

# I

## **That old black magic**

Music: Harold Arlen

Lyrics: Johnny Mercer

That old black magic has me in its spell,  
That old black magic that you weave so well.  
Those icy fingers up and down my spine  
The same old witchcraft when your eyes meet mine.  
The same old tingle that I feel inside,  
And when that elevator starts its ride  
And down and down I go  
Like a leaf that's caught in the tide.

I should stay away, but what can I do?  
I hear your name and I'm aflame  
A flame with such a burning desire  
That only your kiss can put out the fire.

For you're the lover I have waited for,  
The mate that fate had me created for.  
And every time your lips meet mine,  
Darling, down and down I go, 'round and 'round I go  
In a spin, loving the spin I'm in,  
Under that old black magic called love.

## **Claire de lune / Moonlight**

Music: Claude Debussy

Text: Paul Verlaine

Votre âme est un paysage choisi  
Que vont charmant masques et bergamasques  
Jouant du luth et dansant et quasi  
Tristes sous leurs déguisements fantasques.  
Tout en chantant sur le mode mineur

L'amour vainqueur et la vie opportune,  
Ils n'ont pas l'air de croire à leur bonheur  
Et leur chanson se mêle au clair de lune,  
Au calme clair de lune triste et beau,  
Qui fait rêver les oiseaux dans les arbres  
Et sangloter d'extase les jets d'eau,  
Les grands jets d'eau sveltes parmi les marbres.

Your soul is a chosen landscape  
Bewitched by masquers and bergamaskers,  
Playing the lute and dancing and almost  
Sad beneath their fanciful disguises.  
Singing as they go in a minor key  
Of conquering love and life's favours,  
They do not seem to believe in their fortune  
And their song mingles with the light of the moon,  
The calm light of the moon, sad and fair,  
That sets the birds dreaming in the trees  
And the fountains sobbing in their rapture,  
Tall and svelte amid marble statues.

— Translation by Richard Stokes

## **My name is John Wellington Wells**

Music: Arthur Sullivan

Lyrics: William Schwenck Gilbert

Oh, my name is John Wellington Wells  
I'm a dealer in magic and spells  
In blessings and curses and ever-filled purses  
In prophecies, witches, and knells.  
If you want a proud foe to "make tracks"  
If you'd melt a rich uncle in wax  
You've but to look in on our resident Djinn  
Number seventy Simmery Axe.

We've a first-class assortment of magic;  
And for raising a posthumous shade,  
With effects that are comic or tragic,  
There's no cheaper house in the trade.  
Love-philtre--we've quantities of it!  
And for knowledge if any one burns,  
We keep an extremely small prophet, a prophet  
Who brings us unbounded returns:  
For he can prophesy  
With a wink of his eye,  
Peep with security  
Into futurity,  
Sum up your history,  
Clear up a mystery,  
Humour proclivity  
For a nativity--for a nativity;  
He has answers oracular,  
Bogies spectacular,  
Tetrapods tragical,  
Mirrors so magical,  
Facts astronomical,  
Solemn or comical,  
And, if you want it, he  
Makes a reduction on taking a quantity!  
Oh!

If any one anything lacks,  
He'll find it all ready in stacks,  
If he'll only look in  
Number seventy, Simmery Axe!

He can raise you hosts of ghosts,  
And that without reflectors;  
And creepy things with wings,  
And gaunt and grisly spectres.  
He can fill you crowds of shrouds,  
And horrify you vastly;  
He can rack your brains with chains,  
And gibberings grim and ghastly!

Then, if you plan it, he  
Changes organity,  
With an urbanity  
Full of Satanity,  
Vexes humanity  
With an inanity  
Fatal to vanity--  
Driving your foes to the verge of insanity!

Barring tautology,  
In demonology,  
'Lectro-biology,  
Mystic nosology,  
Spirit philology,  
High-class astrology,  
Such is his knowledge, he  
Isn't the man to require an apology!

