



Sunday, January 18, 2026, 3pm
Hertz Hall

Samantha Hankey, *mezzo-soprano*
Myra Huang, *piano*

PROGRAM

Francis POULENC (1899–1963) *Trois Chansons de Federico García Lorca*
(1947)
L'enfant muet
Adelina à la promenade
Chanson de l'oranger sec

Robert SCHUMANN (1810–1856) *Dichterliebe*, Op. 48 (1840, rev. 1844)
Im wunderschönen Monat Mai
Aus meinen Tränen sprießen
Die Rose, die Lilie
Wenn ich in deine Augen seh'
Ich will meine Seele tauchen
Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome
Ich grolle nicht
Und wüßten's die Blumen
Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen
Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen
Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen
Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen
Ich hab' im Traum geweinet
Allnächtlich im Traume
Aus alten Märchen winkt es
Die alten, bösen Lieder

INTERMISSION

Erik SATIE (1866–1925) *La Diva de l'Empire* (1904)
Arnold SCHÖNBERG (1874–1951) "Gigerlette," from *Brettlieder* (1901)
Charles TRENET (1913–2001) *Boum!* (1938)
Kurt WEILL (1900–1950) "Speak Low," from *One Touch of Venus* (1943)
Youkali (1934)
Cole PORTER (1891–1964) "So in Love," from *Kiss Me, Kate* (1948)

*Major Support for this performance is provided by the Taube Family Foundation.
This performance is made possible in part by S. Shariq Yosufzai and Brian James.*

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With “much elegance and youthful tone” (*Financial Times*), mezzo-soprano **Samantha Hankey** is increasingly lauded for her powerful command of the stage and as “a complete dramatic presence with a voice as lustrous as it is molten” (*Opera Magazine*).

During the 2025–26 season, Hankey makes her house debut at the Staatsoper Berlin as La Muse/Nicklausse in Offenbach’s *Les Contes d’Hoffmann* and with the Boston Symphony Orchestra as Erika in Barber’s *Vanessa*. At the Wiener Staatsoper, she appears as Dorabella in Mozart’s *Così fan tutte*, as well as in two Richard Strauss roles—Octavian in *Der Rosenkavalier* and the Composer in *Ariadne auf Naxos*, a role she reprises later in the year at the Glyndebourne Festival. In concert, she joins the Oratorio Society of New York at Carnegie Hall and collaborates with pianist Myra Huang in performances at Art Song Chicago. Today’s concert marks her Cal Performances debut.

Recent highlights include debuts with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra at Ravinia as Idamante in Mozart’s *Idomeneo*; New National Theatre Tokyo in the title role in Bizet’s *Carmen*; and the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, as Dorabella in Mozart’s *Così fan tutte*. She has sung the Fox in Janáček’s *The Cunning Little Vixen* at Detroit Opera, Santuzza in Mascagni’s *Cavalleria rusticana* at Lyric Opera of Kansas City, Octavian in R. Strauss’ *Der Rosenkavalier* at the Metropolitan Opera, Mélisande in Debussy’s *Pelléas et Mélisande* at Santa Fe Opera, Dorabella at Opernhaus Zurich; and Hänsel in Humperdinck’s *Hänsel und Gretel* at the Lyric Opera of Chicago. She also made her role debut as Donna Elvira in Mozart’s *Don Giovanni* in the Bayerische Staatsoper’s acclaimed new production during the 2024–25 season and has appeared at the Staatsoper Dresden, Den Norske Opera Oslo, the Dallas Opera, and the Grand Théâtre de Genève.

In 2018, Hankey made her Metropolitan Opera debut as Pantalís in Boito’s *Mefistofele* and she has since returned for multiple productions. From 2019–21, she was a member of the Bayerische Staatsoper’s ensemble, where she performed numerous leading roles including Octavian, Hänsel, and Cherubino.

Equally active in recital, Hankey has performed at the Bard Festival, Wigmore Hall, Alice Tully Hall, Liedfest Antwerp, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and with Il Pomo d’Oro in the title role of Handel’s *Agrippina*. She has also co-created leading roles in David Herzberg’s *The Rose Elf* and *The Wake World*, both to great acclaim.

Hankey’s numerous awards include First Prize and the Media Prize at the Glyndebourne Cup (2018), prizes at Operalia, a Richard Tucker Foundation grant, and recognition as a Metropolitan Opera National Council Grand Finals winner (2017).

