

RENEWAL ARTS

presents

***“In sweet music is such
art...”***

a recital of songs with

*Sylvie
Söderlund*

Soprano

&

*John
Burrows*

Piano

RENEWAL ARTS

RENEWAL ARTS is a production team whose primary purpose is to provide professional opportunities for artists of all disciplines to share their God-given gifts with others. Artists invited to present their work under the banner of *RENEWAL ARTS* are those who have dedicated their working lives to their craft and have gained recognition in the world-at-large. *RENEWAL ARTS* events are synonymous with the aims and goals of Moral Re-armament.

RENEWAL ARTS

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Biographies

Sylvie Söderlund (Soprano)

Sylvie Söderlund is from Switzerland, although for the past fifteen years she has made her home in Stockholm with her Swedish husband and two children. Music has always played a central rôle in her life. She was the soloist in one of the finest children's choirs in Switzerland, and also in two youth choirs. She also sang *chansons* to her own guitar accompaniment, and at the age of eighteen she was awarded first prize in a *chanson* competition on French-speaking Swiss television. For a number of years she appeared in Moral Re-arming productions seen in many countries around the world. These included *Anything to Declare*, *Pitié pour Clémentine*, *Time to Choose*, and *Cross Road* (which enjoyed a substantial run at London's Westminster Theatre). In 1996, she took part in the creation of *The Silver Thread* under the musical direction of John Burrows. It was African-American singer, Muriel Smith, who introduced her to singing teacher Miette Dernbach in London. Later she continued her vocal studies with the German teacher, Lissy Sanden, and in Stockholm, she studies with Ingrid Schmidt, a founding member of the European Voice Teachers' Association.

Sylvie Söderlund regularly gives recitals in Caux, Switzerland, in Stockholm and for the last three summers has appeared as soprano soloist in the *L'été, c'est l'orgue* festival at Montreux's St. Vincent Church. In the past few years, she has performed in France (Paris, Brest, Nantes and Strasbourg), in England (Keswick, Chester and London) South Africa (Pretoria and Cape Town), as well as in Oslo and Moscow.

From her home base in Sweden, she has discovered for herself a vast treasury of Nordic music – classical and folk – rarely heard in other countries. It has found voice in her repertoire, and she looks forward to continuing to share these works with new audiences around the world.

John Burrows (Piano)

As conductor and musical director, John Burrows has been acclaimed in Europe and America. A native of England, and a United States resident since 1980, he co-founded the Lyric Opera of Dallas, serving as the company's Artistic Director and Principal Conductor until 1992. There he presided over twenty five productions ranging from Mozart and Rossini, to Offenbach and Bernstein.

John Burrows has appeared as Guest Conductor with Opera Northeast, Shreveport Opera, Fort Worth Opera, Opera Theatre of San Antonio, Opera Delaware, the American Music Theatre Festival and the National Symphony Orchestra. Venues have included London's Royal Albert and Queen Elizabeth Halls and the Barbican Centre, as well as Washington's Kennedy Center, Philadelphia's Merriam Theatre, and New York's Kaye Playhouse. In 1998, he conducted the New York première of Rossini's *Elisabetta, Regina d'Inghilterra*. He has headed tours of Europe, the U.S. and Canada, and over the past three years he has accompanied Swiss soprano Sylvie Söderlund in song recitals in Stockholm, Sweden; Caux, Switzerland; and London, England. He has also appeared in recital with tenors, Robert Tear and Alberto Remedios, and soprano, Valerie Masterson.

For twelve seasons, Burrows prepared productions for English National Opera, and was the prompter for the now-legendary *Ring of the Nibelungs* at the London Coliseum under Sir Reginald Goodall. He was also the studio conductor for a number of television operas at the BBC and his broadcast experience extended into composing and arranging the music for several BBC Television drama series.

