

## Program notes and translations

We all know of Joan of Arc. Around the age of ten, she started to experience mystical visions. At the age of 18, she was in command of the French army. She was burned at the stake at the age of 19 in 1431, but she was not recognized as a saint until her canonization in 1920. My intrigue around Joan of Arc began when I first read George Bernard Shaw's play, *Saint Joan*, written in 1923. Shaw's inspiration for the play came about when Joan was canonized just a few years earlier. Like many of Shaw's female characters, *Saint Joan* was complex, compelling, spirited and determined. This version of Joan was not a bad role model for a young girl. Although I certainly was not raised Catholic, I was always intrigued by her sense of individualism. She had this inspirational belief in herself in spite of all odds. I was fascinated with how everyone projected their ideas of religion, spirituality and even a sense of womanhood onto her. Many see her as a feminist icon, even a queer icon as she certainly strayed from heteronormativity. Joan was whoever people needed her to be; a vessel of God, a symbol of strength, the power of youth, a representation of chastity, the list goes on. This recital not only explores different facets of *Saint Joan*, but it explores how people viewed her. The piece by Liszt, with text by Alexandre Dumas, depicts her in her final moments before she is burned at the stake. She is fearful, angry, vulnerable, and deeply human. The Rossini explores her determination and ferocity. The Bordèse gives us a cinematic telling of her story and path to victory through different forms of narration. So, we all may be familiar with Joan of Arc, but what is the version of Joan of Arc that we connect with?

## Program notes and translations

### **Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)**

Kaddisch

Maurice Ravel was a French composer with Basque heritage. Although he was not Jewish, he ended up writing one of the most famous classical pieces with ancient Jewish text; Kaddish. The Kaddish is an Aramaic prayer that is recited in mourning. Depending on the event or holiday, there are additional sections that are added to the prayer. This may be a prayer for the dead, but nowhere in this text is death mentioned.

Exalted and sanctified be His great name

In the world which He created according to His will!

May He establish His kingdom

During your lifetime and during your days

And during the lifetimes of all the House of Israel,

Speedily and very soon! And say, Amen.

Blessed and praised, glorified and exalted,

Extolled and honored, adored and lauded

Be the name of the Holy One, blessed be He,

Above and beyond all the blessings,

Hymns, praises and consolations

That are uttered in the world! And say, Amen.

יִתְגַּדֵּל וְיִתְקַדֵּשׁ שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא

בְּעֵלְמָא דִּי בְּרָא כְרְעוּתֵיהּ

וְיִמְלִיךָ מְלְכוּתֵיהּ

בְּחַיֵּינוּ וּבְיוֹמֵינוּ

וּבְחַיֵּי דְכָל [בֵּית] יִשְׂרָאֵל

בְּעֵגְלָא וּבְזָמַן קָרִיב. וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן

יִתְבָּרַךְ וְיִשְׁתַּבַּח וְיִתְפָּאֵר וְיִתְרוֹמַם

וְיִתְנַשֵּׂא וְיִתְהַדָּר וְיִתְעַלֶּה וְיִתְהַלָּל

שְׁמֵהּ דְקָדְשָׁא בְרִיךְ הוּא.

לְעֵלָא (לְעֵלָא מְכַל) מִן כָּל בְּרַכְתָּא

וְשִׁירָתָא וְתַשְׁבְּחָתָא וְנַחֲמָתָא

דְאָמְרִין בְּעֵלְמָא. וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן

### **Franz Liszt (1811-1886)**

Jeanne D'arc au Bûcher (1874)

Text by Alexandre Dumas

Franz Liszt is known mostly for being a virtuoso pianist and composer from Hungary. Later in his life, he started writing large scale orchestral music to push his own creativity and to be taken more seriously as a composer.. He created the genre of tone poems, written for orchestra with representative themes woven throughout. What we see in this piece is a combination of Liszt's tone poems combined with his newfound interest in religious music. This text by the famous French writer, Alexandre Dumas, shows Joan's vulnerability and her devotion to God. Liszt sets that devotion to hymn-like accompaniment. One can hear Liszt's orchestration within the trumpet calls of the piano as she calls on her troops. Fiery tremolo and diminished arpeggios represent her fear as she heads to the stake. In this piece, we see Joan of Arc at her most vulnerable state.

