

**WORLD PREMIERE**  
**CELEBRATING ABRAHAM LINCOLN BICENTENNIAL**

# **THE MOUSTACHE**

**AN OPERA**

**LIBRETTO AND MUSIC BY**

**HOLLIS THOMS**



**February 15, 2009, 4:00 pm**  
**St. John's College,**  
**Annapolis, Maryland**  
**Francis Scott Key Auditorium**

**A meeting between Cipriano Ferrandini and John Wilkes Booth**  
**and their plots to kill Abraham Lincoln**

St. John's College, Annapolis, Maryland  
Francis Scott Key Auditorium  
Sunday, February 15, 2009, 4:00 pm

National Capital Area Chapter of the Fulbright Association  
Abraham Lincoln Bicentennial Celebration

***The World Premiere of  
"The Moustache"  
an opera***

***by Hollis Thoms***

Dr. Edward Papenfuse, Maryland State Archivist  
"Cipriano Ferrandini and the Baltimore Plot of 1861"

Hollis Thoms, Composer, "Ferrandini, Booth and Foster"

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"The Moustache," an opera in six scenes:

Setting: March 24, 1865  
Barber shop of Cipriano Ferrandini  
At the Barnum Hotel in Baltimore

Scene 1: Choral singing "Do Not Weep"  
Scene 2: Cipriano Ferrandini, John Wilkes Booth, and Abigail  
Scene 3: Ferrandini and Booth discuss Baltimore Plot of 1861  
Scene 4: Nightmare of John Wilkes Booth.  
Scene 5: Ferrandini, Booth and Abigail  
Scene 6: Choral singing "Do Not Weep"

Conductor .....	Jennifer Peterson
John Wilkes Booth .....	Jason Thoms
Actor (Scene 4) .....	Robert Williamson
Abigail .....	Treva Foss Thoms
Cipriano Ferrandini .....	Kristopher Jean
Another Maid .....	Jacqueline Thoms

## **Instrumental Ensemble:**

Violin .....	Celeste Blase
Cello .....	Erin Espinosa
Piccolo .....	Pam Godfrey
Clarinet .....	William Welty
Trumpet .....	Susan Rider
Horn .....	Jonas Thoms
Tuba .....	Ronald Haney
Guitar .....	Allan Prather
Piano .....	Eric Aplan
Timpani .....	Greg Mc Donald
Percussion .....	William Thomas

Many thanks to Jim Dickey for contracting the instrumentalists for this performance.

## **Summary of the Opera:**

The opera is in six scenes. It is the historically possible meeting on March 24, 1865 at the Barnum Hotel in Baltimore between Italian barber Cipriano Ferrandini (who was a central figure in the assassination plot to kill Lincoln on February 23, 1861 as he went through Baltimore on his way to be inaugurated) and actor John Wilkes Booth (who eventually killed Lincoln on April 14, 1865). Booth was at the Barnum Hotel, a sanctuary for Southern sympathizers, on March 24, 1865, waiting to meet with his co-conspirator friend, Sam Arnold. Arnold, however, went to the countryside that day and could not meet, so Booth left a message at Arnold's parents asking Sam to meet him at the Barnum when he got back. Arnold never came, and Booth returned to Washington the next day without seeing him.

While waiting for Arnold, Booth gets his hair cut and moustache trimmed by the barber at the Barnum, Cipriano Ferrandini. During this encounter Ferrandini retells the story of the Baltimore Plot of 1861. Booth, having recently failed in his attempt on March 17, 1865 to kidnap Lincoln, is inspired by Ferrandini's story to once again make a commitment to kill Lincoln. Abigail, one of the bar maids at the Barnum, becomes a love interest of Booth during this encounter with Ferrandini.

In addition, throughout the opera, songs by Stephen Foster, the most popular composer of this time, are interspersed. Both Ferrandini and Booth had moustaches and Foster's song "If You've Only Got a Moustache" is the central song of the opera, hence the title of the opera, "The Moustache."

**"The Moustache"**  
**Libretto and Music by Hollis Thoms**  
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The entire opera takes place in a barber shop.

**Scene 1: Choir sings "Do Not Weep"**

Scene 2: Opening scene

**(Music: Stephen Foster's songs "If You've Only Got a Moustache," and "We are Coming Father Abraam" in instrumental ensemble)**

Booth: Mister Ferrandini...

Ferrandini: Yes! Yes! Mister Booth.

Booth: Shall I keep my moustache or cut it off?  
What do you think? What do you think?

Abigail: Oh, dearest John...

Ferrandini: It is up to you!

Abigail: My handsome John...

Ferrandini: You're the customer!

Abigail: I love your moustache.

Ferrandini: She loves your baffi!

Abigail: I love your baffi!

Booth: Baffi? Baffi!

Abigail: Listen...listen...listen...

**Abigail: (Sings Stephen Foster's song,  
"If You've Only Got a Moustache," verses 1-3)**

"Oh, all of you poor single men,  
Don't ever give up in despair,  
For there's always a chance while there's life  
To capture the hearts of the fair.  
No matter what may be your age,  
You always may cut a fine dash,  
You will suit all the girls to a hair  
If you've only got a moustache,  
A moustache, a moustache  
If you'll only get a moustache..."

No matter for manners or style,  
No matter for birth or for fame,  
All these used to have something to do  
With young ladies changing their name,  
There's no reason now to despond,  
Or go and do anything rash,  
For you'll do though you can't raise a cent,  
If you'll only raise a moustache!  
A moustache, a moustache,  
If you'll only raise a moustache.

Your head may be thick as a block,  
And empty as any football,  
Oh! Your eyes may be green as the grass  
Your heart just as hard as a wall.  
You take the advice that I give,  
You'll soon gain affection and cash,  
And will be all the rage with the girls,  
If you'll only get a moustache,  
A moustache, a moustache,  
If you'll only get a moustache.

