

# WIGMORE HALL

Sunday 8 June 2025  
3.00pm

This concert is supported by Patricia Haitink

Axelle Fanyo soprano  
Kunal Lahiry piano

Kurt Weill (1900-1950)

Complainte de la Seine (1934)

Je ne t'aime pas (1934)

Youkali (1934)

Arnold Schoenberg (1874-1951)

From *Brettli-Lieder* (1901)

Galathea • Der genügsame Liebhaber •  
Arie aus *Dem Spiegel von Arkadien*

Sofia Avramidou (b.1988)

Entre les miroirs (2023)

George Gershwin (1898-1937)

The Man I Love (1924) *arranged by Earl Wild*

Spiritual

Sometimes I feel like a motherless child (?1870)

Florence Price (1887-1953)

Songs to the Dark Virgin (1941)  
*I. • II. • III.*

Margaret Bonds (1913-1972)

The Negro Speaks of Rivers (1941)

William Bolcom (b.1938)

From *12 Cabaret Songs* (1977-1985)  
Toothbrush time • Song of Black Max • George • Amor



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'My dear Dr Koussevitzky, To begin with I have two handicaps – those of sex and race'. So wrote Florence Price to the conductor Serge Koussevitzky, acknowledging the barriers she faced in having her music heard. Like Price, many of the composers on this programme encountered prejudice of one kind or another, yet frequently responded with music of exhilarating strength, defiance and joy.

**Kurt Weill** fled Nazi Germany in 1933; as a Jewish man, his safety was under threat, and he was officially denounced for his political views. Weill would settle in America, but stopped first in Paris, where he wooed French audiences by adding local flavour to the cabaret style he had developed so successfully in Weimar Germany; in 1929 he had written with pride of composing works 'consistently and uncompromisingly, against the resistance of the snobs and aesthetes'. Both *Complainte de la Seine* and *Je ne t'aime pas* were composed in 1934 to rather jaundiced words by Maurice Magre, and *Youkali* dates from the same year, originally written as an instrumental interlude for the play *Marie Galante*, for which Weill wrote the music. Bittersweet lyrics by actor and trade unionist Roger Bertrand, under the pseudonym Roger Fernay, were added later, and the song was published as a 'Tango-habanera'.

**Arnold Schoenberg** was another Jewish composer who, after encountering anti-Semitism in Germany and foreseeing the coming conflict, left his homeland – stopping off in France – for America. In 1924, Schoenberg wrote of the need for tolerance: 'If only we could manage to be wise enough to put people on probation instead of condemning them'. Yet his experience of life in Berlin in the early 1900s had been fruitful, including work at the *Überbrettli*, the cabaret segment of Ernst von Wolzogen's Bunter Theater, where popular styles were used to explore serious topics. In summer 1901 Schoenberg set verses in the *Überbrettli* style, resulting in his *Brettli-Lieder*, from which we hear 'Galathea', 'The contented suitor' and the 'Aria from the Mirror of Arcadia' – songs that reveal Schoenberg's playful side.

When he was in Hollywood, Schoenberg regularly played tennis with Charlie Chaplin and **George Gershwin** – who was also a great admirer of one of Schoenberg's students, Alban Berg. Gershwin's premature death curtailed the musical 'betterment' he sought through these connections, and it is tantalising to imagine how his fusion of classical and jazz disciplines might have evolved. His song 'The Man I Love' was at first intended for the musical *Lady, Be Good* (1924) before being used in *Strike Up the Band* (1927) and *Rosalie* (1928), ultimately becoming a popular stand-alone number. In 1932, Gershwin published a selection of solo piano arrangements of his songs, writing in the preface that this 'sheet music, as ordinarily printed for mass sales, is arranged with an eye to simplicity.' Yet the arrangements are not as straightforward as Gershwin implied, and they inspired in American pianist-composer Earl Wild a series of rich and intricate *études*, almost *fantasias*, showing the

influence of Liszt in their virtuosity and complexity. On this programme, Wild's arrangement of 'The Man I Love' is framed by a new work by contemporary Greek composer **Sofia Avramidou** [see next page], and the spiritual *Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child*, which became a Civil Rights anthem in the 1960s.

