

Wednesday, February 20, 2019, 8pm
 Zellerbach Hall

Joyce DiDonato, *mezzo-soprano*
Songplay

featuring

Craig Terry, *keyboards*
 Chuck Israels, *double bass*
 Jimmy Madison, *drums*
 Lautaro Greco, *bandoneon*
 Charlie Porter, *trumpet*

attrib. to Tommaso Giordani*	Caro mio ben
Giulio Caccini*	Amarilli, mia bella
Leon Russell	This Masquerade
Allesandro Parisotti/attrib. to Salvator Rosa*	Se tu m'ami/Star vicino
Charlie Porter	Prelude
	Charlie Porter, <i>trumpet</i>
Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick	“Will He Like Me?” from <i>She Loves Me</i>
Giuseppe Torelli*	Tu lo sai
Duke Ellington	(In my) Solitude
Enrique Delfine	Griesta
	Lautaro Greco, <i>bandoneon</i>
attrib. to Benedetti Marcello	Quella fiamma che m'accende
Giovanni Paisiello*	Nel cor più mio non sento
George Shearing and George David Weiss	Lullaby of Birdland
Ziz Confrey	Dizzy Fingers
	Craig Terry, <i>piano</i>
Gene Scheer	Lean Away
Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart	“With a Song in My Heart,” from <i>Spring is Here</i>

* arrangement by Craig Terry with Chuck Israels

This evening's concert will be performed without an intermission.

*This performance is made possible, in part, by
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Chris Singer

Play with that Song

Every beginning voice student knows the routine: you walk through the austere door—trepidatiously, mind you, and often questioning your very existence—and the skeptical teacher hands you their copy of the yellowed and overly used “Singer’s Bible,” *The 24 Italian Art Songs*. The cover, usually torn and hanging by a thread, aims to end the suspense of whether your vocal fate will be forever sealed as belonging to the “high” or “low” categories. Regardless, this feels like “IT.”

And then we dive in, ready to summon both Callas and Pavarotti, all in one, and we let ‘er rip...

Disaster. Week after week we pay to return to the torture chamber in the humiliating attempt to NOT be flat this week. (Except that we went *sharp* last week, and can’t quite figure out how to split the difference!) Even if it says “Italian” on the cover, we may as well be attempting to sing in Swahili, and the questioning of your existence has now been fully answered: you are the epitome of utter dejection and have single-handedly failed the entire human species.

How we grow to *hate* these songs for challenging our musical souls! How could something that looks so benign on the page be the cause of such wretched anguish? Most of these poor pieces that have been battered around over

the centuries patiently allowing many of us to sort out basic technique through them, have no real ownership—they are listed as anonymous, or wrongly attributed to this one or that one. Perhaps they are a match for our misfit vocals?

So returning to them years later (okay, even decades later!), I’m overwhelmed by the charm and the sweetness and the innocence that exudes from their stained, yellowed pages! They call me back again—but this time with a bold invitation to play, to invent, to celebrate a great song. Their overarching theme defiantly bridges the centuries and lines up with the eternal motif that we’ve all been singing of throughout the years: LOVE.

Enter the ever-playful Craig Terry, who had long envisioned these songs being given a slightly different “treatment.” Upon the first chords of his “Caro mio ben,” I was sold, and we were off and running. Playing with the old Italian melodies gave birth to the desire to also play with some of our favorite American classics, letting love and heartfelt music making be our platform.

Our playground has joyously expanded to include an extraordinary gathering of instrumentalists across all genres, each bringing his particular sound and expertise, and yet we’ve all fused into something unique to this singular project. And it has been some of the most joyous music making of my life.

When last I saw you here in Zellerbach Hall, I was singing on the theme of *In War and Peace*, hoping to lead you to a peaceful state of mind by the end of the program. If you’ve managed to stay there, I suppose love and joy are the next obvious steps: so I hope you’ll sit back and revel in the joy of meeting some old standards as we frolic away. You *know* you want to sing along!

But if you do sing along (come on, make your old voice teacher proud!), just keep in mind what the great Louis Armstrong said:

“You got to love to be able to play.”

—Joyce DiDonato

What Makes a Great Song?