## Program notes and translations

Jeanne D'arc au Bûcher

Mon Dieu! J'étais une bergère,  
quand vous m'avez prise au hameau,  
pour chasser la race étrangère  
Comme je chassais mon troupeau.  
Dans la nuit de mon ignorance  
Votre Esprit m'est venu chercher.

Je vais monter sur le bûcher,  
Et pourtant j'ai sauvé la France.

Seigneur mon Dieu!  
Je suis heureuse en sacrifice de m'offrir  
Mais on la dit bien douloureuse  
cette mort que je vais souffrir.  
Au dernier combat qui s'avance  
marcherai-je sans trébucher?

Je vais monter sur le bûcher,  
Et pourtant j'ai sauvé la France.

Allez me chercher ma bannière,  
où pour la victoire bénis,  
De Jésus Christ et de sa mère  
Les deux saints noms sont réunis.

Allez me chercher ma bannière,  
Sur ce symbole d'espérance  
Mon œil mourant veut s'attacher.

Je vais monter sur le bûcher,  
Et pourtant j'ai sauvé la France.

Joan of Arc at the Stake

My Lord! I was a shepherdess  
when you took me from my small village  
to chase out the invaders  
Just as I gathered my flock.  
In the night of my ignorance,  
Your Spirit came searching for me.

I am going to the stake, and yet I saved France.

Lord, my God,  
I am happy to offer myself as sacrifice,  
but they say that this death I suffer will be very  
painful.  
During this last battle that advances, will I be  
able to march without stumbling?

I am going to the stake, and yet I saved France.

Go bring me by banner  
for a blessed victory  
for Christ and his Mother,  
The two saints' names are reunited.

Go bring me my banner.  
My dying vision wants to attach itself  
to this symbol of hope.

I am going to the stake, and yet I saved France.

### **Gioachino Rossini (1792-1868)**

Giovanna D'Arco (1832)

Gioachino Rossini was known for churning out dozens of operas in his short career, a handful which are still the most produced works to this day. This cantata was written three years after Rossini's early retirement. He was known to be an absolute perfectionist. Rossini went all the way to orchestrate his *Petite Messe Solennis*, because he didn't want anyone else to take those liberties, but never wrote orchestration for this piece. In 1989, Salvatore Sciarrino orchestrated this very *Giovanna d'Arco* for the late Teresa Berganza. He emulated the Rossini style beautifully. I highly recommend listening to this recording, even if it may be against

## Program notes and translations

Rossini's wishes. This is the recording that made me fall in love with this profoundly powerful and challenging piece.

È notte, e tutto addormentato è il mondo.  
Sola io veglio, ed aspetto  
che un destrier passi, che una tromba chiami.  
Ascolto, e nulla sento  
se non l'acque, il mormorar del vento.

It is night, and all the world is asleep.  
I, alone, lie awake, and wait  
for a charger to ride by, for a trumpet to sound.  
I listen, and hear nothing  
except for the flowing water, the murmuring wind.

Muta ogni cosa e afflitta  
come l'ora che segue alla sconfitta.  
O patria! O Re!  
novella un'aita verrà.  
L'onnipossente dal gregge suscitò  
la pastorella. Vadasi.  
O dolce mio loco natio,  
dolce famiglia, o campi, o selve addio.

All is sad and suffering,  
Like the hour that follows a defeat.  
Oh my country! Oh King!  
A new help will come.  
The Almighty has called the shepherd girl  
from her flock. Let her go.  
Oh my sweet place of birth,  
my beloved family, oh fields, oh forests, farewell.

O mia madre, e tu frattanto  
la tua figlia cercherai,  
affannata chiamerai  
e nessun risponderà.  
Ma fra poco d'alte imprese  
verrà un suon conforto al pianto:  
ogni madre, ogni francese la mia madre  
invidierà.  
O mia madre, se frattanto  
la tua figlia cercherai,  
se affannata chiamerai, questo suon risponderà.

