

WENDLA AND GIRLS:

Mama who bore me.  
 Mama who gave me  
 No way to handle things. Who made me so sad.

Mama, the weeping.  
 Mama, the angels.  
 No sleep in Heaven, or Bethlehem.

Some pray that, one day, Christ will come a-calling!  
 They light a candle, and hope that it glows.  
 And some just lie there, crying for him to come and find  
 them.  
 But when he comes, they don't know how to go . . .

Mama who bore me.  
 Mama who gave me  
 No way to handle things. Who made me so bad.

Mama, the weeping.  
 Mama, the angels.  
 No sleep in Heaven, or Bethlehem.

## SCENE 2

*School. The Boys sit upright at their desks, reciting from Virgil's Aeneid. They stand, one after the other, for their recitation. Herr Sonnenstich walks the aisles beside them, listening.*

HERR SONNENSTICH: Again.

OTTO (*Mid-recitation*):

. . . vi superum saevae memorem Iunonis ob iram . . .

HERR SONNENSTICH (*"Well done"*): Better, Herr Lammermeier.  
 Continue, Herr Zirschnitz.

GEORG:

. . . multa quoque et bello passus, dum conderet urbem.

HERR SONNENSTICH: Herr Rilow. From the beginning.

HANSCHEN:

Arma virumque cano, Troiae qui primus ab oris—

HERR SONNENSTICH: Herr Robel. And . . .

ERNST:

. . . Italiam, fato profugus, Laviniaque venit  
 litora—

HERR SONNENSTICH: Herr Stiefel.

(*But, alas, Moritz is asleep.*)

Herr Stiefel.

MORITZ (*Waking*): Sir? . . .

HERR SONNENSTICH: Continue. Please. (*Moritz hesitates*) Herr  
 Stiefel . . .

MORITZ (*Haltingly*):

. . . Laviniaque venit . . .

HERR SONNENSTICH: Yes . . . ?

MORITZ:

. . . litora . . . multum enim—

HERR SONNENSTICH: "Multum enim"?

MORITZ (*Taking another stab at it*):

. . . multum olim—

HERR SONNENSTICH (*Losing patience*): "Olim"?! "Multum  
 olim" . . . ?! So then, somehow the Pious Aeneas has "already"  
 suffered much "in the days still to come" . . . ?

(*No response.*)

Herr Stiefel?