A graduate of the Juilliard School, Hankey hails from Massachusetts, where she began her studies at the Longy School of Music and the New England Conservatory.

Acclaimed by *Opera News* as “one of the top accompanists of her generation” and “...a colouristic tour de force” by the *New York Times*, Grammy Award-nominated pianist **Myra Huang** has established herself as one of the leading recitalists and opera educators in the United States. Huang is invited regularly to perform around the world, with tours including regular appearances at Carnegie Hall, Wigmore Hall, Walt Disney Concert Hall, the Kennedy Center, the 92nd Street Y, Lincoln Center, and the Park Avenue Armory. Huang was chosen as the recipient of the Samuel Sanders Collaborative Artist Award for 2019 by the Classical Recording Foundation for her consummate artistry. She was regularly invited to perform in recital for the Supreme Court justices by the late Justice Ruth Bader Ginsburg. Huang was the pianist for the Operalia

international competition directed by tenor Plácido Domingo from 2005–19, performing at opera houses around the world, including the Royal Opera House in London, Teatro alla Scala in Milan, and Teatro Real in Madrid. Her performance at Carnegie Hall with tenor Lawrence Brownlee was chosen by WQXR (New York city's classical radio station) as one of the performances of 2018. Past and upcoming collaborations include recitals with Fleur Barron, J'Nai Bridges, Lawrence Brownlee, Sasha Cooke, Ying Fang, Renée Fleming, Thomas Hampson, Joshua Hopkins, Will Liverman, Ana-Maria Martinez, Angela Meade, Latonia Moore, Erin Morley, Nicholas Phan, Susanna Phillips, Roderick Williams, and clarinetist Anthony McGill. Huang received two Grammy nominations for her albums *Gods and Monsters* (2018) and *Clairières* (2020) with tenor Nicholas Phan on the Avie record label.

Huang is the Head of Music for the Lindemann Young Artist Development Program at the Metropolitan Opera, Head of Music of Aspen Opera Theater Vocal Arts at the Aspen Music Festival, and a member of the faculty of the Collaborative Piano Department at the Manhattan School of Music, where she mentors and trains young opera singers and pianists of the next generation. She has been on the music staff of Washington National Opera, the Palau de les Arts (Spain), New York City Opera, Houston Grand Opera, and the Metropolitan Opera. She regularly adjudicates national and international competitions including the Laffont Competition at the Metropolitan Opera, as well as administers master classes at institutions across the country. Huang is a Steinway artist.

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TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

FRANCIS POULENC

Trois Chansons de Federico García Lorca

[Federico García Lorca]

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with permission from the LiederNet Archive*

L'enfant muet

L'enfant cherche sa voix.
C'est le roi des grillons qui l'a.)
Dans une goutte d'eau,
l'enfant cherchait sa voix.
Je ne la veux pas pour parler.
J'en ferais une bague
Que mon silence portera
à son plus petit doigt.

Dans une goutte d'eau l'enfant
cherchait sa voix.

(La voix captive, loin de là,
met un costume de grillon).

Adelina à la promenade

La mer n'a pas d'oranges
et Séville n'a pas d'amour.
Brune, quelle lumière brûlante!
Prête-moi ton parasol.

Il rendra vert mon visage,
jus de citron et de limon,
et tes mots petits poissons
nageront tout à l'entour.

La mer n'a pas d'oranges,
Ay amour
et Séville n'a pas d'amour.

The Mute Child

The child looks for his voice.
(The king of crickets has it.)
In a drop of water
the child searched for his voice.
I do not want him to speak.
I should make a ring
that my silence will carry
to his littlest finger.

In a drop of water
the child searched for his voice.

(The captive voice, far from there,
puts on a cricket suit.)

Adelina promenading

The sea has no oranges
and Seville has no love.
Brunette, what a burning light!
Loan me your parasol.

It makes appear green, my face,
juice of lemon and lime,
and your words, small fish,
will swim all over.

The sea has no oranges,
Ay love,
and Seville has no love.

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

Chanson de l'oranger sec

Bûcheron,
abats mon ombre.
Délivre moi du supplice
de me voir sans oranges.

Pourquoi suis-je né entre des miroirs?
Le jour me fait tourner
et la nuit me copie
dans toutes ses étoiles.

Je veux vivre sans me voir.
Les fourmis et les liserons,
je rêverai que
ce sont mes feuilles et mes oiseaux.