Love is a red, red rose. Love is heaven, love is hell. Still, all the world loves a lover, even if love is blind.

And so the list of clichés goes on. However much we try to pin love down in metaphors, poetry, and greeting cards, nobody has ever yet found a satisfactory definition. The same might be said of what it is that makes a good song. Is it the melody? The words? The performer? A combination of all the above?

Perhaps it is because of their inherent elusiveness that “love” and “great songs” make such a good combination. Yes, there *are* songs about railway stations, stately homes, and double-decker buses—but they are dwarfed by the number of songs about the pleasures and pains of love. Every one of the songs Joyce DiDonato sings this evening tackles the subject, whether it be from the perspective of an 18th-century swain, or a 20th-century dame.

But if writing a great song were just a case of flinging a few ideas about love onto a tune then—as the saying goes—we would all be doing it. There also has to be a feeling of freshness and spontaneity, something that keeps the song alive no matter how many times it is heard. This aspect of a work’s greatness is rooted in an idea that Joyce explores here: that of improvisation. In the Baroque era, improvisation was a highly prized skill for all musicians, but especially for singers. Composers wrote a type of aria (the “da capo” aria) that repeated an initial section of music, simply in order to give singers a chance to embellish it on the repeat. Performers were expected to display fresh invention night after night—and a face full of rotten fruit awaited the singer who dared to use the same tricks twice. Baroque songs and arias later became notated and fixed in aspic, so to speak, so it’s exciting to hear them returned to their roots in the way that Joyce does here.

Improvisation is also at the very heart of the hits of the Great American Songbook. These works are all rooted in the idioms of jazz, and written in such a way as to encourage performers to make them their own with new accompaniments and surprising melodic twists. Who would want to sacrifice Lotte Lenya’s “Mackie Messer” for Ella Fitzgerald’s “Mack the Knife,” for example, or vice versa? (Ella Fitzgerald actually forgot the words in her famous live Berlin version—so she really *was* improvising.)

Which brings us to the lyrics. Divorced from their melodies, lyrics can often seem clichéd, banal, or even downright ridiculous. Who could possibly imagine the greatness of “She loves you, yeah, yeah, yeah” just from reading the lyrics? As Stephen Sondheim has written, “it’s usually the plainer and flatter lyric that soars poetically when infused with music. Poetry doesn’t need music; lyrics do.” So, for a great song that can stand the test of time, the lyrics should ideally be simple, and deal with universal situations (or, to employ songwriting jargon, “be relatable”). And, ideally, they should rhyme, too. “A perfect rhyme snaps the word, and with it the thought, vigorously into place.” That’s Sondheim again. It’s a bugbear for English-language songwriters, of course, that the only useable rhymes for *love* are *dove*, *glove*, *shove*, and *above*.

There’s an ineffable mystery about the way words link to turns of melody. Sometimes it’s witty and imitative. Handel often employs ascending melodies on the word “rise,” for example, and in “With a Song in My Heart” you can hear how the accompaniment broadens on the phrase “as the music swells.” But sometimes there’s simply a feeling of melodic *rightness* to a word that’s impossible to explain or analyze.

There are a few other common points that great songs share. Length is one of these: most songs are about four minutes long, stretching to five. This brevity means that a good song has to hook the listener in quickly, and establish the mood immediately. Is this going to be a happy or sad song? Ironic, or heartfelt? Silly, or scabrous? The songwriter has to let the audience know immediately, and then either intensify the atmosphere or play with the expectations it sets up.

And last, but by no means least, there’s the performer. It’s wonderful when you hear an artist who has something to say, and who can transform song with their energy. Piaf singing “La Vie en rose,” Bobby McFerrin singing “Be Happy...”—they’re perfect examples of the sublime mystery of singer-meets-song. And on that note (pun intended) we come back to the very great artist who is making these songs her own, too. Great songs, with a great singer—what could be better?