My dear mother,  
you will search for your daughter,  
distressed, you will call out to her,  
and no one will respond.  
But soon, a sound from up high will comfort your  
tears with the tidings of great deeds:  
my mother will be the envy of all mothers and all  
French people.  
Oh my dear mother, if I go  
you will search for your daughter,  
if you achingly call for her, this proclamation will  
respond.

Eppur piange.

Yet, she weeps.

Ah! repente qual luce balenò nell'oriente,  
non è il sole che s'alza,  
sei la mia vision, io ti conosco.  
Più grande che non suole  
empie il ciel fulminando e mi fa segno.  
Angiol di morte, tu mi chiami, io vengo.

Ah! Suddenly, what light flashed in the East,  
It is not the sun that rises,  
you are my vision, I know you.  
Larger than usual  
It fills the sky with lightning and gives me a sign.  
Angel of death, you call for me, I shall come.

## Program notes and translations

Ah, la fiamma che t'esce dal guardo  
già m'ha tocca, m'investe, già m'arde.  
Presto un brando, marciamo pugnando.  
Viva il re, la vittoria è con me.  
Guida i forti la vergine al campo,  
tra i leoni l'agnello s'avventa,  
non han scampo, il Signor li spaventa.  
Viva il re, la vittoria è con me.

Corre la gioia di core in core  
ma, queta e timida fra lo stupore,  
chi se', domandano, chi il re salvò?  
Vinse la vergine che in Dio sperò.

Ah, the flame that shoots from your gaze  
Already touches me, devotes me, burns me  
Quick, a sword, let us march onwards and fight.  
Long live the king, victory is with me.  
The maidens guides the warriors into battle,  
The lamb throws herself among the lions,  
They have no escape, because the Lord fills them  
with fear.  
Long live the king, victory is with me.

Joy is flowing from heart to heart  
But quiet and timid and in a stupor  
They ask who saved the king?  
Victory is with the maiden who puts her faith in  
God.

## Program notes and translations

### **Luigi Bordese/ Louis Bordèse (1815-1886)**

La Vision de Jeanne d'Arc

Text by Auguste Villiers

Not much is known about Luigi Bordèse. He was an Italian composer who did not experience much success with his dramatic operatic works. After he moved to Paris, he shifted his focus on teaching voice and even published two volumes of vocalises. His works are rarely performed and recorded. This next piece provides a vivid and action-packed retelling of Joan's rise to power.

La Vision de Jeanne d'Arc

"O Vierge solitaire, Humble sur la terre,  
Des foudres de guerre, entends-tu les bruits?  
Tout périt en France, le peuple en souffrance  
Attends ma sentence, sauve ton pays!"

Ainsi la voix tonne, En elle résonne,  
L'émeut et l'étonne et remplit son cœur.  
Et bientôt armée, Jeanne transformée  
A Charles, inspirée; Dit "Tu seras vainqueur!"

Le Dieu de ce monde, en moi parle et gronde  
Et sa voix m'inonde et soutient mon bras;  
Le Dieu de Moïse, Me montre, soumise,  
La terre promise Viens suis mes pas!  
Oui, Dieu m'a choisie au nom de Marie,  
Humble en ma patrie, pour sauver mon Roi.  
Au Seigneur la gloire! Ah! Tu peux m'en croire,  
J'aurais la victoire.. Dieu marche avec moi!"

Tel fut son langage, Et son beau visage  
Chaste et douce image Reflétait son cœur.  
Et l'âme attendrie Le Roi Charles crie  
"Sauvons la patrie, La France et l'honneur!"

Rien ne les arrête; La Vierge s'apprête,  
Déjà sur sa tête Brille un casque d'or.  
Saisissant sa lance, Elle court, s'élançe,  
Et l'armée avance Hésitant encor..  
Suivant l'héroïne à la voix divine,  
Devant qui s'incline Rois et chevaliers!  
Enfin la victoire Couronne de gloire  
Jeanne et sa mémoire triomphe immortel!  
La douce espérance Renaît pour la France  
Et la paix commence Un hymne du Ciel!