Bûcheron,
abats mon ombre.
Délivre moi du supplice
De me voir sans oranges.

ROBERT SCHUMANN

Dichterliebe, Op. 48

[Heinrich Heine]

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,
Als alle Knospen sprangen,
Da ist in meinem Herzen
Die Liebe aufgegangen.

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,
Als alle Vögel sangen,
Da hab' ich ihr gestanden
Mein Sehnen und Verlangen.

Aus meinen Tränen spriessen

Aus meinen Tränen spriessen
Viel blühende Blumen hervor,
Und meine Seufzer werden
Ein Nachtigallenchor.

Und wenn du mich lieb hast, Kindchen,
Schenk' ich dir die Blumen all',
Und vor deinem Fenster soll klingen
Das Lied der Nachtigall.

Song of the barren orange tree

Woodcutter,
chop down my shadow.
Deliver me from the torment
of seeing myself without oranges.

Why was I born between mirrors?
Day turns me around slowly
and night copies my movements
with all of its stars.

I want to live without seeing myself.
The ants and the bindweed,
I'll dream they are
my leaves and my birds.

Woodcutter,
chop down my shadow.
Deliver me from the torment
of seeing myself without oranges.

*English Translations © Richard Stokes, author
of The Book of Lieder (Faber), provided via
Oxford Lieder (www.oxfordlieder.co.uk)*

In the wondrous month of May

In the wondrous month of May,
When all the buds burst into bloom,
Then it was that in my heart
Love began to burgeon..1

In the wondrous month of May,
When all the birds were singing,
Then it was I confessed to her
My longing and desire.

From my tears there will spring

From my tears there will spring
Many blossoming flowers,
And my sighs shall become
A chorus of nightingales.

And if you love me, child,
I'll give you all the flowers,
And at your window shall sound
The nightingale's song.

Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne

Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne,
Die liebt' ich einst alle in Liebeswonne.
Ich lieb' sie nicht mehr, ich liebe alleine
Die Kleine, die Feine, die Reine, die Eine;
Sie selber, aller Liebe Wonne,
Ist Rose und Lilie und Taube und Sonne.

Rose, lily, dove, sun

Rose, lily, dove, sun,
I loved them all once in the bliss of love.
I love them no more, I only love
She who is small, fine, pure, rare;
She, most blissful of all loves,
Is rose and lily and dove and sun.

Wenn ich in deine Augen seh'

Wenn ich in deine Augen seh',
So schwindet all' mein Leid und Weh';
Doch wenn ich küsse deinen Mund,
So werd' ich ganz und gar gesund.

When I look into your eyes

When I look into your eyes,
All my pain and sorrow vanish;
But when I kiss your lips,
Then I am wholly healed.

Wenn ich mich lehn' an deine Brust,
Komm'ts über mich wie Himmelslust;
Doch wenn du sprichst: ich liebe dich!
So muss ich weinen bitterlich.

When I lay my head against your breast,
Heavenly bliss steals over me;
But when you say: I love you!
I must weep bitter tears.

Ich will meine Seele tauchen

Ich will meine Seele tauchen
In den Kelch der Lilie hinein;
Die Lilie soll klingend hauchen
Ein Lied von der Liebsten mein.

Let me bathe my soul

Let me bathe my soul
In the lily's chalice;
The lily shall resound
With a song of my beloved.

Das Lied soll schauern und beben,
Wie der Kuss von ihrem Mund,
Den sie mir einst gegeben
In wunderbar süsser Stund'.

The songs shall tremble and quiver
Like the kiss that her lips
Once gave me
In a wondrously sweet hour.

Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome

Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome,
Da spiegelt sich in den Well'n
Mit seinem grossen Dome,
Das grosse, heilige Köln.

In the Rhine, in the holy river

In the Rhine, in the holy river,
Mirrored in its waves,
With its great cathedral,
Stands great and holy Cologne.

Im Dom da steht ein Bildnis,
Auf gold'nem Leder gemalt;
In meines Lebens Wildnis
Hat's freundlich hineingestrahlt.

In the cathedral hangs a picture,
Painted on gilded leather;
Into my life's wilderness
It has cast its friendly rays.

Es schweben Blumen und Eng'lein
Um unsre liebe Frau;
Die Augen, die Lippen, die Wäng'lein,
Die gleichen der Liebsten genau.

Flowers and cherubs hover
Around Our beloved Lady;
Her eyes, her lips, her cheeks
Are the image of my love's.

