and favorably reviewed. Early commentators identified traits of a distinctive “late style” and spoke of a newfound clarity, lyricism, and rhythmic and harmonic subtlety. They reserved special mention for the delicacy of Hindemith’s scoring, which employs what he called a “Mozartian orchestra” that ingeniously complements the vocal parts without intruding on them.

In its musical dramaturgy, *The Long Christmas Dinner* recalls the innovations of *Cardillac* by presenting a sequence of discrete musical sections that broadly analogize the action instead of a seamless flux of emotion and psychology. Baroque anapests, trills, and a jangling harpsichord project the industrious optimism of the new firm; a rollicking jig ushers in the young Charles at the crest of entrepreneurial self-confidence; he and Leonora are symbolically wedded in a subtle waltz; the unruly Roderick II and aging Genevieve finally renounce the family in a reckless, centrifugal tarantella.

Hindemith also infused his score with themes and motifs whose transformed recurrences indicate super-generational continuities: the lilting arioso in which Mother Bayard recounts her childhood also bears along her descendants’ memories; the gasps and joyous outcries of the birthing room hurry the Nurse onstage with each new arrival. More complex associations also accumulate: the churning music with which Roderick II rejects the firm echoes in distorted form the youthful jig of his father (also a tenor); Ermengarde’s elegiac final scene recalls in tone and imagery the memory song of Mother Bayard (likewise an alto) even as it opens toward the future.



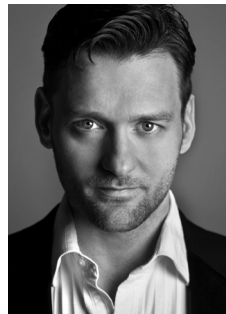
Throughout, Hindemith's music models the flexibility of human temporal experience. We hear this in the orchestral introduction, which elaborates the English carol "God rest you merry, gentlemen" as a chorale prelude sounding in a time warp. Roderick's premature death triggers a brooding version of the vigorous music that had precipitated it, and this shift recurs when Charles departs decades later. Generally, as characters pause to reflect on time's passage, musical "business as usual" dissolves into dreamy, suspended moments.

Most arresting is the sextet featuring Sam, the proud soldier, who "looks at the table as though he were taking a photograph" and asks his family to "do what you do on Christmas Day." They patter through the circular conversation of seventy-odd years while he lovingly pledges to "hold this tight" in a lyrical *cantus firmus* and then steps into the darkness. Producing "one of the most extraordinary and moving effects in contemporary opera," (Hugo Weisgall) this simultaneity of perspectives signals a duality that Wilder noted to Hindemith: "From one point of view the great Mill-Wheel of birth and death seems mechanical and frustrating; from another point of view, filled with new promise, and the rewards of human life 'quand même.'"

The house empties, and yet Ermengarde's final words, which Hindemith reportedly found "moving and extremely beautiful," reveal that the family lives on. Interleaved with her short-breathed phrases are those of the opening carol, now spare and melancholy but also tonally elevated, suggesting continuation. Along with the introduction, this musical return evokes the framing chorales of the Lutheran cantata, a genre eminently concerned with its hearers' "intellectual and spiritual



By Claire McAdams



Courtesy of  
American Symphony Orchestra

**Kathryn Guthrie (*Leonora*).** Kathryn Guthrie has sung with New York City Opera in *Prima Donna*, *VOX 2012*, and *Alice in Wonderland*, as well as with the American Lyric Theater. Among her recordings are *The Fair Ophelia*, and *Orpheus with his Lute*. She is the winner of Astral Artists' 2012 National Auditions, the Metropolitan Opera National Council, and is a graduate of Glimmerglass Opera's Young American Artists Program and Ravinia Festival's Steans Institute Program for Singers.

**Glenn Seven Allen (*Charles*).** Glenn Seven Allen has appeared in *Roméo et Juliette* with Intermountain Opera, *H.M.S. Pinafore* with Opera Saratoga, and *Der Vampyr* with the American Symphony Orchestra. Other appearances include *La fille du Régiment*, *Dr. Sun Yat-Sen*, *The Turn of the Screw*, and *The Long Walk*. He has sung in concert at Lincoln Center, The Kennedy Center, Houston's Wortham Center, Wharton Center/Lansing Symphony, and Detroit's Music Hall. Among his recordings are *The Light in the Piazza*, *A Fine and Private Place*, and *Poetic License*.



**Sara Murphy** (*Mother Bayard/Ermengarde*). Noted for her extensive oratorio as well as opera repertoire, Sara Murphy is a 2013 winner of the 2013 Oratorio Society Vocal Competition. She has appeared with the Chicago Symphony, the Cincinnati Symphony, and the Bard Music Festival in such works as *Messiah*, Verdi's *Requiem*, Mahler's *Symphony No. 8*, *The Dream of Gerontius*, and *Phaedra*, among many other works.



**Catherine Martin** (*Genevieve*). Catherine Martin has sung with Houston Grand Opera, Glimmerglass, Washington National Opera, and the National Symphony Orchestra among others. She is the winner of awards from the National Opera Association, Metropolitan Opera National Council Auditions, Richard F. Gold Career Grant, and the Eleanor McCollum Competition.

formation.” Hindemith’s penchant, moreover, for wordless instrumental quotation hints eloquently at a balance between human fragility and tidings of comfort and joy.

*Joel Haney is Associate Professor of Music at California State University, Bakersfield.*

### Thornton Wilder and Music—A Note

by Tappan Wilder

Thornton Wilder’s collaboration with Paul Hindemith on the opera *The Long Christmas Dinner* reveals an intriguing aspect of the author’s creative life: his close, complex relationship with music.

During his lifetime, with some exception, Thornton Wilder rejected requests from composers eager to turn his two major dramas, *Our Town* and *The Skin of Our Teeth*, into operas or musicals. He did permit Michael Stewart and Jerry Herman to fashion *The Matchmaker* into *Hello, Dolly!* and he collaborated as librettist with composer Louise Talma on the full-length opera *The Alcestiad*. Wilder did grant rights to Leonard Bernstein, Betty Comden, and Adolph Green in 1965 for a musical, stage adaptation of *The Skin of Our Teeth*. That venture collapsed. When Bernstein returned later, now seeking opera rights for *The Skin of Our Teeth*, Wilder shut the door with a definitive no! Bernstein was not alone on the outside. Wilder also said “no” to musical and/or opera rights for his two Pulitzer Prize-winning plays to many others over the years, including Aaron Copland, Howard Deitz, Ned Rorem,

and Italy's Luciano Chailly. Television adaptations were a different matter; as a general rule he viewed these rights as one-time, financially favorable opportunities. He thus permitted an NBC Producers Showcase musical of *Our Town* in 1955 that opened the heavenly door for Frank Sinatra to sing Sammy Cahn's and Jimmy Van Heusen's Emmy-award winning song, "Love and Marriage." Fortunately, he was also open to seeing his shorter plays put to music.

Wilder did not make these decisions based on inexperience or lack of knowledge. On the contrary, from the time he was a boy, music played a vital role in Wilder's creative life and provided a source of inspiration for his pen. Though very few details of this chapter in Wilder's life are known, the early building blocks are clear: a supportive mother, violin and piano lessons, participation in an Episcopal boy's choir—that well-known training ground for the life-long love of all things choral—and ready access to major music concerts. On April 29, 1909, twelve-year-old Thornton wrote to his grandmother from his home in Berkeley, California, "We had a Bach Festival Thursday in which the Mass in B minor [sic] was given with great success. The Chicago Symphony orchestra is coming..."