The Vision of Joan of Arc

"Oh solitary virgin, humble on earth,  
Do you hear the lightning of war, the noise?  
All perishes in France, the suffering people  
Await my decree, save your country!"

So the voice thunders, it resonates within her,  
It moves, surprises and fills her heart.  
And swiftly armed, Joan transformed  
inspired, she tells Charles; "You will conquer!"

The God of our world speaks and roars to me  
And his voice floods me and holds my arms  
The God of Moses shows me  
The Promised Land, come follow my steps!  
Yes, God chose me in the name of Mary,  
I am humbled in my homeland to save my king.  
Glory to our Lord, you can believe me,  
I will seize the victory... God marches with me!"

Her language, her beautiful face  
Her chaste, sweet face reflected in her heart.  
And the tender soul of King Charles cries  
"Let's save the fatherland, France and honor!"

Nothing stops them; the virgin maiden is ready,  
A golden helmet already shines on her head.  
Seizing her spear, she runs, she soars,  
And the army advances, still hesitating..  
The divine voice follows the heroine,  
Kings and knights bow before her!  
Finally, a victory crowned with glory  
Joan and her memory of immortal triumph!  
Sweet hope was born again for France  
And peace begins, a song from heaven!

## Program notes and translations

### **A word on cabaret....**

As World War I came to a close, people all over the globe were traumatized by the horror that occurred. That pain rapidly transformed into defiance as Europe rebuilt itself. Cabaret is a genre that was built out of that defiance. This genre was born in Germany and quickly spread to France and America. It represented a tumultuous time of political, economic and social instability. Although not all pieces within the genre exude explicit political critique, one could argue that the expression of joy and healing during such tumultuous times are acts of rebellion. These pieces that I have selected for this program are just a small taste of some of the underrepresented composers during this era.

### **Jack Wells (1880-1935)**

Joan of Arc, they are calling you (1917)

During World War I the French army carried lockets with the image of Joan of Arc. She was a source of strength and inspiration for the many men who fought for France. This song by Jack Wells with words by Alfred Bryan and Willie Weston took a significant part in the increased fascination with Joan in popular culture at the time. She was canonized just three years later.

While you are sleeping, your France is weeping,  
Wake from your dreams, Maid of France.  
Her heart is bleeding; are you unheeding?  
Come with the flame in your glance;  
Through the gates of heaven, with your sword in hand,  
Come your legions to command.

Joan of Arc, Joan of Arc, do your eyes from the skies see the foe?  
Don't you see the drooping Fleur-de-Lis?  
Can't you hear the tears of Normandy?  
Joan of Arc, Joan of Arc, let your spirit guide us through;  
Come lead your France to victory;  
Joan of Arc, they are calling you.

Alsace is sighing, Lorraine is crying,  
Their mother, France, looks to you.  
Her sons at Verdun; Bearing the burden,  
Pray for your coming anew;  
At the Gates of Heaven, do they bar your way?  
Souls that passed through yesterday.

## Program notes and translations

### **Maurice Yvain (1891-1965)**

Je chante la nuit

Text by H. G. Clouzot

Maurice Yvain was primarily an operetta composer following in the legacy created by Jacques Offenbach (he wrote the can-can). His music was so successful that a number of his compositions made their way into Ziegfeld Follies on Broadway. The text to Je chante la nuit was written by French film director Henri-Georges Clouzot. Clouzot was kicked out of UFA studio, a Nazi owned film company, due to his close relationship with several Jewish producers.

Je chante la nuit

Mon amour,  
Quand tes beaux yeux verront tomber le jour  
Quand sur le jardin embaumé l'ombre va  
refermer son rideau de velours.  
Doucement, penche à la fenêtre ton front  
charmant  
Du fond des bosquets argentés  
N'entends-tu pas monter  
La voix de ton amant?

Je chante la nuit

Berçant mon ennui,  
Calmant la douleur,  
Enivrant mon coeur  
D'une sérénade.

