

Cabaret Bouquet

Stay in My Arms

Marc Blitzstein

In this great city where will I find one peaceful, pretty spot where noise is not?
A bit of quiet, untouched by all the hectic riot would help things a lot.
Our tempo's automatic, science reveals. Our pace is acrobatic, life moves on wheels
Here's my admission – I haven't very much ambition for the mad existence of our time.

Let's just be old fashioned, let's just be lazy.
The world's gone crazy, so stay in my arms.

My most dear, come close dear, Don't be afraid to.
My hands were made to shield you from alarm.

What's all the shooting for? Where are they rushing?
Whom are they rooting for? Whom are they crushing?

Forget them or let them grow dim and hazy.
The world's gone crazy so stay in my arms.

While millions of millions go wildly prancing,
I'll be romancing a song of your charms.

They dance a dance that kills – mad and defenseless.
Such jumping Jacks and Jills, it's all so senseless.

I love you. You love me. That much is plain, dear.
The world's insane, dear: so stay in my arms.

Mahnung

Gustav Hochstetter

Mädel, sei kein eitles Ding,
Fang dir keinen Schmetterling,
Such dir einen rechten Mann,
Der dich tüchtig küssen kann,
Und mit seiner Hände Kraft
Dir ein warmes Nestchen schafft.

Warning

translated by Joanne Evans

Girl, don't be so vain,
Do not try to catch a butterfly,
Look for a real man,
Who knows how to kiss you properly,
And whose strong hands
Can build you a warm little nest.

Mädel, Mädel, sei nicht dumm,
Lauf nicht wie im Traum herum,
Augen auf! ob einer kommt,
Der dir recht zum Manne taugt.
Kommt er, dann nicht lang bedacht!
Klapp! die Falle zugemacht!

Liebes Mädel, sei gescheit,
Nütze deine Rosenzeit!
Passe auf und denke dran,
Daß du, wenn du ohne Plan
Ziellos durch das Leben schwirrst,
Eine alte Jungfer wirst.

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.

Girl, girl, don't be stupid,
Don't run around as if in a dream,
Open your eyes! In case one comes
Who'll make you a perfect match.
If he comes, then don't think twice!
Clap! Trap him!

Lovely girl, be smart,
Use your looks while you can!
Watch out, and bear in mind
That, without a plan,
You'll whiz through life aimlessly,
And become an old maid.

Galathea

Ah, how I burn with desire,
Galathea, lovely child,
Just to kiss your cheeks,
Because they are so adorable.

The bliss that I feel,
Galathea, lovely child,
Just to kiss your hair,
Because it is so tempting.

Never resist me, till I've finished,
Galathea, lovely child,
Just to kiss your hands,
Because they are so tempting.

Ah, you couldn't guess at how I glow,
Galathea, lovely child,
Just to kiss your knees,
Because they are so tempting.

And what wouldn't I do, my sweet,
Galathea, lovely child,
Just to kiss your feet,
Because they are so tempting.

But never reveal your mouth,
My girl, to my kisses,
For the fullness of their charms
Can only be kissed in fantasy.

Arie aus dem Spiegel von Arcadien
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 anderer 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 I've seen so many women,
My heart beats so warmly,
It hums and buzzes here and there,
Just like a swarm of bees.

And if her fire is just like mine,
And her eyes are lovely and clear,
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 around like a marmot
Back and forth.

That would be a life worth living,
I'd have a merry old time,
I'd hop like a hare through the field,
And my heart would skip forever more.
Boom, boom, boom, etc.

He who doesn't see a woman's treasures
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 jump all around women;
My heart beats happily against hers,
And goes... boom, boom, boom, etc.

In der Fremde

Joseph von Eichendorff

Aus der Heimat hinter den Blitzen rot
Da kommen die Wolken her.
Aber Vater und Mutter sind lange tot,
Es kennt mich dort keiner mehr.
Wie bald, ach wie bald kommt die stille
Zeit, da ruhe ich auch,
und über mir rauscht die schöne
Waldeinsamkeit,
Und keiner kennt mich mehr hier.

