

2009 LS Chorus Madrigal Dinner Script

final edit Dec. 31

The Town Crier announces guests as they enter the banquet hall (Lord Johnson & Lady Jane of Lincoln” or “Lord Carter & his party of five.”) The **Collegium Musicum** plays festive music while **Peasants** (NYC trip students) serve hors d’oeuvres. All interact with guests until 6:45pm. Peasants guard the banquet table.

Chamber Singers and Vocal Jazz: Pastime with Good Company (*enter the back of the hall and sings from the back of the room; the **Peasants** line up along the sides of the hall.*)

King: Good noble lords and gentle ladies fair
My court bids you welcome and bids you share
with merry hearts and great jubilation
the feasting and revelry, music, singing and good company
Which here are offered on this festive occasion.

Queen: For the season of Winter draweth nigh; (*lots of energy and excitement!*)
that WONDERFUL time of JOY and LIGHT;
so banish all care and strife and hate
and let us join our hearts and gladly celebrate

King: And, now, my Queen, let the carousing begin;
I smell the aroma of the banquet within!
Trumpets, blow thy clarion call!
And Singers, hie thee to the hall!

Collegium Musicum: Processional music. *The King and Queen royally process to the stage and take their places at the head table. The Court follows, bowing low to the King and Queen before ascending the stairs. The Court sits together at the end of the song.*

Processional Partners

Ori Ravid, Caitlin O’Brien
Adam Blake, Nikki Zusman
Hugh O’Kelly, Julia Bronstein
Martin Falk, Fanny Mlawer
Neel Duggal, Cordelia Miller
Sam Miano, Antonia Hylton
Will Sawyer, Hannah Shealy
Brian Pollock, Molly Roach

Connor Keane, Jamie Faulkner
Colby Smith, Brooke Hatfield
Martin Kafina, Samantha Casale
Chris Stock, Morgan Peck
Michael Merullo, Amy Olson
Nathanael Doyle, Anna H
John Roach, Chelsea Kaczmarzsky

Queen’s Train carried by:

Caroline H
Amy N
Brittany B
Marissa K
Liz M

King: Let the wassail be brought with haste,
That we might judge - with careful taste.

Collegium Musicum: Trumpet fanfare

Chamber Singers and Vocal Jazz: Gloucester Wassail (*Peasants serve the Wassail as the Court sings.*)

Jester (*already tipsy*):

All you that are good fellows,
Come hearken to my song
I know you do not hate good cheer (*shakes finger at audience*)
Nor wassail that is strong.

Come fill us of the strongest,
SMALL drink is out of date;
Me thinks I shall fare like a prince (*rubs stomach*)
And sit in gallant state! (*sighs or burps loudly*)

Troubadour (*stands*): Lords & ladies of the court, raise your glasses! (*Ladies swoon noisily; court stands*)
A toast to all here under twenty (*dramatic pause*)
May they find love and cash aplenty (*All ladies giggle*)

Lady 7 Hannah: A toast to all of 39
Who ARE, or HAVE BEEN, for some time (*flirts with Troubadour*)

Lady 3 Morgan L: A toast to all of 58--
May they find it never too late (*flirts with Troubadour*)

Lady 9 Ariana: A toast to all of 93
May they endure for a century (*flirts with Troubadour*)

Troubadour: And one last toast, the final page, (*dramatic pause*)
to those who won't admit their age. [*Laughter*]

I bid you all...Wassail!

All: Wassail! (*Court goes to sit but is interrupted by the jester's toast.*)

Jester: Lords and ladies, lads and lassies!
(*Clears throat and pauses dramatically.*)
A boy may kiss his girl goodbye,
The sun may kiss a butterfly,
The wine may kiss the crystal glass, (*To the Troubadour:*)
And you my friend, may kiss my---
[*He is interrupted by the court clearing their throats loudly and sitting down noisily.*]

Lord 2 Chris (*stands*): Lords and Ladies, our gracious host
Bids you rise for our wassail toast.

