

WIGMORE HALL 125

Monday 15 September 2025
7.30pm

Melting Pots

Benjamin Appl baritone
Martynas Levickis accordion

Gustav Mahler (1860-1911)

Wenn mein Schatz Hochzeit macht from *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen* (1883-5)

Alma Mahler (1879-1964)

Laue Sommernacht (pub. 1910)

Erich Wolfgang Korngold (1897-1957)

Liebesbriefchen Op. 9 No. 4 (1911-3)

Der Knabe und das Veilchen (1905)

Arnold Schoenberg (1874-1951)

Gigerlette from *Brettel-Lieder* (1901)

Fryderyk Chopin (1810-1849)

Waltz in C sharp minor Op. 64 No. 2 (1847)

Reynaldo Hahn (1874-1947)

C'est a Paris! from *La dame aux camelias* (1934)

A Chloris (1916)

Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)

Don Quichotte à Dulcinée (1932-3)

Chanson romanesque • Chanson épique • Chanson à boire

Interval

Ástor Piazzolla (1921-1992)

Oblivion (1982)

Friedrich Hollaender (1896-1976)

Ich bin von Kopf bis Fuss auf Liebe eingestellt (1930)

Kurt Weill (1900-1950)

Berlin im Licht (1928)

Youkali (1934)

Die Moritat von Mackie Messer from *The Threepenny Opera* (*Die Dreigroschenoper*) (1928)

Philip Glass (b.1937)

Etude No. 6 (1996)

George Gershwin (1898-1937)

By Strauss (1936)

Leonard Bernstein (1918-1990)

A Simple Song (1971)

Kurt Weill

September Song from *Knickerbocker Holiday* (1938)

Cole Porter (1891-1964)

Begin the Beguine (1935)

Aaron Copland (1900-1990)

From *Old American Songs I* (1950)

Long time ago • I Bought me a Cat

George Gershwin

I Got Rhythm from *Girl Crazy* (1930)



UNDER 35S

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We are tonight according the accordion, its name derived from the German 'Akkord' (chord), its due. The Armenian inventor Cyrillus Demian (1772-1849), when applying for a patent in 1829, stressed the novelty of playing chords on one side of the instrument, unlike the concertina. Music for his new instrument would spread all over the world; we will hear it accompanying a stylistic potpourri of songs.

In 'Wenn mein Schatz Hochzeit macht', a jilted lover cannot bear the contrast of nature's beauty with his own sorrow. **Gustav Mahler** contrasts the wayfarer's mournful pace with quicker music reminiscent of klezmer strains (and accordions became popular in 19th-century klezmer music). His wife **Alma's** song 'Laue Sommernacht' about lovers who rendezvous in a dark forest by night (symbolism galore) is filled with melodic lines that slide upwards or downwards in erotic-chromatic fashion.

A child prodigy, **Korngold** began writing the 6 *Simple Songs*, including the plaintive 'Liebesbriefchen', when he was only 14. *Der Knabe und das Veilchen* is his very first song, composed at age seven.

The young **Schoenberg** married Alexander Zemlinsky's sister Mathilde in October 1901 and moved to Berlin the following month, on contract to Baron Ernst von Wolzogen's Bunte Theater – a German offshoot of French cabaret. 'Gigerlette' summons up images of all those German films in which beautiful actresses and singers receive their lovers in chambers designed for illicit passion.

Schumann once described **Chopin's** waltzes as 'for souls much more than waltzes for bodies'. This second of the Op. 64 set was dedicated to Baroness Charlotte de Rothschild, also the dedicatee of the F minor Ballade; the dance is 'imbued with harmoniousness, sweetness and melancholy' (*The Fryderyk Chopin Institute*).

A *fin-de-siècle* creature to the core, **Hahn** looked back at bygone times with nostalgia: A *Chloris* is built over the Baroque 'walking bass' from Bach's *Air on a G string*. The tiny 'C'est à Paris' comes from the film adaptation of Alexandre Dumas's *La dame aux camélias* (1848) created for the singer-actress Yvonne Printemps (1894-1977).