Burrows has always maintained a strong interest in the training of young professional singers and actors. He headed the opera departments at Southern Methodist and Temple Universities in the U.S.A., and played important roles in the education programs of Welsh National Opera, the London Opera Centre, the Academy of Vocal Arts and the University of the Arts in Philadelphia, the American Institute of Musical Studies in Graz, Austria, and the Apprentice Program of Des Moines Metro Opera.

While resident in London John Burrows was the Musical Director of *A Chorus Line* at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, and *Cowardy Custard* and *Cole*, two long-running revues at the Mermaid Theatre. He has appeared in Caux, Switzerland as Musical Director of *Un soleil en pleine nuit*, and the 1996 production of *The Silver Thread*. For the Westminster Theatre he was Musical Director of *Love All, Poor Man Rich Man*, and the 1997 concert version of *Give a Dog a Bone*.

Programme

Someday my heart will awake
Why is there ever goodbye?
The little damozel

Ivor Novello (1893-1951)

Orpheus with his lute
The Willow Song
Where the bee sucks

Arthur Sullivan (1842-1900)

Jeg giver mit digt til våren
Alt vandrer Maanen sin Vej I Kvæld
Ich möchte schweben
Og jeg vil drage fra Sydens Blommer

Emil Sjögren (1853-1918)

Mörke Lieder

Auf einer Wanderung
In der Frühe
Verborgeneheit
Der Gärtner
Er ist's

Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

Interval

(10 minutes)

Men min fågel märks dock icke
Svarta rosor
Våren flyktar hastigt
Flickan kom ifrån sin älsklings möte

Jean Sibelius (1865-1957)

Fêtes galantes

En sourdine
Fantoches
Clair de lune

Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

Paris is a lonely town
The silent spring
I wonder what became of me?
What's good about goodbye?
Over the rainbow

Harold Arlen (1905-1986)

PLEASE WITHHOLD YOUR APPLAUSE UNTIL THE END OF EACH GROUP OF SONGS.

***THIS PROGRAMME WILL LAST ONE HOUR AND TWENTY MINUTES
(INCLUDING INTERVAL)***

Texts and Translations

IVOR NOVELLO (1893-1951)

Someday my heart will awake

*Someday my heart will awake.
Someday the morning will break.
Music will open my eyes,
Showing the skies,
Golden with rapture.
Maybe this gentle refrain
Someday will echo again,
Bringing my lover's caress,
Bidding my heart say "Yes!"*

*Lazy heart! Lazy heart!
The leaves of summer fall and die,
But still you drift along the stream,
Not even troubled by a dream.
The birds are mating,
But while you're waiting,
Time slips by.*

*Someday my heart will awake.
etc.*

Christopher Hassall

Why is there ever goodbye?

*Brown leaves in the forest are falling again,
Hungry thrushes are calling again
Out in the snow.
Time flies, and you part from your favourite friend;
Even love seems to end
When the winds blow.*

*Why is there ever goodbye?
All the joy of today,
Though it seemed willing to stay,
Is tomorrow a dream that soon passes away
Like the dew on the thorn
When the dawn
Of the sun
Has begun,*

*Far on the crest of a star
I can show you a light
That continues to shine every night
Filled with a fire unfading.
Why – if the stars never die –
Is there ever goodbye?*

Christopher Hassall

The Little Damsel

*A dainty little damsel looked out across the sea,
She saw the Lord High Admiral come swaggering down the quay.
"Good morrow, little damsel. I'll marry you" quoth he,
"When I have sent those foreign ships to where they ought to be."
"F'a-la-la-la-la!" She tossed her little head. "Lord Admiral you may be;
But as for marrying me," she said, "well that depends on me!"*

*This wayward little damsel went wandering by the lea,
And there she met a shepherd boy as pretty as could be.
"I love you, dainty damsel, with tender heart and true.
If you will love me half so well, I'll pipe all day for you!"
"F'a-la-la-la-la!" She shook her little head. "Nay, nay, that cannot be;
If you should pipe all day" she said, "who'd keep my sheep for me?"*