Ich grolle nicht

Ich grolle nicht, und wenn das Herz
auch bricht,
Ewig verlor'nes Lieb! ich grolle nicht.
Wie du auch strahlst in Diamantenpracht,
Es fällt kein Strahl in deines Herzens Nacht.

Das weiss ich längst. Ich sah dich
ja im Traume,
Und sah die Nacht in deines Herzens Raume,
Und sah die Schlang', die dir am Herzen frisst,
Ich sah, mein Lieb, wie sehr du elend bist.
Ich grolle nicht.

Und wüssten's die Blumen, die kleinen

Und wüssten's die Blumen, die kleinen,
Wie tief verwundet mein Herz,
Sie würden mit mir weinen,
Zu heilen meinen Schmerz.

Und wüssten's die Nachtigallen,
Wie ich so traurig und krank,
Sie liessen fröhlich erschallen
Erquickenden Gesang.

Und wüssten sie mein Wehe,
Die goldenen Sternelein,
Sie kämen aus ihrer Höhe,
Und sprächen Trost mir ein.

Sie alle können's nicht wissen,
Nur eine kennt meinen Schmerz:
Sie hat ja selbst zerrissen,
Zerrissen mir das Herz.

Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen

Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen,
Trompeten schmettern darein;
Da tanzt wohl den Hochzeitsreigen
Die Herzzallerliebste mein.

Das ist ein Klingen und Dröhnen,
Ein Pauken und ein Schalmei'n;
Dazwischen schluchzen und stöhnen
Die lieblichen Engelein.

I bear no grudge

I bear no grudge, though my heart
is breaking,
O love forever lost! I bear no grudge.
However you gleam in diamond splendor,
No ray falls in the night of your heart.

I've known that long. For I saw you in my
dreams,
And saw the night within your heart,
And saw the serpent gnawing at your heart;
I saw, my love, how pitiful you are.
I bear no grudge.

If the little flowers knew

If the little flowers knew
How deeply my heart is hurt,
They would weep with me
To heal my pain.

If the nightingales knew
How sad I am and sick,
They would joyfully make the air
Ring with refreshing song.

And if they knew of my grief,
Those little golden stars,
They would come down from the sky
And console me with their words.

But none of them can know;
My pain is known to one alone;
For she it was who broke,
Broke my heart in two.

What a fluting, what a scraping

What a fluting, what a scraping,
With trumpets blaring in;
That must be my dearest love
Dancing at her wedding feast.

What a clashing, what a clanging,
What a drumming, what a piping;
And the lovely little angels
Sobbing and groaning in between.

Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen
Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen,
Das einst die Liebste sang,
So will mir die Brust zerspringen
Von wildem Schmerzdrang.

Es treibt mich ein dunkles Sehnen
Hinauf zur Waldeshöh',
Dort löst sich auf in Tränen
Mein übergrosses Weh'.

Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen
Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen,
Die hat einen andern erwählt;
Der andre liebt eine andre,
Und hat sich mit dieser vermählt.

Das Mädchen nimmt aus Ärger
Den ersten besten Mann,
Der ihr in den Weg gelaufen;
Der Jüngling ist übel dran.

Es ist eine alte Geschichte,
Doch bleibt sie immer neu;
Und wem sie just passieret,
Dem bricht das Herz entzwei.

Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen
Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen
Geh' ich im Garten herum.
Es flüstern und sprechen die Blumen,
Ich aber wandle stumm.

Es flüstern und sprechen die Blumen,
Und schau'n mitleidig mich an:
"Sei unsrer Schwester nicht böse,
Du trauriger, blasser Mann."

When I hear the little song
When I hear the little song
That my love once sang,
My heart almost bursts
With the wild rush of pain.

A dark longing drives me
Out to the wooded heights,
Where my overwhelming grief
Dissolves in tears.

A boy loves a girl
A boy loves a girl
Who chooses another;
He in turn loves another
And marries her.

The girl, out of pique,
Takes the very first man
To come her way;
The boy is badly hurt.

It is an old story,
Yet remains ever new;
And he to whom it happens,
It breaks his heart in two.

One bright summer morning
One bright summer morning
I walk around the garden.
The flowers whisper and talk,
But I walk silently.

The flowers whisper and talk,
And look at me in pity:
"Be not angry with our sister,
You sad, pale man."