A film about Miguel de Cervantes's immortal knight by the film-maker Georg Pabst, with Chaliapin as Quixote, led to a commission for three songs – *Don Quichotte à Dulcinée* – that **Ravel** was late in delivering (Jacques Ibert filled in for him). Quixote appears here in three guises: as lover ('Chanson romanesque'), set as a Spanish rustic *guajira* ('Dulcinea is a peasant girl'); as warrior ('Chanson épique'), a nod to the Basque *zortzica*; and a drinking song that deploys the jota's cross-rhythms.

The Argentinian tango genius **Piazzolla** created *nuevo tango*, but his *Oblivion* is more traditional: moody, haunting, wistful. The nostalgic tune starts out as a slow *milonga*, a genre of Uruguayan and Argentinian music that is a forerunner of tango.

English-speaking folk know *Ich bin von Kopf bis Fuss auf Liebe eingestellt*, sung by Marlene Dietrich in Josef

von Sternberg's film *Der blaue Engel*, as 'Can't help falling in love again'. In whatever language, **Hollaender's** music is now immortal.

Weill composed *Die Dreigroschenoper* and other extraordinary works before the Nazi seizure of power in 1933 made it impossible for him to remain in his native country. *Berlin im Licht*-Song was created for a festival celebrating Berlin's new electric lights in 1928; initially a slow instrumental foxtrot, Weill added tongue-in-cheek lyrics. *Youkali* was originally an orchestral 'Tango' in the 1934 play *Marie Galante* by Jacques Deval before Roger Fernay added lyrics about a dreamlike utopian land. 'The Murder Ballad of Mack the Knife' tells of crime and death (Brecht putting his own spin on the medieval tradition of the Morität) but in satirically light strains.

The great contemporary composer **Philip Glass's** trademark trafficking in repetition – of pitches, phrases, and sections – are on display in his piano Study No. 6. Listen for the surprise ending.

Bernstein's 'A Simple Song' comes from his *Mass: A Theatre Piece for Singers, Players, and Dancers*, first performed at the opening of the John F Kennedy Center in Washington DC in 1971. The Celebrant sings this song twice: near the beginning and again, after an emotional climax in which he smashes the monstrance and chalice, then collapses.

'September Song' came into being when Walter Huston requested a solo song for his role as Peter Stuyvesant in the 1938 musical *Knickerbocker Holiday*. **Weill's** and lyricist Maxwell Anderson's singer has grown older and wishes only 'to spend time with you'.

Porter wrote the jazz classic *Begin the Beguine* (like a slow rumba) during a 1935 Pacific cruise; Artie Shaw's band popularised it, and Fred Astaire and Eleanor Powell tap-danced unforgettably to it in 1940.

Benjamin Britten and Peter Pears commissioned **Copland** in 1950 to arrange American folk songs for Britten's Aldeburgh Festival. Copland obliged with songs such as 'Long time ago'; it began as a blackface tune with words by Thomas Dartmouth Rice (1808-60) and a melody by Charles Edward Horn (1786-1849). The playwright Lynn Riggs (1899-1954, whose *Green Grow the Lilacs* became the musical *Oklahoma!*) first sang 'I bought me a cat' to Copland. In the wake of barnyard sounds, the wife croons 'Honey, honey'.

The writer John O'Hara once stated that '**George Gershwin** died July 11, 1937, but I don't have to believe it if I don't want to'. *By Strauss* is a self-mocking homage to Johann Strauss father and son; the singer doesn't care for Irving Berlin, Jerome Kern or George Gershwin, but instead prefers to waltz to Strauss *père et fils*. And Broadway lore says that when Gershwin first heard Ethel Merman sing 'I Got Rhythm' in *Girl Crazy* (first performed 29 September 1930) and saw the opening reviews, he told her never to take voice lessons.

