WIGMORE HALL

Sunday 8 November 2026
7.30pm

World and Dreams

Benjamin Appl baritone
Jerusalem Quartet
Alexander Pavlovsky violin
Sergei Bresler violin
Alexander Gordon viola
Kyril Zlotnikov cello

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)	Belsatzar Op. 57 (1840)
	Dein Angesicht Op. 127 No. 2 (1840)
	Mit Myrten und Rosen from *Liederkreis* Op. 24 (1840)
Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)	II. Romanze. Poco adagio from String Quartet in C minor Op. 51 No. 1 (?1865-73)
Gustav Mahler (1860-1911)	Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen (1883-5) *Wenn mein Schatz Hochzeit macht • Ging heut' morgen über's Feld • Ich hab' ein glühend Messer • Die zwei blauen Augen*
	Interval
Samuel Barber (1910-1981)	Dover Beach Op. 3 (1931)
Anton Webern (1883-1945)	Langsamer Satz (1905)
	3 Pieces for string quartet (1913) *I. Bewegt • II. Langsam 'Schmerz immer Blick nach oben' • III. Nicht zu langsam*
Kurt Weill (1900-1950)	Die Moritat von Mackie Messer from *The Threepenny Opera (Die Dreigroschenoper)* (1928)
	Youkali (1934)
	September Song from *Knickerbocker Holiday* (1938)
	Foolish Heart from *One Touch of Venus* (1943)

Please note that this programme includes explicit language and a reference to sexual violence.

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The year 1840 saw a torrent of 130 songs come to fruition in **Schumann**'s hand, 42 of them (including two song cycles) set to texts by Heinrich Heine. Schumann's remarkable 'year of song' came somewhat surprisingly, with the bulk of his repertoire hitherto written for solo piano. This creative and sentimental outburst is, therefore, oft-attributed to the arduous legal struggle to marry Clara Wieck despite her father's efforts to separate the two. 'Mit Myrten und Rosen' aptly reflects that spirit: in similar fashion to Beethoven's *An die ferne Geliebte*, Schumann's lyric ego sends many earnest songs to a distant beloved, just as he had sent Clara 'his songs' (or rather, Beethoven's), under melodic disguise, in his Fantasy in C, Op. 17.

Dein Angesicht (despite its misleadingly high opus number) is one of four deleted songs from the cycle *Dichterliebe* set to Heine's *Lyrisches Intermezzo*, where a lover's reverie swiftly descends into something morbid. Contrary to the two lovelorn songs, tonight's programme opens with the whirling winds of Babylon in *Belsatzar*, as Heine recounts the story of the arrogant king Belshazzar's feast and demise in what is perhaps Schumann's most vehement setting.

Despite Schumann's lofty acclaim of **Brahms**'s work as 'the highest expressions of the times', the towering legacy of Beethoven inevitably encircled him in an anxiety of influence to create works that endured alongside his mighty predecessor. The pinnacle of Beethoven's late quartets left Brahms in an eight-year gestation with many scrupulous revisions, before Brahms released his first string quartet in C minor. While Brahms stood in Beethoven's long shadow, **Mahler** stood in Schubert's: his *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen* joins the ranks of songs on Romantic *Wanderlust* (desire for wandering) after the 24-song colossus *Winterreise*. Penning his own texts, Mahler's short-breathed lines and interjections bring an immediacy that well-organised strophes may lack. While earlier song cycles are mostly a collection of self-contained songs, Mahler's prowess in progressive tonality leads each song astray from its 'starting point', ultimately to an uncertain, uncathartic ending 'mid-air'.

Mahler's *Wayfarer* songs are recognised (bar Berlioz's *Les nuits d'été*) as the first orchestral song cycle, transporting the domestic *milieu* of Lieder into the concert hall. Today's stripped-down arrangement re-embraces that intimacy, and, texturally, somewhat resembles Arnold Schoenberg's 1920 chamber arrangement for his Society of Private Music Performance in Vienna. The opening song is characterised by a near-schizophrenic amalgam of folk sounds, natural sounds and laments, as one attempts to cope with the eternal loss of their love. Contrary to *Winterreise*, the actual wandering has a jolly air to it (more akin to *Die schöne Müllerin*): symphonic enthusiasts will hear a large, sprightly vignette of Mahler's First Symphony, before that delight is decimated by the painful thought of the lover's blue eyes.