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

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet,
Mir träumte, du lägest im Grab.
Ich wachte auf, und die Träne
Floss noch von der Wange herab.

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet,
Mir träumt', du verliessest mich.
Ich wachte auf, und ich weinte
Noch lange bitterlich.

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet,
Mir träumte, du wär'st mir noch gut
.Ich wachte auf, und noch immer
Strömt meine Tränenflut.

Allnächtlich im Traume seh' ich dich

Allnächtlich im Traume seh' ich dich
Und sehe dich freundlich grüssen,
Und laut aufweinend stürz' ich mich
Zu deinen süßen Füßen.

Du siehest mich an wehmütiglich
Und schüttelst das blonde Köpfchen;
Aus deinen Augen schleichen sich
Die Perlentränentropfchen.

Du sagst mir heimlich ein leises Wort
Und gibst mir den Strauss von Zypressen.
Ich wache auf, und der Strauss ist fort,
Und's Wort hab' ich vergessen.

I wept in my dream

I wept in my dream;
I dreamt you lay in your grave.
I woke, and tears
Still flowed down my cheeks.

I wept in my dream;
I dreamt that you were leaving me.
I woke, and wept on
Long and bitterly.

I wept in my dream;
I dreamt you loved me still.
I woke, and still
My tears stream.

Nightly in my dreams I see you

Nightly in my dreams I see you,
And see your friendly greeting,
And weeping loud, I hurl myself

Down at your sweet feet.
Wistfully you look at me,
Shaking your fair little head;
Stealing from your eyes

Flow little tears of pearl.
You whisper me a soft word
And hand me a wreath of cypress.
I wake, the wreath is gone,
And I cannot remember the word.

Aus alten Märchen

Aus alten Märchen winkt es
Hervor mit weisser Hand,
Da singt es und da klingt es
Von einem Zauberland;

Wo bunte Blumen blühen
Im gold'nen Abendlicht,
Und lieblich duftend glühen,
Mit bräutlichem Gesicht;

Und grüne Bäume singen
Uralte Melodei'n,
Die Lüfte heimlich klingen,
Und Vögel schmettern drein;

Und Nebelbilder steigen
Wohl aus der Erd' hervor,
Und tanzen luft'gen Reigen
Im wunderlichen Chor;

Und blaue Funken brennen
An jedem Blatt und Reis,
Und rote Lichter rennen
Im irren, wirren Kreis;

Und laute Quellen brechen
Aus wildem Marmorstein.
Und seltsam in den Bächen
Strahlt fort der Widerschein.

Ach, könnt' ich dorthin kommen,
Und dort mein Herz erfreu'n,
Und aller Qual entnommen,
Und frei und selig sein!

Ach! jenes Land der Wonne,
Das seh' ich oft im Traum,
Doch kommt die Morgensonne,
Zerfließt's wie eitel Schaum.

From Fairy Tales of Old

A white hand beckons
From fairy tales of old,
Where there are sounds and songs
Of a magic land;

Where brightly colored flowers
Bloom in the golden twilight,
And glow sweet and fragrant
With a bride-like face;

And green trees
Sing primeval melodies,
Mysterious breezes murmur,
And birds too join in warbling;

And misty shapes rise up
From the very ground,
And dance airy dances
In a strange throng;

And blue sparks blaze
On every leaf and twig,
And red fires race
Madly round and round;

And loud springs gush
From wild marble cliffs.
And strangely in the streams
Reflections shine on and on.

Ah, could I but reach that land,
And there make glad my heart,
And be relieved of all pain,
And be blissful and free!

Ah, that land of delight,
I see it often in my dreams,
But with the morning sun
It melts away like mere foam.

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

Die alten, bösen Lieder

Die alten, bösen Lieder,
Die Träume böß' und arg,
Die lasst uns jetzt begraben,
Holt einen grossen Sarg.

Hinein leg' ich gar manches,
Doch sag' ich noch nicht was;
Der Sarg muss sein noch grösser,
Wie's Heidelberger Fass.

UnUnd holt eine Totenbahre
Und Bretter fest und dick;
Auch muss sie sein noch länger,
Als wie zu Mainz die Brück'.

Und holt mir auch zwölf Riesen,
Die müssen noch stärker sein
Als wie der starke Christoph
Im Dom zu Köln am Rhein.

Die sollen den Sarg forttragen,
Und senken ins Meer hinab;
Denn solchem grossen Sarge
Gebührt ein grosses Grab.