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Gustav Mahler (1860-1911)

**Wenn mein Schatz
Hochzeit macht from
*Lieder eines fahrenden
Gesellen* (1883-5)
*Gustav Mahler***

**When my love has
her wedding-day**

Wenn mein Schatz Hochzeit
macht,
Fröhliche Hochzeit macht,
Hab' ich meinen traurigen
Tag!
Geh' ich in mein Kämmerlein,
Dunkles Kämmerlein!
Weine! wein'! Um meinen
Schatz,
Um meinen lieben Schatz!

When my love has her
wedding-day,
her joyous wedding-day,
I have my day of
mourning!
I go into my little room,
My dark little room!
I weep, weep! For my
love,
my dearest love!

Blümlein blau! Blümlein
blau!
Verdorre nicht! Verdorre
nicht!
Vöglein süß! Vöglein
süß!
Du singst auf grüner Heide!
„Ach, wie ist die Welt so schön!
Ziküth! Ziküth!“

Blue little flower! Blue
little flower!
Do not wither, do not
wither!
Sweet little bird! Sweet
little bird!
Singing on the green heath!
'Ah, how fair the world is!
Jug-jug! Jug-jug!'

Singet nicht! Blühet nicht!
Lenz ist ja vorbei!
Alles Singen ist nun aus!
Des Abends, wenn ich
schlafen geh',
Denk' ich an mein Leid!
An mein Leide!

Do not sing! Do not bloom!
For spring is over!
All singing now is done!
At night, when I go to
rest,
I think of my sorrow!
My sorrow!

Alma Mahler (1879-1964)

Laue Sommernacht
(pub. 1910)
Otto Julius Bierbaum

Mild summer night

Laue Sommernacht: am
Himmel
Steht kein Stern, im weiten
Walde
Suchten wir uns tief im
Dunkel,
Und wir fanden uns.

Mild summer night: in the
sky
not a star, in the deep
forest
we sought each other in
the dark
and found one another.

Fanden uns im weiten
Walde
In der Nacht, der
sternenlosen,
Hielten staunend uns im
Arme
In der dunklen Nacht.

Found one another in the
deep wood
in the night, the starless
night,
and amazed, we
embraced
in the dark night.

War nicht unser ganzes Leben
Nur ein Tappen, nur ein Suchen
Da: In seine Finsternisse
Liebe, fiel Dein Licht.

Our entire life – was it not
but a tentative quest?
There: into its darkness,
O Love, fell your light.

Erich Wolfgang Korngold (1897-1957)

Liebesbriefchen Op. 9 Love note
No. 4 (1911-3)
Elisabeth Honold

Fern von dir
Denk' ich dein,
Kindelein,

Far from you
I think of you,
dear child.

Einsam bin ich,
Doch mir blieb
Treue Lieb'.

I am lonely,
but my love
has stayed true.

Was ich denk',
Bist nur,
Herzensruh.

I think
only of you,
o peace of my heart.

Sehe stets
Hold und licht
Dein Gesicht.

I always see,
fair and bright,
your face.

Und in mir
Immerzu
Tönest du.

And you sound
within me
always.

Bist's allein,
Die Welt
Mir erhellt.

It is you alone
who brightens
for me the world.

Ich bin dein,
Liebchen fein,
Denke mein!

I am yours,
my sweetest,
think of me!

*Please do not turn the page until the song and its
accompaniment have ended.*

Der Knabe und das Veilchen (1905)
Erich Korngold

The boy and the violet

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Knabe

Ei Veilchen, ei Veilchen,
Warum kommst du grad im Mai? ...

Boy

Ah violet, ah violet,
Why come in May of all months?
Why linger a while,
Before May is over?

Violet

Because I am so small.
You wouldn't be able to see me at all –
That's why I come in May,
Before the month is over.

Boy

Ah violet, ah violet,
Why wouldn't I see you?
If I stood for a little while
In the meadow?

Violet

Because I'd be hidden
Among my comrades, and beaten.
That's why I came in May,
Because no flowers are there.