The final song (with opening horn fifths not unlike those in Brahms's *Romanze*) is remarkably sparse, as the wanderer marches through the ominous night to find that linden tree so hallowed in Germanic literature (featuring another tune recycled in Mahler's First). Where Schubert's wanderer took that famed *Lindenbaum* as his cue to leave, Mahler's takes it as a point where one can finally rest and dream.

Following Vaughan Williams's *On Wenlock Edge* (1909, also with piano), **Barber**'s *Dover Beach* is among the first works for voice and string quartet, and was praised passionately by the Englishman: 'I tried several times to set *Dover Beach*, but you really got it!' Barber was, along with Hahn and Quilter, among the paleo-'singer-songwriters': he was the only student at the Curtis Institute of Music to ever hold a triple-major (in piano, composition and voice), and had recorded *Dover Beach* as vocalist. He remarked the work as 'difficult, because nobody is boss'; indeed, frequently the voice is at the rhythmic mercy of the quartet, as they ripple in various ways to give the ocean that 'eternal note of sadness'.

Apart from *Dover Beach*, the second of **Webern**'s *3 Pieces*, set to his own 13-word poem, is the only work tonight originally in voice-quartet scoring. With his oft-cited mantra that a piece was over once all 12 notes had been played, Webern's ardent reputation as a serialist constantly overshadows his lyrical, sentimental nature; his mother's death in 1906 inspired a spiritual, 'upwards' search for love through his early mature works, which was also the principal theme of Webern's poem. Six years later, Webern's solitude when conducting in Stettin, Germany exacerbated his sense of bereavement, until a sabbatical granted him much-needed time to compose in the mountainous oases of Austria, where he completed his *3 Pieces*. The outer two pieces were eventually grouped into the Op. 9 Six Bagatelles, and the song was discarded. These three pieces trace a gradual dissolution of melody altogether: while a *cantilena* is still discernible in the first, the *sprechstimme* and textural sparseness of the second blurs it, and the near-exclusive use of harmonics and extended techniques of the third removes any tangible sense of melody as formerly colouristic elements now rise to the foreground.

To those accustomed to the fragmentary sound-world of Webern, the *Langsamer Satz*, in its late-Romantic providence, may seem uncharacteristic of him. Together with the orchestral work *Im Sommerwind*, these two works betray a young Webern who is content with lyrical passages remaining in larger plateaus of closely-related keys, while embracing the rich textural palette reminiscent of Schoenberg's *Verklärte Nacht*.

While serialist aesthetics roamed the select echelons of artistic life, **Kurt Weill** was at the forefront of the *Neue Sachlichkeit* movement. Contemporaneous with Krenek's popular *Zeittheater*, his work with Bertolt Brecht resulted in a stylistic foray into cabaret, most discernible in works such as *Die Dreigroschenoper*, *Mahagonny* and – well into his exile in Paris – the tango-habanera *Youkali*. Unlike many homesick émigré composers, he 'left as a child' to America, and happily invited musical theatre into his mutable musical vernacular, yielding such subdued, jazz-infused works as 'September Song' and 'Foolish Heart'. He was never in favour of a singular essence that – as he was once asked – 'made Weill Weill'.

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Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

Belsatzar Op. 57 (1840)
Heinrich Heine

Belshazzar

Die Mitternacht zog näher schon
In stummer Ruh' lag Babylon.

The midnight hour was drawing on;
in hushed repose lay Babylon.

Nur oben in des Königs Schloss,
Da flackert's, da lärmt des Königs Tross.

But high in the castle of the king,
torches flare, the king's men clamour.

Dort oben in dem Königssaal
Belsatzar hielt sein Königsmahl.

Up there in the royal hall
Belshazzar was holding his royal feast.

Die Knechte sassen in schimmernden Reihn,
Und leerten die Becher mit funkelndem Wein.

The vassals sat in shimmering rows,
and emptied the beakers of glistening wine.

Es klirrten die Becher, es jauchzten die Knecht';
So klang es dem störrigen Könige recht.

The vassals made merry, the goblets rang;
noise pleasing to that obdurate king.