**Florence Price** is considered to be the first African American woman to gain recognition as a composer. In the 1920s, she began to win awards for her compositions, her Symphony in E minor winning first prize in the Wanamaker competition in 1932. The symphony was premièred in 1933 by the Chicago Symphony, Price becoming the first Black woman to have an orchestral piece played by a major American orchestra. When Marian Anderson performed Price's *Songs to the Dark Virgin* (1941), the *Chicago Daily News* hailed the occasion as 'one of the greatest immediate successes ever won by an American song'. This radiant work comes from Price's collection *Songs of the Weary Blues*, four settings of poetry by Harlem Renaissance poet Langston Hughes from his 1926 volume *The Weary Blues*. The plural title 'Songs...' refers to the three separate sections of the poem.

**Margaret Bonds** was another of the first African American composers to gain recognition in the States. She made popular arrangements of spirituals and, like Price, is particularly celebrated for her work with Hughes. Her powerful Hughes setting *The Negro Speaks of Rivers* (1941) emerged from a formative experience: in 1929, aged 16, Bonds started studying at 'this prejudiced university, this terribly prejudiced place... I was looking in the basement of the Evanston Public Library where they had the poetry. I came in contact with this wonderful poem, *The Negro Speaks of Rivers*, and I'm sure it helped my feelings of security. Because in that poem he tells how great the Black man is. And if I had any misgivings, which I would have to have – here you are in a setup where the restaurants won't serve you and you're going to college, you're sacrificing, trying to get through school – and I know that poem helped save me.'

Pulitzer prize-winning American composer **William Bolcom** studied with Messiaen at the Paris Conservatoire, and has since sought to blur the boundaries between popular and art music in his output. Bolcom has written several volumes of *Cabaret Songs*, mostly to words by Arnold Weinstein. Following the witty 'Toothbrush Time', we hear 'Song of Black Max', based on a true story told by the Dutch-American artist Willem de Kooning. He and his fellow post-war artists were known as 'the de Kooning boys', and while living in Rotterdam they became aware of a dark-clad figure known locally as Black Max; Bolcom conjures up his murky, seedy world. After the flamboyance of 'George', our recital concludes with 'Amor', the piano's syncopated rhythms, evoking Latin-American styles, underpinning the soprano's wide-ranging, unfettered – even unhinged – celebration of love.

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The inspiration for *Entre les miroirs* came from a documentary made in 2008, telling the story of a meeting that never took place: that of the Portuguese poet Pessoa and the Greek poet Cavafy, 'the night Fernando Pessoa met Constantine Cavafy'.

*Entre les miroirs* is a fusion of Cavafy's *La ville* and Pessoa's *Lisboa com suas casas* (written under the name Álvaro de Campos), two poems evoking the devouring energy of an imaginary city that engulfs our own desires for evolution, desires absorbed by our own contemplative inertia.

These two poems, like two monolithic mirrors placed one opposite the other, create an infinite horizontality through their reflections.

The song evolves within this initiatory path, using the sonority of the body, a reflection of Cavafy, and the voice, a reflection of Pessoa, to materialize a verticality from the earth, our roots, to the sky, our spirituality.

*Entre les miroirs* offers an introspection of a humanity prey to the voracity of immortal metropolises.

© Sofia Avramidou

## Kurt Weill (1900-1950)

### Complainte de la Seine Lament of the Seine (1934)

Maurice Magre

Au fond de la Seine il y a de l'or	At the bottom of the Seine there is gold,
Des bateaux rouillés, des bijoux, des armes	rusty boats, jewels, weapons.
Au fond de la Seine il y a des morts	At the bottom of the Seine there are corpses.
Au fond de la Seine il y a des larmes	At the bottom of the Seine there are tears.
Au fond de la Seine il y a des fleurs	At the bottom of the Seine there are flowers –
De vase et de boue elles sont nourries	nourished on slime and mud.
Au fond de la Seine il y a des cœurs	At the bottom of the Seine there are hearts
Qui souffri' de trop pour vivre la vie	that suffered too much to live.
Et puis des cailloux et des bêtes grises	And then there are pebbles and grey creatures.
L'âme des égouts soufflant des poisons	The soul of sewers spewing poison.
Les anneaux jetés par des incomprises	Rings tossed in by the misunderstood,
Des pieds qu'une hélice a coupés du tronc'	feet that a propeller has sliced from a body.
Et les fruits maudits des ventres stériles	And the cursed fruits of a sterile womb,
Les blancs avortés que nul n'aima	the aborted fetuses that no one loved.
Les vomissements de la grand' ville	The city's vomit.
Au fond de la Seine il y a cela	All this rests at the bottom of the Seine.
O Seine clémente où vont les cadavres	O merciful Seine, where cadavers end,
O lit dont les draps sont faits de limon,	O beds with linen made of slime,
Fleuv' des déchets, sans fanal, sans hâvre	river of garbage without beacon or harbour –