Abigail: There's one more verse...

Booth: No time, my beautiful Abigail.

Ferrandini: You've got to go! Got to go!

Booth: Come here quickly, give me a kiss...

Ferrandini:...give *me* a kiss.

Abigail: I will later. I will later.

Booth: Ah, later at dinner, then we'll kiss.

Abigail: Then we'll kiss! Then we'll kiss!

Ferrandini: Only a little kiss...

Abigail: No! No! No!

Ferrandini: ...little kiss...

Abigail: No! No! No!

Ferrandini: *baciare con la lingua?* (a French kiss)

Abigail: No! No! No!...I'm saving my kisses for tonight!

Ferrandini: For whom?

Abigail:...saving my kisses...

Booth: For me! For me!

Abigail: For dearest John!

Ferrandini: Oh...

Abigail: For dearest John!

Ferrandini: Oh!

Abigail: For dearest John!

Ferrandini: Him?

Abigail: My love!

Booth: Me?

Abigail: My love!...Yes, the famous actor!

Ferrandini: I will cut his hair. I will cut his hair and  
trim his moustache! Magnifico!

Abigail: Goodbye...Goodbye!

Abigail and Booth: ... *(Sing Stephen Foster's song, "Wilt Thou Be Gone, Love?")*

Abigail (Juliet): Wilt thou be gone, wilt thou be gone, love, gone, love, from me? Stay! 'tis the Nightingale that sings in yonder tree. Deem not 'tis the Lark, love; day is not yet near-Believe me, 'tis the Nightingale whose song hath pierced thine ear. Wilt thou be gone, wilt thou be gone, love wilt thou be gone from me?

Booth (Romeo): I must be gone, love, I must be gone from thee.

Abigail (Juliet): Stay! 'Tis the Nightingale that sings in yonder tree. Wilt thou be gone, wilt thou be gone, love, gone, love from me...

Booth (Romeo): 'Tis not the Nightingale that sings in yonder tree. 'Tis the Lark in yonder tree...I must be gone, love, gone, love, from thee.

Booth (Romeo): It is the Lark, the herald of the morn, love, no Nightingale. See! The clouds are bright'ning, the stars are growing pale-Day is on yon mountaintop that veils the eastern sky-I must be gone and live, love, or stay, with thee and die...

Abigail (Juliet): Wilt then be gone, love, wilt thou be gone from me!

Ferrandini: Bravo! Bravo!

Abigail: Don't be gone long, my love!

Booth: I won't, my dearest, my sweet....  
I am *only* having my hair cut and my moustache ....

Abigail: My heart will break...

Ferrandini: Her heart will break!

Abigail: If I don't see you soon...

Booth: I will not be gone long from my love,  
am I right Mr. Ferrandini?...

Ferrandini: Not long, not long...(referring to hair)

Abigail: Oh, oh...Good bye, my love...

Booth: "Parting is such sweet sorrow..."

Ferrandini: and how do you want your hair *parted* did you say?

Booth: This way...this way (shows him)...and...  
I will keep my moustache.

Ferrandini: Your baffi?

Booth: Yes, don't touch my *baffi*!

Ferrandini: Come, sit down....sit down...Come sit and dream....Dream of your love as I cut your hair and trim your moustache...

(Abigail, another maid, Ferrandini, and Booth sing Stephen Foster's song "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming...")

Come where my love lies dreaming,  
Dreaming the happy hours away  
In visions bright redeeming  
The fleeting joys of day;  
Dreaming the happy hours away;  
Come where my love lies dreaming,  
Dreaming the happy hours away...

Ferrandini: Ba da da...If you only had a moustache...

### **Scene 3: Ferrandini and Booth and Baltimore Plot of 1861**

Booth: Listen! Listen!

Ferrandini: Yes! Yes!

Booth: I have come here for another reason,  
Mr. Ferrandini.

Ferrandini: Why is that, Mr. Booth?

Booth: Because, I have heard about you...  
when I was staying here at the Barnum last August.

Ferrandini: About me?

Booth: Yes, you and the infamous failed Baltimore Plot of '61.

Ferrandini: *Non destare il can che dorme.*

Booth: What did you say?

Ferrandini: Let sleeping dogs lie.

Booth: Ah, yes...

Ferrandini: *Morto un papa, se ne fa un altro.*

Booth: In English, please?

Ferrandini: Life goes on....Hush! .. that is old news!

Booth: Not to me! Not to me!

Ferrandini: It happened four years ago, before *his* first inaugural.

Booth: Yes, I remember...

Ferrandini: Now, he has had a second...  
Four years under the tyrant!  
Four years in war!  
Four years of invasion!  
Four years of death and destruction!

Booth: But, tell me about it...I heard it was a great plot, a noble plot to save our nation before the tyrant was crowned, before he was inaugurated!

Ferrandini: It was a great plot, a noble plot to save our nation...But don't get me thinking about it again...  
Don't get me hopeless and angry! ...  
Don't get me crazy with passion once again!...  
We had our chance, but it slipped through our hands and vanished right before our eyes...  
*Chi ha avuto ha avuto e chi ha dato ha dato!*

Booth: What are you saying?

Ferrandini: What's done is done!

Booth: No, not to me!...Tell me. I want to know!  
I need to know!

Ferrandini: Why do you need to know?

Booth: Listen! Listen!

Ferrandini: Yes! Yes!

Booth: I have come here for an important reason,  
Mr. Ferrandini.

Ferrandini: Why is that, Mr. Booth?

Booth: I will tell you later after you tell me your story,  
your secret plot.

Ferrandini: Yes, the plot!

Booth: Yes, you and the infamous failed Baltimore Plot  
of '61....I need inspiration from you for *my* plot.

Ferrandini: What plot is that?