—Warwick Thompson

Multi Grammy Award winner and recipient of the 2018 Olivier Award for Outstanding Achievement in Opera, Kansas-born **Joyce DiDonato** entrances audiences across the globe and has been proclaimed “perhaps the most potent female singer of her generation” by *The New Yorker*. With a voice “nothing less than 24-carat gold,” according to the London *Times*, DiDonato has soared to the top of the industry both as a performer and a fierce advocate for the arts, gaining international prominence in operas by Handel and Mozart, as well as through her wide-ranging, acclaimed discography. She is also widely acclaimed for the *bel canto* roles of Rossini and Donizetti.

Much in demand on the concert and recital circuit she has recently held residencies at Carnegie Hall and at London’s Barbican Centre; toured extensively in the United States, South America, Europe, and Asia; and appeared as a guest soloist at the BBC’s *Last Night of the Proms*. Recent highlights include the Rotterdam Philharmonic under Yannick Nézet-Séguin, the Berlin Philharmonic under Sir Simon Rattle, the Chicago Symphony Orchestra under Ricardo Muti, and extensive touring with Il pomo d’oro under Maxim Emelyanychev, as well as recitals with the Brentano Quartet at Wigmore Hall and with Antonio Pappano at The Royal Opera.

In opera, DiDonato’s recent roles include Sister Helen in *Dead Man Walking* at the Teatro Real Madrid and London’s Barbican Centre; her first Didon in *Les Troyens* under John Nelsons in Strasbourg; her first Semiramide in a new production at the Bavarian State Opera; the title role in *Ariodante* on tour with the English Concert and Harry Bicket; the roles of Semiramide and Charlotte Werther under Pappano at The Royal Opera; the title role in *Cendrillon*; Adalgisa in *Norma*; Elena in *La donna del lago* at the Metropolitan Opera; and the title role in *Maria Stuarda* for the Metropolitan Opera, The Royal Opera, and the Liceu Barcelona.

DiDonato’s 2018–19 season sees her first staged Didon/*Les Troyens* at the Vienna State Opera, her Sesto at the Metropolitan Opera, and Agrippina in concert with Il pomo d’oro. She will also perform at the BBC Proms and in

Hamburg with the Orchestre Révolutionnaire et Romantique under Sir John Eliot Gardiner, and with the Philadelphia Orchestra at Carnegie Hall under Nézet-Séguin, Il pomo d’oro under Emelyanychev on tour to Moscow and Asia, the Chicago Symphony Orchestra under Muti, and the Accademia Santa Cecilia Orchestra under Pappano. The season also sees the release of her latest major recording on Warner, *SongPlay*, which will tour the United States, and *Winterreise* in recital in Kansas City and Ann Arbor with Nézet-Séguin at the piano, and will culminate in a tour of the US and Europe with NYO USA under Pappano.

An exclusive recording artist with Erato/Warner Classics, DiDonato’s recent release of *Les Troyens* won the recording (complete opera) category at the 2018 International Opera Awards, the opera award at the 2018 *BBC Music Magazine* Awards, and is nominated in the opera category at this year’s *Gramophone* Awards. A busy recording artist, her other recent albums include *In War & Peace*, which won the 2017 Best Recital *Gramophone* Award; *Stella di Napoli*; and her Grammy-Award-winning *Diva Divo* and *Drama Queens*. Other honors include the *Gramophone* Artist of the Year and Recital of the Year awards, and an induction into the *Gramophone* Hall of Fame.



Lauded for his “sensitive and stylish” (*The New York Times*) and “superb” (*Opera News*) playing, pianist **Craig Terry** enjoys an international career performing with the world’s leading singers and instrumentalists. Currently Terry serves as music director of the Patrick G. and Shirley W. Ryan Opera Center at the Lyric Opera of Chicago after having served for 11 seasons at the Lyric as assistant conductor. Previously, he served as assistant conductor at the Metropolitan Opera after joining its Lindemann Young Artist Development Program. Along with Joyce DiDonato, Terry has performed with such esteemed vocalists as Jamie Barton, Stephanie Blythe, Christine Brewer, Lawrence

Brownlee, Nicole Cabell, Sasha Cooke, Eric Cutler, Danielle de Niese, Giuseppe Filianoti, Renée Fleming, Susan Graham, Denyce Graves, Bryan Hymel, Brian Jagde, Joseph Kaiser, Quinn Kelsey, Kate Lindsey, Ana María Martínez, Eric Owens, Ailyn Perez, Nicholas Phan, Susanna Phillips, Luca Pisaroni, Patricia Racette, Hugh Russell, Bo Skovhus, Garrett Sorenson, Heidi Stober, Amber Wagner, Laura Wilde, and Catherine Wyn-Rogers. He has collaborated as a chamber musician with members of the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra, the Lyric Opera of Chicago Orchestra, the Gewandhaus Orchestra, and the Pro Arte String Quartet.