Eine rote Rose

Ingrid Olbricht

Eine rote Rose hast du mir gegeben.
Ich habe gesehen wie sie welkt.

Es ist grausam, eine Rose zu schenken,
Und zu wissen, dass sie welkt.

Noch ahnst du nichts vom Herbst des Haines

Rainer Maria Rilke

Noch ahnst du nichts vom Herbst des
Haines,
drin lichte Mädchen lachend gehn;
nur manchmal küßt wie fernes, feines
Erinnern dich der Duft des Weines, -
sie lauschen, und es singt wohl eines
ein wehes Lied vom Wiedersehn.

In leiser Duft dir Ranken schwanken,
wie wenn wer Abschied winkt.
Am Pfad stehn alle Rosen in Gedanken;
sie sehen ihren Sommer kranken,
und seine hellen Hände sanken leise
von seiner reifen Tat.

In a Foreign Land

From my homeland, beyond the red
lightning, the clouds come drifting in.
But father and mother are long dead,
Now no one knows me there.
How soon, ah how soon till that quiet
time when I too shall rest,
And above me murmurs the beautiful
lonely woods,
And no-one knows me here.

A Red Rose

A red rose you've given me.
I have seen how they wither.

It is cruel, to give a rose,
And to know, that it withers.

You barely suspect that from the autumn of the grove

You barely suspect that from the autumn
of the grove,
Laughing maidens go inside;
Only sometimes faraway kisses
remind you of the scent of wine.
They listen, and one of them sings
perhaps a sad song of remembrance.

On a sweet breeze the tendrils sway,
Like when someone waves farewell.
On the path the roses all stand in thought;
They see their summer sicken,
And their bright hands sink softly
From their ripe act.

Frühlingsnacht

Joseph von Eichendorff

Über'm Garten durch die Lüfte
Hört' ich Wandervogel zieh'n,
Das bedeutet Frühlingsdüfte,
Unten fängt's schon an zu blüh'n.

Jauchzen möcht' ich, möchte weinen,
Ist mir's doch, als könnt's nicht sein!
Alte Wunder wieder scheinen
Mit dem Mondesglanz herein.
Und der Mond, die Sterne sagen's,
Und im Traume rauscht's der Hain
Und die Nachtigallen schlagen's:
Sie ist Deine, sie ist Dein!

Spring Night

translated by Richard Stokes

Over the garden, through the air
I heard birds of passage fly,
A sign that spring is in the air,
Flowers already bloom below.

I could shout for joy, could weep,
For it seems to me it cannot be!
All the old wonders come flooding back,
Gleaming in the moonlight.
And the moon and stars say it,
And the dreaming forest whispers it,
And the nightingales sing it:
'She is yours, is yours!'

Ich hab, ich bin, ich wär

Mischa Spoliansky

Ich hab', ich bin, ich möcht' mit dir sofort -
Ich würde, wenn du gerne auch - es fehlt
nur noch ein Wort!

Du fühlst den Sinn und du verstehst mich
sicherlich.

Ich hab', ich bin - ich bin verliebt in dich!

Es brennt die Liebe lichterloh,
Im Kopf, im Herz, im Irgendwo
Wo brennt's?

Mein Herz wird zum Maschinenhaus
Und trocknet mir die Kehle aus,
man kennt's!

Und Flamme sich mit Flamme mischt
Und jeder Wassertropfen zischt auf mir!
Ich käm' so gerne feurig dir
Und dabei stott're ich für Vier zu dir!

Der Feuerzauber bald versinkt
Mein Herz kocht über und zerspringt
wie Glas!

Dann lieg' ich plötzlich wie auf Eis
Ich komme zu mir und ich weiß nur das:
Wenn man vom Feuer sich erholt
Dann fühlt man sich auch noch verkoht
Dazu!