Booth: I will tell you later! Tell me your story!

Ferrandini: *Mortu un papa se ne fa un altro.*

Booth: In English, please!

Ferrandini: Life goes on! Hush! That is old news!

Booth: Not to me! Not to me!

Ferrandini: It happened four years ago before his first  
inaugural.

Booth: Yes, I remember!

Ferrandini: Now, he has had a second...  
Four years under the tyrant!  
Four years in war!  
Four years of invasion!  
Four years of death and destruction!

Booth: But, tell me about it. I heard it was a great plot,  
a noble plot to save our nation before the tyrant was  
crowned, before he was inaugurated!

Ferrandini: It was a great plot, a noble plot to save our  
nation. But, don't get me thinking about it again!  
Don't make me hopeless and angry!  
Don't get me crazy with passion once again!...  
We had our chance!

Booth: A great and noble plan!

Ferrandini: But it slipped through our hands  
and vanished right before our eyes!  
*Chi ha avuto ha avuto e chi ha dato ha dato!*

Booth: Please, tell me your story.

Ferrandini: What's done is done!

Booth: No, not to me! Tell me, I want to know!  
I need to know!

Ferrandini: Yes, you need to know!

Booth: Listen! Listen!

Ferrandini: Yes! Yes!

Booth: I have come here to meet a friend of mine.  
Samuel Arnold...Do you know him?...

Ferrandini: Maybe?...Sounds familiar...

Booth: ...But he is in the country, his parents said,  
and would be back shortly.

Ferrandini: Yes, I think I know him.

Booth: I left him a note asking him to meet me here  
at the Bamum this evening.

Ferrandini: Yes, I know him!

Booth: As I wait for him you can tell me the Baltimore  
Plot of '61.

Ferrandini: *Non destare il can che dorme.*

Booth: Please, tell me!

Ferrandini: Let sleeping dogs lie.

Booth: Right now!

Ferrandini: *Morto un papa, se ne fa un altro.*

Booth: Tell me your story!

Ferrandini: Life goes on! Oh! That is old news!

Booth: Not to me! Not to me!

Ferrandini: It happened four years ago before his first  
inaugural.

Booth: Yes, I remember!

Ferrandini: Now, he has had a second...  
Four years under the tyrant!  
Four years in war!  
Four years of invasion!  
Four years of death and destruction!

Booth: Yes, tell me about it. I heard it was a great plot,  
a noble plot to save our nation before the tyrant was  
crowned, before he was inaugurated!

Ferrandini: It was a great plot, a noble plot to save our  
nation. But don't get me thinking about it again!  
Don't get me hopeless and angry!  
Don't get me crazy with passion once again!...  
We had our chance!

Booth: You had a great chance!

Ferrandini: But it slipped through our hands...

Booth: ...a noble plot and it was lost!

Ferrandini: ...and vanished right before our eyes!

*Chi ha avuto ha avuto e chi ha dato ha dato!*

Booth: I want to share your story!

Ferrandini: What's done is done!

Booth: Share your story! Start from the beginning!

Ferrandini: Yes, I will tell you!...Lincoln would not pass through Baltimore alive, we planned!

Booth: When, on what day?

Ferrandini: At noon on February 23<sup>rd</sup>.

Booth: And how would he get there?

Ferrandini: By train from Harrisburg.

Booth: At what station?

Ferrandini: At the Calvert Street depot via the Northern Central Railroad.

Booth: Ah, yes...

Ferrandini: A vast crowd would meet him...

Booth: Cheering their new President elect!

Ferrandini: Yes cheering! Not knowing of the plot.

Booth: The plot unfolding before their eyes!

Ferrandini: Lincoln would take an open carriage, we knew.

Booth: An easy target!

Ferrandini: *Batti it ferro quando e caldo!*

Booth: In English, please!

Ferrandini: Strike when the fire is hot!

Booth: Yes! Yes!

Ferrandini: A ride of nearly a mile and a half.

Booth: Plenty of time to kill him, to kill him!

Ferrandini: To a luncheon appointment at the Eatuw house before leaving for Washington by Camden Station....A luncheon to die for!

Booth: What do you mean? What do you mean?

Ferrandini: Listen! The papers said: He was to have oysters on the half shell, gumbo soup...

Booth: Oh, yes!

Ferrandini:....baked shad stuffed with roe, lobster salad...

Booth:...to die for!...

Ferrandini: boiled turkey with oyster sauce...

Booth: ...to die for!...

Ferrandini: boiled leg of Southdown mutton, roast capons stuffed with truffles, veal sweetbreads, young pigdins brazed with mushrooms, fillet of beef, and stewed terrapins, crabs Maryland style, and duck...

Booth: Certainly a luncheon to die for!

Ferrandini: Yes we planned that he would die on his way to have that lunch to die for!...We had our chance!

Booth: We'll have another chance!

Ferrandini: But it slipped through our hands...

Booth: ...Another chance! Another chance!

Ferrandini: ...and vanished before our eyes!

Booth: And then?

Ferrandini: Hold on! Wait!

Booth: Why wait! Go on! Go on!

Ferrandini: We must back up!

Booth: Yes, yes back up!

Ferrandini: We must back up!

Booth: Yes, yes back up!...How did it start?

Ferrandini: With our group.

Booth: Where did you meet?

Ferrandini: At Barr's Saloon...

Booth: Where's that?

Ferrandini: ...on South Street...

Booth: I know the place! I know the place!

Ferrandini: We drew lots!

Booth: Lots?

Ferrandini: Yes, lots!

Booth: When?

Ferrandini: On the eighteenth...

Booth: of what month?

Ferrandini: February.

Booth: Lincoln passed through Albany that day.

Ferrandini: On the eighteenth?

Booth: I was performing at the Gayety Theater on Green Street.

Ferrandini: Did he come to see you?