Through his teens and early college years, music and writing represented all but equal passions. As a high school sophomore at Thacher School in California, he wrote, produced, and starred in his own first play. He also played violin in the school orchestra and performed solo concerts on piano and violin. At Oberlin College, where Wilder attended his first two years of university, he published drama, prose, and poetry, sang in choirs, and, as a sophomore, studied organ at

By Ric Kallaher



**Leon Botstein (Conductor).** Leon Botstein has been Music Director and Principal Conductor of American Symphony Orchestra since 1992. He is also Co-Artistic Director of Bard SummerScape and Bard Music Festival. He has also been the President of Bard College since 1975. He is Conductor Laureate of Jerusalem Symphony Orchestra, where he served as Music Director 2003–2011. He is the author of numerous books and articles on music and music history.

By Liron Amsellem



**Camille Zamora (Lucia/Lucia II).** Camille Zamora appeared in Scott Gendel's "At Last" (world premiere recording with Yo-Yo Ma), *Twin Spirits: Robert and Clara Schumann* (with Sting and Joshua Bell at Lincoln Center), *Die Verschworenen* by Franz Schubert at the Bard Music Festival, and has performed with Auckland Opera, Boston Lyric Opera, Glimmerglass Opera, Virginia Opera, and Houston Grand Opera. A champion of zarzuela, she has been cited as a leading interpreter of classical Spanish vocal repertoire.



*She goes out into the hall.*

**16** ERMENGARDE

Such beautiful snow. And she's written this letter for my Christmas Day. She writes...and here are their pictures. A little new Roderick. And a little new Lucia, too! The Bayard eyes, and the chin... she writes.

*She rises and starts to the dark door.*

And they're building a new house, she writes.

Fancy that!

*She goes out.*

*Ab durch die Mitteltüre.*

**16** ERMENGARDE

Welch herrlicher Schnee. Und sie schrieb mir zum Christfest einen lieben Brief. Sie schrieb...und da sind die Bilder. Die Kleinen, wie lieb sie sind! Kleiner Roderick, kleine Lucia, Bayards Augen und Bayards Kinn...sie schrieb.

*Steht auf und geht nach der dunklen Türe.*

Und sie bauen ein neues Haus, sie schrieb.

Denk' doch mir!

*Geht ab.*



the Oberlin Conservatory. When Wilder later transferred to Yale, John Farrar, one of his new undergraduate friends, would recall in 1928 that Wilder was, "from the start, interested in the literary and dramatic undergraduate activities, and perhaps even more in music."

At Yale, Wilder's interests shifted decisively away from music to literature and drama. Yet, throughout much of his life, Thornton Wilder, celebrated playwright and novelist, remained an excellent sight-reader, devoted four hand pianist, and concertgoer. He had a special interest in attending rehearsals, where he enjoyed watching a work being constructed. He referenced music often in letters, wrote about music in his private journals, and annotated sheet music as a serious hobby, claiming to be able to hear the individual parts of a score in his head. The appraisal of Wilder's personal library at his death included the category "Music Annotated by T.W." with this summary of its content: "33 volumes of scores, including works by Palestrina, English madrigal composers, Mozart, and Beethoven." His taste ran from classical to opera to choral music. He also enjoyed jazz, and near the end of his life developed a passion for twelve-tone music. His many friends included such stars as Otto Klemperer and Robert Shaw, and the musicians he met at The MacDowell Colony, where he first met Louise Talma, The American Academy of Arts and Letters, and Yale, where he met Paul Hindemith.

In the late 1930s the composer Mabel Dodge (1877–1971) drove Wilder from Walpole, New Hampshire to the MacDowell Colony in Peterborough. She recalled, in a memoir, playing a game in which one of them would hum classical or operatic

melodies and the other identify the *exact* movement or act from which they derived. While Dodge did well on the orchestral end, she recalled that Wilder, “succeeded in immensely broadening [her] operatic repertoire.” What amazed her most was “Thornton’s ability to sing snatches from an opera in the language in which it was written...it doesn’t make any difference to him in what language an opera is sung, he is at home in all of them.”\* For a 1935 University of Chicago production honoring the 250<sup>th</sup> anniversary of Handel’s birth, Wilder not only rewrote the translation of Handel’s *Xerxes*, but also served as its stage director, “seeking the authentic baroque method of staging with enough of the modern tendency introduced to interest completely a 1935 audience,” and cast himself as a soldier in the chorus. Newspapers across the country printed a wire story out of Chicago with this lead: “FAMOUS AUTHOR NEAR OPERA BOW.”

All this is to say that Paul Hindemith had in Wilder a collaborator who knew his way around music. Wilder-the-librettist’s knowledge of languages, particularly German, his fascination with music, and his prior successful experience with translations and adaptations predicted a happy outcome for Paul Hindemith and *The Long Christmas Dinner*.

\*Mabel Dodge’s *Thornton Wilder—A Musical Memoir*, appeared in the *Radcliffe Quarterly* in May 1964.

*Tappan Wilder is Thornton Wilder's nephew and literary executor, and the manager of his literary and dramatic properties.*

15 ERMENGARDE

I was trying to think this morning: how old is the house? Eighty? Ninety, almost? You were missed at church; everyone sent their love.

LEONORA

What will you have? A little of the white? Eighty, or ninety, almost?

*She rises.*

The children have asked me to come and stay with them for a while. This house is yours, you know, for as long as you want it.

*At the hall door, she turns and looks at the room.*

Almost ninety, I think. How many generations!

ERMENGARDE

Almost ninety, I think. How many Bayards...

LEONORA (*counting on her fingers*)

One, two, three...so many!

ERMENGARDE (*counting on her fingers*)

Seven, eight, ten...so many!

LEONORA

I won't be long.

15 ERMENGARDE

Heute früh dacht' ich an Vergangnes: wie alt ist das Haus? Achtzig? Schon fast neunzig? Alle lassen grüßen, die dich in der Kirche vermißten.

LEONORA

Was soll's denn sein? Ein bißchen von der Brust? Achtzig, fast neunzig sind's schon.

*Steht auf.*

Sie baten mich, sie zu besuchen, Lucia und ihr Mann. Nimm du das Haus an dich—bleibe hier, solange du willst.

*An der Mitteltüre, wendet sich und blickt zurück ins Zimmer.*

Neunzig Jahre, so scheint's. Wieviel Generationen.

ERMENGARDE

Neunzig Jahre, so scheint's. Wie viele Bayards...

LEONORA (*an den Fingern zählend*)

Eine, zwei, drei...so viele!

ERMENGARDE (*an den Fingern zählend*)

Sieben, acht, zehn...so viele!

LEONORA

Ich bleibe nicht lang.

GENEVIEVE

All the days are dark. All the days are long. The city has grown about us with its noise and its soot. They come through the walls—these walls already grey with thoughts, with what they have seen, with the years that are gone. The years that grind away. My mother died yesterday, or was it thirty years ago?

**14** Forgive me! I'm going away, I must. I shall die in Florence, or Munich.

*Genevieve hurries into the hall.*

ERMENGARDE (*starting for the dark door*)  
She will be back, I think. It's a beautiful day.