Chanteuse berçant la morgue et les ponts	singer who lulls the morgue and the bridges,
Accueill' le pauvre, accueill' la femme,	welcome the poor, welcome the women,
Accueill' l'ivrogne, accueill' le fou,	welcome the drunks, welcome the insane.
Mêle leurs sanglots au bruit de tes lames	Mingle their sobs with the sound of your waves
Et porte leurs cœurs parmi les cailloux.	and carry their hearts along with the pebbles.

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

## Je ne t'aime pas (1934)

Maurice Magre

Retire ta main, je ne t'aime pas

Car tu l'as voulu, tu n'es qu'un ami.

Pour d'autres sont faits le creux de tes bras

Et ton cher baiser, ta tête endormie.

Ne me parle pas, lorsque c'est le soir

Trop intimement, à voix basse même

Ne me donne pas surtout ton mouchoir:

Il renferme trop le parfum que j'aime.

Dis-moi tes amours, je ne t'aime pas

Quelle heure te fut la plus enivrante?

Et si elle t'aimait bien, et si elle fut ingrate

En me le disant, ne sois pas charmant.

Je n'ai pas pleuré, je n'ai pas souffert

Ce n'était qu'un rêve et qu'une folie.

Il me suffira que tes yeux soient clairs

Sans regret du soir, ni mélancolie.

Il me suffira de voir ton bonheur

Il me suffira de voir ton sourire.

Conte-moi comment elle a pris ton cœur

Et même dis-moi ce qu'on ne peut dire.

Non, tais-toi plutôt... Je suis à genoux

Le feu s'est éteint, la porte est fermée.

Je ne t'aime pas.

Ne demande rien, je pleure... C'est tout.

Je ne t'aime pas.

O mon bien-aimé! Retire ta main.

Je ne t'aime pas.

## I don't love you

Take back your hand, I don't love you;

for that's what you wanted, you're just a friend.

The hollow of your embrace was made for someone else,

like your dear kiss, your sleeping head.

When it's evening, don't speak to me

too intimately, with a low voice, and

above all don't give me your handkerchief:

it holds too much of the perfume that I love.

Tell me of your lovers; I don't love you -

what moment has been most intoxicating to you?

And if she loved you well, and if she was unappreciative -

in telling me about it, don't be charming.

I didn't cry, I didn't suffer -

it was nothing but dream and madness.

It will be enough for me that your eyes are clear

without either regret of that night, or melancholy.

It will be enough for me to see your happiness;

it will be enough for me to see your smile.

Tell me how she won your heart

and even tell me the unspeakable.

No, rather be quiet... I am on my knees;

the fire is out, the door is closed.

I don't love you.

Don't ask anything, I weep... That's all.

I don't love you.

Oh, my beloved! Take back your hand.

I don't love you.

## 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,

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 ...

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,

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 ...

## Arnold Schoenberg (1874-1951)

### From *Brettli-Lieder* (1901)

#### Galathea

*Frank Wedekind*

Ach, wie brenn' ich vor  
Verlangen,  
Galathea, schönes Kind,  
Dir zu küssen deine Wangen,  
Weil sie so entzückend  
sind.

Wonne die mir widerfahre,  
Galathea, schönes Kind,  
Dir zu küssen deine Haare,  
Weil sie so verlockend sind.

Nimmer wehr' mir bis ich  
ende,  
Galathea, schönes Kind,  
Dir zu küssen deine Hände,  
Weil sie so verlockend sind.

Ach, du ahnst nicht, wie ich  
glühe,  
Galathea, schönes Kind,  
Dir zu küssen deine Knie,  
Weil sie so verlockend sind.