Booth: He was invited. I was a major star!

Ferrandini: Yes, you were a major star!  
Even the new President would come to see you!

Booth: Ah, yes!...Instead he had dinner with the governor...

Ferrandini: A vast crowd would meet him...

Booth: Twenty thousand cheering their new President elect!

Ferrandini: Yes, cheering! ..But let me finish with my story!

Booth: The plot unfolding right before their eyes!...  
And then?

Ferrandini: Hold on! Wait!

Booth: Why wait! Go on! Go on!

Ferrandini: Twenty of us...

Booth: ...conspiracy...

Ferrandini: were together...

Booth:...oath of secrecy.

Ferrandini: Ballots were placed in a hat...

Booth:...No one would know!

Ferrandini: The one that drew the red ballot would kill him!

Booth: Yes, the one! No one would know!  
No one would know!

Ferrandini: But there were eight!

Booth: Eight?

Ferrandini: Yes, eight!

Booth: A secret!

Ferrandini: No one would know...

Booth: that eight were chosen..

Ferrandini:...guaranteeing Lincoln's death!  
Guaranteeing Lincoln's death!...Listen! Listen!

Booth: Yes! Yes!

Ferrandini: A fight would be started in the crowd.

Booth: A fight?

Ferrandini: Yes, a fight!

Booth: But what about the police?

Ferrandini: They were with us!

Booth: ...but how?

Ferrandini: The police chief was our friend!

Booth: He would look the other way!

Ferrandini: Yes! Yes, look the other way!  
Make it look like he was protecting Lincoln...

Booth: A clever ploy!

Ferrandini: By stopping the fight...

Booth: Ah, yes!

Ferrandini: But leaving Lincoln unattended...

Booth: for a moment.

Ferrandini: For a moment! A crucial moment!

Booth: A fatal moment, fatal moment!

Ferrandini: Yes, this would be a signal for the attack.

Booth: Yes, the attack.

Ferrandini: Now the eight would converge on him!..  
Four years under the tyrant!  
Four years in war!  
Four years of invasion!  
Four years of death and destruction!

Booth: Killing not once but many times, eight times!  
A noble plot to save our nation before the tyrant was crowned, before he was inaugurated.

Ferrandini: It was a great plot, a noble plot to save our nation! But don't get me thinking about it again!  
Don't get me hopeless and angry!  
Don't get me crazy with passion once again!...  
We had a chance!

Booth: You had a great plan!

Ferrandini: But it slipped through our hands...

Booth: a noble plan to kill him!

Ferrandini: ..and vanished right before our eyes!

Booth: And then?

Ferrandini: Hold on! Wait!

Booth: Why wait? Go on! Go on!

Ferrandini: We must back up!

Booth: Yes, yes back up...

Ferrandini: We must back up...

Booth: Yes, yes back up!

Ferrandini: The plot was foiled.

Booth: By whom?

Ferrandini: We must go back a few days...

Booth Go back!



Ferrandini: to Monday morning.

Booth: Yes, let's go back! Continue now!

Ferrandini: February...

Booth: Yes!

Ferrandini: Eleventh!

Booth: Go on!

Ferrandini: On the eleventh...

Booth: of the same month?

Ferrandini: February...Wishing for Lincoln's death!...  
Lincoln left Springfield, Illinois for Washington  
and he gave a farewell address.

Booth: Moving I am sure, I am sure!

Ferrandini: Lincoln said he left with sadness!  
Not knowing if he would return.

Booth: He will not return we'll make sure of that!

Ferrandini:...with a task greater than Washington!

Booth: Such arrogance and ambition!

Ferrandini: Yes! Yes!

Booth: I am sure the crowds cheered him on...

Ferrandini: A vast crowd cheered him on!

Booth: Many thousands cheering their new President  
elect!

Ferrandini: Yes cheering! And then he left for  
Washington.

Booth: But what happened next, what happened next?

Ferrandini: Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Columbus and  
Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Buffalo and Albany, finally New  
York where someone told Lincoln about our plot.

Booth: A spy, a traitor in our midst!

Ferrandini: Then in Philadelphia Lincoln gave a  
celebrated speech ...

Booth: At the Independence Hall, I am sure!

Ferrandini: Why...yes!...Lincoln talked about the  
Declaration of Independence and equal chance for all  
and liberty asking can this nation be saved on this  
basis? He would rather be assassinated on the spot  
than to surrender it!

Booth: So he knew! So he knew! So he knew!  
I am sure. The crowds cheered him on...

Ferrandini: A vast crowd cheered him...

Booth: Many thousands cheering their new President  
elect!

Ferrandini: Yes cheering! And he must have known  
about our plot!

Booth: But what happened next, what happened next?

Ferrandini: Listen! Listen!

Booth: Yes! Yes!

Ferrandini: The next day on February 22nd after Lincoln  
gave a speech in Harrisburg he left on a secret, special  
train back to Philadelphia and then on to Baltimore in  
the middle of the night and then to Washington!

Booth: But how could this happen that no one knew of  
the counter plan.

Ferrandini: They cut the telegraph wires!

Booth: A clever ploy!

Ferrandini: They stopped all trains...

Booth: All trains?

Ferrandini: ...until Lincoln was away and safe!

Booth: A perfect counter plan.

Ferrandini: Yes it was!...but that is old news!

Booth: Not to me! Not to me!

Ferrandini: It happened four years ago, before his first  
inaugural.

Booth: Yes, quite a story!

Ferrandini: Now, he has had a second...  
Four years under the tyrant!  
Four years in war!  
Four years of invasion!  
Four years of death and destruction!

Booth: It was an inspiring story! It was a great plot,  
a noble plot to save our nation  
before the tyrant was crowned,  
before he was inaugurated.