*But as she turned her home again across the twilight land,
Her blue-eyed page came timidly, a rosebud in his hand.
"God greet you, dainty damsel". He sighed and bent his knee.
"I am no Lord High Admiral, nor can I pipe, you see."
"F'a-la-la-la-la!" She bent her little head. "What matters that?" said she,
"I only know I love you so, and that's enough for me!"*

Piano arrangements by John Burrows
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ARTHUR SULLIVAN (1842-1900)

Orpheus with his lute (from *Henry VIII*)

*Orpheus with his lute made trees
And the mountain tops that freeze
Bow themselves when he did sing.
To his music plants and flowers ever sprung
As sun and showers there had made a lasting spring.*

*Everything that heard him play,
Ev'n the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art
Killing care and grief of heart.*

Fall asleep or hearing die.

William Shakespeare

The Willow Song (from *Othello*)

*A poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree.
Sing all a green willow.
Her hand on her bosom;
Her head on her knee.
Sing willow, willow, willow.*

*The fresh streams ran by her and murmured her moans;
Her salt tears ran from her and softened the stones.
Sing willow, willow, willow.
Sing all a green willow must be my garland.
Sing willow, willow, willow.*

William Shakespeare

Where the bee sucks (from *The Tempest*)

*Where the bee sucks, there lurk I.
In a cowslip's bell I lie.
There I couch where owls do cry.
On a bat's back I do fly,
After summer merrily.*

*Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bow.
Merrily!*

William Shakespeare

EMIL SJÖGREN (1853-1918)

Jeg giver mit digt til våren

*Jeg giver mit digt til våren,
Sjönt endnu den ej er båret,
Jeg giver mit digt til våren,
Som længsler til længsler lagt.*

*Så slutter de to en pagt
At lokke på sol med liste,
Så vinteren nød må friste
At slippe et kor af bække,
Så sangen må ham forskrække,
At jage ham ud av luften med idelig blomsterduften.*

Jeg giver mit digt til våren!

Alt vandrer Maanen sin Vej I Kvæld

*Alt vandrer Maanen sin Vej I Kvæld
Og Duggen falder I Krat;
Nu ganger den lyse Dag paa Hæld;
Allerkæresten min, Godnat!*

*Ret aldrig straalers saa klar som Du
En Stjerne paa Højeloftsbro;
Til Dig staaer altid I Kvæld min Hu,
Naar Dagen ganger til Ro.*

*Hvor solen drager i Vesten ind,
Af Havet I Favntag kryst,
Ret altid søger Dig da mit Sind
Der, hvor der er mildt og lyst.*

I give my poem to spring

*I give my poem to spring,
Although it has not arrived yet.
I give my poem to spring,
Which fills us with such longing.*

*Together they will then make a pact
Which will cunningly entice the sun to shine,
So winter will be forced
To release a chorus of brooks,
Whose song will then frighten him,
And make him flee with the scent of a myriad
of flowers.*

I give my poem to spring!

Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson
(English by Sylvie Söderlund)

The moon takes a wandering course

*The moon takes her wandering course tonight
And dew falls in the long grass;
The bright day is fading;
Goodnight, my dearest!*

*Never will a star in the firmament
Shine as brightly as you do;
I long for you this evening,
As the day goes to rest.*

*The sun is drawing westward,
Into the sea's embrace.
My heart will always be searching for you
There where the air is mild and light.*

Ernst von der Recke
(English by Sylvie Söderlund)

Ich möchte schweben über Thal und Hügel

*Ich möchte schweben über Thal und Hügel
Mit meiner Liebe Leid allein zu sein.
Und nähmest Du der Morgenröthe Flügel,
Ich holte Dich mit meiner Sehnsucht ein.
Die Winde sausen und die Wipfel rauschen,
Und von den Zweigen klingt das alte Lied,
Dem alle Herzen auf der Erde lauschen,
Dass nie von Leide sich die Liebe schied.
Und von den Zweigen klingt das alte Lied,
Dass nie von Liede sich die Liebe schied.*

I would like to fly over valley and hill

I would like to fly over valley and hill
To be alone with my love-sorrow.
Should you take the wings of dawn,
My longing would still find you.
The winds sigh and the trees are rustling,
And the boughs are singing the age-old song,
That love will never be without that sorrow,
To which every heart on earth pays heed.
And the boughs are singing the age-old song,
To which every heart on earth pays heed.