Und was tät ich nicht, du  
Süsse,  
Galathea, schönes Kind,  
Dir zu küssen deine Füße,  
Weil sie so verlockend sind.

Aber deinen Mund enthülle,  
Mädchen, meinen Küssen nie,  
Denn in seiner Reize  
Fülle,  
Küsst ihn nur die  
Phantasie.

Ah, how I'm burning with  
desire,  
Galathea, lovely child,  
just to kiss your cheeks,  
because they're so  
enchanted.

The rapture that I feel,  
Galathea, lovely child,  
just to kiss your tresses,  
because they're so enticing.

Never resist me, till I've  
finished,  
Galathea, lovely child,  
kissing your hands,  
because they're so enticing.

Ah, you do not sense how  
I burn,  
Galathea, lovely child,  
to kiss your knees,  
because they're so enticing.

And what wouldn't I do,  
my sweet,  
Galathea, lovely child,  
to kiss your feet,  
because they're so enticing.

But never expose your lips,  
sweet girl, to my kisses,  
for the fullness of their  
charms  
can only be kissed in  
fantasy.

## Der genügsame Liebhaber

*Hugo Salus*

Meine Freundin hat eine  
schwarze Katze,  
Mit weichem knisterndem  
Sammetfell,  
Und ich, ich hab' eine  
blitzblanke Glatze,  
Blitzblank und glatt und  
silberhell.

Meine Freundin gehört zu  
den üppigen Frauen,  
Sie liegt auf dem Divan das  
ganze Jahr,  
Beschäftigt das Fell ihrer  
Katze zu krauen,  
Mein Gott, ihr behagt halt  
das sammtweiche Haar.

Und komm' ich am Abend  
die Freundin besuchen,  
So liegt die Mieze im  
Schosse bei ihr,  
Und nascht mit ihr von dem  
Honigkuchen,  
Und schauert wenn ich leise  
ihr Haar berühr'.

Und will ich mal zärtlich tun  
mit dem Schatze,  
Und dass sie mir auch  
einmal 'Eitschi' macht,  
Dann stülp' ich die Katze auf  
meine Glatze,  
Dann streichelt die Freundin  
die Katze und lacht.

## The contented suitor

My girlfriend has a black  
cat  
with soft, rustling, velvet  
fur,  
and I, I have a shining  
bald pate,  
shining and smooth and  
silvery.

My girlfriend's one of those  
voluptuous women,  
she lies on the sofa all  
year round,  
busily stroking her cat's  
fur,  
my God, how she loves  
that soft, velvet fur.

And when in the evening I  
visit my girlfriend,  
her pussy-cat's always on  
her lap,  
nibbling with her the  
gingerbread,  
and trembling whenever I  
stroke its fur.

And if I become amorous  
with my love,  
so that she might call me  
'honey-bun',  
I lift the cat onto my bald  
pate –  
and my girlfriend strokes  
the cat and laughs.

## Arie aus *Dem Spiegel von Arkadien*

Emanuel Schikaneder

Seit ich so viele Weiber  
sah,  
Schlägt mir mein Herz so  
warm,  
Es summt und brummt mir  
hier und da,  
Als wie ein Bienenschwarm.

Und ist ihr Feuer meinem  
gleich,  
Ihr Auge schön und  
klar,  
So schlaget wie der  
Hammerstreich,  
Mein Herzchen immer dar.  
Bum, bum, bum, usw.

Ich wünschte tausend  
Weiber mir,  
Wenn's recht den Göttern wär',  
Da tanzt' ich wie ein Murmeltier,  
In's Kreuz und in die Quer.

Das wär' ein Leben auf der  
Welt,  
Da wollt' ich lustig sein,  
Ich hüpfte wie ein Has'  
durch's Feld,  
Und's Herz schlug immer  
drein.  
Bum, bum, bum, usw.

Wer Weiber nicht zu  
schätzen weiss,  
Ist weder kalt noch warm,  
Und liegt als wie ein Brocken  
Eis,  
In eines Mädchens Arm.

Da bin ich schon ein andrer  
Mann,  
Ich spring' um sie herum;  
Mein Herz klopft froh an  
ihrem an  
Und machet bum, bum,  
bum, usw.