Terry's 2018–19 season recital performance schedule includes more than 30 concerts in North America, Europe, and Australia with artists including Stephanie Blythe, Christine Brewer, Lawrence Brownlee, Jennifer Johnson Cano, Susan Graham, Ana María Martínez, Eric Owens, Nicholas Phan, Patricia Racette, Hugh Russell, and Heidi Stober. He is the artistic director of "Beyond the Aria," a highly acclaimed recital series now in its fifth sold-out season, presented by the Harris Theater in collaboration with the Ryan Opera Center and Lyric Opera of Chicago. Terry's discography includes three recently released recordings: *Diva on Detour* with Patricia Racette, *As Long As There Are Songs* with Stephanie Blythe, and *Chanson d'Avril* with Nicole Cabell. His latest recording project with Joyce DiDonato, *Song-play*, was released by Warner Classics earlier this month.

Craig Terry hails from Tullahoma, Tennessee, received a bachelor of music degree in music education from Tennessee Technological University, continued his studies at Florida State University, and earned a master's of music degree in collaborative piano from the Manhattan School of Music, where he was a student of pianist Warren Jones.

Acclaimed as one of the preeminent bassists in the world, **Chuck Israels** has performed and recorded with Billie Holiday, Benny Goodman, Herbie Hancock, John Coltrane, Bud Powell, Coleman Hawkins, Stan Getz, Bill Evans, J.J. Johnson, Rosemary Clooney, Barbra Streisand,



Nina Simone, Jean-Pierre Rampal, Tony Williams, Eric Dolphy, Jim Hall, Wynton Marsalis, Patti Austin, Gary Burton, George Russell, the Kronos String Quartet, and countless others.

Among Israels' many recordings as a bassist, some outstanding efforts include *Coltrane Time* with John Coltrane; *My Point of View* with Herbie Hancock; *Getz au Go-Go* with Stan Getz; and many recordings with the Bill Evans Trio, including *The Town Hall Concert*, *The Second Trio*, *Trio '65*, *Live at the Trident*, and *Time Remembered*.

As a composer and arranger, Israels has written for Bill Evans, John Coltrane, Jazz at Lincoln Center Orchestra with Wynton Marsalis, the Berkshire Music Center, Richard Stoltzman, Eastman Jazz Ensemble, Swedish Radio Jazz Orchestra, West German Radio Jazz Orchestra, North German Radio Jazz Orchestra, Radio Denmark Jazz Orchestra, Hannover Symphony Orchestra, Metropole Orchestra, and others.



If you were to list all the groups **Jimmy Madison** has worked with since he arrived in New York, it would read like a Who's Who of modern music. A musician since the age of four, and a professional at

age 12, he has been playing jazz all his life. Madison left Cincinnati to join Miami trumpeter Don Goldie at age 19, and was quickly hired by bandleader Lionel Hampton after a gig at New York's renowned Metropole. Since then, he has performed and recorded with such diverse musical stylists as Marion McPartland, James Brown, Gerry Mulligan, Nina Simone, Al Cohn, Joe Farrell, George Benson, Richie Havens, Stan Getz, Hubert Laws, Lee Konitz, Anita O'Day, Art Farmer, John Lewis, Shirley MacLaine, Maceo Parker, Ron Carter, Jon Hendricks, the Joffrey Ballet, Chet Baker, Quincy Jones, Toots Theilemans, and the Duke Ellington Orchestra, to name only a few.

Honing the skills necessary to accompany the various types of music played or sung or danced by the artists listed above has given Madison a rich appreciation for all forms of music. His work as a teacher/clinician has broadened that appreciation even more.