Julius Wolf

Og jeg vil drage fra Sydens Blommer

*Og jeg vil drage fra Sydens Blommer
Men ikke tage dens Torne med.
Hvorhen jeg kommer, der vil jeg prise,
I Spil og Vise, dens Ildfuldhed.
Dog aldrig ender den Ild der brænder,
Derfor jeg sender mod Nord min Sang.
Der vecksler Sommer og skønne Blommer,
De gaar, de kommer en evig Gang.
Der køler Vinden, hvad Solen brændte,
Der skærmer Linden naar Regnen slaar.
Hvad Sommer tændte, det Vinter slukker,
Indtil man plukker den nye Vaar.
Hvad hurtigst svinder, det stærkest binder
Med alle Minder af Sang og Duft.
Thi vill jeg drage mod Nord tilbage,
Mod Solskinsdage som Snefaldsluft.
Og jeg vil lægge i mine Toner
Bag Kuldens Dække den stærke Glød.
I andre Zoner vil varmt jeg prise,
I Spil og Vise, hvad Syden bød.*

I want to leave the flowers of the South

I want to leave the flowers of the South
Yet not to take their thorns with me.
Still, wherever I go, I shall praise its fire,
In song and verse.
But this burning fire never dies,
And so my song turns to the North.
There summer and flowers come and go
In an eternal life-cycle.
There the wind cools what the sun has burnt,
And the lime shelters from the driving rain.
What summer has lit, winter will extinguish,
Until a new spring emerges.
The things that soon are past, still firmly
Bound by memories of song and scent.
Yes, I want to return to the North,
To days of sunshine and snow-filled air.
And into my song, obscured by the cold,
I shall pour warm passion.
In other lands, I will praise in song and verse
All the South has to offer.

Holger Drachmann
(English by Sylvie Soderlund)

HUGO WOLF (1860-1903)

Mörike Lieder

Auf einer Wanderung

*In ein freundliches Städtchen tret'ich ein,
In den Strassen liegt roter Abendschein.*

*Aus einem offenen Fenster eben,
Über den reichsten Blumenflor hinweg,
Hört man Goldglockentöne schweben,
Und eine Stimme scheint ein Nachtgallenchor
Dass die Blüten beben,
Dass die Lüfte leben,
Dass in höherem Rot die Rosen leuchten vor.*

Lang hielt ich staunend, lustbekommen.

*Wie ich hinaus vors Tor gekommen,
Ich weiss es wahrlich selber nicht.
Ach hier, wie leigt die Welt so licht!
Der Himmel wogt in purpurnem Gewühle,
Rückwärts die Stadt in goldnem rauch:
Wie rauscht der Erlenbach,
Wie rauscht im Grund die Mühle,
Ich bin wie trunken, irr'geführt. O Muse,
Du hast mein Herz berührt mit einem Liebeshauch!*

In der Frühe

*Kein Schlaf noch kühlt das Auge mir,
Dort gebet schon der Tag herfür
An meinem Kammerfenster.
Es wühlet mein verstörter Sinn
Noch zwischen Zweifeln her und hin
Und schafftet Nachtgespenster.
Ängst'ge, quäle dich nicht länger, meine Seele!
Freu dich! Schon sind da und dorten
Morgenglocken wach geworden*

Poems by Eduard Mörike

Wandering

I entered a friendly little town
While the streets were bathed in the evening
sun's red glow.
From an open window nearby,
Out over a bed of marvellous flowers
Came drifting the tones of golden bells,
And a voice like a chorus of nightingales
Made the blossoms quiver,
The breezes spring to life,
And the roses glow in their deep red
splendour.