Souviens-toi des soirs,  
Des soirs pleins d'espoirs,  
De nos rendez-vous,  
De nos baisers fous,  
De nos promenades.  
Où sont tes serments?  
Cruellement, tu ris de mes tourments.  
Mais, le coeur brisé,  
Sans renoncer,  
Sans jamais me lasser

Je chante la nuit,  
Ma voix te poursuit,  
Important toujours  
Un seul mot d'amour,  
Je chante la nuit.

I sing to the night

My love,  
When your beautiful eyes see the day's end  
When, over the perfumed garden, darkness  
begins to close its velvet curtain.  
Gently, leaning your charming face against the  
window  
From deep in the silvery woods  
Don't you hear the voice  
Of your beloved rising?

I sing to the night

Cradling my boredom,  
Soothing my sadness,  
Intoxicating my heart  
With a serenade.

Remember those evenings,  
Those evenings full of hopes,  
Of our rendez-vous.  
Of our mad kisses,  
Of our walks together.  
Where are your promises?  
Cruelly, you laugh at my torment.  
But brokenhearted,  
I'll never leave you,  
Never let you go.

I sing to the night,  
My voice looks for you,  
Forever begging  
Just one word of love,  
I sing to the night.



## Program notes and translations

C'est ainsi que tout l'été, un amoureux transi  
Clama sa peine et son émoi,  
Mais au bout de trois mois,  
Dépité, il partit.  
Depuis lors, la dame a beau mettre le nez  
dehors,  
Plus d'amoureux, et cependant  
Dans son coeur, elle entend  
Le refrain du remords:

Thus, for all of the summer, a numb lover  
Claimed her pain and feelings,  
But at the end of three months,  
He left out of spite.  
Since then, the lady put herself out there,  
More lovers, and yet,  
In her heart she hears  
The refrain of remorse:

Je chante la nuit ...

### **Hanns Eisler (1898-1962)**

Wienerlied (1955)

Hanns Eisler led one of the more fascinating lives of composers in the 20th century. He originally was a private student of Arnold Schoenberg. His leftist politics forced him to flee Nazi Germany. Eisler's political troubles did not end there. He was investigated by the House of Un-American Activities and was even referred to as "the Karl Marx of communism in the musical field," by Richard Nixon. His association to the communist party was greatly exaggerated, but he was still deported back to Europe in 1948. Eisler is mostly known for his works in the genre of cabaret and film scoring. This next piece strays from his typical angsty style. Although the song is disguised as a Viennese waltz, the message is still one that questions authority.

Wienerlied

Viennese song

"Herr Hauptmann, ich bitt, gehn's lassen's mein  
Geliebten von die Soldaten weg."

"Mr. Headman, please  
Release my beloved from the soldier's life"

"Dein Geliebten kann ich vielleicht dir geb'n,  
vorerst muß ich dir vier Rätsel aufgeb'n.  
Rat' mal: was ist ein König ohne Land,  
rat' mal: was ist ein Erde ohne Sand,  
rat' mal: was ist ein Haus ohne Tisch,  
rat' mal: was ist ein Wasser ohne Fisch?"

"Your loved one, perhaps, can go to you,  
But first I must give you four riddles.  
Guess: what is a king without a country,  
Guess: what is earth without sand,  
Guess: what is a house without a table,  
Guess: what is water without fish?"

"Da rat' ich: im Kartenspiel ist ein König ohne  
Land.  
Da rat' ich: im Blumentopf ist ein Erde ohne Sand.  
Da rat' ich: ein Schneckenhaus ist ein Haus ohne  
Tisch,  
da rat' ich: die Tränen sind ein Wasser ohne  
Fisch."

"I guess: a card game is a king without a country.  
I guess: in a flowerpot is earth without sand.  
I guess: a snail shell is a house without a table,  
I guess: tears are water without fish."

## Program notes and translations

### **Abraham Ellstein (1907-1963)**

#### Tif vi di Nakht

Although cabaret is primarily a German export, many of the most notable cabaret composers were Jewish, Kurt Weill being the biggest name of them all. Most of those compositions were in German or English. Abe Ellstein, being a major name in the Jewish Theater scene, wrote dozens of shows in Yiddish. His work is not political, but choosing to write in Yiddish meant his music would not be as "marketable." We see an example of this with "Bei mir bist du schoen," made famous by the Andrews Sisters. The song was written by Sholom Secunda and Jacob Jacobs in Yiddish, but was critiqued for being too Jewish, thus rewritten into English, making it a popular song to this day. Tif vi di Nakht is simply a love song, but the language that it's written in is filled with the complex history of the Jewish diaspora. We cannot separate these two things.