Des Königs Wangen leuchten Glut;
Im Wein erwuchs ihm kecker Mut.

The king's cheeks glow like coals;
his impudence grew as he quaffed the wine.

Und blindlings reisst der Mut ihn fort;
Und er lästert die Gottheit mit sündigem Wort.

And arrogance carries him blindly away;
and he blasphemes God with sinful words.

Und er brüstet sich frech, und lästert wild;
Die Knechtenschar ihm Beifall brüllt.

And he brags insolently, blasphemes wildly;
the crowd of vassals roar him on.

Der König rief mit stolzem Blick;
Der Diener eilt und kehrt zurück.

The king called out with pride in his eyes;
the servant hurries out and then returns.

Er trug viel gülden Gerät auf dem Haupt;
Das war aus dem Tempel Jehovas geraubt.

He bore many vessels of gold on his head;
plundered from Jehovah's temple.

Und der König ergriff mit frevler Hand
Einen heiligen Becher, gefüllt bis am Rand.

With impious hand the king
grabs a sacred beaker filled to the brim.

Und er leert' ihn hastig bis auf den Grund
Und rufet laut mit schäumendem Mund:

And he drains it hastily down to the dregs,
and shouts aloud through foaming lips:

Jehova! dir künd' ich auf ewig Hohn, –
Ich bin der König von Babylon!

'Jehovah! I offer you eternal scorn –
I am the king of Babylon!'

Doch kaum das grause Wort verklang,
Dem König ward's heimlich im Busen bang.

Those terrible words had hardly faded,
than the king was filled with secret fear.

Das gellende Lachen verstummte zumal;
Es wurde leichenstill im Saal.

The shrill laughter was suddenly silent;
it became deathly still in the hall.

Und sieh! und sieh! an weisser Wand
Da kam's hervor wie Menschenhand;

And see! and see! on the white wall
a shape appeared like a human hand;

Und schrieb und schrieb an weisser Wand
Buchstaben von Feuer, und schrieb und schwand.

And wrote and wrote on the white wall
letters of fire, and wrote and went.

Der König stieren Blicks da sass,
Mit schlotternden Knien und totenblass.

The king sat there with staring eyes,
with trembling knees and pale as death.

Die Knechtenschar sass kalt durchgraut,
Und sass gar still, gab keinen Laut.

The host of vassals sat stricken with horror,
and sat quite still, and made no sound.

Die Magier kamen, doch keiner verstand
Zu deuten die Flammenschrift an der Wand.

The soothsayers came, not one of them all
could interpret the letters of fire on the wall.

Belsatzar ward aber in selbiger Nacht
Von seinen Knechten umgebracht.

Belshazzar however in that same night
was done to death by his own vassals.

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

Dein Angesicht Op. 127 No. 2 (1840)

Heinrich Heine

Dein Angesicht, so lieb und schön,
Das hab' ich jüngst im Traum gesehn,
Es ist so mild und engelgleich,
Und doch so bleich, so schmerzenreich.

Und nur die Lippen, die sind rot;
Bald aber küsst sie bleich der Tod.
Erlöschen wird das Himmelslicht,
Das aus den frommen Augen bricht.

Your face

Your face so lovely and fair
appeared to me in a recent dream,
so mild, it looks, and angel-like,
and yet so pale, so full of pain.

And your lips alone are red;
but death shall soon kiss them pale.
The heavenly light will be extinguished
that gleams from your innocent eyes.

Mit Myrten und Rosen from *Liederkreis* Op. 24 (1840)

Heinrich Heine

Mit Myrten und Rosen, lieblich und hold,
Mit duft'gen Zypressen und Flittergold,
Möcht' ich zieren dies Buch wie 'nen Totenschrein,
Und sargen meine Lieder hinein.

O könnt' ich die Liebe sargen hinzu!
Auf dem Grabe der Liebe wächst Blümlein der Ruh',
Da blüht es hervor, da pflückt man es ab, –
Doch mir blüht's nur, wenn ich selber im Grab.

With myrtles and roses from *Song cycle*

With myrtles and roses, sweet and fair,
with fragrant cypress and golden tinsel,
I should like to adorn this book like a coffin
and bury my songs within.