I stood there a long time astonished,
overcome by joy!
How I found my way through the gateway,
Indeed I do not know.
Ah, but the world is beautiful here!
The sky is bathed in a tumult of crimson,
Behind me the town in a golden haze:
How the stream rushes under the alders,
How the mill rumbles in the gorge.
I am bemused, intoxicated, oh Muse,
You have touched my heart with a breath of
love!

At dawn

My eyes are not yet cooled by sleep,
But the daylight is already breaking
Through the window of my room.
My troubled mind is stirred
By all sorts of fears, back and forth,
And conjures up dark phantoms.
Do not fear, be anxious no more, my soul!
Rejoice! Already all around
The morning bells are waking.

Verborgenheit

Lass, O Welt, o lass mich sein!
Locket nicht mit Liebesgaben,
Lass dies Herz alleine haben
Seine Wonne, seine Pein!
Was ich traure, weiss ich nicht,
Es ist unbekanntes Wehe;
Immerdar durch Tränen sehe
Ich der Sonne liebes Licht.
Oft bin ich mir kaum bewusst
Und die helle Freude zückt
Durch die Schwere, so mich drückt
Wonniglich in meiner Brust.

Der Gärtner

Auf ihrem Leibrösslein,
So weiss wie der Schnee,
Die schönste Prinzessin
Reit't durch die Allee.
Der Weg, den das Rösslein
Hintanzet so hold,
Der Sand, den ich streute,
Er blinket wie Gold!
Du rosenfarb's Hüttlein
Wohl auf und wohl ab,
O wirf eine Feder
Verstohlen herab!
Und willst du dagegen
Ein Blüte von mir,
Nimm tausend für eine ...
Nimm alle dafür!

Er ist's

Frühling lasst sein blaues Band
Wieder flattern durch die Lüfte;
Süsse, wohlbekannte Düfte
Streifen ahnungsvoll das Land.
Veilchen träumen schon,
Wollen balde kommen.
Horch, von fern ein leiser Harfenton!
Frühling, ja du bist's!
Dich hab ich vernommen, ja du bist's!

Concealment

Oh world, let me be!
Tempt me not with bribes of love,
Let this heart of mine in solitude feel
Its joy, its pain!
I do not know the cause of this sadness,
It is indefinable pain;
Yet, constantly through my tears, I see
The sweet light of the sun.
Often I am barely conscious
And pure joy breaks
Through the darkness, and wonderfully
Lightens my heart.

The Gardener

On her own little horse
That's as white as snow,
The most beautiful princess
Comes riding along the avenue.
On the path, where her little horse
Prances so gracefully,
The sand which I sprinkled
Sparkles like gold!
Little rose-coloured bonnet
Bobbing up and down,
Oh toss a feather
Secretly this way!
And should you wish
A flower in exchange from me,
Take a thousand for your one ...
Take them all for one!

It's here!

Spring once again lets her blue ribbon
Flutter again in the breeze;
Sweet, well-remembered scents
Pervade the countryside with promise.
Violets are dreaming -
Soon they will appear.
Listen, a harp sounds softly from afar!
Spring, it is you indeed!
It is you indeed I have heard!

Interval

(10 minutes)

JEAN SIBELIUS (1865-1957)

Men min fågel märks dock icke

*Svanen speglas ren i sundet
knipans vita vingar vira
lärken höres högt i höjden,
spovens rop kring kärret rullar,
våren samlar sina skaror,
får sin fågelflock tillbaka,
väntar dem med sol och värme,
lockar dem med långa dagar.*

*Och jag, arma flicka, fiker,
söker skingra saknans mörker,
vårda värmen i mitt sinne,
vill som våren vänlig vara,
synas ljus som sommardagen.
Och jag gläds, fast sorgen gnager,
ler, fast tåren trängs i ögat.
Men min fågel märks dock icke.*