Arnold Schoenberg (1874-1951)

Gigerlette from Brettli-Lieder (1901)
Otto Julius Bierbaum

Gigerlette

Fräulein Gigerlette

Lud mich ein zum Tee.
Ihre Toilette
War gestimmt auf Schnee;
Ganz wie Pierrette
War sie angetan.
Selbst ein Mönch, ich wette,
Sähe Gigerlette
Wohlgefällig an.

Fräulein Gigerlette

invited me to tea.
Her attire
harmonised with snow;
she was dressed
just like Pierrette.
Even a monk, I bet,
would gaze on Gigerlette
with pleasure.

War ein rotes Zimmer,
Drin sie mich empfang,
Gelber Kerzenschimmer
In dem Raume hing.
Und sie war wie immer
Leben und Esprit.
Nie vergess ichs, nimmer:
Weinrot war das Zimmer,
Blütenweiss war sie.

She received me
in a red room,
yellow candlelight
flickered in the air.
And she was, as ever,
full of life and wit.
I'll not forget it, never,
the room was wine-red,
she was blossom-white.

Und im Trab mit Vieren
Führen wir zu zweit
In das Land spazieren,
Das heisst Heiterkeit.
Dass wir nicht verlieren
Zügel, Ziel und Lauf,
Sass bei dem Kutschieren
Mit den heissen Vieren
Amor hinten auf.

And both of us rode off
in a carriage-and-four
out into the Land
Of Mirth.
In order to reach our goal
and not stray without reins,
Cupid sat atop
at the back
of our carriage-and-four.

Fryderyk Chopin (1810-1849)

Waltz in C sharp minor Op. 64 No. 2 (1847)

Reynaldo Hahn (1874-1947)

C'est a Paris! from La dame aux camelias (1934)
Albert Willemetz

It's in Paris!

Oùs qu'y a d'bell's fill's
De beaux yeux qui sourient,
De Joyeux quadrill's,
Des plaisirs et des ris,
Sous tout's les charmill's,
Du vin qui pétille
Et d'l'amour qui fleurit?

Where can you find pretty girls
with beautiful smiling eyes,
where can you find joyous quadrilles
and pleasure and laughter
beneath all the bowers,
sparkling wine
and blossoming love?

C'est à Paris,
C'est à Paris, ma fille,
C'est à Paris!

It's in Paris,
it's in Paris, my lass,
it's in Paris!

Oùs qu'ya, pour les fill's
Dont l'cœur souvent varie,
Des diamants qui brill'nt et de beaux tilburys?
Oùs qu'y a d'bons drill's,
Des fils de famille
Et des robes de prix?

Where, for all the girls
with fluctuating hearts,
are there brilliant diamonds and fine tilburies?
Where can you find fine fellows,
moneyed young men
and resplendent gowns?

C'est à Paris, ...

It's in Paris ...

A Chloris (1916)
Théophile de Viau

S'il est vrai, Chloris, que tu m'aimes,
Mais j'entends, que tu m'aimes bien,
Je ne crois pas que les rois mêmes
Aient un bonheur pareil au mien.

To Chloris

If it be true, Chloris, that you love me,
(and I'm told you love me dearly),
I do not believe that even kings
can match the happiness I know.

Que la mort serait importune	Even death would be powerless
A venir changer ma fortune	to alter my fortune
Pour la félicité des cieux!	with the promise of heavenly bliss!
Tout ce qu'on dit de l'ambroisie	All that they say of ambrosia
Ne touche point ma fantaisie	does not stir my imagination
Au prix des grâces de tes yeux.	like the favour of your eyes!

Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)

Don Quichotte à Dulcinée (1932-3)

Paul Morand

Don Quixote to Dulcinea

Chanson romanesque

Romantic song

Si vous me disiez que la terre	Were you to tell me that the
À tant tourner vous offensa,	earth offended you with so much turning,
Je lui dépêcherais Pança:	I'd dispatch Panza to deal with it:
Vous la verriez fixe, et se taire.	you'd see it still and silenced.

Si vous me disiez que l'ennui	Were you to tell me that you are wearied
Vous vient du ciel trop fleuri d'astres,	by a sky too with stars –
Déchirant les divins cadastres,	tearing the divine order asunder,
Je faucherais d'un coup la nuit.	I'd scythe the night with a single blow.