Jedoch ich weiß was Liebe heißt
Uns stott're weiter ganz vereist
Auch d-d-d-d-d-du?

I have, I am, I would be

I have, I am, I would like with you now -
I would, if you too gladly would - I'm not
missing a word!

You feel what I'm saying and you
understand me, surely.

I have, I am, I am in love with you!

It burns, love, ablaze,
In my head, my heart, somewhere else...
Where's the fire?

My heart is a machine
And dries out my throat,
you know!

And flame mingles with flame
And every water drop hisses on me!
I came so fiery to you
And while stuttering as if for four!

The magical fire soon sinks
My heart cooks over and shatters
Like glass!
Then I lie down suddenly as if on ice
I come to my senses and I know only this:
When a man recovers from fire he feels
himself somewhat charred!

However I know what love means,
We stutter, again completely frozen.
And...you?

Blue

Arnold Weinstein

This is what I want to do, my heart, is sit real still with you.
After all that cruising in around and out of town,
Put them down who dared refuse me, and the same old line I threw.
Ah but up, up, up I grew.

And now all I want to do, my heart, is still real still with you.
After all that screeching, talking fast and slowing down,
Only now and then to reach you when you'd let me know I knew,
That what I preach is none too true.
That's why all I want to do, my heart, is still real still with you.

'Cause I do know this about people, and I don't mean 'some',
Awfully smart people are often awful dumb, aren't we?
We just don't realize that behind the eyes, behind the mind,
You find the sweetest brilliance. And a stillness of such blue that –
That's why all I want to do, my soul, is still real still with you.

Ah so sweetly down the hill.
That is what I want to do, sweet soul, is still real still with you.

Speak Low

Ogden Nash

Speak low, when you speak, love.
Our summer day withers away too soon, too soon.
Speak low, when you speak, love.
Our moment is swift, like ships adrift, we're swept apart too soon.

Speak low, darling, speak low.
Love is a spark lost in the dark too soon, too soon.
I feel wherever I go that tomorrow is near, tomorrow is here and always too soon.

Time is so old and love so brief.
Love is pure gold and time a thief.

We're late, darling, we're late.
The curtain descends, everything ends too soon, too soon.
I wait, darling, I wait.
Will you speak love to me? Speak love to me? And soon?

Funeral Blues

W. H. Auden

Stop all the clocks, cut off the telephone,
Prevent the dog from barking with a juicy bone,
Silence the pianos and with muffled drum
Bring out the coffin, let the mourners come.

Let aeroplanes circle, moaning overhead
Scribbling on the sky the message, 'He Is Dead'.
Put crepe bows round the white necks of the public doves,
Let the traffic policemen wear black cotton gloves.

He was my North, my South, my East and West,
My working week and my Sunday rest,
My noon, my midnight, my talk, my song;
I thought that love would last forever: I was wrong.

The stars are not wanted now; put out every one,
Pack up the moon and dismantle the sun,
Pour away the ocean and sweep up the wood;
For nothing now can ever come to any good.

Johnny

W. H. Auden

Oh the valley in the summer when I and my John
Beside the deep river walk on and on.
While the grass at our feet and the birds up above
Whispered so soft in reciprocal love,
And I leaned on his shoulder; 'Oh Johnny, let's play':
But he frowned like thunder and he went away.

Oh the evening near Christmas as I well recall,
When we went to the Charity Matinee Ball,
The floor was so smooth and the band was so loud,
And Johnny so handsome I felt so proud;
'Squeeze me tighter, dear Johnny, let's dance till day':
But he frowned like thunder and he went away.

Shall I ever forget at the Grand Opera
When music poured out of each wonderful star?
Diamonds and pearls hung like ivy down
Over each gold and silver gown;
'Oh Johnny I'm in heaven,' I whispered to say:
But he frowned like thunder and he went away.