Svarta rosor

*Säg, varför är du så ledsen i dag,
du, som alltid är så lustig och glad?
Och inte är jag mera ledsen i dag
än när jag tyckes dig lustig och glad;
ty sorgen har nattsvarta rosor.*

*I mitt hjärta där växer ett rosendeträd,
som aldrig nånsin vill lämna mig fred,
och på stjälkarna sitter det tagg vid tagg,
och det vållar mig ständigt sveda och agg:
ty sorgen har nattsvarta rosor.*

*Men av rosor blir det en hel klenod,
än vita som döden, än röda som blod.
Det växer och växer. Jag tror jag förgår,
i hjärträdets rötter det rycker och slår;*

ty sorgen har nattsvarta rosor.

But my bird is nowhere to be seen

Already the swan is mirrored in the bay,
The white wings of the golden-eye whirr,
The lark trills in the heavens,
The curlews cry echoes over the fens –
Spring is assembling its hordes,
Reclaiming its flocks of birds,
Awaiting them with warmth and sunshine,
Luring them back with long days.

And I, poor girl, am filled with longing.
I try to dispel a dark sense of loss,
To nurture the warmth in my heart,
To be as friendly as the spring,
As light as a summer day.
And I rejoice, though sorrow gnaws,
Smile, though a tear wells up in my eye.
But my bird is nowhere to be seen.

J. L. Runeberg

Black roses

Tell me, why are you so sad today
When you are always so cheerful and happy?
But I am not any sadder today
Than when you think I'm cheerful and happy;
For sorrow's roses are as black as night.

In my heart there grows a rose-bush,
Which will never allow me any peace:
On its stems grow thorn after thorn,
And they cause unceasing rancour and pain,
For sorrow's roses are as black as night.

But it has a wealth of roses,
Some as white as death, some as red as blood.
It grows and grows. I almost faint away.
The rose-bush in my heart has roots that are
wrenching and throbbing,
For sorrow's roses are as black as night.

Ernst Josephson

Våren flyktar hastigt

*"Våren flyktar hastigt,
hastigare sommarn,
hösten dröjer länge,
vintern ännu längre.
Snart, i sköna kinder,
skolen, i förvissna och ej knoppas mera."*

Gossen svarte åter:

*"Än i höstens dagar
gläda vårens minnen,
än i vinterns dagar
räcka sommarns skördar.
Fritt må våren flykta, fritt må kinden vissna,
låt oss nu blott älska,
låt oss nu blott kyssas."*

Flickan kom ifrån sin älsklings möte

*Flickan kom ifrån sin älsklings möte
kom med röda händer -*

Modern sade :

"Varav rodna dina händer, flicka?"

Flickan sade :

*"Jag har plockat rosor,
Och på törnen stungit mina händer."*

*Åter kom hon från sin älsklings möte,
Kom med röda läppar -*

Modern sade :

"Varav rodna dina läppar, flicka?"

Flickan sade :

*"Jag har ätit hallon,
Och med saften målat mina läppar."*

*Åter kom hon från sin älsklings möte,
Kom med blecka kinder -*

Modern sade :

"Varav blekna dina kinder, flicka?"

Flickan sade :

*"Red en grav, o moder!
Göm mig där och ställ ett kors däröver,
och på korset rista, som jag säger :*

*'En gång kom hon hem med röda händer,
Ty de rodnat mellan älskarns händer;
En gång kom hon hem med röda läppar,
Ty de rodnat under älskarns läppar.
Senast kom hon hem med bleka kinder;
Ty de bleknat genom älskarns otro.'*

Spring flies quickly by

*"Spring flies quickly by;
Summer even faster.
Autumn lingers long;
Winter longer still.
Soon, fair cheeks,
You will fade and bloom no more."*

The boy replied:

*"Even on autumn days
Spring's memories bring joy.
Even on winter days
The summer's harvest is in store.
Let spring fly by and cheeks fade.
Now we shall simply love.
We shall simply kiss."*

J. L. Runeberg

The Tryst

*The girl came from her lover's tryst.
She came with red hands.*

Her mother said :

"Why are your hands red, my daughter?"