CHARLES (*starting after her*)  
I used to go skating with father on mornings like this. I wish I felt better.

LEONORA  
Cousin, you can't both be ill. You must help me nurse Charles.

ERMENGARDE (*returning to the table*)  
I'll do my best.

CHARLES (*at the dark door*)  
I wrote the boy a letter. I forgave him. I'll send a cable, on Christmas Day.

*He goes out.*

GENEVIEVE

Alles ist trübe, alles traurig. Die Stadt hält man kaum noch aus. All der Ruß und der Lärm dringen durch die Wand—so grau von allem was geschah, vom Fleiß und Geduld und von nutzloser Hast. Die Jahre eilen vorbei. Die Mutter, die gestern starb... wie töricht, dreißig Jahre ist's her.

**14** Entschuldigt! Irgendwo in der Welt ist Platz. In Florenz oder München—da sterb's ich.

*Eilt hinaus.*

ERMENGARDE (*auf die dunkle Türe zu*)  
Sie kommt gewiß zurück. Wie der Tag so schön ist!

CHARLES (*folgt ihr auf dem Wege nach rechts*)  
Mit Vater ging ich Schlittschuh laufen, wenn's so war wie heut'. Es geht nicht zum besten.

LEONORA  
Werdet nur beide nicht krank! Hilf mir, Charles zu pflegen.

ERMENGARDE (*kommt zum Tisch zurück*)  
So gut ich kann.

CHARLES (*an der dunklen Türe*)  
Ich hab' dem Bub geschrieben und verzieh' ihm. Ich werde kabeln...ein Weihnachtgruß.

*Ab.*

## A Note from the Conductor

Every American high school student must confront the work of Thornton Wilder; in a way his incredible success, especially with the iconic *Our Town*, has led us to take him a bit for granted. Thornton Wilder was a prolific author of plays and novels. He is one of those writers who is continually the subject of such comments as “I didn't know that was by Thornton Wilder!” when one learns, for instance, that *Hello, Dolly!* is based on a Wilder play. Wilder was the recipient of multiple Pulitzers and a force to be reckoned with in American literature. There is more to him than we have come to assume.

Paul Hindemith, however, has as his Pulitzer equivalent the honor of being called a “degenerate” and “atonal noisemaker” by Josef Goebbels. Although Hindemith was considered a great composer during his lifetime, his career suffered great peaks and slides, especially in the 1930s, after the opera *Mathis der Maler*. Owing to his emigrations between Europe and the U.S., and the scandalous reception of some of his early works, he was forced to reinvent himself. His reputation posthumously has declined somewhat, though one can hear his influence on American music in the work of his students at Yale, notably Easley Blackwood and Lukas Foss. Hindemith's work during the last fifteen years of his life, the period into which *The Long Christmas Dinner* falls, have been quite neglected.

One aspect that Thornton Wilder and Paul Hindemith both shared was their mastery of the short form in their respective fields: the single-act work. Nowhere is Wilder's skill in this dramatic form so ambitiously and thrillingly demonstrated than in *The Long Christmas Dinner*, which transforms the concept of duration by compressing 90 years into under an hour, and thereby exposes fundamental issues of life and its rebirths. Hindemith, too, loved the form, and used it to invoke sudden spikes of emotion, whether it be horror, laughter, or astonishment: that is the progression of emotions in his triptych of one-acts, *Murder, Hope of Women; The Nusch-Nuschi*; and *Sancta*. That these two great artists collaborated on a form that they both dominated and reinvigorated is a rare and happy historical convergence.

*Leon Botstein, Music Director and Principal Conductor  
The American Symphony Orchestra*



CHARLES

Your family made this town. We have always served it. Let others behave as they will. You carry your ancestors with you—and the name. Tomorrow you'll enter the firm of Bayard and Brandon and Bayard.

RODERICK II (*at the door*)

I'm going away to a town where something happens. You can have your silly old town. And Bayard and Brandon and Bayard.

*He goes out quickly into the hall.*

LEONORA

Roderick, Roderick, come back!

**13** LUCIA II (*rising*)

He'll be back before long. Mother, now I must pack for my journey. You'll see me often. And soon, I hope, I shall bring my children to see you.

*Lucia II exits into the hall.*

CHARLES

It's a dark day. A little more white meat, cousin?

LEONORA

How long the days are when there are no children here.

CHARLES

Die Bayards wurden hier groß und haben immer der Stadt gedient. Du bist nicht so frei wie du denkst. Du erbtest den Namen, die Pflichten und den Ruhm! Morgen trittst du ein ins Geschäft zu Bayard und Brandon und Bayard.

RODERICK II (*an den Tür*)

Da irrst du. Woanders werd' ich was Beßres finden als deine verschlafene Stadt mit Bayard und Brandon und Bayard.

*Schnell ab durch die Mitteltüre.*

LEONORA

Roderick, Roderick, bleib' doch!

**13** LUCIA II (*steht auf*)

Sorg' dich nicht, er kommt wieder. Meine Reise muß ich vorbereiten. Wir sehn uns öfter. Und bald, Mama, du wirst sehn, umarmt dich ein Enkelchen.

*Ab durch die Mitteltüre.*

CHARLES

Heut' ist's so trüb. Ein bißchen mehr Truthahn, Base?

LEONORA

Die Tage sind traurig, wenn alle Kinder fort sind.

CHARLES

Sit down, young man. I have something to say to you.

RODERICK II

You should have been at the ball last night! What a time! Lucia danced all night with one partner. She'll be leaving us soon to be married.

CHARLES

Be quiet a moment! I have something to say to you. I can scarcely believe it. Is it true that you were in everyone's way at the ball? That you played the fool and the clown? You were drunk?

LEONORA

Not now, Charles, not on Christmas Day. Not today, I beg you!

LUCIA II

Really he didn't, father. It was the others.

CHARLES

No, answer me, son!

RODERICK II

You've got to get drunk in this town to endure it! I hate this town. It's so dead. It's so dull. You've got to get drunk to forget how dull it is. Time passes so slowly, you'd think it stood still. (*rising and overturning his chair*)

CHARLES

Nimm Platz, Herr Sohn. Eine Auskunft erhielt ich gern.

RODERICK II

Ja, auf dem Ball gestern abend, da war was los! Für Lucia existierte nur ein Tänzer. Sie ist schon so gut wie verlobt.

CHARLES

Wie wär's, wenn du schwiegst, daß ich auch mal was sagen kann? Was man uns da erzählt hat: ist es wahr, daß du dich zum Ärgernis aller übel benahmst? Daß du lärmtest und betrunken warst? Ist das wahr?

LEONORA

Nicht jetzt, Charles–nicht am Weihnachtstag. Nur nicht heut', ich bitte dich.

LUCIA II

Roderick tat nichts, Vater, die andern waren's.

CHARLES

Was ist die Antwort?

RODERICK II

Was kann man denn tun in diesem Nest als zu trinken? Vor Langeweile weiß man sich nicht Rat. Man trinkt um die Öde der Stadt zu ertragen. Nichts erfährt man hier, nicht geschieht. Die Zeit steht still. (*springt auf und wirft dabei seinen Stuhl um*)

### The Long Christmas Dinner

Opera in One Act

Libretto by Thornton Wilder

German version by Paul Hindemith

**1** The dining room of the Bayard home. A dining table is handsomely spread for Christmas dinner. The carver's place with a great turkey before it is at the spectator's right. A middle door leads into the hall. A door left, another door right. These two doors denote birth and death.