#### Tif vi di Nakht

Tif vi di nakht iz mayn libe tsu dir gelibte mayn  
Tsu zayn mit dir dos iz alts vos ikh bager  
Ikh zits un trakht tsu dos glik vet mit undz oyf  
eybik zayn  
Farlir ikh dikh hot dos lebn gor kayn vert.  
Vi di zun un di levone  
Vi di shtern vos balaykht di nakht  
Azoy sheyn iz mayn matone  
Nor fun hill hot dos Got tsu mir gebrakht  
Meg alts geshen meg a file yetst di velt unter  
geyn  
Mayn libe vet eybik zayn, tif vi di nakht.

#### Deep as the night

Deep as the night is my love for you, my beloved  
To be with you is all that I demand  
I sit and think if this love will always be,  
Because if I lose you, life will be worthless.  
Like the sun and the moon  
Like the stars that illuminate the night  
That's how beautiful my gift is  
Brought only by God from the heavens  
Anything may happen, the world can even end  
My love will forever be as deep as the night.

### **Maurice Yvain**

#### "Yes!" (1928)

Text by P. Soullaine, R. Pujol and Albert Willemetz

Maurice Yvain's "Yes!" premiered in Paris in 1928. "Yes!" is considered to be one of the first jazz-operettas. This musical exploration made perfect sense as jazz was all the rage in Paris in the 1920s. Maxime was supposed to marry a wealthy heiress, but did not want to give up his bachelor ways. To escape that loveless marriage and stern lifestyle, Maxime offers to take Totte, his father's manicurist, to England and there they shall be married. What was originally a sterile marriage arrangement, transformed into a love story. Now, Totte reflects on how this "arrangement" is heating up...

## Program notes and translations

Je ne me doutais guèr'  
quand je suis partie pour l'Angleterr'  
En sachant seulement  
Dire "Yes" tout simplement  
A quel point j'étais téméraire.  
Ah! C'est fou ce que ce mot peut-être'  
Dangereux sournois perfide et traître'  
Ce p'tit oui étranger Est si doux si léger  
Qu'il paraît sans aucun danger.

Il ne faut pas s'y fier  
Car on est stupéfié  
De voir tout c'qu'il peut signifier.

C'est un mot tout petit  
et par lequel on dit qu'on acquiesc "Yes,"  
C'est un mot si gentil  
Qu'il entraîne à toutes les gentillesces "Yes,"  
Devant le Register Sans amour  
Et sans peur Je m'amène à trois heur's  
Et sa chant qu'est pour rir'  
Que l'on va nous unir Je dis "Yes!"

Au retour, dans l'auto,  
Votre main prend ma main, je la laisse "Yes,"  
Grimpant sous mon manteau  
Elle voyage et prend de la hardiess' "Yes"  
Me posant tout à coup un long baiser dans le  
cou,  
Vous me dites: Est-ce que ça vous plait?  
Est-ce que ça vous va? Est-ce que je continue?  
"Yes!"

A l'hôtel on arriv'  
mon émotion était des plus viv's,  
Vous me dites mon p'tit loup  
nous voilà bien chez nous  
Mais je restais sur le qui-vive!  
Puis vous dites chère petite compagn'  
Voulez vous boire un doigt de champagne?  
J'eus la grande faibless' Rien que par politess'  
De répondre alors encore "Yes."

I hardly suspected  
When I left for England  
Knowing only  
To say "Yes," simply,  
How reckless I was.  
Ah! It is crazy what this word can mean  
Dangerous, sneaky, disloyal and treacherous  
This little foreign "yes," is so soft, so light,  
it seems harmless.

Do not trust it,  
because one should be amazed  
to see all that it can mean.