Could I but bury my love here too!
On Love's grave grows the flower of peace,
there it blossoms, there is plucked,
but only when I'm buried will it bloom for me.

Hier sind nun die Lieder, die einst so wild,
Wie ein Lavastrom, der dem Ätna entquillt,
Hervorgestürzt aus dem tiefsten Gemüt,
Und rings viel blitzende Funken versprüht!

Nun liegen sie stumm und totengleich,
Nun starren sie kalt und nebelbleich,
Doch aufs neu' die alte Glut sie belebt,
Wenn der Liebe Geist einst über sie schwebt.

Und es wird mir im Herzen viel Ahnung laut:
Der Liebe Geist einst über sie taut;
Einst kommt dies Buch in deine Hand,
Du süsses Lieb im fernen Land.

Dann löst sich des Liedes Zauberbann,
Die blassen Buchstaben schaun dich an,
Sie schauen dir flehend ins schöne Aug',
Und flüstern mit Wehmut und Liebeshauch.

Here now are the songs, which once
streamed like lava from Etna,
wildly from the depths of my soul,
scattering sparks all around!

Now they lie mute, as though dead,
now they stare coldly, as pale as mist,
but the old glow shall revive them again,
when one day Love's spirit floats over them.

And a thought speaks loudly in my heart:
that Love's spirit will one day thaw them;
one day this book will fall into your hands,
my sweetest love, in a distant land.

And on that day the spell will break,
the pale letters will gaze at you,
gaze imploringly into your beautiful eyes,
and whisper with sadness and the breath of love.

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

II. Romanze. Poco adagio from String Quartet in C minor Op. 51 No. 1 (?1865-73)

Gustav Mahler (1860-1911)

Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen (1883-5)

Gustav Mahler

Wenn mein Schatz Hochzeit macht

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!

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!"

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!

When my love has her wedding-day

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!

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!'

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!

Ging heut' morgen über's Feld

Ging heut' morgen über's Feld,
Tau noch auf den Gräsern hing;
Sprach zu mir der lust'ge Fink:
"Ei, du! Gelt?
Guten Morgen! Ei, Gelt? Du!
Wird's nicht eine schöne Welt?
Zink! Zink! Schön und flink!
Wie mir doch die Welt gefällt!"

Auch die Glockenblum' am Feld
Hat mir lustig, guter Ding',
Mit den Glöckchen, klinge, kling,
Ihren Morgengruss geschellt:
"Wird's nicht eine schöne Welt?
Kling! Kling! Schönes Ding!
Wie mir doch die Welt gefällt!"

Und da fing im Sonnenschein
Gleich die Welt zu funkeln an;
Alles, Alles, Ton und Farbe gewann!
Im Sonnenschein!
Blum' und Vogel, gross und klein!
"Guten Tag! Guten Tag!
Ist's nicht eine schöne Welt?
Ei, du! Gelt? Schöne Welt!"

Nun fängt auch mein Glück wohl an?
Nein! Nein! Das ich mein',
Mir nimmer, nimmer blühen kann!

I walked across the fields this morning

I walked across the fields this morning,
dew still hung on the grass,
the merry finch said to me:
'You there, hey –
Good morning! Hey, you there!
Isn't it a lovely world?
Tweet! Tweet! Bright and sweet!
O how I love the world!'

And the harebell at the field's edge,
merrily and in good spirits,
ding-ding with its tiny bell
rang out its morning greeting:
'Isn't it a lovely world?
Ding-ding! Beautiful thing!
O how I love the world!'

And then in the gleaming sun
the world at once began to sparkle;
all things gained in tone and colour!
In the sunshine!
Flower and bird, great and small.
'Good day! Good day!
Isn't it a lovely world?
Hey, you there! A lovely world!'

Will my happiness now begin?
No! No! The happiness I mean
can never bloom for me!

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

Ich hab' ein glühend Messer

Ich hab' ein glühend Messer,
Ein Messer in meiner Brust,
O weh! O weh!
Das schneid't so tief
In jede Freud' und jede Lust,
So tief! so tief!
Es schneid't so weh und tief!

Ach, was ist das für ein böser Gast!
Nimmer hält er Ruh',
Nimmer hält er Rast!
Nicht bei Tag,
Nicht bei Nacht, wenn ich schlief!
O weh! O weh! O weh!