Ninety years are to be traversed in this play which represents in accelerated motion ninety Christmas dinners in the Bayards' household. Throughout the play the characters continue eating imaginary food with imaginary forks and knives.

*Enter Lucia, alone. She surveys the table.*

**2** LUCIA

We're ready. I reckon we're ready. (*calls*) Roderick! Mother Bayard! Come to dinner!

*Enter Roderick, pushing Mother Bayard in a wheel chair. They pause in the doorway, Mother Bayard pats Lucia's hands in delighted surprise at the table.*

### Das lange Weihnachtsmahl

Oper in einem Akt

Text von Thornton Wilder

Deutsche Textfassung von Paul Hindemith

**1** Eßzimmer im Hause der Familie Bayard. Ein weihnachtlich gedeckter Tisch mit einem Truthahn. Das Familienoberhaupt sitzt jeweils zur Rechten des Zuschauers am Tisch. Im Hintergrund führt eine Tür in die Halle. Links eine Tür, rechts ebenfalls: Geburt und Tod.

Wie in einer Zeitrafferaufnahme werden in diesem Stück neunzig Jahre durchlebt–die neunzig Weihnachtsmähler der Bayards. Man ißt mit nur vorgestellten Bestecken nur vorgestellte Speisen.

*Lucia tritt auf, allein. Sie überschaut den Eßtisch.*

**2** LUCIA

's ist fertig. Der Tisch ist gedeckt. (*sie ruft*) Roderick! Mutter Bayard! Kommt zum Essen!

*Roderick fährt Mutter Bayard im Rollstuhl herein. In der Türe halten sie an; beim Anblick der festlichen Tafel drückt Mutter Bayard Lucia gerührt die Hand.*

LUCIA  
Our first Christmas dinner in the new house, look!

MOTHER BAYARD  
So beautiful, Lucia!

LUCIA  
Come, sit between, Mother Bayard. Roderick, will you say...

*Roderick, standing, murmurs a Grace.*

ALL  
Amen!

RODERICK  
New house!

LUCIA  
New snow! A wonderful day!

RODERICK  
*(bowing to Lucia, as he whets his knife)*  
...New wife!  
Now what will you have, Mother Bayard?  
The light, or the dark?

MOTHER BAYARD  
Oh, just a little, you know.

LUCIA  
Unsere erste Weihnacht im neuen Haus, Schaut!

MUTTER BAYARD  
Wie schön es ist, Lucia!

LUCIA  
Hier, zwischen uns, Mutter Bayard, Roderick, dein Gebet...

*Roderick steht auf, spricht leise das Tischgebet*

ALLE  
Amen!

RODERICK  
Neues Haus!

LUCIA  
Neuer Schnee, welch herrlicher Tag!

RODERICK  
*(Verbeugung zu Lucia. Er wetzt sine Besteck)*  
...Neue Gattin!  
Nun, was soll es sein, Mutter Bayard?  
Vom Beim, von der Brust?

MUTTER BAYARD  
Ach, nur ein wenig—genug.

**11** THE OTHERS  
We talk of the weather, we talk of the snow.  
The day is cloudy, or the day is bright.  
We talk of the children, and how they grow.  
A little more dark meat, a little more white.  
We remember our elders and the days gone by.  
We talk of the greetings from those we know  
We talk of the seasons and how they fly.

SAM  
And so—goodbye.

*Sam goes quickly through the dark door.*

LEONORA *(cries)*  
He was only a boy, a mere boy!

*Charles encircles the room, comforting her.*

GENEVIEVE  
What can we do?...

ERMENGARDE  
Nothing. Only time...only time can help.

*Roderick II enters, finding Leonora by the door  
he links his arm with hers and draws her to the  
table.*

**12** RODERICK II  
Why are you all so gloomy? It's a wonderful day!

**11** DIE ÜBRIGEN  
Wir reden vom Wetter, wir reden vom Schnee,  
Von hellen Tagen oder trüber Zeit,  
Vom Wachsen der Kinder, von ihre Lust, ihrem Weh.  
Ein kleines Stück Truthahn, ein bißchen Püree,  
Und wir denken der Ahnen, der Vergangenheit.  
Wir reden von Freunden, die bei uns geweilt,  
Wir denken der Jahre, wie schell sie enteilt.

SAM  
Und jetzt—lebt wohl.

*Er geht schnell durch die dunkle Türe ab.*

LEONORA *(aufweinend)*  
Er war ja noch so jung—ein Knabe nur!

*Charles geht zu ihr, um sie zu trösten.*

GENEVIEVE  
Was kann man tun?...

ERMENGARDE  
Gar nichts. Nur die Zeit wird das Leid heilen.

*Roderick II tritt durch die Mitteltüre auf. Er reicht  
der dort angelangten Leonora den Arm und führt sie  
zum Tisch zurück.*

**12** RODERICK II  
Was blast ihr alle Trübsal? Und der Tag ist so schön!



*Lucia II and Sam, in uniform, enter from the hall.*

CHARLES  
Here are your twins!

SAM  
Holiday leave!

LUCIA II  
Isn't he wonderful in it, Mother?

SAM  
Three days at home. Father, fill up my plate.

*He does not come to the table, but stands (right) with his back to the dark door.*

I'll be back before long. This war will be short.  
Let me look at you—to remember you.  
Do what you do on Christmas Day.

**11 Sextet**

SAM  
I shall hold this tight!  
I shall remember you so!  
I shall remember you so.  
I shall hold this tight!

*Lucia II und Sam, in Uniform, kommen durch die Mitteltür.*

CHARLES  
Die Zwillinge kommen!

SAM  
Urlaub zum Christfest!

LUCIA II  
Welch ein stattlicher Soldat Sam ist!

SAM  
Daheim drei Tage. Na, gebt mir zu essen!

*Er bleibt mit dem Rücken zur dunklen Türe rechts stehen und blickt auf den Tisch, als wollte her ihn photographieren.*

Dieser Krieg ist nur kurz, bald bin ich zurück.  
Ach, ich werde stets an euch denken im Feld.  
Laßt euch nicht stören in eurem Mahl.

**11 Sextett**

SAM  
Das vergess' ich nicht!  
Bei euch daheim am Weihnachtstag.  
Laß kommen, was kommen mag,  
Das vergess' ich nicht.

LUCIA  
*(leaning over Mother Bayard's plate. Raising her voice, for the deaf)*  
Let me cut it for you. So.  
So many missed you at church.  
They sent their love.

RODERICK  
Do you remember your first Christmas Day in the West?

MOTHER BAYARD  
Yes...yes.

**3 Arioso**

I was remembering this morning the days when I was a child.  
The journey had taken us just one hundred days.  
We crossed the river before we knew its name.  
There was no city here, but there was a church.  
And everywhere Indians, Indians and forests.  
I was remembering this morning...  
My father cut the trees.  
And built our house with his hands. So long ago.  
We must remember their names on Christmas Days.

Faith Morrison, that was my mother's name.

LUCIA  
I know! She married John Wainright.

LUCIA  
*(laut zur schwerhörigen Mutter Bayard. Sie schneidet auf dem Teller vor)*  
Darf ich es Euch schneiden? So.  
Beim Kirchgang fragt' man nach Euch, und grüßt Euch Sehr.