King: Lords of the Kingdom, from the host
Of this castle, hear my toast.

Good Yule and Wes Hale to all here present
May your short stay here at our castle bring only joy and contentment
Eat, drink, and be merry for that is our royal pleasure
Our honored guests, do gladly take your leisure
I bid you all... Wassail!

All: Wassail!

Peasants/Mixed Chorus: Here we come a wassailing

[Applause] The Royal Court sits.

Queen: Good sir McLellan, who leadeth the band,
My ears itch for more of your music so grand.
I bid you command the royal players to play
A melody sweet--Do not say us nay!

Collegium Musicum: Renaissance Dance (*Meanwhile, Peasants pass out salad.*)
[Applause] Dancers sit.

King: My good queen, we must thank all the court
for such fine singing and playing and sport.
But hunger approaches--so now let us dine.
Bring on the boar's head, that beast so fine!

Collegium Musicum: Trumpet fanfare

Peasants/Mixed Chorus: The Boar's Head Carol

Lord 2 Chris (*stands*): Call forth the Royal Taster here
That our King may eat without fear.

Royal Taster (Town Crier) enters with a plate of food, loads up a forkful, and pauses dramatically. The Royal Court gasps in anticipation, and then freezes while he sniffs it, puts it in his mouth, swishes it around in his mouth, and swallows. After a dramatic pause, he grins and rubs his stomach. Everyone sighs with relief and resumes carousing.

Queen: Gentle guests, let the feasting commence!
Our chef Mistress Kohen has spared no expense.
Fill your plates at the lavish banquet table
And eat as much or as little as you are able!

[Applause] The Court bows, then sits. Guests fill their plates at the buffet and sit to eat their meal.

Chamber Singers: All ye who music love
During the applause, the Troubadour runs up to the head table wildly.

Troubadour: The Brutish are coming, the Brutish are coming!
Lady 1 Sophie: That's BRITISH, not BRUTISH!
Troubadour: Oh, sorry.... The British are coming, The British are coming!
Lady 2 Molly: We ARE the British.
Troubadour: We are? Oh sorry... The British are here! The British are here! *(runs back)*
[Laughter]

Chamber Singers: So ben mi ch'a bon tempo

[Applause. We hear loud sobbing from Princess Lea.]

Lady 7 Hannah: Hark, hark! What's this I hear?
It's Princess Lea, crying, I fear!
Lady 8 Sheri: I've heard the Troubadour
Has stolen her heart
But Lord Vader has sworn
To keep them apart.

[All ladies give a dramatic sympathetic sigh.]

Troubadour: Milady, methinks thou art as fair
As a rose in a midsummer night's air.
I will sing for thee a love song
That thou might be mine erelong. *(Begins singing song)*

Lord Vader (holding up his baguette): Halt, Troubadour! Princess Lea is MINE!

Princess Lea: Oh dear! *(faints; ladies revive her.)*

Troubadour: Good sir, I bid you, hold your tongue
Princess Lea belongs to no one
Your greed and lust doth hinder you to see
The lady detests you and desires me.

Lord Vader: Silly youth, you know not how to treat this rose.
A duel will settle this, I suppose.

Troubadour: Roguish ratsbane! I accept.
To show the kingdom how inept
your swordsmanship and and breeding are
Will be my pleasure. Prepare to spar!

King: How splendid! Let all the kingdom witness
a battle for my daughter's hand will show
The true worthiness of dear Lea's kiss
and of my kingdom. Now, swordsmen, go!

Lea awakens from her "faint."

Princess Lea: What's this? A duel?! Oh please, I beg you halt!
I prithee, end this quarrel, it's not my fault
My exquisite visage cannot be to blame.
Lord Vader, you only want me for my name!
It's this gentle Troubador whose won my heart
Neither blade, nor Father's word will keep us apart.

Troubador: My rosebud, do not be afraid
It is with love I yield this blade!
I will conquer this coxcomb and win your hand
And together we will rule your father's land

Lord Vader: This pattering flirtation doth make me sick
Unsheath your blade! I'll make this duel quick.