Si vous me disiez que l'espace	Were you to tell me that space itself,
Ainsi vidé ne vous plaît point,	thus denuded was not to your taste –
Chevalier dieu, la lance au poing,	as a god-like knight, with lance in hand,
J'étoilerais le vent qui passe.	I'd sow the fleeting wind with stars.

Mais si vous disiez que mon sang	But were you to tell me that my blood
Est plus à moi qu'à vous, ma Dame,	is more mine, my Lady, than your own,
Je blêmirais dessous le blâme,	I'd pale at the admonishment
Et je mourrais, vous bénissant.	and, blessing you, would die.

O Dulcinée.

O Dulcinea.

Chanson épique

Epic song

Bon Saint Michel qui me donnez loisir	Good St Michael who gives me leave
De voir ma Dame et de l'entendre,	to behold and hear my Lady,
Bon Saint Michel qui me daignez choisir	good St Michael who deigns to elect me
Pour lui complaire et la défendre,	to please her and defend her,
Bon Saint Michel, veuillez descendre	good St Michael, descend, I pray,
Avec Saint Georges sur l'autel	with St George onto the altar
De la Madone au bleu mantel.	of the Madonna robed in blue.

D'un rayon du ciel bénissez ma lame	With a heavenly beam bless my blade
Et son égale en pureté,	and its equal in purity,
Et son égale en piété	and its equal in piety
Comme en pudeur et chasteté:	as in modesty and chastity:
Ma Dame.	my Lady.

(O grands Saint Georges et Saint Michel)	(O great St George and great St Michael)
L'ange qui veille sur ma veille,	Bless the angel watching over my vigil,
Ma douce Dame si pareille	my sweet Lady, so like unto Thee,
A Vous, Madone au bleu mantel!	O Madonna robed in blue!
Amen.	Amen.

*Please do not turn the page until the song and its
accompaniment have ended.*

Chanson à boire

Drinking song

Foin du bâtard, illustre
Dame,
Qui pour me perdre à vos
doux yeux
Dit que l'amour et le vin
vieux
Mettent en deuil mon cœur,
mon âme!

A pox on the bastard,
illustrious Lady,
who to discredit me in
your sweet eyes,
says that love and old
wine
are saddening my heart
and soul!

Je bois à la joie!
La joie est le seul but
Où je vais droit... lorsque
j'ai... bu!
Ah! Ah! Ah! la joie!
Je bois à la joie!

I drink to joy!
Joy is the only goal
to which I go straight...
when I'm... drunk!
Ha! Joy!
I drink to joy!

Foin du jaloux, brune
maîtresse,
Qui geind, qui pleure et fait
serment
D'être toujours ce pâle
amant
Qui met de l'eau dans son
ivresse!

A pox on the jealous wretch,
O dusky mistress,
who whines and weeps
and vows
always to be this lily-
livered lover
who dilutes his
drunkenness!

Je bois à la joie!
La joie est le seul but
Où je vais droit... lorsque
j'ai... bu!
Ah! Ah! Ah! la joie!
Je bois à la joie!

I drink to joy!
Joy is the only goal
to which I go straight...
when I'm... drunk!
Ha! Joy!
I drink to joy!

Interval

Ástor Piazzolla (1921-1992)

Oblivion (1982)

Friedrich Hollaender (1896-1976)

Ich bin von Kopf bis Fuss auf Liebe eingestellt (1930)

Friedrich Hollaender

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Ein rätselhafter Schimmer,
Ein je ne sais pas quoi, ...

I am from head to toe focussed on love

A mysterious gleam,
a *je ne sais pas quoi*,
always shines in the eyes
of a beautiful woman.
But when my eyes
stare deep into the eyes
of someone opposite me,
what do they say?:

I am from head to foot
focussed on love,
for that is my world –
nothing else.
That is, I cannot help it,
my nature:
All I can do is love –
nothing else.