Wenn ich in den Himmel seh',
Seh' ich zwei blaue Augen steh'n!
O weh! O weh!
Wenn ich im gelben Felde geh',
Seh' ich von fern das blonde Haar
Im Winde weh'n! O weh! O weh!
Wenn ich aus dem Traum auffahr'
Und höre klingen ihr silbern Lachen,
O weh! O weh!
Ich wollt', ich läg' auf der schwarzen Bahr',
Könnt' nimmer die Augen aufmachen!

I've a gleaming knife

I've a gleaming knife,
a knife in my breast,
alas! Alas!
It cuts so deep
into every joy and every bliss,
so deep, so deep!
It cuts so sharp and deep!

Ah, what a cruel guest it is!
Never at peace,
never at rest!
Neither by day
nor by night, when I'd sleep!
Alas! Alas! Alas!

When I look into the sky,
I see two blue eyes!
Alas! Alas!
When I walk in the yellow field,
I see from afar her golden hair
blowing in the wind! Alas! Alas!
When I wake with a jolt from my dream
and hear her silvery laugh,
alas! Alas!
I wish I were lying on the black bier,
and might never open my eyes again!

Die zwei blauen Augen

Die zwei blauen Augen von meinem Schatz,
Die haben mich in die weite Welt geschickt.
Da musst' ich Abschied nehmen
Vom allerliebsten Platz!
O Augen blau, warum habt ihr mich angeblickt?
Nun hab' ich ewig Leid und Grämen!

The two blue eyes

The two blue eyes of my love
have sent me into the wide world.
I had to bid farewell
to the place I loved most!
O blue eyes, why did you look on me?
Grief and sorrow shall now be mine forever!

Ich bin ausgegangen in stiller Nacht,
Wohl über die dunkle Heide.
Hat mir niemand Ade gesagt, Ade!
Mein Gesell' war Lieb' und Leide!

Auf der Strasse stand ein Lindenbaum,
Da hab' ich zum ersten Mal im Schlaf geruht!
Unter dem Lindenbaum,
Der hat seine Blüten über mich geschneit,
Da wusst' ich nicht, wie das Leben tut,
War alles, alles wieder gut!
Alles! Alles!
Lieb' und Leid, und Welt und Traum!

I set out in the still night,
across the dark heath.
No one bade me farewell, farewell!
My companions were love and sorrow!

A lime tree stood by the roadside,
where I first found peace in sleep!
Under the lime tree
which snowed its blossom on me,
I was not aware of how life hurts,
and all, all was well once more!
All! All!
Love and sorrow, and world and dream!

Interval

Samuel Barber (1910-1981)

Dover Beach Op. 3 (1931)

Matthew Arnold

The sea is calm tonight,
The tide is full, the moon lies fair
Upon the straights; – on the French coast the light
Gleams, and is gone; the cliffs of England stand,
Glimm'ring and vast, out in the tranquil bay.
Come to the window, sweet is the night air!
Only, from the long line of spray,
Where the sea meets the moon-blanch'd land,
Listen! you hear the grating roar
Of pebbles which the waves draw back, and fling,
At their return, up the high strand,
Begin, and cease and then again begin,
With tremulous cadence slow, and bring
The eternal note of sadness in.

Sophocles long ago
Heard it on the Ægean, and it brought
Into his mind the turbid ebb and flow
Of human misery; we
Find also in the sound a thought,
Hearing it by this distant northern sea.

The sea of faith
Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled;
But now I only hear,
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
Retreating to the breath
Of the night wind, down the vast edges drear
And naked shingles of the world.

Ah, love, let us be true
To one another! for the world, which seems
To lie before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
And we are here, as on a darkling plain,
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night.

Anton Webern (1883-1945)

Langsamer Satz (1905)

3 Pieces for string quartet (1913)

I. Bewegt

II. Langsam 'Schmerz immer Blick nach oben'

Anton Webern

Schmerz immer	Pain, always
Blick nach oben	Raise your eyes
Himmelstau	Dew of heaven
Erinnerung	Memory
Schwarze Blüten	Black blossoms
Auf Herz	Upon the heart
Aus Mutter.	From mother.