Oh, Oh but he was fair as a garden in flower,
As slender and tall as the great Eiffel Tower,
When the waltz throbbed out on the long promenade
Oh his eyes and his smile went straight to my heart;
'Oh marry me, Johnny, I'll love and obey':
But he frowned like thunder and he went away.

Oh last night I dreamed of you, Johnny, my lover,
You'd the sun on one arm and the moon on the other,
The sea it was blue and the grass it was green,
Every star rattled a round tambourine;
Ten thousand miles deep in a pit there I lay:
But you went away.

Hôtel

Guillaume Apollinaire

Ma chambre a la forme d'une cage
Le soleil passe son bras par la fenêtre

Mais moi qui veux fumer pour faire des
mirages,
J'allume au feu du jour ma cigarette
Je ne veux pas travailler. Je veux fumer.

Hotel

My room has the form of a cage.
The sun passes its arm through the
window,
But I who want to smoke and make
mirages,
I light my cigarette on daylight's fire
I do not want to work. I want to smoke.

Les chemins de l'amour

Jean Anouilh

Les chemins qui vont à la mer
Ont gardé de notre passage
Des fleurs effeuillées
Et l'écho sous leurs arbres
De nos deux rires clairs.
Hélas! des jours de bonheur,
Radiées joies envolées,
Je vais sans retrouver traces
Dans mon coeur.

Chemins de mon amour,
Je vous cherche toujours,
Chemins perdus, vous n'êtes plus
Et vos échos sont sourds.
Chemins du désespoir,
Chemins du souvenir,
Chemins du premier jour,
Divins chemins d'amour.

Si je dois l'oublier un jour,
La vie effaçant toute chose,
Je veux dans mon coeur qu'un souvenir
Repose plus fort que l'autre amour.
Le souvenir du chemin,
Où tremblante et toute éperdue,
Un jour j'ai senti sur moi brûler tes mains.

Mon Homme

Jacques-Charles and Albert Willemetz

Sur cette terre ma seule joie, mon seul
bonheur, c'est mon homme.
J'ai donné tout ce que j'ai, mon amour et
tout mon coeur à mon homme.
Et même la nuit, quand je rêve, c'est de
lui, de mon homme.

Ce n'est pas qu'il est beau, qu'il est riche,
ni costaud, mais je l'aime.
C'est idiot, il me fout des coups,
Il me prend mes sous,

The Paths of Love

The paths that lead to the sea
Have retained from our passing
The flowers that shed their petals
And the echo beneath their trees
Of our clear laughter.
Alas! No trace of those happy days,
Those radiant joys now flown,
Can I find again
In my heart.

Paths of my love,
I search for you ceaselessly,
Lost paths, you are no more
And your echoes are muted.
Paths of despair,
Paths of memory,
Paths of our first day,
Divine paths of love.

If one day I must forget,
Since life obliterates everything,
I wish for my heart to remember one
thing, more vivid than the other love,
To remember the path where, trembling
and quite distracted, I once felt, on me,
your passionate hands.

My Man

On this earth my only joy, my only
happiness, is my man.
I gave all that I have, my love and
my heart to my man.
And even at night, when I dream, it's of
him, of my man.

It's not because he's beautiful, nor rich,
nor strong, but I love him.
He's an idiot, he hits me,
He takes my cash,

Je suis à bout, mais malgré tout,
Que voulez vous?

Je l'ai tellement dans la peau,
Que j'en deviens marteau,
Dès qu'il s'approche c'est fini,
Je suis à lui.
Quand ses yeux sur moi se posent,
Ça me rend toute choses.

Je l'ai tellement dans la peau,
Qu'au moindre mot,
Il me ferait faire n'importe quoi.
Je tuerais ma foi,
Je sens qu'il me rendrait infâme,
Mais je ne suis qu'une femme.

I'm exhausted but, despite it all,
What can you do?