Men buzz around me
like moths round a light,
and if they burn to death,
I can do nothing about it.
I am from head to foot
focussed on love,
for that is my world –
nothing else.

All who quiver
in my ardent embrace
wish to perish,
are never sated.
You will pardon me,
you must understand:
love entices me again and again,
I find it so beautiful.

I am from head to foot
focussed on love ...

Kurt Weill (1900-1950)

Berlin im Licht (1928)

Kurt Weill

Und zum Spaziergehn
Genügt das Sonnenlicht.
Doch um die Stadt Berlin zu
sehn,
Genügt die Sonne nicht.

Das ist kein lauschiges
Plätzchen,
Das ist 'ne ziemliche Stadt.
Damit man da alles gut
sehen kann,
Da braucht man schon
einige Watt.

Na wat denn? Na wat denn?
Was ist das für 'ne Stadt
denn?

Komm, mach mal Licht,
Damit man sehn kann,
Ob was da ist,
Komm, mach mal Licht,
Und rede nun mal nicht.
Komm, mach mal Licht,
Dann wollen wir doch auch
mal sehen,
Ob da 'ne Sache
ist:
Berlin im Licht.

Berlin lit up

For taking a stroll,
sunshine's all you need,
but if you want to see the
city of Berlin,
the sun's not enough.

It's no cosy little
spot,
it's quite a city.
To get a clear view of all
that's there,
you need a 'Watt' or
two.

What's 'Watt' then?
What sort of a town is that
then?

Come, turn on the lights,
so we can see
if something's there,
come, turn on the lights and
don't talk any more,
come, turn on the lights,
then we can get to
see
whether it's really
something –
Berlin lit up!

Youkali (1934)

Roger Fernay

C'est presqu' au bout du
monde,
Ma barque vagabonde
Errant au gré de l'onde,
M'y conduisit un jour.
L'île est toute petite,
Mais la fée qui
l'habite
Gentiment nous invite
A en faire le tour.

Youkali,
C'est le pays de nos désirs,
Youkali,
C'est le bonheur, c'est le
plaisir,
Youkali,
C'est la terre où l'on quitte
tous les soucis,

Almost to the end of the
world,
my errant barque, drifting
at the will of the waves,
led me one day.
The island is very small,
but the sprite who
inhabits it
politely invites us
to tour it.

Youkali,
it's the land of our desires,
Youkali,
it's happiness and
pleasure,
Youkali,
it's the land where we
leave our cares behind,

C'est, dans notre nuit,
comme une éclaircie.
L'étoile qu'on suit,
C'est Youkali.

Youkali,
C'est le respect de tous les
vœux échangés,
Youkali,
C'est le pays des beaux
amours partagés,
C'est l'espérance
Qui est au cœur de tous les
humains,
La délivrance
Que nous attendons tous
pour demain,
Youkali,
C'est le pays de nos désirs,
Youkali,
C'est le bonheur, c'est le
plaisir,
Mais c'est un rêve, une folie,
Il n'y a pas de Youkali!

Et la vie nous entraîne,
Lassante, quotidienne,
Mais la pauvre âme humaine,
Cherchant partout
l'oubli,
A, pour quitter la
terre,
Se trouver le mystère
Où nos rêves se
terrent
En quelque Youkali.

Youkali ...

it's like a beacon in our
night.
The star we follow,
it's Youkali.

Youkali,
it's where we keep our
promises,
Youkali,
it's the land of shared
love,
it's hope
which is at the heart of all
human kind,
the salvation
we are all waiting
for,
Youkali,
it's the land of our desires,
Youkali,
it's happiness, it's
pleasure,
but it's a dream, a folly,
there is no Youkali!

And life drags us along,
tedious and mundane,
yet the poor human soul,
seeking oblivion
everywhere,
knew how, as it left this
earth,
to find the mystery
where our dreams are
buried
in some Youkali.

Youkali ...