RODERICK  
Sagt doch, wie war es,  
Die erste Weihnacht im Westen?

MUTTER BAYARD  
Ja...ja...

**3 Arioso**

Heute am Weihnachtsmorgen dacht' ich an meine Kindheit zurück.  
Wir waren gereist—einhundert Tage zum Fluß;  
Wir kreuzten ihn, wußten seinen Namen nicht.  
Städte gab es noch nicht, nur eine kleine Kirche.  
Und rings um uns Indianer, Wilde—und Wälder.  
Das kam mir alles ins Gedächtnis...  
Mein Vater schnitt das Holz  
Und baute selbst unser Haus. Wie lang ist's her!  
Denkt all unsrer Lieben heut am Weihnachtstag.

Faith Morrison—hieß meine Mutter einst.

LUCIA  
Sie ehelichte John Wainright.

MOTHER BAYARD

They were farmers, and his father was a blacksmith, too.

RODERICK

It's all in a book upstairs, where we'll have some new names soon.

MOTHER BAYARD

I hope we will.

*Enter Cousin Brandon, briskly. He takes his place besides Lucia.*

**4** BRANDON

What a joy to be with you here, after those years in Alaska!

RODERICK

Mother and Lucia, we must drink a toast to the firm. Our cousin is now my partner: to "Bayard and Brandon."

ALL

To "Bayard and Brandon"! Long may it flourish!

RODERICK (*whetting his knives*)

Mother, the dark or the light?

MUTTER BAYARD

Er war Bauer, und sein Vater war der Schmied im Dorf.

RODERICK

So steht es geschrieben in einem Heft, das wir fortsetzen wollen.

MUTTER BAYARD

Das solltet ihr tun.

*Vetter Brandon tritt auf, forsch und munter. Er nimmt neben Lucia Platz.*

**4** BRANDON

Das ist herrlich! Hier mit euch zu sein, nach den Jahren in Alaska!

RODERICK

Mutter und Lucia, stoßt mit an: ein Hoch aufs Geschäft. Unser Vetter ist jetzt mein Partner: auf "Bayard und Brandon."

ALLE

Auf "Bayard und Brandon"! Sie sollen leben!

RODERICK (*wetzt sein Besteck*)

Mutter, vom Bein, von der Brust?

Each of them has left a mark,

And we should remember their names today.

CHARLES

Our father's fathers  
and their fathers' fathers were many.  
Some were short and some were tall.  
Some to command and some to obey.  
There is a part of them in us all.  
But who can remember their names today?

GENEVIEVE

Yes the names are hard to find, harder to read.  
Through the moss on the stones.

CHARLES

No snow today.

LEONORA

And no sun.

ERMENGARDE

It's an earnest Christmas Day, with this war overseas.

CHARLES

Oh, the war will be over soon. This war will be short.

In uns lebet sie weiter

Und wir denken ihrer am Weihnachtstag.

CHARLES

Unsrer Väter Väter  
von einst und ehgestern,  
Viele Leiber und viele Geister,  
Dieser ein Knecht und jener Meister.  
Wer kennt sie noch?  
Wer ist unter uns, der sich ihrer Namen erinnern mag?

GENEVIEVE

Namen, schwer zu finden, schwerer zu lesen auf den Grabsteinen.

CHARLES

Geschneit hat's nicht.

LEONORA

Kein Sonnenschein.

ERMENGARDE

Freudlos diese Weihnachtszeit, unser Heer in Europa.

CHARLES

Dieser Krieg, denkt doch nicht an ihn. Er dauert nicht lang.

CHARLES

I was trying to remember this morning, how old is this house? Is it twenty-nine years? Is it thirty years old?

*Charles goes to the hall door and brings in Cousin Ermengarde by the hand; she is already fifty.*

CHARLES

Welcome, dear cousin.

ERMENGARDE (*shyly*)

Merry Christmas to all.

LEONORA AND GENEVIEVE

And to you!

ERMENGARDE

It's a great pleasure to be with you here.  
Very kind.

CHARLES

Come now, ladies, the dark or the light? Cousin Ermengarde, how are we related?

**Duet**

ERMENGARDE

My mother's mother  
and your mother's mother were sisters.  
One was grave and one was gay.  
One was fair and the other was dark.

CHARLES

Heute morgen dachte ich an Vergangnes: Wie alt ist das Haus? Neunundzwanzig Jahre? Oder ist's schoen dreißig?

*Charles geht zur Mitteltüre und empfängt Base Ermengarde; sie is schon fünfzig.*

CHARLES

Base, willkommen.

ERMENGARDE (*schüchtern*)

Frohes Weihnachtsfest.

LEONORA UND GENEVIEVE

Frohes Fest!

ERMENGARDE

Ich bin so glücklich, bei euch zu bleiben.  
Seid bedankt.

CHARLES

Dunkles, weißes Fleisch? Wer wünscht noch ein Stück? Base Ermengarde, sag', wie wir verwandt sind?

**Duet**

ERMENGARDE

Unser beider Mütter Mütter  
waren Schwestern.  
Eine ernst, die andre heiter.  
Eine blond und die andre dunkel.

*Enter left, through the door of Birth, a Nursemaid, pushing a baby carriage.*

LUCIA (*rising*)

Look! Look! Look at my child! Nurse, a boy or a girl? A boy! Who ever saw such a child? Roderick, what shall we call him?

RODERICK

We call him Charles, after your father and grandfather.

LUCIA

What beautiful hands he has! Sleep well, my Charles.

*She waves as the Nurse goes out into the hall.*

RODERICK (*calls after them*)

Don't drop him, Nurse. We need the boy in the firm.

LUCIA

It's too bad the day is so dark—and no snow. I saw the Major at church. He suffers, he says, from lumbago. But he says: "It will all be the same in a hundred years."

BRANDON

Very true! Mother Bayard, how is it that we are related?

*Von links, durch die Türe "des Lebens" kommt eine Kinderfrau mit einem Kinderwagen.*

LUCIA (*steht auf*)

Seht! Seht! Seht doch mein Kind! Sagt, ein Mädchen, ein Bub? Ein Junge! Gab's jemals ein schöneres Kind? Roderick, wie soll er heißen?

RODERICK

Natürlich Charles, nach deinem Vater und Großvater.

LUCIA

Seht die zierlichen Händchen an! Schlaf wohl, mein Kind.

*Die Kinderfrau durch die Mitteltür ab. Lucia winkt ihr nach.*

RODERICK (*ruft der Kinderfrau nach*)

Nicht stolpern, gib acht! Er muß dereinst ins Geschäft!

LUCIA

Daß der Tag so trübe sein muß—und kein Schnee! Ich traf den alten Major; ihn plagt wie gewöhnlich sein Reißer. Doch er meint: "Laßt sein, in hundert Jahren ist es vorbei."

BRANDON

Zweifellos! Sagt mir doch, Mutter Bayard, wie nah wir verwandt sind?

MOTHER BAYARD

Yes you must remember the names. You must write them down. My mother was a Wainright. She married your father's cousin.

*She rises and starts walking uncertainly to the Door of Death, right.*

RODERICK (*whetting his knives*)

Now what will you have, Mother? Lucia? Brandon?

MOTHER BAYARD

We crossed the river before we knew its name, the Mississippi.

LUCIA

Roderick, Mother has not been well. Are you tired, dear? Do you want to lie down?