Oh!  
My name is John Wellington Wells,  
I'm a dealer in magic and spells,  
In blessings and curses  
And ever-filled purses,  
In prophecies, witches, and knells.

If any one anything lacks,  
He'll find it all ready in stacks,  
If he'll only look in  
On the resident Djinn,  
Number seventy, Simmery Axe!

## **White Moon**

Music: Ruth Crawford Seeger  
Text : Carl Sandburg

White Moon comes in on a baby face.  
The shafts across her bed are flimmering.

Out on the land White Moon shines,  
Shines and glimmers against gnarled shadows,  
All silver to slow twisted shadows  
Falling across the long road that runs from the house.  
Keep a little of your beauty  
And some of your flimmering silver  
For her by the window tonight  
Where you come in, White Moon.

## **Saturn Returns**

Music and lyrics: Adam Guettel

Long ago, I tasted something sweet.  
It's an echo, it's a memory in retreat.  
Like a feeling of fullness, like the knowing of quiet fortitude, of ancient heroes.  
It was something I trusted somehow.

But now, but now it's gone, and I am incomplete.  
In the darkness, and the hollow, in the heat.  
If I flash on the future  
I see only the empty future shock, an afterimage.  
There is only I want, I want, I want.  
I don't know what I hunger for,  
I don't know why I feel the hunger more and more with every passing day.  
I don't know from where the hunger springs,  
But that it's there and that it sings of someplace far away.

So get me up, and get me out, and let me never return  
To the darkness and the hollow and to the burn.  
I want out of this hunger,  
To take me up to a higher altitude.  
Take me all the way!  
I'm out of here.  
I am going there.  
I am gone!

And now  
I am the rise of Icarus,

I am the fall from Pegasus,  
I am the lost Leander in the tide.  
I am cold, alone, and set apart  
And I am warm as Hero's heart.  
I am a circle  
I am Saturn purified!  
Once around the sun and now at last I see it!  
This is what I am!

Long ago I left myself and now I try to return  
As a stranger to a strange land and to the burn.  
But the hollow inside me  
might be there to guide me home again back to something sweet, an opening  
A passageway to guide me home!

## II

### Vocalise

Music: Harold Meltzer

Text: Harold Meltzer

### **В молчаньи ночи тайной / In the silence of the mysterious night**

Music: Sergei Rachmaninov

Text: Afanasy Afanasyevich Fet

О, долго буду я, в молчаньи ночи тайной,  
Коварный лепет твой, улыбку, взор,  
Взор случайный,  
Перстам послушную волос  
Волос твоих густую прядь,  
Из мыслей изгонять, и снова призывать;  
Шептать и поправлять былые выраженья  
Речей моих с тобой, исполненных смущенья,  
И в опьянении, наперекор уму,  
Заветным именем будить ночную мглу.

Oh, how long I will  
in the silence of the mysterious night  
hear your alluring voice  
see your smile  
your fleeting glances  
The thick tresses of your hair  
hair so pliant in my fingers  
I will try to erase them  
Only to call them back again  
  
I will be repeating in a whisper  
the words I've told you  
words full of awkwardness  
and, drunk with love,  
I awaken with a beloved name  
I awaken with a beloved name  
I awaken the night's darkness

## **Pioggia / Rain**

Music: Ottarino Respighi

Text: Vittoria Aganoor Pompilj

Piovea: per le finestre spalancate  
a quella tregua di ostinati odori  
saliano dal giardin fresche folate  
d'erbe risorte e di risorti fiori

S'acchettava il tumulto dei colori  
sotto il vel delle goccioline implorate;  
e intorno ai pioppi ai frassini agli allori  
beveano ingorde le zolle assetate.

Esser pianta, esser foglia, esser stelo  
e nell'angoscia dell'ardor (pensavo)  
così largo ristoro aver dal cielo!

Sul davanzal protesa io gli arboscelli,  
I fiori, l'erbe guardavo guardavo  
E mi battea la pioggia sui capelli.