Ferrandini: It was a great plot, a noble plot to save our  
nation... But don't get me thinking about it again!  
Don't get me hopeless and angry!  
Don't get me crazy with passion once again!..  
We had our chance.

Booth: We'll have another chance!

Ferrandini: But it slipped through our hands and  
vanished right before our eyes!

Booth: Another chance! I will kill him!!!

**Scene 4: Booth's nightmare dream.**

Fanfare:

1

Booth (Cassius from Act 1, scene 2, Julius Caesar):

"Why, Ferrandini, Lincoln doth bestride the narrow world

Like a colossus, and we petty men

Walk under his huge legs and peep about  
To find ourselves dishonorable graves.

Men at some time are masters of their fates.

The fault, dear Ferrandini, is not in our stars

But in our selves, that we are underlings.

'Booth' and 'Lincoln' What should be in that

"Lincoln"?

Why should that name be sounded more than mine?

Write them together: mine is as fair a name:

Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well.

Weigh them, it is heavy: conjure with 'em,

"Booth" will start a spirit as soon as "Lincoln."

Now in the names of all the gods at once,

Upon what meat doth this our 'Lincoln' feed

That he is grown so great?..."

Fanfare:

2

Booth (Macbeth from Act 2, scene 1, Macbeth):

"Go, bid my Abigail, when my drink is ready,  
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.-

Is this a dagger, which I see before me,

The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch

Thee:-

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.

Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible

To feeling, as to sight? Or art thou but

A dagger of the mind, a false creation,

Proceeding from the heat oppressed brain?

I see thee yet, in form as palpable

As this which now I draw.

Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;

And such an instrument I was to use.-

Mine eyes are made the fools o'th' other senses,

Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;

And on thy blade, and dudgeon, gouts of blood..."

Fanfare:

3

I crept into the painting room. This is an apartment devoted to the use of the scenic artist. It was admirably adapted for concealment...Here I remained till the audience, performers and employees of the theater had left. With skeleton keys I had no difficulty in opening the various doors of the house. I gained the box which had always been approved for the use of the President, his friends and family. I then carefully removed the screws which held the spring hasp of one of the doors, and with a small instrument I cut out the thread made by the screws in the wood work, and then re-inserted them

in the proper places. The door was now so prepared that a very slight push from the outside would force it off the hasp and permit me to pass in without difficulty. With all this caution, I was afraid that some one might follow me into the box and frustrate my design. There was a narrow passage way in the rear of the box, out of which the two box doors opened...I made an indentation in the plaster of the wall sufficiently deep to admit the insertion of a small wooden bar, one end of which I intended to place in the orifice, and the other against the molding of the door panel, so when I had passed through myself I should by means of this be able to successfully bar out any unwelcome intruder...I then proceeded to arrange the chairs in the box so that I might have the President in such a position to make sure of my aim...I now felt all my arrangements were complete...

(From Booth's Confession)

"It is as sure as you are Ferrandini,  
Were I Lincoln, I would not be Booth.

In following him I follow but myself:

Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty

But seeming so, for my peculiar end,

For when my outward action doth demonstrate

The native act and figure of my heart

In complement extern, 'tis not long after

But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve

For daws to peck at: I am not what I am."

(Iago, from Othello, Act 1, scene 1)

Fanfare:

4

Booth: "I do not fear death. I am ready to meet it at any moment. I am troubled with no stings from an accusing conscience. What I have done I am ready to justify. I have slain a man, who, although honest enough in intention, perhaps was, the worst of tyrants, in consequence of his mistaken-his obstinate and fatal policy. Like a stag at bay I must now turn to meet my foes whenever they come to hunt me down. I know the end of all this, and I am prepared for it. I am to die. Man forgets, God forgives. Men forget that thousands of their fellow-creatures were murdered... Who was the cause of this? He whom I have laid low...I now find myself driven to my last corner. I feel that my part has been played in this world. The curtain drawn by the hand of death is soon to fall and close over the earthly career of John Wilkes Booth.

'Out-out, brief candle!

Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player

That struts and frets his hour upon the stage.

And then is heard no more; it is a tale

Told by an idiot full of sound and fury,

Signifying nothing..." (From Booth's "Confession")

Fanfare:

**Scene 5: Return to normal barbershop scene.**

(Ferrandini sings *Stephen Foster's song "Beautiful Dreamer" v. 1* as he cuts Booth's hair.)

Beautiful dreamer, wake unto me,  
Starlight and dewdrops are waiting for thee;  
Sounds of the rude world heard in the day,  
Lull'd by the moonlight have all pass'd away!  
Beautiful dreamer, queen of my song,  
List while I woo thee with soft melody;  
Gone are the cares of life's busy throng,  
Beautiful dreamer, awake unto me!

Booth: There is blood on both my hands!

Ferrandini: Oh, I am sorry, Mr. Booth!

Booth: There is blood here on my face!

Ferrandini: I am very, very, very sorry!...  
Just a little nick. Everything is fine...  
Time heals all wounds...

Booth: How does my *baffi* look?

Ferrandini: Everything looks fine...

Booth and Ferrandini: *Magnifico!*

Ferrandini: Ba dada da dadada da...

Booth: Mister Ferrandini...

Ferrandini: Yes! Yes! Mister Booth.

Booth: Should I marry Abigail? What do you think?  
What do you think?

Ferrandini: Just listen what I have to say and  
do what you think is right. But you can't wait forever you  
see or you may indeed be lost.

(Ferrandini sings *Stephen Foster's song "There are  
Plenty of Fish in the Sea"*)

A lady tossed her curls  
At all who came to woo;  
She laughed to scorn the vows,  
From hearts though false or true  
While merrily she sang  
And cared all day for naught,  
There are plenty of fish in the sea,  
As good as ever were caught,  
There are plenty of fish in the sea,  
As good as ever were caught.