MOTHER BAYARD

No. No. Go on with your dinner... I was remembering this morning...

*Lucia has taken some steps to the right and stands with outstretched arms as Mother Bayard goes out.*

MUTTER BAYARD

Meine Mutter Faith Wainright war die Ehefrau von Eures Vaters Vetter. Ihr solltet es aufnotieren.

*Steht auf und geht unsicheren Schrittes nach rechts zur "Tür des Todes"*

RODERICK (*wetzt sien Besteck*)

Nun, was soll's den sein? Mutter? Lucia? Brandon?

MUTTER BAYARD

Zum Flusse kamen wir, sein Name war uns fremd, der Mississippi.

LUCIA

Roderick, Mutter fühlt sich nicht wohl. Seid Ihr müde? Geht doch lieber zu Bett.

MUTTER BAYARD

Laß. Ihr vergeßt euer Christmahl! Ich muß an längst Vergangenes denken...

*Lucia mit zögernd ausgestrecktem Arm einige Schritte nach der rechtsseitigen Tür, durch die Mutter Bayard abgeht.*

CHARLES

Don't you think we could ask Cousin Ermengarde to come and live with us here?

LEONORA

I'll write her today.

GENEVIEVE

We only think of her on Christmas Day with her card before us.

LEONORA

I'll write to her today.

*Enter the Nurse, left, with a carriage.*

Nurse! A boy or a girl?

Another boy!

CHARLES

Roderick Brandon Bayard.

LEONORA (*at the carriage*)

Oh, don't grow up so fast. Stay as you are! Oh, stay as you are!

GENEVIEVE (*with a touch of disillusion*)

Stay as you are.

*Exit Nurse.*

CHARLES

Ist's euch recht? Ich frage Base Ermengarde, ob sie zu uns zichen will.

LEONORA

Ich schreib' ihr noch heut'.

GENEVIEVE

Sonst niemals denken wir an Ermengarde als am Weihnachtsabend.

LEONORA

Ich schreib' irh noch heut'.

*Kinderfrau mit Wagen von links.*

Seht! Ist's ein Mädchen, ist's ein Bub?

Ein zweiter Sohn!

CHARLES

Roderick Brandon Bayard.

LEONORA (*beim Kinderwagen*)

Wachs' mir nur nicht zu schnell. Bleib' wie du bist, oh bleib' wie du bist!

GENEVIEVE (*leicht verbittert*)

Bleib' wie du bist.

*Kinderfrau ab.*

CHARLES (*returning to the table*)

Come, what will you have?

**Trio**

LEONORA (*looking after the Nurse who goes out*)

Some day they'll come in that door and say:  
"Good morning, good morning, mother!"

**10** CHARLES

Time flies so fast. He'll come in and say:  
"Good morning, father."

LEONORA

The days fly by. Time flies so fast.  
The bright and the dark,  
In a moment are past.

GENEVIEVE

Time flies so fast,  
There's no time to say:  
"I love you so."

CHARLES

Time flies so fast.  
The sun and the shade  
In a moment are past.

GENEVIEVE

Time flies so fast:  
We come and go.  
The joy and the woe,  
In a moment are past.

CHARLES (*wieder am Tisch*)

Nun, was soll's denn sein?

**Trio**

LEONORA (*der Kinderfrau nachsehend, als diese abgeht*)

Einst stehen sie hier in der Tür,  
"Grüß Gott, Mutter," warden sie sagen.

**10** CHARLES

Kein Aufenthalt. Einst erscheint er hier,  
"Grüß Gott, mein Vater," sagt er zu mir.

LEONORA

Kein Aufenthalt.  
Das Glück wie das Leid  
Verlassen uns so bald.

GENEVIEVE

Kein Aufenthalt.  
Für das liebe Wort:  
"Bleib, doch bei mir!"

CHARLES

Kein Aufenthalt.  
Gewinn, Hab und Gut  
Verlassen uns so bald.

GENEVIEVE

Kein Aufenthalt.  
Warum sind wir hier?  
Der Glaube, der Mut,  
Verlassen uns so bald.

*Mother Bayard has scarcely left when the  
Nursemaid appears, left, with a baby carriage.*

*Lucia turns without lowering her arms.*

LUCIA

Look! Look! Look at my child! Nurse, a boy or a girl? A girl! We'll call her Genevieve, after your mother. Who ever saw such a child? Sleep well, my child, Genevieve.

*Exit Nurse.*

BRANDON

What a splendid day it is! Every twig is encased in ice. One never sees that.

RODERICK

Some cranberry sauce? Lucia?

LUCIA

I was thinking this morning of Mother Bayard—two years ago! It seems like yesterday, she was sitting here.

RODERICK (*patting her hand*)

Come, come! She wouldn't want us to grieve.

*Ehe Mutter Bayard ganz verschwunden ist, kommt von links die Kinderfrau mit dem Kinderwagen.*

*Lucia wendet sich ihr zu, ohne die Arme zu senken.*

LUCIA

Seht! Seht! Seht doch mein Kind! Sagt, ein Mädchen, ein Bub? Ein Mädchen! Wir nennen sie Genevieve, nach deiner Mutter. Gab es jemals solch ein Kind? Schlaf wohl, mein Kind, Genevieve.

*Kinderfrau ab.*

BRANDON

Welch ein schöner Tag ist heut'! Alles Gesträuch ist bedeckt mit Eis. Das sieht man selten.

RODERICK

Noch Füllsel gewünscht? Lucia?

LUCIA

Heute morgen gedacht' ich unsrer Mutter Bayard—zwei Jahre schon! Als ob es gestern war, daß sie bei uns saß.

RODERICK (*tröstend*)

Nun, nun. Sie sah' uns ungen trauern.

**5 Trio**  
 ALL  
 How long have we been in this house?  
 Is it four years, or five?  
 The time passes so fast!

RODERICK  
 What will you have? The white meat or the dark?  
 What will you have?

ALL  
 How long have we been in this house?  
 Is it eight years, or nine?  
 It's twelve! It's eleven!

LUCIA  
 The children are growing so! I wish they'd stay  
 as they are.

RODERICK (*rising, takes a few steps to the right*)  
 No, let them grow. We want the boy in the firm.  
 (*his hand on his heart*)  
 Now, now, what's the matter with me?

LUCIA (*rising and looking at him in anguish*)  
 Roderick, be reasonable, dear.

RODERICK (*turns and comes back to the table*)  
 I'll live till I'm ninety!

LUCIA  
 Roderick! My dear, what?

**5 Trio**  
 ALLE  
 Wie lang sind wir schon hier im Haus?  
 Vier Jahre? Fünf schon?  
 Die Zeit vergeht so schnell.

RODERICK  
 Was wird gewünscht? Ein Bruststück, ein Stück  
 Bein?

ALLE  
 Wie lang sind wir schon hier im Haus?  
 Sieben Jahre, nein neun?  
 Nein, zwölf! Nein, nur elf sind's.

LUCIA  
 Wie schnell sind die Kinder groß. Ach, blieben sie  
 wie sie sind.

RODERICK (*steht auf, einige Schritte nach rechts*)  
 Das fehlte noch! Der Bub muß ja ins Geschäft.  
 (*Hand auf dem Herzen*)  
 Was ist, ich fühl' mich nicht so wohl...