It rained: through the wide-open windows,  
of the night of persistent fragrances,  
there wafted from the garden cool gusts  
of revived grass and revived flowers.

The tumult of colours calmed down  
beneath the veil of the longed-for droplets;  
and around the poplars, the ashes and the laurels  
the thirsty clods of earth drank greedily.

Oh, to be a plant! To be a leaf, to be a stem,  
And in the anguish of passion (I reflected)  
To receive such great renewal from the sky!

Leaning out over the windowsill I watched  
the bushes, the flowers, the grass,  
While the rain beat down on my hair.

## **Calling You**

Music and Lyrics: Bob Telson

Desert road from Vegas to nowhere  
Someplace better than where you've been  
A coffee machine that needs some fixing  
In a little cafe just around the bend

I am calling you  
Can't you hear me  
I am calling you

Hot dry wind blows right through me  
Baby's crying and I can't sleep  
But we both know a change is coming  
It's coming closer  
Sweet release



## **Papageno/Papagena Duet** (*The Magic Flute*)

Music: Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

Text: Emanuel Schikaneder

PAPAGENO

Pa - Pa - Pa - Pa - Pa - Pa - Papagena!

PAPAGENA

Pa - Pa - Pa - Pa - Pa - Pa - Papageno.

BEYDE

Pa - Pa - Pa - Pa - Pa - Pa - Papagena! / Papageno!

PAPAGENO

Bist du mir nun ganz gegeben?

PAPAGENA

Nun bin ich dir ganz gegeben.

PAPAGENO

Nun so sey mein liebes Weibchen!

PAPAGENA

Nun so sey mein Herzenstäubchen!

BEYDE

Welche Freude wird das seyn,  
Wenn die Götter uns bedenken,  
Unsrer Liebe Kinder schenken,  
So liebe kleine Kinderlein.

PAPAGENO

Erst einen kleinen Papageno.

PAPAGENA

Dann eine kleine Papagena.

PAPAGENO

Dann wieder einen Papageno.

PAPAGENA

Dann wieder eine Papagena.

BEYDE

Es ist das höchste der Gefühle,  
Wenn viele, viele, viele, viele,  
Pa, pa, pa, pa, pa, pa, geno  
Pa, pa, pa, pa, pa, pa, gena  
Der Segen froher Eltern seyn;

Wenn dann die kleinen um sie spielen,  
Die Eltern gleiche Freude fühlen,  
Sich ihres Ebenbildes freun.  
O welch ein Glück kann grösser seyn?

PAPAGENO

Pa-Pa-Pa-Pa-Pa-Pa-Papagena!

PAPAGENA

Pa-Pa-Pa-Pa-Pa-Pa-Papageno!

PAPAGENO

Are you really all mine now?

PAPAGENA

Now I really am all yours.

PAPAGENO

So now be my darling little wife!

PAPAGENA

So now be the little dove of my heart!

PAPAGENO, PAPAGENA

What a pleasure that will be,  
when the gods remember us,  
crown our love with children,  
such dear little children!

PAPAGENO

First a little PapagenO!

PAPAGENA

Then a little PapagenA!

PAPAGENO

Then another PapagenO!

PAPAGENA

Then another PapagenA!

PAPAGENO, PAPAGENA

PapagenO! PapagenA!

It is the greatest feeling

that many, many

Pa-Pa-Papagenos,

Pa-Pa-Papagenas

may be a blessing to their parents.

### III

## Neue Liebe / New Love

Music: Felix Mendelssohn

Text: Heinrich Heine

In dem Mondenschein im Walde  
Sah ich jüngst die Elfen reiten,  
Ihre Hörner hört' ich klingen,  
Ihre Glöcklein hört' ich läuten.

Ihre weißen Rößlein trugen  
Gold'nes Hirschgeweih' und flogen  
Rasch dahin; wie wilde Schwäne  
Kam es durch die Luft gezogen.