Wisst ihr, warum der Sarg wohl
So gross und schwer mag sein?
Ich senkt' auch meine Liebe
Und meinen Schmerz hinein.

ERIK SATIE

La Diva de l'Empire

[Charles Bessat dit Numa Blès]

Sous le grand chapeau Greenaway,
Mettant l'éclat d'un sourire,
D'un rire charmant et frais
De baby étonné qui soupire,
Little girl aux yeux veloutés,
C'est la Diva de l'Empire.
C'est la rein' dont s'éprennent
Les gentlemen
Et tous les dandys
De Piccadilly.

Dans un seul "yes" elle mettant de douceur
Que tous les snobs en gilet à coeur,
L'accueillant des hourras frénétiques,
Sur la scène lancent des gerbes de fleurs,
Sans remarquer le rire narquois
De son joli minois.

The bad old songs

The bad old songs,
The bad and bitter dreams,
Let us now bury them.
Fetch me a large coffin.

I have much to put in it,
Though what, I won't yet say;
The coffin must be even larger
Than the vat at Heidelberg.

And fetch a bier
Made of firm thick timber:
And it must be even longer
Than the bridge at Mainz.

And fetch for me twelve giants;
They must be even stronger
Than Saint Christopher the Strong
In Cologne Cathedral on the Rhine.

They shall bear the coffin away,
And sink it deep into the sea;
For such a large coffin
Deserves a large grave.

Do you know why the coffin
Must be so large and heavy?
I'd like to bury there my love
And my sorrow too.

The Diva of the Empire

Under the great hat Greenaway,
Showing the burst of a smile,
Of a laugh charming and fresh
Of a surprised baby who sighs,
Little girl with velvety eyes,
It's the Diva of the Empire.
It's the queen of whom become enamored
The gentlemen
And all the dandys
Of Piccadilly.

In only a "yes" she puts so much sweetness
That all the snobs in waistcoats to heart,
Welcome her with frenetic hurrahs,
On the stage toss wreaths of flowers,
Without noticing the mocking laugh
Of her sweet little face.

Elle danse presque automatiquement
 Et soulève, oh très pudiquement,
 Ses jolis dessous de fanfreluches,
 De ses jambes montrant le frétillement.
 C'est à la fois très très innocent
 Et très très excitant.

She dances almost automatically
 And lifts up, oh very modestly,
 Her underthings of frills and furbelows,
 Of her legs showing the quivering.
 It is at the same time very very innocent
 And very very exciting.

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ARNOLD SCHÖNBERG

Gigerlette

[Otto Julius Bierbaum]

Fräulein Gigerlette
 Lud mich ein zum Tee.
 Ihre Toilette
 War gestimmt auf Schnee;
 Ganz wie Pierrette
 War sie angetan.
 Selbst ein Mönch, ich wette,
 Sähe Gigerlette
 Wohlgefällig an.

War ein rotes Zimmer,
 Drin sie mich empfing,
 Gelber Kerzenschimmer
 In dem Raume hing.
 Und sie war wie immer
 Leben und Esprit.
 Nie vergess ich's, nimmer:
 Weinrot war das Zimmer,
 Blütenweiss war sie.

Und im Trab mit Vieren
 Fuhren wir zu zweit
 In das Land spazieren,
 Das heisst Heiterkeit.
 Daß wir nicht verlieren
 Zügel, Ziel und Lauf,
 Saß bei dem Kutschieren
 Mit den heissen Vieren
 Amor hinten auf.

Gigerlette

Miss Gigerlette
 invited me to tea.
 Her evening gown
 was as white as snow;
 She was done up
 exactly like a Pierrot.
 I'd wager that even a monk
 would look upon Gigerlette
 with pleasure.

A red room it was,
 in which she received me.
 Yellow candlelight
 shimmered in the space,
 And as always, she was
 full of life and esprit.
 Never can I forget it:
 the room was as red as wine,
 she white as a blossom.

And in a trot on all fours
 the two of us went
 for a ride in that land
 called happiness.
 That we not lose rein
 on the course of our destination,
 in the background,
 near the journeying of our ardent limbs,
 perched Cupid.

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

CHARLES TRENET

Boum!

[Charles Trenet]

La pendule fait tic tac tic tac
Les oiseaux du lac font pic pic pic pic
Glou glou glou font tous les dindons
Et la jolie cloche ding din don
Mais...