Princess Lea: But first! A token of my affection
With this 'kerchief, I honor our connection. *(pauses to pull loooooong scarf from bodice)*
Be brave, my Troubador, and do not fail,
For frown-lines stick, and grief makes for brittle nails

Lord Vader: Have at you! *Vader takes the first strike. Battle music. Court exchanges money for bets.*

Troubador: Churlish flap - dragon! prepare to die!

Queen: A hit! a very palpable hit!

Lady -

Lady -

Lady -

They spar, amidst gasps and cheers. End humorously with Troubadour falling into _____.

Lord Vader: I emerge victorious, Lea is mine!
What, is that a tear i see on your face?
We all can see that you, sir, have no spine
The entire kingdom deems you a disgrace!

Troubador: This skirmish may have just begun
and yes, Lord Vader today you've won
But another day, we'll settle the score.
You've won the battle, but you'll lose the war.

Princess Lea: Vile maggot - pie! You may have won me
but you will never have the heart to see
that my love for HIM will not wane
your dueling and wooing is all in vain. *(She weeps dramatically.)*

Chamber Singers: Weep o mine eyes
[Applause]

Jester (*bounds to center of stage*):

Here am I, you lucky folks,
With my songs and merry jokes.
A willing Jester with an able wit
Spreading good humor twit by twit.
After that song so sad and tearful,
Let's hear something a bit more cheerful!

Chamber Singers: Tanzen und springen

[Applause. More loud sighing, weeping, and fainting from Princess Lea.]

Lady 9 Ariana: Our music hath not done the trick,
 With love her poor heart is still sick
Lady _____ : She sits, she sighs, she weeps, but yet
 Her heart's desire, she'll never get.

Chamber Singers: Come again, sweet love

[Applause]

Jester (*starting his stand-up routine*):

Though I knew this occupation
would never bring me wealth
I decided, as a self-made man,
To make a fool of myself.

He is interrupted by the troubadour, who runs up to the head table, yelling.

Troubadour: One of our aircraft is missing! One of our aircraft is missing!
Lady 3 Morgan L: We don't have any aircraft.
Troubadour: Oh, sorry... All our aircraft are missing! All our aircraft are missing! (*Runs back*)

Jester (*angrily*): You jibbering, jabbering poppinjay!
 Since **I** make them laugh, **I** get the pay
 There is room for but one jester here--
 I hope, sir, that I've made it CLEAR.

Lady 4 Chelsea K: Come, come, there's a time to laugh and a time not to laugh!

Jester (*angrily*): And this is not one of them! (*to the Troubadour*) Now **I** challenge thee to a duel!
[All gasp loudly in shock, then cheer excitedly.]

Lord 3 Martin: Let's have a comedy tournament!
Lady 5 Anna: Let's have a jester's test!
Lord 4 Neel: One shall remain and one be sent!
Lady 6 Jess: And he whose LAUGHS LAST, laughs best!

Jester (*runs up to the troubadour and doubles over, out of breath*): Sire! I've just returned from the front!

Troubadour: Well, I'm glad you're BACK. How goes the battle?

Jester: The situation is quite fluid.

Troubadour: What does that mean?

Jester: We're up a creek!

[Laughter.] Royal Court holds up score cards with Roman numerals. The Troubadour and Jester mime a fencing match with swords between each joke.

Troubadour: Sire, someone left this glass slipper at the ball last night. I tried to stop her, but she climbed into a pumpkin and sped away.

Jester: She shouldn't be too hard to locate -- look for a woman with seeds between her toes.

[Laughter.] Royal Court holds up score cards with Roman numerals.

Jester: Where were you last night?

Troubadour: I had a date with Cinderella!

Jester: Sounds great, how'd it go?

Troubadour: Ever try to make out in the back seat of a pumpkin?

[Laughter.] Royal Court holds up score cards with Roman numerals.

Jester: Remember the Golden Rule!

Troubadour: What's that?

Jester: Whoever has the gold makes the rules!