*Please do not turn the page until the song and its
accompaniment have ended.*

Please note that the following text includes explicit language and a reference to sexual violence

**Die Moritat von Mackie
Messer from *The
Threepenny Opera (Die
Dreigroschenoper)***

(1928)

Bertolt Brecht

**The ballad of Mack
the Knife**

Und der Haifisch, der hat Zähne
Und die trägt er im
Gesicht
Und Macheath, der hat ein
Messer
Doch das Messer sieht man
nicht.

And the shark has teeth
and he wears them in his
face
and Macheath, he has a
knife
but the knife cannot be
seen.

An 'nem schönen blauen
Sonntag
Liegt ein toter Mann am
Strand
Und ein Mensch geht um die
Ecke
Den man Mackie Messer
nennt.

On a nice, blue-skied
Sunday
a dead man lies on the
Strand
and a man sneaks round
the corner
whom they all call Mack
the Knife.

Und Schmul Meier bleibt
verschwunden
Wie so mancher reiche Mann
Und sein Geld hat Mackie
Messer
Dem man nichts beweisen
kann.

And Schmul Meier goes
missing
and many a rich man
and Mack the Knife has
his money
though you can't prove a
thing.

Jenny Towler ward gefunden
Mit 'nem Messer in der Brust
Und am Kai geht Mackie
Messer
Der von allem nichts
gewusst.

Jenny Towler was found
with a knife in her breast
and down by the docks
walks Mack the Knife
who doesn't know a
single thing.

Und das grosse Feuer in
Soho
Sieben Kinder und ein
Greis -
In der Menge Mackie
Messer, den
Man nicht fragt und der
nichts weiss.

And the great fire in
Soho -
seven children and one
old man it claimed -
in the crowd was Mack
the Knife, who
no one quizzes and who
knows nothing.

Und die minderjährige
Witwe
Derer Namen jeder weiss
Wachte auf und war
geschändet -
Mackie, welches war dein
Preis?

And the young under-age
widow,
whose name is known to all,
woke up and got
raped -
Mack, what was the price
to pay?

Denn die einen sind im
Dunkeln
Und die andern sind im Licht
Und man sieht die im
Lichte
Die im Dunkeln sieht man
nicht.

For some dwell in the
dark
and others in the light
and those in the light can
be seen
but those in the dark
cannot.

Philip Glass (b.1937)

Etude No. 6 (1996)

George Gershwin (1898-1937)

By Strauss (1936)

Ira Gershwin

Away with the music of Broadway!
Be off with your Irving Berlin
Oh, I'd give no quarter
To Kern or Cole Porter
And Gershwin keeps pounding on tin
How can one be civil
When hearing such drivel?
It's only for nightclubbing souses
Oh, give me the free and easy
Waltz that is Viennese-y
And
Go tell the band
If they want a hand
The waltz must be Strauss'
Ja, ja, ja
Give me oom-pah-pah

When I want a melody
Lilting through the house
Then I want a melody
By Strauss
It laughs! It sings! The world is in rhyme
Swinging in three-quarter time
Let the Danube flow along
And Die Fledermaus
Keep the wine and give me song
By Strauss
By jo, by jing!
By Strauss is the thing!
So I say to ha-cha-cha
Heraus!
Just give me an oom-pah-pah
By Strauss!

Leonard Bernstein (1918-1990)

A Simple Song (1971)

Leonard Bernstein & Stephen Schwartz

Sing God a simple song:
Lauda, Laude...
Make it up as you go along:
Lauda, Laude...
Sing like you like to sing.
God loves all simple things,
For God is the simplest of all.

I will sing the Lord a new song
To praise Him, to bless Him, to bless the Lord.
I will sing His praises while I live.
All of my days.

Blessed is the man who loves the Lord,
Blessed is the man who praises Him.
Lauda, Lauda, Laude...
And walks His ways.

I will lift up my eyes
To the hills from whence comes my help.
I will lift up my voice to the Lord
Singing Lauda, Laude.
For the Lord is my shade,
Is the shade up on my right hand,
And the sun shall not smite me by day
Nor the moon by night.