## Aria from *The Mirror of Arcadia*

Since seeing so many  
women,  
my heart beats so  
ardently,  
it hums and buzzes here  
and there,  
just like a swarm of bees.

And if her ardour  
resembles mine,  
and her eyes are lovely  
and limpid,  
then my heart, like a  
hammer,  
beats on and on.  
Boom, boom, boom, etc.

I wish I could have a  
thousand women,  
if it so pleased the gods,  
I'd dance like a marmot  
in every direction.

That would be a life worth  
living,  
then I'd have joy and fun,  
I'd hop like a hare through  
the field,  
and my heart would skip  
along.  
Boom, boom, boom, etc.

A man who does not  
value women  
is neither cold nor warm,  
and lies like a block of  
ice  
in a young girl's arms.

I'm a different sort of  
man,  
I circle women in a dance;  
my heart beats happily  
against hers,  
going boom, boom,  
boom, etc.

## Sofia Avramidou (b.1988)

### Entre les miroirs (2023)

Sofia Avramidou

J'irai par une autre terre  
Lisbonne  
j'irai par une autre mer  
avec ses maisons de  
diverses couleurs  
mon cœur—tel un mort—y  
gît enseveli.  
Je veux imaginer quelque  
chose  
mon cœur—tel un mort—y  
gît enseveli.  
Je veux prolonger la vision  
de ce que j'imagine être  
Mais je ne peux plus voir.  
Je souris  
je m'endors  
j'oublie que j'existe.

### Between the mirrors

I'll go to another country  
Lisbon  
I'll go to another shore  
with its houses of many  
colors,  
my heart- lies buried -like  
something dead.  
I want to imagine one  
thing  
my heart- lies buried -like  
something dead.  
I want to see farther into  
the vista I glimpse  
But I can no longer see.  
I smile,  
I can only sleep  
and forget I exist.

## George Gershwin (1898-1937)

### The Man I Love (1924)

arranged by Earl Wild

Ira Gershwin

Someday he'll come along  
The man I love...

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

## Spiritual

### Sometimes I feel like a motherless child

(?1870)

Traditional

Sometimes I feel like a motherless child,  
A long way from home.  
Sometimes I feel like I'm almost gone,  
A long way from home.

## Florence Price (1887-1953)

### Songs to the Dark Virgin (1941)

*Langston Hughes*

#### I.

Would  
That I were a jewel,  
A shattered jewel,  
That all my shining brilliants  
Might fall at thy feet,  
Thou dark one.

#### II.

Would  
That I were a garment,  
A shimmering, silken garment,  
That all my folds  
Might wrap about thy body,  
Absorb thy body,  
Hold and hide thy body,  
Thou dark one.

#### III.

Would  
That I were a flame,  
But one sharp, leaping flame  
To annihilate thy body,  
Thou dark one.

## Margaret Bonds (1913-1972)

### The Negro Speaks of Rivers (1941)

*Langston Hughes*

I've known rivers:  
I've known rivers ancient as the world and older than the  
flow of human blood in human veins.

My soul has grown deep like the rivers.

I bathed in the Euphrates when dawns were young.  
I built my hut near the Congo and it lulled me to sleep.  
I looked upon the Nile and raised the Pyramids above it.  
I heard the singing of the Mississippi when Abe Lincoln  
went down to New Orleans and I've seen its muddy  
bosom turn all golden in the sunset.

I've known rivers:  
Ancient, dusky rivers.

My soul has grown deep like the rivers.

## William Bolcom (b.1938)

### From *12 Cabaret Songs* (1977-1985)

*Arnold Weinstein*

#### Toothbrush time

It's toothbrush time,  
ten a.m. again and toothbrush time.  
Last night at half past nine it seemed O.K.  
But in the light of day not so fine  
at toothbrush time.

Now he's crashing round my bathroom  
now he's reading my degree,  
perusing all my pills, reviewing all my ills  
and he comes out smelling like me.  
Now he advances on my kitchen,  
now he raids ev'ry shelf  
till from the pots and pans and puddles and debris  
emerges three eggs all for himself.