It is a very small word  
And when one says it, one acquiesces "Yes."  
It is a very nice word  
that it leads to all kindness "Yes,"  
I arrived at three o' clock before the Register  
without love and without fear.  
And her song is for laughs  
That we are going to unite, I say "yes!"

On the way back, in the car,  
Your hand takes my hand, and I allow it, "yes,"  
It climbs under my coat  
It travels and takes liberties, "Yes"  
Suddenly placing a long kiss on my neck  
You say to me: "Do you like it?  
Does it suit you? Should I continue?" "Yes!"

When we arrived at the hotel  
My emotions were vivid,  
You tell me "my little wolf,  
here we are home,"  
But I remained on alert!  
Then you said, "dear little companion,  
Would you like a drop of champagne?"  
I had the great weakness of being polite  
To once again answer "Yes!"

## Program notes and translations

Car l'extra dry me mit  
Sur les minuit et d'mi  
Dans un charmant état d'esprit.

Because the extra dry champagne  
put me in a charming state of mind  
At half past midnight.

Et blottie près de toi, tu me dis:  
prouve moi ta tendress' "Yes,"  
Un mari a le droit  
D'exiger c'est la loi, des caress's "Yes,"  
Puis tu me fis tous bas:  
Enlève donc tes bas, Et le reste tomba!  
Près de moi viens dormir!  
Croyant qu'c'était pour rire J'ai dit "Yes!"

And snuggled up next to you, you say to me:  
"Show me your tenderness." "Yes."  
A husband has the right  
To demand affection (it's the law)"Yes."  
Then you knocked me off my feet:  
"Take off your stockings," and the rest came off!  
Next up comes sleep!  
Thinking it was for laughs, I said "Yes!"

Puis tu me dis: veux-tu  
Que j'éteign' la lumière, dans la pièce? "Yes."  
Comme on est peu vêtu  
Chauffons-nous, viens chéri que je te press'  
"Yes."  
Et serré dans tes bras, Doucement tu murmuras:  
Sois ma maitress' Laisse-moi t'aimer,  
Laisse-moi t'adorer, laisse-moi te le prouver. "YES!"

Then you tell me: "Do you want me to turn off the  
light in the room?" "Yes."  
"As we are sparsely dressed  
Let's warm up darling, let me hold you close,"  
"yes."  
And pressed in your arms, you whispered softly:  
"Be my lover, let me love you  
Let me adore you, let me prove it to you." "Yes!"

### **Abe Ellstein**

Ik Zing (1938) from the film *Mamele* (translation: Mothers)

Text by Molly Picon

This piece comes from the film "Mamele," starring Molly Picon. Molly Picon was a famous actress and comedian in Jewish theater (think of Fanny Brice, whom many of us know from Barbra Streisand's portrayal of her in *Funny Face*.) Not only was Molly Picon a star performer in her own right, she was a phenomenal lyricist and wrote the text to *Ik Zing*.

## Program notes and translations

Ik Zing

Shloimecha melech hot tsu zayn Shulamis  
Gesingen a libes shir  
Un pinkt vi Shloi me dan geliebte meine  
Brenge ich mein lied itst tzu dir

Ik sing far dir mein shir hashirim  
Mit liebe ich batsirim  
Far dir nor neshume mein  
Ich sing far dir meine chaloimes  
Mein liebe vie a troimis  
Fun dir nor nechume mein

Ven ich geios fun benken noch dir  
geliebte mein  
Un ven ich halt in ein denken as du vest noch  
amol meine sein

Ich sing fun hartzen meine lieder  
Mein shir hashirim vider  
Gelibte far dir ik sing.

I Sing

King Soloman sang a love song to his  
Shulamit (bride)  
And just like Solomon did then, my love,  
I now bring my song to you

I sing my song of songs to you  
I adorn it with love  
Only for you, soul of mine  
I sing my dreams, only for you  
My love is like a dream  
Only for you, my comfort

When I am about to die from longing for you, my  
beloved  
And when I do, I still remember that you will  
once again be mine

I sing my song from the heart  
My song of songs, again,  
My beloved, for you I sing.