Blessed is the man who loves the Lord
Lauda, Lauda, Laude...
And walks His ways.
Lauda, Lauda, Laude, Lauda, Lauda, di da di day...
All of my days.

Kurt Weill (1900-1950)

September Song from *Knickerbocker*

Holiday (1938)

James Maxwell Anderson

Due to copyright reasons, we are unable to reproduce the text for this song.

When I was a young man courting the girls
I played me a waiting game ...

Cole Porter (1891-1964)

Begin the Beguine (1935)

Cole Porter

When they begin the beguine
It brings back the sound of music so tender,
It brings back a night of tropical splendor,
It brings back a memory ever green.

I'm with you once more under the stars
And down by the shore an orchestra's playing
And even the palms seem to be swaying
When they begin the beguine

To live it again is past all endeavor
Except when that tune clutches my heart
And there we are swearing to love forever
And promising never, never to part

What moments divine, what rapture serene
Till clouds came along to disperse the joys we had tasted
And now when I hear people curse the chance that was
wasted
I know but too well what they mean

So don't let them begin the beguine
Let the love that was once a fire remain an ember
Let it sleep like a dead desire I only remember
When they begin the beguine

Oh yes, let them begin the beguine, make them play
Till the stars that were there before remain above you
Till you whisper to me once more, "Darling, I love you"
And we suddenly know what heaven we're in
When they begin the beguine
When they begin the beguine

Aaron Copland (1900-1990)

Long time ago from *Old American Songs I* (1950)

Traditional

On the lake where droop'd the willow
Long time ago,
Where the rock threw back the billow
Brighter than snow.
Dwelt a maid beloved and cherish'd
By high and low,
But with autumn leaf she perished
Long time ago.
Rock and tree and flowing water
Long time ago,
Bird and bee and blossom taught her
Love's spell to know.
While to my fond words she listen'd
Murmuring low,
Tenderly her blue eyes glisten'd
Long time ago.

Please do not turn the page until the song and its accompaniment have ended.

I Bought me a Cat from *Old American*

Songs I (1950)

Traditional

I bought me a cat, my cat pleased me
I fed my cat under yonder tree
My cat says fiddle eye fee.

I bought me a duck, my duck pleased me
I fed my duck under yonder tree
My duck says 'Quaa, quaa'
My cat says fiddle eye fee.

I bought me a goose, my goose pleased me
I fed my goose under yonder tree
My goose says 'Quaw, quaw'
My duck says ...

I bought me a hen, my hen pleased me
I fed my hen under yonder tree
My hen says 'Shimmy shack, shimmy shack'
My goose says ...

I bought me a pig, my pig pleased me
I fed my pig under yonder tree
My pig says 'Griffey, griffey'
My hen says ...

I bought me a cow, my cow pleased me
I fed my cow under yonder tree
My cow says 'Moo, moo'
My pig says ...

I bought me a horse, my horse pleased me
I fed my horse under yonder tree
My horse says 'Neigh, neigh'
My cow says ...

I bought me a wife, my wife pleased me
I fed my wife under yonder tree
My wife says 'Honey, honey'
My horse says 'Neigh, neigh'
My cow says 'Moo, moo'
My pig says 'Griffey, griffey'
My hen says 'Shimmy shack, shimmy shack'
My goose says 'Quaw, quaw'
My duck says 'Quaa, quaa'
My cat says fiddle eye fee.

George Gershwin (1898-1937)

I Got Rhythm from *Girl Crazy* (1930)

Ira Gershwin

Days can be sunny,
With never a sigh;
Don't need what money can buy.
Birds in the tree sing
Their dayful of song,
Why shouldn't we sing along?
I'm chipper all the day,

Happy with my lot.
How do I get that way?
Look at what I've got:

I got rhythm, I got music
I got my man, who can ask for anything more?
I got daisies in green pastures
I got a wicked girl, who could ask for anything more?

Old man trouble, you'll never find him
Hangin' 'round my front door

'Cause I got rhythm, music that goes with it
I got my gal, who could ask for anything more?
Who could ask for anything more?

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