The girl said :

*"I have been picking roses,
And I pricked my hands on the thorns."*

*Again she returned from her lover's tryst.
She came with red lips.*

Her mother said :

"Why are your lips red, my daughter?"

The girl said :

*"I have been eating raspberries,
And the juice has stained my lips."*

*Again she returned from her lover's tryst.
She came with pale cheeks.*

Her mother said :

"Why are you cheeks pale, my daughter?"

The girl said :

*"Prepare a grave, mother!
Hide me there, and put a cross above it,
And on the cross, carve what I tell you :*

*'Once she came home with red hands,
For they were reddened by her lover's hands;
Once she came home with red lips,
For they were reddened from her lover's lips.
Finally she came home with pale cheeks,
For they had paled through her lover's
infidelity.'*

J. L. Runeberg

CLAUDE DEBUSSY (1862-1918)

Fêtes galantes

En sourdine

*Calmes dans le demi-jour
Que les branches hautes font,
Pénétrons bien notre amour
De ce silence profond.
Fondons nos âmes, nos cœurs,
Et nos sens extasiés,
Parmi les vagues langueurs
Des pins et des arbousiers.
Ferme tes yeux à demi,
Croise tes bras sur ton sein,
Et de ton cœur endormi
Chasse à jamais tout dessein.
Laissons-nous persuader
Au souffle berceur et doux
Qui vient à tes pieds rider
Les ondes de gazon roux.
Et quand solennel, le soir
Des chênes noirs tombera,
Voix de notre désespoir,
Le rossignol chantera.*

Fantoches

*Scaramouche et Pulcinella,
Qu'un mauvais dessein rassembla,
Gesticulent noirs sous la lune,
Cependant l'excellent docteur
Bolognaise cueille avec lenteur
Des simples parmi l'herbe brune.
Lors sa fille, piquant minois,
Sous la charmille, en tapinois,
Se glisse demi-nue en quête
De son beau pirate espagnol,
Dont un amoureux rossignol
Clame la détresse à tue-tête.*

Muted

Calm in the half-light
That the high branches create,
Let our love be penetrated
By this profound silence.
Let us fuse our souls, our hearts
And our ecstatic senses,
Amid this airy sadness
Of pine trees and arbutus.
Half-close your eyes;
Cross your arms over your breast,
And from your sleepy heart
Chase forever all design.
Let us be persuaded
By the cradling, soft breeze
That nestles at your feet, rippling
The waves of russet grass.
And when in deep solemnity, the evening
Descends from the black oak trees -
The voice of our despair -
The nightingale will sing.

Marionettes

Scaramouche and Pulcinella,
Whom an evil plot brought together,
Make gesticulations, black in the moonlight;
Meanwhile the first-rate doctor
From Bologna slowly gathers
Medicinal herbs from among the dark grasses.
Then his daughter, with her piquant little face,
Slyly under the hedge
Slides, half-naked, in pursuit
Of her Spanish pirate,
Whose distress a lovelorn nightingale
Proclaims at the top of his voice.

Clair de lune

*Votre âme est un paysage choisi
Que vont charmant masques et
bergamasques,
Jouant du luth et dansant, et quasi
Tristes sous leurs déguisements fantasques.
Tout en chantant sur le mode mineur
L'amour vainqueur et la vie opportune,
Ils n'ont pas l'air de croire à leur bonheur,
Et leur chanson se mêle au clair de lune,
Au calme clair de lune triste et beau,
Qui fait rêver les oiseaux dans les arbres,*

*Et sangloter d'extase les jets d'eau,
Les grands jets d'eau sveltes parmi les
marbres.*

Moonlight

Your soul is a chosen landscape
Which is bewitched by masqueraders and
rustic dancers,
Playing the lute and dancing, and almost
Sad beneath their fantastical disguises.
Even while singing in the minor mode
Of victorious love and fortune-filled living,
They don't seem to believe in their happiness,
And their song mingles with the moonlight -
With the calm, sad and beautiful moonlight -
Which sends the birds in the trees into
dreamland,
And causes the fountains to sob in ecstasy –
Those lofty, slender fountains amidst the
marble statuary.