Upon their lighting wings  
The merry years did glide,  
A careless life she led,  
And was not yet a bride;  
Still as of old she sang  
Though few to win her sought.  
There are plenty of fish in the sea  
As good as ever were caught.

At length the lady grew  
Exceedingly alarmed,  
For beaux had grown quite shy  
Her face no longer charmed.  
And now she sadly sings  
The lesson time has taught,  
There are plenty of fish in the sea,  
But, oh, they've hard to be caught.

Abigail: (from offstage) My dearest John!

Booth: Here comes Abigail...

Abigail: (on stage) My dearest John!

Booth: Am I ready?

Ferrandini: Yes you are!

Abigail: My dearest John!

Booth: How does my moustache look, Abigail?

Abigail: My handsome John!

Ferrandini: She likes your moustache!

Abigail: My handsome John!

Ferrandini: Sing us that song again!

Abigail: My handsome John!

Booth: Sing that song again about the moustache!

Abigail: My dearest John!

Booth: She has such a great...

Ferrandini: Voice...

Abigail: I'll sing a special verse for you!

Booth: She can sing so...

Ferrandini: Beautifully!

Abigail: My dearest John!

Ferrandini: Sing your special song for Mr. Booth!

Booth: Sing your special song for me!  
Sing it now before we go! Sing it now!

Abigail: My dearest John!

Ferrandini: Sing it for us now!

Abigail: My handsome John!

Ferrandini: Sing it for us now!

Abigail: I love your moustache!

Ferrandini: She loves your baffi!

Abigail: I love your baffi!

Booth: Baffi! Baffi!

Abigail: Listen...listen...listen...

Abigail sings:

"I once was in sorrow and tears  
Because I was jilted you know,  
So right down to the river I ran  
*To quickly dispose of my woe,*  
A good friend he gave me advice  
And timely prevented the splash,  
Now at home I've a wife and ten heirs,  
And all through a handsome moustache,  
A moustache, a moustache,  
And all through a handsome moustache...."

Booth and Ferrandini: Bad a da, badada,  
ba dadadadadada...

Abigail: Shall we get married?

Booth: No time my beautiful Abigail!

Ferrandini: You have time! You have time!

Booth: We must go now, quickly go now!

Abigail: I would say "yes"!

Ferrandini: Let's pretend...

Abigail: I would say "yes"!

Booth: I am not sure, am not sure!

Abigail: I would say "yes"! I would say "yes"!

Ferrandini: Let us pretend, make believe...

Abigail: Yes! Yes! Yes!

Ferrandini: Do some acting!

Abigail: Yes! Yes! Yes!

Ferrandini: You are a famous actor!

Abigail: Yes! Yes! Yes!...I'm ready to play the part!

Booth: With me?

Abigail: I'll play your wife...

Ferrandini: Just pretend, make believe...

Abigail: Oh, dearest John!

Booth: I...

Abigail: Oh, dearest John!

Booth: will...

Abigail: Yes, dearest John!

Ferrandini: Yes?

Abigail: My love!

Booth: play!

Abigail: My love!

Ferrandini: The famous actor!

Abigail: Yes, the famous actor!

Ferrandini: We will make believe...

Abigail: Yes!

Ferrandini: and just pretend...

Abigail: Yes!

Booth: I am your husband!

Abigail: Yes!

Ferrandini: (to Booth) Pretend you come home late at night...What would you say? (to Abigail)...And what would you say to him?...Bravo! Bravo!

(Abigail and Booth sing *Stephen Foster's song*  
*"Mr. and Mrs. Brown."*)

Abigail: So Mister Brown you've come at last.  
I'm sure it's after two.

Booth: Dear Mistress Brown, your clock is fast.  
I know as well as you.

Abigail: All right! You good for nothing you.  
Have I not eyes to see?

Booth: No, Madam, what I say is true.  
I'm only on a spree!

Abigail: All right, you good for nothing you.  
I see that you're not right.

Booth: I'm only on a spree, my dear,  
You see that I am right.  
O! Mary Brown! O! Mary Brown!  
You see that I am right!

Abigail:  
O! Harry Brown! O! Harry Brown!  
You're anything but right.

Abigail: Hard hearted man, I tell you what,  
I must know where you've been;  
I am not jealous, o! no! no!  
But it's a shame and sin!  
Your bosom friend, young Jones, just left.  
He calls here every night,  
I'm sure if it were not for him  
I'd really die with fright.  
I'm sure if it were not for him,  
I'd really die with fright.

Booth: What Ma'am, if it were not for him  
You say you'd die with fright!  
O! Mary Brown! O! Mary Brown!  
I'll call him out to fight!

Abigail: O! Harry Brown, O Harry Brown.  
He's far above your height.

Booth: So, Mr. Jones was here, you say  
While I have been away!  
Now Madam you will drive me mad.  
We part this very day.  
You know it is my business ma'am  
That keeps me at the store.  
And if I could have sooner come  
I'd been here long before.  
You know it is my business ma'am  
That keeps me at the store.

Abigail: I know it's not your business, sir  
That keeps you at the store.

Booth: O! Mary Brown, O! Mary Brown,  
It's business at the store.

Abigail: O Mr. Brown! O Mr. Brown!  
You've told me that before.  
There, don't be angry, husband, don't  
I'm sure I love you dear.  
I was but joking when I said  
That odious Jones was here.  
But promise me, now won't you love,  
That when the night has come  
You'll never stay away so late,  
And leave your wife at home.  
Now promise me when night has come,  
You'll always stay at home.

Booth: I'll promise you when night has come  
I'll always stay at home.  
O! Mrs. Brown! O! Mrs. Brown!  
I'll always stay at home.

Abigail: O! Mr. Brown, O! Mr. Brown  
Now won't you stay at home?