Lächelnd nickte mir die Kön'gin,  
Lächelnd, im Vorüberreiten.  
Galt das meiner neuen Liebe?  
Oder soll es Tod bedeuten?

In the moonlight of the forest  
I saw of late the elves riding,  
I heard their horns resounding,  
I heard their little bells ring.

Their little white horses  
Had golden antlers and flew  
Quickly past; like wild swans  
They came through the air.

With a smile the queen nodded to me,  
With a smile she rode quickly by,  
Was it to herald a new love?  
Or does it signify death?

— Translation by Richard Stokes

# Nachtzauber / Night Magic

Music: Hugo Wolf

Text: Josef von Eichendorff

Hörst du nicht die Quellen gehen  
Zwischen Stein und Blumen weit  
Nach den stillen Waldeseen,  
Wo die Marmorbilder stehen  
In der schönen Einsamkeit?  
Von den Bergen sacht hernieder,  
Weckend die uralten Lieder,  
Steigt die wunderbare Nacht,  
Und die Gründe glänzen wieder,  
Wie du's oft im Traum gedacht.  
Kennst die Blume du, entsprossen  
In dem mondbeglänzten Grund  
Aus der Knospe, halb erschlossen,  
Junge Glieder blühendsprossen,  
Weisse Arme, roter Mund,  
Und die Nachtigallen schlagen  
Und rings hebt es an zu klagen,  
Ach, vor Liebe todeswund,  
Von versunk'nen schönen Tagen -  
Komm, o komm zum stillen Grund!

Can you not hear the brooks running  
Amongst the stones and flowers  
To the silent woodland lakes  
Where the marble statues stand  
In the lovely solitude?  
Softly from the mountains,  
Awakening age-old songs,  
Wondrous night descends,  
And the valleys gleam again,  
As you often dreamed.  
Do you know the flower that blossomed  
In the moonlit valley?  
From its half-open bud  
Young limbs have flowered forth,  
White arms, red lips,

And the nightingales are singing,  
And all around a lament is raised,  
Ah, wounded to death with love,  
For the lovely days now lost –  
Come, ah come to the silent valley!

— Translation by Richard Stokes

## **Midnight on the Great Western**

Music: Benjamin Britten

Text: Thomas Hardy

In the third-class seat sat  
The journeying boy.  
And the roof-lamp's oily flame  
Played down on his listless form and face,  
Bewrapt past knowing to what he was going,  
Or whence he came.

In the band of his hat the journeying boy  
Had a ticket stuck; and a string  
Around his neck bore the key of his box,  
That twinkled gleams of the  
Lamp's sad beams  
Like a living thing.

What past can be yours, O journeying boy,  
Towards a world unknown,  
Who calmly, as if incurious quite  
On all at stake, can undertake  
This plunge alone?

Knows your soul a sphere, O journeying boy,  
Our rude realms far above,  
Whence with spacious vision  
You mark and mete  
This region of sin that you find you in,  
But are not of?

# Last Midnight

Music and Lyrics: Stephen Sondheim

Shh!

It's the last midnight

It's the last wish

It's the last midnight

Soon it will be boom

Squish!

Told a little lie

Stole a little gold

Broke a little vow

Did you?

Had to get your Prince

Had to get your cow

Had to get your wish

Doesn't matter how

Anyway, it doesn't matter now

It's the last midnight

It's the boom

Splat!

Nothing but a vast midnight

Everybody smashed flat!

Nothing we can do

Not exactly true

We could always give her the boy

No, of course what really matters

Is the blame

Someone you can blame

Fine, if that's the thing you enjoy

Placing the blame

If that's the aim

Give me the blame

Just give me the boy

No?

You're so nice

You're not good

You're not bad

You're just nice

I'm not good

I'm not nice

I'm just right

I'm the Witch

You're the world

I'm the hitch

I'm what no one believes

I'm the Witch

You're all liars and thieves

Like his father

Like his son will be, too

Oh, why bother?