III. Nicht zu langsam

Kurt Weill (1900-1950)

Die Moritat von Mackie Messer from *Die Dreigroschenoper* (1928)

Bertolt Brecht

Please note that this text includes explicit language and a reference to sexual violence.

Und der Haifisch, der hat Zähne	And the shark has teeth
Und die trägt er im Gesicht	and he wears them in his face
Und Macheath, der hat ein Messer	and Macheath, he has a knife
Doch das Messer sieht man nicht.	but the knife cannot be seen.
An 'nem schönen blauen Sonntag	On a nice, blue-skied Sunday
Liegt ein toter Mann am Strand	a dead man lies on the Strand
Und ein Mensch geht um die Ecke	and a man sneaks round the corner
Den man Mackie Messer nennt.	whom they all call Mack the Knife.
Und Schmul Meier bleibt verschwunden	And Schmul Meier goes missing
Wie so mancher reiche Mann	and many a rich man
Und sein Geld hat Mackie Messer	and Mack the Knife has his money
Dem man nichts beweisen kann.	though you can't prove a thing.
Jenny Towler ward gefunden	Jenny Towler was found
Mit 'nem Messer in der Brust	with a knife in her breast
Und am Kai geht Mackie Messer	and down by the docks walks Mack the Knife
Der von allem nichts gewusst.	who doesn't know a single thing.
Und das grosse Feuer in Soho	And the great fire in Soho –
Sieben Kinder und ein Greis –	seven children and one old man it claimed –
In der Menge Mackie Messer, den	in the crowd was Mack the Knife, who
Man nicht fragt und der nichts weiss.	no one quizzes and who knows nothing.
Und die minderjährige Witwe	And the young under-age widow,
Derer Namen jeder weiss	whose name is known to all,
Wachte auf und war geschändet –	woke up and got raped –
Mackie, welches war dein Preis?	Mack, what was the price to pay?
Denn die einen sind im Dunkeln	For some dwell in the dark
Und die andern sind im Licht	and others in the light
Und man sieht die im Lichte	and those in the light can be seen
Die im Dunkeln sieht man nicht.	but those in the dark cannot.

The ballad of Mack the Knife from *The Threepenny Opera*

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

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.

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,
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,
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,
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 déliverance
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!

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!

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.

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 ...

Youkali ...

September Song from *Knickerbocker Holiday* (1938)

James Maxwell Anderson

When I was a young man courting the girls
I played me a waiting game
If a maid refused me with tossing curls
I'd let the old Earth take a couple of whirls
While I plied her with tears in place of pearls
And as time came around she came my way
As time came around she came

But it's a long, long while from May to December
And the days grow short when you reach September
And the autumn weather turns the leaves to flame
And I haven't got time for waiting game

And the wine dwindles down to a precious brew
September, November,
And these few vintage years I'd share with you
Those vintage years I'd share with you

But it's a long, long while from May to December
And the days grow short when you reach September
And I have lost one tooth and i walk a little lame
And I haven't got time for waiting game

And the days turn to gold as they grow few
September, November
And these few golden days I'd spend with you
These golden days I'd spend with you

When you meet with the young men early in Spring
They court you in song and rhyme
They woo you with words and a clover ring
But if you examine the goods they bring
They have little to offer, but the songs they sing
And a plentiful waste of time of day
A plentiful waste of time

But it's a long, long while from May to December
Will the clover ring last till you reach September
And I'm not quite equipped for the waiting game
But I have a little money and I have a little fame

And the days dwindle down to a precious few
September, November
And these few precious days I'd spend with you
These precious days I'd spend with you

Foolish Heart from *One Touch of Venus*

(1943)
Ogden Nash

Love shouldn't be serious, should it?
You meet, you kiss, you start
I fancied that I understood it
I forgot my foolish heart

Love can't be illogical, can it?
You kiss, you smile, you part
It happens the way that you plan it
If you hush your foolish heart

Poor foolish heart
Crying for one who ignores you
Poor foolish heart
Flying from one who adores you

Ah, love used to touch me so lightly
My heart now betrays me so
I would dance with a new lover nightly
But my foolish heart says no

Ah, love used to touch me so lightly
My heart now betrays me so
I would dance with a new lover nightly
But my foolish heart says no

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