I've got him under my skin,
I become a hammer
When he approaches, it's over,
I am his.
When his eyes alight on me,
It makes me...everything.

I've got him under my skin,
With just one word,
He could make me do anything.
I would kill my faith,
I feel it would make me infamous,
But I am simply a woman.

It's cost me a lot, but there's one thing
that I got, it's my man.
Cold and wet, tired you bet,
But all that I soon forget with my man.

He's not much for looks, and no hero out
of books is my man.
Two or three girls has he that he likes as
well as me, but I love him.
I don't know why I should, he isn't good.
He isn't true, he hurts me too, what can I
do?

Oh my man I love him so,
He'll never know.
All my life is just despair, but I don't care.
When he takes me in his arms the world
is bright, all right.
What's the difference if I say I'll go away,
when I know I'll come back on my knees
some day?
For whatever my man is, I am his forever
more.

Les moulins de mon coeur

Eddy Marnay

Comme une pierre que l'on jette dans
l'eau vive d'un ruisseau,
Et qui laisse derrière elle des milliers de
ronds dans l'eau,
Comme un manège de lune avec ses
chevaux d'étoiles,
Comme un anneau de Saturne, un ballon
de carnaval,
Comme le chemin de ronde que font sans
cesse les heures,
Le voyage autour du monde d'un
tournesol dans sa fleur,
Tu fais tourner de ton nom tous les
moulins de mon cœur.

Comme un écheveau de laine entre les
mains d'un enfant,
Ou les mots d'une rengaine pris dans les
harpes du vent,
Comme un tourbillon de neige, comme un
vol de goélands,
Sur des forêts de Norvège, sur des
moutons d'océan,
Comme le chemin de ronde que font sans
cesse les heures,
Le voyage autour du monde d'un
tournesol dans sa fleur,
Tu fais tourner de ton nom tous les
moulins de mon cœur.

Ce jour-là près de la source, Dieu sait ce
que tu m'as dit,
Mais l'été finit sa course, l'oiseau tomba
de son nid,
Et voilà que sur le sable nos pas
s'effacent déjà,
Et je suis seul à la table qui résonne sous
mes doigts,
Comme un tambourin qui pleure sous les
gouttes de la pluie,
Comme les chansons qui meurent
aussitôt qu'on les oublie,
Et les feuilles de l'automne rencontrent

The Windmills of my Heart

Like a pebble that one throws in the
living water of a stream,
And that leaves behind it thousands of
circles in the water,
Like a carousel of the moon with its
horses of stars,
Like a ring of Saturn, a balloon
from the carnival,
Like the circular path that never ends,

The journey around the world of a
sunflower in bloom,
You turn your name in the
windmills of my heart.

Like a ball of wool between the
hands of an infant,
Or the words of a refrain taken from the
harps of the wind,
Like a whirlwind of snow, like a
flight of gulls,
Over the forests of Norway, over the
lambs of the ocean,
Like the circular path that never ends,

The journey around the world of a
sunflower in bloom,
You turn your name in the
windmills of my heart.

That day by the stream, God knows what
you said to me,
But Summer has ended its course, the
bird tumbled from its nest.
And, voilà, our steps are disappearing
from the sand,
And I am alone at the table that resounds
under my fingers,
Like a tambourine that cries under drops
of rain,
Like the songs that die as soon as one
forgets them,
And the leaves of autumn meet with skies

des ciels moins bleus,
Et ton absence leur donne la couleur de
tes cheveux.

Une pierre que l'on jette dans l'eau vive
d'un ruisseau,
Et qui laisse derrière elle des milliers de
ronds dans l'eau.
Au vent des quatre saisons,
Tu fais tourner de ton nom,
Tous les moulins de mon cœur.

less blue,
And your absence gives them the color of
your hair.

Like a pebble that one throws in the
living water of a stream.
And that leaves behind it thousand of
circles in the water.
In the wind of every season,
You turn your name,
In the windmills of my heart.