LUCIA (*steht auf und folgt ihm sorgenvoll*)  
 Roderick, was ist geschehen, sprich!

RODERICK (*kommt zum Tisch zurück*)  
 Ich werde noch neunzig!

LUCIA  
 Roderick, Lieber, was?

BRANDON  
 Those were the days... (*exits*)

GENEVIEVE (*watching her mother with anguish*)  
 Mother! Mother!

LUCIA (*at the door, with a smile at Genevieve*)  
 Don't be foolish! Don't grieve!

*As Lucia goes out, the Nurse enters, left, with a  
 baby carriage.*

LEONORA  
 Oh, my darlings! Twins! Charles, twins!

GENEVIEVE (*sinking, on the table*)  
 But what shall I do? What's left for me to do?

CHARLES (*over the baby carriage*)  
 We'll call the boy Sam.

LEONORA  
 Come, Genevieve, and see my babies' hands.

GENEVIEVE  
 I never told her how dear she was. I thought...I  
 thought she would be here forever.

LEONORA (*softly to Genevieve*)  
 We shall name her after Grandmother: Lucia.

BRANDON  
 Ja, welch Zeit... (*ab*)

GENEVIEVE (*ängstlich zur Mutter*)  
 Mutter! Mutter!

LUCIA (*an der Türe, lächelnd zu Genevieve*)  
 Keine Szene! Traure nicht.

*Lucia ab. Die Kinderfrau mit dem Wagen von  
 links.*

LEONORA  
 Ein Zwillingsspaar! Seht doch! Charles!

GENEVIEVE (*gebrochen am Tisch*)  
 Wo treibe ich hin? Was ist mein Lebensziel?

CHARLES (*beim Kinderwagen*)  
 Das Bübchen heißt Sam.

LEONORA  
 Komm, Genevieve, und fass' die Händchen an.

GENEVIEVE  
 Wie lieb sie war, niemals sagt' ich's ihr.  
 Als ob...als ob sie nimmer uns verließ.

LEONORA (*sanft zu Genevieve*)  
 Und die Kleine nach der Großmutter: Lucia



BRANDON

Only time, only time.

*Charles takes Leonora from Lucia and continues the walk. Lucia returns to the table.*

LUCIA

...only the passing of time. Don't you think we could ask Cousin Ermengarde to come and live with us here?

CHARLES (*returning to the table with Leonora*)

Yes, indeed. You can write to her today. Some potatoes? Some cranberry sauce, anyone?

**9** BRANDON (*rises, starts right*)

It was great to be in Alaska then! Those were the days!

*Lucia rises, her hands on her face, and starts right.*

GENEVIEVE

Those were the days. Mother, do you feel tired?

LUCIA

Hush, my dear, it will pass.

CHARLES

I saw the Major at church. He's not very well, but he says: "It will all be the same in a hundred years."

BRANDON

Nur die Zeit, nur die Zeit.

*Charles führt Leonora, Lucia kehrt zum Tisch zurück.*

LUCIA

...nur die eilende Zeit. Sollten wir nicht die Base Ermengarde einladen in unser Haus?

CHARLES (*mit Leonora zum Tisch zurück*)

Das ist gut, bitte sie nur sogleich. Preiselbeeren? Und noch etwas Füllsel gewünscht?

**9** BRANDON (*unsicheren Schrittes nach rechts*)

In Alaska, da gab's Ereignisse! Ja, welche Zeit!

*Lucia wendet sich nach rechts, die Hand an der Schläfe.*

GENEVIEVE

Ja, welche Zeit. Mutter, bist du müde?

LUCIA

Es ist nichts, sei getrost.

CHARLES

Den alten Major plagt stets mehr seine Gicht, doch er sagt: "Wartet nur hundert Jahr, dann ist es vorbei."

RODERICK

Today I feel better. Its fine to be back again at the table.

LUCIA

You frightened us badly! Here, here's a glass of milk.

RODERICK

Cousin Brandon, we must think of enlarging the house.

LUCIA

What? You're not going to change the house!

RODERICK

Oh, a wing to the south. It looks a hundred years old.

**Trio**

ALL

How long have we been in this house?

Is it eighteen years?

It looks a hundred years old.

The time passes so fast.

Is it twenty years?

RODERICK

Jetzt geht's wieder besser. Und schön ist's, zurückzukommen zum Truthahn.

LUCIA

Das war ein Schrecken! Hier, dein Glas Milch zur Kur.

RODERICK

Vetter Brandon, ich denk', wir erweitern das Haus.

LUCIA

Was, unser Haus wollt ihr ändern?

RODERICK

Nun, ein Anbau tut not. Man hält's für hundert Jahre.

**Trio**

ALLE

Wie lang sind wir schon hier im Haus?

Achtzehn Jahre schon?

Man hält's für hundert Jahre.

Die Zeit vergeht so schnell.

Zwanzig Jahre schon?

*Enter Charles from the hall, he kisses his mother.*

**6** CHARLES  
Merry Christmas to all.

THE OTHERS  
And the same to you!

*Lucia indicates the head of the table to Charles. Roderick changes his seat.*

LUCIA  
Roderick, we'll let Charles carve. Come, sit over here. You were missed at church. So many sent their love.

CHARLES (*whetting his knives*)  
Now, what will you have?

LUCIA  
It was such a good sermon today. And the Christmas hymns that your mother loved, and sang the whole year through.

*Enter Genevieve, she kisses her father.*

GENEVIEVE  
Merry Christmas to all. What a glorious day. Every twig is encased in ice. One never sees that.

*Charles tritt durch die Mitteltür auf küßt seine Mutter.*

**6** CHARLES  
Frohes Weihnachtsfest!

DIE ÜBRIGEN  
Frohes Weihnachtsfest!

*Lucia weist Charles auf den Platz des Hausherrn. Roderick überläßt Charles seinen Platz.*

LUCIA  
Roderick, gib doch Charles das Besteck. Komm, nimm Vaters Platz. In der Kirche fragten sie nach dir, und grüßen dich.

CHARLES (*wetzt sein Besteck*)  
Nun, was soll's den sein?

LUCIA  
Wie schön heut' des Pfarres Predigt war! Und die Weihnachtslieder, die deine Mutter so sehr liebte und immer sang!

*Genevieve kommt, küßt ihren Vater.*

GENEVIEVE  
Frohes Weihnachtsfest! Welch ein herrlicher Tag! Alles Gesträuch ist bedeckt mit Eis. Das sieht man selten.

LUCIA  
Cousin Brandon likes to make a toast.

CHARLES  
Cousin Brandon, a toast!

BRANDON (*rising uncertainly*)  
To the ladies, God bless them, everyone.  
To the ladies of Bayard and Brandon and Bayard!

THE WOMEN  
We thank you, sirs.

*Enter the Nurse, with a baby carriage, left.*

LEONORA (*rising*)  
Oh, what an angel!  
Whoever saw such a child!

*The Nurse goes out, right.*

My heart is broken!

*Lucia puts her arms around Leonora, and whispering consolingly, walks in a circle around the room.*

GENEVIEVE  
What is there we can do? Only time—only time.

LUCIA  
Vetter Brandon hebt das Glas zum Toast.

CHARLES  
Vetter Brandon, ein Toast!

BRANDON (*mühsam aufstehend*)  
Auf die Damen! Gott segne sie, allesamt.  
Auf die Damen von Bayard und Brandon und Bayard!