You'll just do what you do

It's the last midnight

So, goodbye all

Coming at you fast, midnight

Soon you'll see the sky fall

Here, you want a bean?

Have another bean

Beans were made for making you rich!

Plant them and they soar

Here, you want some more?

Listen to the roar

Giants by the score

Oh well, you can blame another witch

It's the last midnight

It's the last verse

Now, before it's past midnight

I'm leaving you my last curse

I'm leaving you alone

You can tend the garden, it's yours  
Separate and alone  
Everybody down on all fours  
All right, mother, when?  
Lost the beans again!  
Punish me the way you did then!  
Give me claws and a hunch  
Just away from this bunch  
And the gloom  
And the doom  
And the boom  
Cruuunch!

## **IV**

### **Winter Moon**

Music: Margaret Bonds

Text: Langston Hughes

How thin and sharp is the moon tonight!  
How thin and sharp and ghostly white  
Is the slim curved crook of the moon tonight!

### **Harlem Night Song**

Music: Richy Ian Gordon

Text: Langston Hughes

Come,  
Let us roam the night together  
Singing.

I love you.



Across  
The Harlem roof-tops  
Moon is shining.  
Night sky is blue.  
Stars are great drops  
Of golden dew.

Down the street  
A band is playing.

I love you.

Come,  
Let us roam the night together  
Singing.

## **Dreams / Hold Fast to Dreams**

Music: Carlos Simon (Dreams)

Music: Florence Price (Hold Fast to Dreams)

Text: Langston Hughes

Hold fast to dreams  
For if dreams die  
Life is a broken-winged bird  
That cannot fly.  
Hold fast to dreams  
For when dreams go  
Life is a barren field  
Frozen with snow.

# V

## **Little Midnight Nocturne**

Music: Fred Hirsch

## **A Clear Midnight**

Music: Russell Platt

Text: Walt Whitman

This is thy hour O Soul, thy free flight into the wordless,  
Away from books, away from art, the day erased, the lesson done,  
Thee fully forth emerging, silent, gazing, pondering the themes  
thou lovest best.  
Night, sleep, death and the stars.

## **In der Nacht / In the Night**

Music: Robert Schumann

Text: Anonymous Spanish text translated by Emanuel Geibel

Alle gingen, Herz, zur Ruh,  
Alle schlafen, nur nicht du.

Denn der hoffnungslose Kummer  
Scheucht von deinem Bett den Schlummer,  
Und dein Sinnen schweift in stummer  
Sorge seiner Liebe zu.

All have gone to rest, O heart,  
All are sleeping, all but you.

For hopeless grief  
Banishes slumber from your bed,  
And your thoughts fly in speechless  
Sorrow to their love.

— translation by Richard Stokes

# Midnight Special

Music and Lyrics: traditional

When you get up in the mornin', now, you hear the ding dong ring,  
Then they march you to the table, now, you see the same darn thing:  
Ya find no food up on the table, now, there's no fork up in the pan,  
But ya'd better not complain, now, ya get in trouble with the man.

*And the Midnight Special shines its light on me;  
Let the Midnight Special shine its ever-lovin' light on me.*

Well, yonder comes Miss Rosie, now, "How in the world do you know?"  
Well, I know by the way she wears her apron, now, and the dress she wore.  
The umbrella on her shoulder, piece of paper in her hand:  
Well, she come to see the Guvner, she wanna free her man."

*And the Midnight Special shines its light on me;  
Let the Midnight Special shine its ever-lovin' light on me.*

Now if you're ever in Houston, girl, well, ya better walk right,  
Hey, ya'd better not gamble, girl, and ya'd better not fight.  
Or the Sheriff he'll grab you, and the boys'll pull ya down.  
And the next thing ya know, ma'am, you're penitentiary bound.

*And the Midnight Special shines its light on me;  
Let the Midnight Special shine its ever-lovin' light on me.*