Booth: You were but joking, dearest wife?  
Now come and kiss me, do.  
Jones is a bosom friend to me,  
But needn't be to you.  
My little wife! My joy and life!  
My gentle pretty elf.  
If any man sits up with you  
Hereafter, it's myself.  
If any one sits up with me  
O let it be yourself.

Booth: O! Mary Brown, O! Mary Brown,  
Our quarrels they are o'er.

Abigail: O! Harry Brown, O! Harry Brown,  
We'll never quarrel more.

Ferrandini: Bravo! Bravo!

Abigail: I would love to marry you!

Booth: I am not ready for marriage!...  
I should have my moustache cut after all...

Abigail: My heart will surely break!

Ferrandini: Her heart will break!

Abigail: If you cut it off!...

Booth: I will not cut it off! My love...am I right Mr.  
Ferrandini?

Ferrandini: Yes, sir, you are right!

Abigail: Oh! Oh! Oh, come my love....

Booth: Let's go and have a drink now!

Ferrandini: ...and drink to your moustache, your  
moustache...

Booth: Let's go quickly!...and I will keep,  
and I will keep my moustache...

Ferrandini: Your baffi?

Booth: Yes, my beautiful moustache!

Ferrandini: Come, let us go now, go now, go now for a  
drink...If only I had, if only I had his moustache, his  
beautiful moustache...badada badada...If I only had his  
moustache...

**Scene 6: Reprise of "Do Not Weep"**

**The End**

**Barber's chair bio:** The barber's chair was donated by an alum of St. John's College to Mr. Bryce Jacobsen and the gym. Mr. Jacobsen was the athletic director at St. John's College from the late 1950s to the mid 1980s. Mr. Leo Pickens, present athletic director, states that "just when it arrived is a mystery. It was in Mr. Jacobsen's office when I arrived here as a freshman in 1974. And, I'll pass it on when I leave. I guess it now goes with the job."

## Performer Biographies:

**Dr. Jason Thoms** (John Wilkes Booth): Dr. Jason Thoms is the Director of Choral Activities at Concordia College-New York in Bronxville, New York. At Concordia, Jason conducts the renowned Concordia Tour Choir and the Concordia Festival Choir. In the past year, Dr. Thoms' reputation as a bass-baritone soloist has increased throughout the Mid-Atlantic region. In April 2008, he had his Carnegie Hall debut as soloist in the Faure *Requiem* with Anton Armstrong, conductor. In 2009, Dr. Thoms will sing the roles of Don Pasquale with the Westside Opera Society in New York City, John Wilkes Booth in the world premiere of *The Moustache*, and be soloist in Mozart's *Grand Mass in C*, Haydn's *Creation*, and the Rossini's *Mass*. Other roles include Socrates in the premiere of *Socrates*, Marullo and Ceprano in *Rigoletto*, Pandolph in *Cendrillon*, Masetto in *Don Giovanni*, Benoit and Alcindoro in *La Boheme*, and Peter in *Hansel and Gretel*.

**Robert Williamson** (Actor, Scene 4): Robert Williamson joined the faculty of St. John's College in 1960, where he continues part-time teaching since retirement. He played the role of Hamlet in the Annapolis Summer Garden Theater in 1967 and has subsequently participated in many Shakespearian productions, mostly with the King William Players of St. John's College. Among his roles have been Macbeth, Hotspur, Shylock, Caliban, Malvolio, Iago and, most recently, Othello.

**Treva Foss Thoms** (Abigail): New York based soprano Treva Foss has created two roles for composer Hollis Thoms: the first for the world premiere of the opera *Socrates* as The Woman of Athens, and today as Abigail. Her rich voice and captivating stage presence has garnered praise for her roles in traditional repertory as Fiodiligi; Violetta; Gertrude, *Hansel and Gretel*; Noemie, *Cendrillon*; Crobyle, *Thais*; and First Lady, *Le Comte d'Ory*. She has performed recitals and in concert as a soloist with orchestras in venues around the country. Ms. Foss, a graduate of St. Olaf College and the University of Arkansas, completed her first recording project of American sacred music entitled *Come Sunday*. The CD features music of Duke Ellington and John Carter and contains a mixture of jazz and spirituals that complements her artistry and range.

**Kristopher Jean** (Cipriano Ferrandini): Kristopher Jean has appeared in numerous stage productions throughout the United States and abroad. Most recently, he performed at the VII Festival Internazionale di Musica e Arte Sacra in Rome as a tenor soloist in *Requiem* by Stephen Edwards. His operatic roles include Borsa in *Rigoletto*, Fairfax in *The Yeoman of the Guard*, Tybalt in *Romeo and Juliet*, Rinucci in *Gianni Schicchi*, Lord Arturo Bucklaw in *Lucia di Lammermoor*, Lutz in *Gondoliers*, and Dr. Blind in *Die Fledermaus*. In addition, he was an ensemble member in The Heights Players production of *Ragtime*. In 2004 he joined the Lourdes Singers from Miami's Our Lady of Lourdes Academy in the one-act opera *Bernadette* in Paris, France. In constant demand as a soloist and ensemble singer, Kristopher has performed with such notable arts organizations as the Florida Philharmonic Orchestra, the Key West Pops Orchestra, the Civic Chorale of Greater Miami, the Master Chorale of South Florida, Florida Grand Opera, and MidAmerican Productions.

**Jacqueline Thoms** (Another Maid, Administrator): Jacqueline Thoms holds a BA in elementary education from Concordia University and an MM in organ performance from Colorado State University. Ms. Thoms has studied voice with Dr. John Lueck at Colorado State University and has extensive choral experience, singing in choirs in New York, Massachusetts, Illinois, Ohio, California and Scotland. Currently, she sings in the Bach Choir of Baltimore and in both the Madrigals and the St. John's College Chorus and works in the Registrar's office at St. John's. She made her operatic debut as a Young Boy in the world premiere of *Socrates* in 2007.