Although Madison has led groups on several occasions, including an 18-piece big band with composer Angel Rangelov, he is mostly known as a sideman, having long been featured at jazz venues internationally. Once, in a review of the Red Rodney Quintet's appearance at New York City's Blue Note, Gary Giddens of the *Village Voice* called Madison "the best kept secret in jazz."



Cristian Welcomme

Lautaro Greco (*bando-neon*) studied at the Astor Piazzolla Music School in Buenos Aires. Together with his brother Emiliano Greco, he leads the Grecos Tango Septet, and he is also a member of Leopoldo Federico's Orchestra and the Pablo Agri Quartet. Greco has been a soloist at the Juan de Dios Filberto National Orchestra of Argentine Music since 2007.

Both as an ensemble member and as a soloist, Greco has taken part in many musical tours and events in the Americas, Europe, and Asia. In 2010 he performed the closing act at the Buenos Aires City Tango Festival with Leopoldo Federico's Orchestra and the prestigious Panamanian singer Rubén Blades; in 2008 he worked with Sexteto Mayor, with whom he recorded an album that won the Carlos Gardel Award for Best Tango Orchestra Album; also in 2008 Greco took part in a solo tour of France with the Pablo Agri Quartet. In 2013, at the Buenos Aires City Tango Festival, Greco performed with the Arregladores de Troilo Orchestra. He was a bandoneon soloist and performed *Tangos y Postangos* (Suite No. 1), directed by Ernesto Jodos and Pedro Casis. Recently, Greco has been busy recording and performing with the Quinteto Astor Piazzolla, as well collaborating with many international orchestras.



Though a recent transplant to the West Coast, **Charlie Porter** first cut his teeth on the New York jazz scene, while simultaneously studying classical trumpet performance at the Juilliard School under the tutelage of famed trumpeter and composer Wynton Marsalis, who described Porter's playing as "fiery and intelligent."

Following in the footsteps of his mentor, the gifted trumpeter and composer has delved into projects ranging from jazz and classical to Arabic, Indian, African, Australian Aboriginal, and Korean music, seeking to find common ground among all "good music" and avoiding the pigeonhole of being dubbed solely a "jazz" or "classical" artist. Highly influential in shaping Porter's inclusive view of music have been his tours with his quartet throughout India, China, West Africa, and Southeast Asia as part of Jazz at Lincoln Center's American Music Abroad program

Porter has toured the world as a sideman and bandleader in jazz and also as a classical soloist and chamber musician. He has performed and recorded with many notable musicians and groups over the last 20 years, ranging from jazz greats like Joe Zawinul, Paquito D'Rivera, Charlie Persip, and Chuck Israels, to classical artists including Simone Dinnerstein and Sarah Chang, and world music greats Goran Bregovic, Bassekou Kouyate, Marcel Khalife, and Kim Duksoo. He is also founding member of the Grammy-nominated electro-acoustic Absolute Ensemble, directed by Kristjan Jarvi.

Porter holds degrees from the Juilliard School and Manhattan School of Music in jazz and classical performance. He was also a Fulbright Scholar at the Paris Conservatory. As a composer Porter has been commissioned by Chamber Music America and the Doris Duke Foundation.

Caro mio ben

attrib. to Tommaso Giordani

Caro mio ben,
credimi almen,
senza di te
languisce il cor.

My dear beloved,
believe me at least,
without you
my heart languishes.

Il tuo fedel
sospira ognor.
Cessa, crudel,
tanto rigor!

Your faithful one
always sighs;
cease, cruel one,
so much punishment!

Amarilli, mia bella

Giulio Caccini

Amarilli, mia bella,
Non credi, o del mio cor dolce desio,
D'esser tu l'amor mio?
Credilo pur: e se timor t'assale,
[Dubitar non ti vale.]
Aprimi il petto e vedrai scritto in core:
Amarilli, Amarilli, Amarailli
è il mio amore.

Amaryllis, my lovely one,
do you not believe, o my heart's sweet desire,
That you are my love?
Believe it thus: and if fear assails you,
Doubt not its truth.
Open my breast and see written on my heart:
Amaryllis, Amaryllis, Amaryllis,
Is my beloved.