Paul Verlaine

HAROLD ARLEN (1905-1986)

Paris is a lonely town

*The glamour's gone.
The shades are down,
And Paris is only a lonely town.
Lonely!
When love's a laugh,
And you're the clown,
Then Paris is only a dreary town.
Dreary!
For this loveless clown
This town's a weary merry-go-round-and-round-and-round.*

*The chestnut,
The willow,
The colors of Utrillo
Turn to grey, grey hues.
The band playing Bizet
Along the Champs Élysée
Sounds like way-down blues.
Paris is a dreary, lonely,
Oh so lonely town!*

*Where's that shining flower
Neath the Eiffel Tower?
Where's that fairyland of gold?
Isn't it a pity
That this magic city
Turned suddenly cold?*

*The chimneys moan.
The river cries.
Each glamorous bridge is a bridge of sighs.
River, river,
Won't you be my lover?
Don't turn me down,
For Paris is such a lonely, lonely town.*

E. Y. Harburg

The silent spring

*Not a leaf is heard to murmur.
Not a bird is there to sing.
And bewildering eyes
Scan the fearful skies
Asking "Why this strange and silent spring?"*

*Children hide and roses tremble.
Doors are dark and shades are down.
And the rains of hate
Rust the garden gate,
As the ghost of spring stalks the town.*

*Is this the land where flags were flown,
To bring this hopeful world a dream of spring unknown?
Is this the dream? Is this the spring –
The silent spring that silent men have reaped and sown?*

*Silent men, take heart take wing,
And sing away this silent spring.*

E. Y. Harburg

I wonder what became of me

*Lights are bright.
Pianos making music all the night.
And they pour champagne
Just like it was rain.
It's a sight to see,
But I wonder what became of me.*

*Crowds go by,
That merry-making laughter in their eye,
And the laughter's fine.
But I wonder what became of mine.*

*Life's sweet as honey,
And yet it's funny;
I get a feeling that I can't analyze.
It's like – well, maybe –
Like when a baby
Sees a bubble burst before its eyes.*

*Oh, I've had my fling.
I've been around and seen most everything.
But I can't be gay,
For along the way
Something went astray.
And I can't explain.
It's the same champagne.
It's a sight to see ...
But I wonder what became of me.*

Johnny Mercer

What's good about goodbye?

*What's good about goodbye?
What's fair about farewell?
You know a broken heart
Can come from such a broken spell.*

*Your love could bring eternal spring,
Your kiss could be a magic thing,
Your smile could be a shining light,
Burning from day to day,
More lovely from night to night.*

*But if you should go away,
Our dream would go astray,
Our song would be a sigh.
Say you're mine forever.
Say you're mine – but never say goodbye.
We're in love, you and I,
Darling, don't say goodbye.*

Leo Robin

Over the rainbow

*When all the world is a hopeless jumble
And the raindrops tumble all around,
Heaven opens a magic lane.
When all the clouds darken up the skyway,
There a rainbow highway to be found,
Leading from your window pane,
To a place behind the sun,
Just a step beyond the rain.*

*Somewhere over the rainbow, way up high,
There's a land that I heard of once in a lullaby,
Somewhere over the rainbow, skies are blue,
And the dreams that you dare to dream
Really do come true.
Someday I'll wish upon a star
And wake up where the clouds are far
Behind me,
Where troubles melt like lemon drops,
Away above the chimney tops
That's where you'll find me.*

*Somewhere over the rainbow, bluebirds fly.
Birds fly over the rainbow.
Why then – oh why – can't I?
If happy little bluebirds fly beyond the rainbow,
Why – oh why – can't I?*

E. Y. Harburg