[Laughter.] Royal Court holds up score cards with Roman numerals.

The Troubadour mimes wounding the Jester with his sword.

Jester: I'm wounded! Quick, call me a doctor!

Troubadour: You're a doctor!

Jester: Thanks, I feel better already. (*aside to audience*)

I'm glad I didn't ask him to call me a cab.

[Laughter.]

Queen: Gentlemen, Gentlemen!

I fear your humor doth me perplex.

I crave more singing, from the fairer sex.

My ladies-in-waiting will attempt, if they may,

To delight your ears AND your eyes, I dare say.

Women's Chorale: The Bells
The Hands of Winter
Come now my dearest Jewel

Queen: Loyal vassals and servants, join us, if you will
Your country songs and dances will warm the chill
Of this winter's night, til we've had our fill.

Mixed Chorus performs: Hay, ay!
Blow Blow Thou Winter Wind
Good Ale
Banquet Fugue
Greensleeves
When Daffodils Begin to Peer

King: My sweet tooth doth begin to ache
Bring on the pudding, and pie, and CAKE!

Collegium Musicum: Trumpet fanfare.

Lord 5 (Michael): That our King may eat without fear,
Bring now the Royal Taster here.

Royal Taster (Town Crier) enters with a plate of dessert, loads up a forkful, and pauses dramatically. The Royal Court gasps in anticipation, and then freezes while he sniffs it, puts it in his mouth, swishes it around in his mouth, and swallows. After a dramatic pause, he grins and then suddenly falls to the ground dead. Everyone shrugs and begins to eat their dessert while the two knights drag him out by his arms.

Vocal Jazz: Java Jive

Lord 6 (Colby): What's this strange music with its foreign chords?
Jester: Why, we call it JAZZ, my honoured Lords,
Brought from the New World only last year,
It was Sir Duke of Ellington's discovery, I hear.

Vocal Jazz: Winter Wonderland
Let it snow!
Jingle Bells

Jester (a bit tipsy): My Lords! May it please the court! I present to you...
The traveling band known as Coro,
Each lovely in voice AND in more-O (*wiggles eyebrow suggestively*)
These wenches have come to surprise us tonight
With songs and dances that are SURE to delight!

Coro de Chicas: _____

Collegium Musicum: Trumpet fanfare.

Knighting Ceremony: *Royal Court stands, King and Queen descend the stairs to the center of the hall.*

Queen: One among this Company
Has completed the requirements to join the Chivalry.
_____ of _____, come forth! [*Candidate approaches and kneels.*]

King: _____ of _____, you have worked with diligence and a smile; you have gone over and above the extra mile. You have demonstrated the seven virtues of a knight: Faith, hope, charity, justice, prudence, temperance, and might.

Lord 5 (Michael): Let the sword be brought forth!

King: I hereby dub you knight in the name of Saint Lawrence
[*touches flat of sword to Candidate's left shoulder*],
Saint Maurice [*touches flat of sword to Candidate's right shoulder*],
and Saint Curly. [*touches flat of sword to top of Candidate's head*]
[*Laughter*]

Queen: As a token of our thanks, we bestow upon you this gift.

King: Rise, sir/dame _____.

Lord 5 (Michael): Lords and ladies, may I present to you Sir/Dame _____.

JESTER leads all in 3 Huzzahs! The Royal Court returns to the head table.

King: Alas and anon, all good things must come to an end.
And we must bid adieu to our friends.
Let our laughter and songs we shared this eve
Ring in thy hearts as we bid thee leave.

Queen: May it continue its journey through thy soul
To touch other hearts and make them whole.

Peasants/Mixed Chorus: The Parting Glass
[*Applause*]

King: Good Yule and Wes Hale!

All: Wes Hale!

Collegium Musicum: Recessional music (*The Court recesses and lines up on the staircase. The Peasants/Mixed Chorus go down the stairs to the lobby. We greet our audience as they exit.*)

NYC TRIP STUDENTS: TIME TO CLEAN UP!