This Masquerade

Leon Russell (1972)

I'm up on the tightrope, one side's hate and
one is hope
It's a circus game with you and me.
I'm up on the tightwire, linked by life
and the funeral pyre
But the tophat on my head is all you see.

I'm up in the spotlight, oh does it feel right
The altitude seems to really get to me.
I'm up on the tightwire linked by life
and the funeral pyre
Putting on a show for you to see.

And the wire seems to be the only place for me
A comedy of errors and I'm falling
Like a rubber-neck giraffe, you look
into my past
Well, baby you're just too blind to see.

Se tu m'ami/Star vicino

Allesandro Parisotti/attrib. to Salvator Rosa

Se tu m'ami, se sospiri
Sol per me, gentil pastor,
Ho dolor de' tuoi martiri,
Ho diletto del tuo amor,
Ma se pensi che soletto
Io ti debba riamar,
Pastorello, sei soggetto
Facilmente a t'ingannar.

Bella rosa porporina
Oggi Silvia sceglierà,
Con la scusa della spina
Doman poi la sprezzerà.
Ma degli uomini il consiglio
Io per me non seguirò.
Non perché mi piace il giglio
Gli altri fiori sprezzero.

Star vicino al bell'idol che s'ama,
È il più dolce diletto d'amor,
È un incanto, un'ebbrezza, una brama,
Che due cori congiunge in un cor.

Fortunato chi intende gli accenti
Di un affetto sincero e fedel!
Egli prova vivendo i contenti
Sol concessi ai beato nel ciel!

A che giova l'estate fiorita?
Ogni bene che il cielo ne diè
Non si conti fra i giorni di vita
Quel che scorso in amando non è.

If you love me, if you sigh
Only for me, dear shepherd,
I am sorrowful for your sufferings;
yet I delight in your love.
But if you think that
I must in return love only you,
Little shepherd, you are subject
To deceiving yourself easily.

The beautiful purple rose
Will Silvia choose today;
With the excuse of its thorns,
Tomorrow, then, will she despise it.
But the advice of the men
I will not follow –
Just because the lily pleases me,
I do not have to despise the other flowers.

To stay near the beautiful idol that is loved,
Is the sweetest delight of love.
It is an enchantment, an intoxication, a longing,
That joins two hearts into one heart.

Fortunate is he who understands the accents
Of a sincere and faithful affection!
He experiences while he lives the satisfactions
Only granted to those blessed in heaven!

What use is the flowering summer?
[Or] Every good that heaven bestows[?]
Not among the days of one's life
Should be counted that day not spent in loving.

“Will He Like Me?” from *She Loves Me*

Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick

Will he like me when we meet?
Will the shy and quiet girl he's going to see
Be the girl that he's imagined me to be?
Will he like me?

Will he like the girl he sees?
If he doesn't, will he know enough to know
That there's more to me than I may
 always show?
Will he like me?

Will he know that there's a world of love
Waiting to warm him?
How I'm hoping that his eyes and ears
Won't misinform him

Tu lo sai

Giuseppe Torelli

Tu lo sai quanto t'amai,
Tu lo sai, lo sai crudel!
Io non bramo altra mercè,
Ma ricordati di me,
E poi sprezza un infedel.

(In My) Solitude

Duke Ellington

In my solitude
You haunt me
With dreadful ease
Of days gone by
In my solitude
You taunt me
With memories
That never die

Will he like me, who can say?
How I wish that we could meet another day
It's absurd for me to carry on this way
I'll try not to
Will he like me?
He's just got to

When I am in my room alone and I write
Thoughts come easily, words come
 fluently then
That's how it is when I'm alone
But tonight, there's no hiding behind my
 paper and pen

You now know how I loved you,
You now know, my cruel love!
Other loves I don't desire,
just remember your old lover
bringing scorn to the unfaithful.

I sit in my chair
And filled with despair
There's no one could be so sad
With gloom everywhere
I sit and I stare
I know that I'll soon go mad
In my solitude
I'm afraid
Dear Lord above
Send back my love

Quella fiamma che m'accende
attrib. to Benedetti Marcello

Il mio bel foco,
 o lontano o vicino ch'esser poss'io,
 senza cangiar mai tempore per voi,
 care pupille, arderà sempre.