DIE FRAUEN  
Dank, ihr Herren!

*Von links kommt die Kinderfrau mit dem Wagen.*

LEONORA (*steht auf*)  
Seht, welch ein Engel!  
Gab es jemals solch ein Kind?

*Kinderfrau rechts ab.*

Von mir genommen!

*Lucia legt tröstend den Arm um Leonora, führt sie einige Schritte.*

GENEVIEVE  
Wie schwach ist unser Trost. Nur die Zeit—nur die Zeit.

GENEVIEVE

But that's not said! Why is that sad?

*Charles goes to the door to greet his bride.  
Leonora enters and takes his hand.*

GENEVIEVE

Was ist dabei? Macht es dich traurig?

*Charles geht zur Tür und begrüßt seine Braut.  
Leonora tritt ein und nimmt seine Hand.*

**8 Duet**

CHARLES

Light is her step on the stair and floor;  
Our hearts are full, and the door is wide.  
This is the day we have waited for;  
This is the kiss that greets the bride.

LEONORA

This is the hand that wears the ring;  
These are the feet to stand by your side;  
This is the loving heart I bring.  
This is the kiss. This is the bride.

*There are changes of places as Leonora comes to  
the table.*

LUCIA

Welcome, welcome, dear Leonora.

GENEVIEVE

On this wonderful day with new snow.

CHARLES

Come, what will you have? Mother, everyone  
missed you at church. They sent their love.

**8 Duet**

CHARLES

Leicht tritt sie ein über unsre Schwelle.  
Die Tür ist weit, weit wie unser Herz,  
Das dich, Geliebte, einschließen will.  
Ein Kuß, der dich mit uns vereint.

LEONORA

Um mich ist eine neue Helle,  
Ein Schein, ein Leuchten in meinem Herz  
Das sich mit euch verbinden will.  
Ein Kuß, der dir sagt: Wir sind vereint.

*Platzwechsel, als Leonora am Tisch Platz  
nimmet.*

LUCIA

Mein Kind Leonora, sei willkommen!

GENEVIEVE

An diesem herrlichen Wintertag.

CHARLES

Nun, was soll's denn sein? Mutter, man fragte  
nach dir in der Kirche und grüßt dich sehr.

LUCIA

Shh! Your father will make a toast.

**Trio of the Men**

THE THREE MEN

Here's to the health, and here's to the wealth,  
Of Bayard and Brandon and Bayard!  
In future days they'll sing the praise  
And raise their cheers in a hundred years  
To Bayard and Brandon and Bayard!  
*(bowing to the ladies)*  
And here's to the nearest and here's to the dearest  
In Bayard and Brandon and Bayard!

**Quintet**

ALL

Greetings to all! From father to son,  
From cousin to cousin, from husband to wife,  
From brother to sister, from father to daughter,  
Greetings to all! From mother to son,  
From wife to husband, from son to mother!  
From cousin to cousin, from sister to brother,  
From father to son, from daughter to father!  
In Bayard and Brandon and Bayard!

*Roderick has risen and is advancing to the dark  
portal.*

RODERICK *(insecurely)*

From father to cousin, to daughter,  
To son...to...wife...

*He goes out.*

LUCIA

Sch! Der Vater erhebt das Glas.

**Trio der Männer**

DIE DREI MÄNNER

Prost dem Geschick, dem Wachstum und Glück  
Von Bayard und Brandon und Bayard!  
Erfolg und Ehr', stets mehr und mehr,  
Durch hundert Jahr und auf immerdar  
Für Bayard und Brandon und Bayard!  
*(Verbeugung gegen die Damen)*  
Ein Glas laßt uns leeren, die Damen zu ehren  
Von Bayard und Brandon und Bayard!

**Quintett**

ALLE

Glück allerseits! Für Vater und Sohn,  
Für Vetter und Vetter, dem Mann und der Frau,  
Für Vater und Tochter, für Bruder und Schwester,  
Glück allerseits! Für Mutter und Sohn,  
Der Frau, dem Manne, dem Sohn, der Mutter!  
Für Vetter und Vetter, der Schwester, dem Bruder,  
Für Sohn und Vater, für Tochter und Vater!  
Für Bayard und Brandon und Bayard!

*Roderick ist aufgestanden und geht auf die dunkle  
Türe zu.*

RODERICK *(unsicher)*

Für Vater und Vetter, der Tochter,  
Dem Sohn...der...Frau...

*Er geht hinaus.*

LUCIA  
Roderick! Roderick!

*Dabbing her eyes, Lucia sits. Genevieve puts her hand on Lucia's.*

LUCIA  
I can't help but remember! But he wouldn't want us to grieve.

CHARLES  
Now, what will you have, Mother dear, some white?

LUCIA  
I can remember our first Christmas Day in this house. Twenty-five years ago! Mother Bayard sat here.  
*(loud to Cousin Brandon)*  
She could remember when Indians lived on this very spot.

CHARLES AND GENEVIEVE  
No! That can't be true.

ALL  
Ah, those were the days!

**7** LUCIA  
Did you enjoy yourselves at the ball, Genevieve? Charles?

LUCIA  
Roderick! Roderick!

*Lucia setzt sich, trocknet die Augen. Genevieve gibt ihr tröstend die Hand.*

LUCIA  
Immer denk' ich an Vergangenes! Doch er sähe uns ungern trauern.

CHARLES  
Nun, was soll's denn sein? Ein Stück Schenkel, Mama?

LUCIA  
An unsre erste Weihnachtsfeier hier im Haus denke ich. Fünfundzwanzig Jahre ist's! Mutter Bayard saß hier.  
*(laut zum Vetter Brandon)*  
Sie wußte noch von Indianern, die's hier in der Gegend gab.

CHARLES UND GENEVIEVE  
Was? Kann das denn sein?

ALLE  
Ja, welch eine Zeit! Ja, welch eine Zeit!

**7** LUCIA  
Wie war denn gestern abend der Ball? War es nett? Lustig?

GENEVIEVE *(teasingly)*  
There will be more of us soon. Charles will be bringing a bride.

CHARLES  
No!

GENEVIEVE  
Yes!

CHARLES  
No!

LUCIA  
Who?

GENEVIEVE  
Leonora! Mother, I'll never marry. I shall stay with you here, forever. As though life were one long happy Christmas Day.

LUCIA *(gently)*  
Don't say such things!  
*(Covering her face with her hands, weeping)*  
Don't say such things!

GENEVIEVE  
But that's not said! Why is that sad?

LUCIA *(gently)*  
Don't say such things!  
*(Covering her face with her hands, weeping)*  
Don't say such things!

GENEVIEVE *(neckend)*  
Bald sind wir nicht mehr allein. Charles ist so gut wie verlobt.

CHARLES  
Nein!

GENEVIEVE  
Doch!

CHARLES  
Nein!

LUCIA  
Wer?

GENEVIEVE  
Leonora! Mutter, ich heirate niemals, ich will immer bei dir hier bleiben, wie an einem schönen Weihnachtstag.

LUCIA *(sanft)*  
Das sagt man nicht!  
*(weinend, die Hände vor den Augen)*  
Das sagt man nicht!

GENEVIEVE  
Was ist dabei? Macht es dich traurig?

LUCIA *(sanft)*  
Das sagt man nicht!  
*(weinend, die Hände vor den Augen)*  
Das sagt man nicht!