Boum

Quand notre cœur fait Boum

Tout avec lui dit Boum

Et c'est l'amour qui s'éveille.

Boum

Il chante: Love in Bloom

Au rythme de ce Boum

Qui redit Boum à l'oreille

Tout a changé depuis hier

Et la rue a des yeux qui regardent aux fenêtres

Y a du lilas et y a des mains tendues

Sur la mer le soleil va paraître

Boum

L'astre du jour fait Boum

Tout avec lui dit Boum

Quand notre cœur fait Boum Boum

Boum!

The clock does tic tac tic tac

The birds of the lake do pic pic pic pic

Glou glou glou do all the turkeys

And the beautiful bell does ding din don

But...

Boom

when our heart does Boom

Everything with it does Boom

And it is the love that is awakened

Boom

It sings: Love in Bloom

At the rhythm of this Boom

That again says Boom to the ear

Everything has changed since yesterday

And the street has eyes that look at the windows

There is lilac and there are outstretched hands

On the sea the sun will come out

Boom

The luminary of the day does Boom

Everything with it says Boom

When our heart does Boom

KURT WEILL

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 low to me

Speak love to me

And soon?

Youkali

[Roger Fernay]

C'est presqu'au bout du monde,
Ma barque vagabonde,
Errant au gré du l'onde,
M'y conduisit un jour.

L'île est toute petite,
Mais la fée qui l'habite
Gentiment nous invite
À en faire le tour.

Youkali,
C'est le pays de nos désirs,
Youkali,
C'est le bonheur,
C'est le plaisir,

Youkali,
C'est la terre où l'on
Quitte tous les soucis,
C'est dans notre nuit,
Comme une éclaircie,
L'étoile qu'on suit,
C'est Youkali!

Et la vie nous entraîne,
Lassante, quotidienne,
Mais la pauvre âme humaine,
Cherchant partout l'oubli,

À pour quitter la terre,
Su trouver le mystère
Où nos rêves se terrent
En quelque Youkali...

Youkali,
C'est le pays de nos désirs,
Youkali,
C'est le bonheur,
C'est le plaisir,

Youkali

My wandering boat
Took me almost to the end of the world
I wandered at the will of the waves
That led me there one day

The island is small
But the fairy who lives there
Kindly invites us
To take a tour

Youkali,
it is the land of our desires,
Youkali,
It is happiness,
it is pleasure

Youkali
is the land where we
leave all our worries.
It is our night,
like a bright star
we follow.
It's Youkali.

And life carries us along
Wearying us every day
But the poor human soul
Searches everywhere for oblivion

Wanting to leave the earth
Knowing it must find the mysterious place
Where our dreams are hidden
In some Youkali

Youkali,
it is the land of our desires.
Youkali,
It is happiness,
it is pleasure

Please turn the page quietly.

Youkali,
C'est la terre où l'on
Quitte tous les soucis,
C'est dans notre nuit,
Comme une éclaircie,
L'étoile qu'on suit,
C'est Youkali!

Youkali,
C'est le respect
De tous les Vœux échangés,
Youkali,
C'est le pays
Des beaux amours partagés,

C'est l'espérance
Qui est au cœur de tous les humains,
La délivrance
Que nous attendons tous pour demain,

Youkali,
C'est le pays de nos désirs,
Youkali,
C'est le bonheur
C'est le plaisir,

Mais c'est un rêve, une folie,
Il n'y a pas de Youkali!

Youkali
is the land where
we leave all our worries.
It is our night,
like a bright star
we follow.
It's Youkali.

Youkali
is the respect
of all the vows exchanged.
Youkali,
It is the land
of beautiful, shared love

It is the hope
in all human hearts
The deliverance
we all await tomorrow

Youkali
is the land of our desires.
Youkali
It is happiness,
it is pleasure

But it's a dream, a folly
There is no Youkali

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COLE PORTER

So in Love

[Cole Porter]

Strange dear, but true dear, when I'm close
to you

Dear, the stars fill the sky, so in love with
you am I

Even without you, my arms fold about you
You know, darling, why, so in love with
you am I

In love with the night mysterious
The night when you first were there
In love with my joy delirious, when I knew
that you could care

So taunt me and hurt me
Deceive me, desert me, I'm yours till I die
So in love, so in love, so in love with you,
my love, am I

So taunt me and hurt me
Deceive me, desert me, I'm yours 'til I die
So in love, so in love, so in love with you,
my love, am I