**Jennifer Peterson** (Conductor): Mrs. Peterson grew up in Eugene, Oregon and studied piano from the age of five and violin from the age of eight. She received further musical training from the Oberlin Conservatory of Music where in 1988 she completed her undergraduate degree in both violin and piano performance in the studios of violinist Marilyn McDonald and pianist Peter Takacs. She then attended the Indiana University School of Music where she received a Masters Degree in Piano Performance in the studio of pianist and chamber musician Enrica Cavallo-Gulli, and simultaneously began her opera career as a vocal coach with the Indiana University Opera Theatre. She then spent three years in Rochester, New York, completing doctoral work at the Eastman School of Music and co-founding the Rochester Chamber Opera in 1992. Ms. Peterson is respected for her informed and spirited interpretations in a wide range of musical styles, including opera, early music, new music, chamber music and art song repertoire. She has collaborated extensively with living composers on new works. She currently resides in Kew Gardens, Queens, New York.

**Hollis Thoms** (Composer): *The Moustache* is Mr. Thoms' second opera. His first, *Socrates*, for four singers and chamber ensemble premiered at St. John's College, Annapolis in February, 2007. Most recently, Mr. Thoms' *Requiem for 9/11* for soprano and string ensemble received two performances in September, 2008 at Concordia University New York, Bronxville, New York and at All Nations Church in New York City. In August, the Annapolis Wind Symphony will premiere a commissioned work, *Celebration*, for its 10<sup>th</sup> anniversary commemoration. Mr. Thoms has written 100 works for a wide variety of ensembles (his professional musical family has inspired many of his works) and he has had 30 articles published in educational journals. He has a BA from Concordia University, an MM from Northwestern University, an EdS in educational administration from the University of Toledo, a MALA from St. John's College, Annapolis, and finished the course work for the PhD in composition from the Eastman School of Music. He has been the recipient of a Joseph Klingenstein to Columbia University, an Alden B. Dow Fellowship to write a ballet, was awarded a Fulbright Exchange Teacher to Scotland, and was selected to participate in the summer seminar for principals at Harvard University Graduate School of Education.

**Dr. Edward Papenfuse**: Dr. Papenfuse has been the Maryland State Archivist and Commissioner of Land Patents since 1975. He played a major role in the design of the present Archives building which was completed in 1986, initiated the creation of the award winning Maryland State Archives web site, and teaches courses at the University of Maryland College Park, the University of Maryland Law School, and the Johns Hopkins University. He is the author of numerous articles and books, including *In Pursuit of Profit: The Annapolis Merchants in the Era of the American Revolution* (1975), with Joseph M. Coale, *The Hammond-Harwood House Atlas of Historical Maps of Maryland, 1608-1908* (1982), and *The Maryland State Archives Atlas of Historical Maps of Maryland 1608-1908* (2003). He has also developed an approach to providing reference services and teaching courses on the World Wide Web of the Internet. Dr. Papenfuse received his undergraduate degree from the American University, an MA from the University of Colorado, and his PhD in history from The Johns Hopkins University.

## **Organizations - Thank you!**

The National Capital Area Chapter of the Fulbright Alumni Association and President Keisuke Nakagawa for being the sponsoring organization for this performance of the opera.

Maryland State Archives and Dr. Edward Papenfuse for hosting a reception for Fulbrighters after the concert and to Dr. Philip Allen for preparing the reception for the Fulbrighters.

St. John's College and Mr. Christopher Nelson, President of the College, for underwriting the program booklets, Tom Light, St. John's College, for audio-visual technical assistance, Howard Morsberger for printing the programs, Leo Pickens, for the use of his barber chair, and Diane Ensor for facilities assistance.

Sop. Night is gale, love, 'tis the Night is gale, Love, 'tis the Night is gale that sings in yon - der tree With thou be gone... with thou be  
 Mezzo  
 T  
 Bar. 'Tis the Lark 'tis the Lark, 'tis the Lark... love that sings in yon - der tree I must be gone I must be  
 Gtr.  
 Pno.  
 Picc.  
 Bb-Cl.  
 C Tpt.  
 Hrn.  
 Tuba  
 Vla.  
 Vlc.  
 Timp.  
 Quarts  
 S. Dr.  
 B. Dr.

This musical score is for a scene from 'The Moustache'. It features vocal parts for Soprano, Mezzo, Tenor, and Baritone, each with lyrics. The instrumental ensemble includes Guitar, Piano, Piccolo, Bb Clarinet, C Trumpet, Horn, Tuba, Violin, Viola, Timpani, Quinets, Snare Drum, and Bass Drum. The score is written in 2/4 time with a key signature of two flats (Bb and Eb). The vocal lines are in English. The instrumental parts include various textures, including chords, arpeggios, and melodic lines. Dynamics such as *pp* (pianissimo), *mp* (mezzo-piano), and *mf* (mezzo-forte) are indicated. The score is divided into measures by vertical bar lines.



Score for "The Moustache" (Page 94).

**Vocalists:** Soprano (S), Mezzo (Mezzo), Tenor (T), Bass (B).

**Instrumentation:** Guitar (Gtr), Piano (Pno), Piccolo (Picc), Bb Clarinet (Bb Cl), C Trumpet (C Tpt), Horn (Hr), Tuba, Viola (Vla), Violoncello (Vc), Timpani (Timp), Quins, Snare Drum (S.Dr), Bass Drum (B.Dr).

**Lyrics:**

he would ra - ther be su - sa - si - na - ted on the spot than to sur - ren - der... it...  
 So he knew! So he knew! So he knew! I am sure he would... cheer...  
 So he knew! So he knew! So he knew! I am sure he would... cheer...

**Dynamic Markings:** *ff*, *f*, *p*, *f*.