Quella fiamma che m'accende,
 piace tanto all'alma mia,
 che giammai s'estinguerà.
 E se il fato a voi mi rende,
 vaghi rai del mio bel sole,
 altra luce ella non vuole
 nè voler giammai potrà.

Nel cor piu mio non sento
Giovanni Paisiello

Nel cor più non mi sento
 Brillar la gioventù;
 Cagion del mio tormento,
 Amor, sei colpa tu.
 Mi pizzichi, mi stuzzichi,
 Mi pungichi, mi mastichi;
 Che cosa è
 Questo ahimè?
 Pietà, pietà, pietà!
 Amore è un certo che,
 Che disperar mi fa.

Lullaby of Birdland
George Shearing and George David Weiss

Lullaby of Birdland, that's what I
 Always hear when you sigh
 Never in my wordland
 Could there be ways to reveal
 In a phrase how I feel
 Have you ever heard two turtle doves
 Bill and coo when they love?
 That's the kind of magic
 Music we make with our lips when we kiss

My fire of love,
 however far or near I might be,
 never changing, will always be burning
 for you, dear eyes.

That flame which kindled me
 is so pleased with my soul
 that it never dies.
 And if fate entrusts me to you,
 lovely rays of my beloved sun,
 my soul will never be able
 to long for any other light.

I no longer feel within my heart
 the accustomed brightness of my youth,
 O Love, it's your fault
 that I feel so tormented.
 You pinch me, you poke me,
 you prick me, you grind me.
 What is this, alas?

Have pity, I beg!
 Love is a certain something
 which arouses in me despair.

And there's a weepy old willow
 He really knows how to cry
 That's how I'd cry in my pillow
 If you should tell me farewell and goodbye

Lullaby of Birdland whisper low
 Kiss me sweet and we'll go
 Flyin' high in Birdland
 High in the sky up above
 All because we're in love

Lean Away

Gene Scheer

I let my sail out slowly, taking pains
to find the wind.
But until I turned my boat away,
the sail could not be trimmed.
Tacking towards the wind,
but never face to face.
I feel what I don't see: an invisible embrace.
Lean away, lean away.
Some things can't be known,
like the wind that takes you home.

I remember hearing a melody,
but when I started to describe
all the things it made me feel,
its spirit slowly died.
Now I choose to hum the things
I cannot explain.
And feel my roots spread out
like a tree that drinks the rain.

"With a Song in My Heart," from *Spring is Here*

Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart

Though I know that we meet every night
And we couldn't have changed since the last time
To my joy and delight
It's a new kind of love at first sight
Though it's you and it's I all the time
Every meetings' a marvellous pastime
You're increasingly sweet
So wherever we happen to meet
I greet you...

With a song in my heart
I behold your adorable face
Just a song at the start
But it soon is a hymn to your grace
When the music swells
I'm touching your hand
It tells me you're standing near, and...

At the sound of your voice
Heaven opens its portals to me
Can I help but rejoice
That a song such as ours came to be
But I always knew
I would live life through
With a song in my heart for you

Lean away, lean away.
Some things can't be known,
like the wonder of a melody,
how it makes you feel home.

I remember when I saw you.
It was a cold winter night.
The moon was hidden by the clouds.
I remember only light.
I have searched to find a way
love to understand.
But I finally gave up trying.
It's enough to hold your hand.
Lean away, lean away.
Some things can't be known,
like the love I feel for you,
how it makes me feel home.

Oh, the moon's not a moon for a night
And these stars will not twinkle and fade out
And the words in my ears
Will resound for the rest of my years
In the morning I find with delight
Not a note of our music is played out
It will be just as sweet
And an air that I'll live to repeat
I greet you...

With a song in my heart
I behold your adorable face
Just a song at the start
But it soon is a hymn to your grace
When the music swells
I'm touching your hand
It tells that you're standing near, and...

At the sound of your voice
Heaven opens its portals to me
Can I help but rejoice
That a song such as ours came to be
But I always knew
I would live life through
With a song in my heart for you