Oh, how I'd be ahead if I'd stood out of bed.  
I wouldn't sit here grieving,  
waiting for the wonderful moment of his leaving  
at toothbrush time, toothbrush time,  
ten a.m. again and toothbrush time.

I know it's sad to be alone  
it's so bad to be alone,  
still I should have known  
that I'd be glad to be alone.  
I should've known, I should've known!  
Never should've picked up the phone.

Hey - uh, listen, uhm (trying to remember his name)  
uh, I've got to, uh, - oh, you gotta go too?  
So glad you understand.  
And  
by the way,  
did you say  
nine tonight again?  
See you then.  
Toothbrush time!

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

## Song of Black Max

He was always dressed in black,  
Long black jacket, broad black hat,  
Sometimes a cape,  
And as thin, and as thin as rubber tape:  
Black Max.

He would raise that big black hat  
To the big shots of the town  
Who raised their hats right back,  
Never knew they were bowing to  
Black Max.

I'm talking about night in Rotterdam  
When the right night people of all the town  
Would find what they could in the night neighborhood of  
Black Max.

There were women in the windows  
With bodies for sale  
Dressed in curls like little girls  
In little doll house jails.  
When the women walked the street  
With the beds upon their backs,  
Who was lifting up his brim to them?  
Black Max!

And there were looks for sale, the art of the smile,  
Only certain people walked that mystery mile  
Artists, charlatans, vaudevillians,  
Men of mathematics, acrobatics and civilians.

There was knitting needle music from a lady organ  
grinder  
With all her sons behind her.  
Marco, Vito, Benno  
(Was he strong! Though he walked like a woman)  
And Carlo, who was five.  
He must still be alive!

Ah, poor Marco had the syph  
And if you didn't take the terrible cure those days  
You went crazy and died  
And he did.

And at the coffin  
Before they closed the lid,  
Who raised his lid?  
Black Max!

I was climbing on the train one day  
Going far away to the good old USA  
When I heard some music underneath the tracks.  
Standing there beneath the bridge,  
Long black jacket, broad black hat,  
Playing the harmonica,  
One hand free to lift that hat to me:  
Black Max!

## George

My friend George  
Used to say,  
'Oh, call me Georgia, hon,  
Get yourself a drink,'  
And sang the best soprano  
In our part of town.

In beads, brocade and pins  
He sang if you happened in  
Through the door he never locked  
And said, 'Get yourself a drink,'  
And sang out loud  
Till tears fell in the cognac  
And the chocolate milk and gin  
And on the beads, brocade and pins.

When strangers happened through  
His open door  
George said, 'Stay,  
But you gotta keep quiet while I sing,'  
And then a minute after:  
'And call me Georgia.'

One fine day  
A stranger in a suit of navy blue  
Took George's life  
With a knife  
George had placed  
Beside an apple pie he'd baked  
And stabbed him in the middle  
Of *Un bel di vedremo*  
Which he sang for this particular stranger  
Who was from the United States Navy.

The funeral was at the cocktail hour.  
We knew George would like it like that.  
Tears fell on the beads, brocade and pins  
In the coffin  
Which was white  
Because George was a virgin.

Oh call him Georgia, hon,  
Get yourself a drink...

'You can call me Georgia, hon,  
Get yourself a drink!'



## Amor

It wasn't the policeman's fault in all the traffic roar  
Instead of shouting "Halt!" when he saw me he shouted,  
"Amor, Amor, Amor, Amor."

Even the icecream man (free icecreams by the score)  
Instead of shouting butter pecan one look at me,  
He shouted, "Amor, Amor, Amor!"

All over town it went that way.  
Everybody took off the day.  
Even philosophers understood  
how good was the good 'cuz I looked so good!

The poor stoped taking less.  
The rich stopped needing more.  
Instead of saying "no" and "yes",  
Both looking at me shouted "Amor!"

My stay in town was cut short.  
I as dragged to court.  
The judge said I disturbed the peace and the jury gave  
him what for!

The judge raised his hand and instead of desist and  
cease,  
Judgie came to the stand, took my hand and whispered,  
"Amor, Amor, Amor, Amor!"

Night was turning into day,  
I walked alone away.  
Never see that town again.  
But as I passed the churchhouse door  
Instead of singing "Amen"  
The choir was singing, "Amor, Amor, Amor, Amor!"

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