

BOLCOM SONGS

Waitin' by Arnold Weinstein

Waitin' waitin'
I've been waitin'
Waitin' waitin' all my life.

That light keeps on hiding from me,
But it someday just might bless my sight.
Waitin' waitin' waitin'

Amor by Arnold Weinstein

It wasn't the policeman's fault
in all the traffic roar
Instead of shouting halt when he saw me
he shouted Amor.

Even the ice-cream man
(free ice-creams by the score)
Instead of shouting Butter Pecan one look at me
he shouted Amor.

All over town it went that way
Ev'rybody took off the day
Even philosophers understood
How good was the good 'cuz I looked so good!

The poor stopped taking less
The rich stopped needing more.
Instead of shouting no and yes
Both looking at me shouted Amor.

My stay in town was cut short
I was dragged to court.
The judge said I disturbed the peace
And the jury gave him what for!

The judge raised his hand
And instead of Desist and Cease
Judge came to the stand, took my hand
And whispered Amor.

Night was turning into day
I walked alone away.
Never see that town again.
But as I passed the churchhouse door
Instead of singing Amen
The choir was singing Amor.

SCHOENBERG SONGS

Gigerlette by 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 ichs, nimmer:
Weinrot war das Zimmer,
Blütenweiß war sie.

Und im Trab mit Vieren
Führen 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 by Otto Julius Bierbaum
English translation ©Richard Stokes

Fräulein Gigerlette
Invited me to tea.
Her attire
Harmonized with snow;
She was dressed
Just like Pierrette.
Even a monk, I bet,
Would gaze on Gigerlette
With pleasure.

She received me
In a red room,
Yellow candlelight
Flickered in the air.
And she was, as ever,
Full of life and wit.
I'll not forget it, never,
The room was wine-red,
She was blossom-white.

And both of us rode off
In a carriage-and-four
Out into the Land
Of Mirth.
In order to reach our goal
And not stray without reins,
Cupid sat atop
At the back
Of our carriage-and-four.

Der genügsame Liebhaber by Hugo Salus

Meine Freundin hat eine schwarze Katze,
Mit weichem knisterndem Sammetfell,
Und ich, ich hab' eine blitzblanke Glatze,
Blitzblank und glatt und silberhell.

Meine Freundin gehört zu den üppigen Frauen,
Sie liegt auf dem Divan das ganze Jahr,
Beschäftigt das Fell ihrer Katze zu krauen,
Mein Gott, ihr behagt halt das sammtweiche
Haar.

Und komm' ich am Abend die Freundin
besuchen,
So liegt die Mieze im Schoße bei ihr,
Und nascht mit ihr von dem Honigkuchen,
Und schauert wenn ich leise ihr Haar berühr'.

Und will ich mal zärtlich tun mit dem Schatze,
Und daß sie mir auch einmal 'Eitschi' macht,
Dann stülp' ich die Katze auf meine Glatze,
Dann streichelt die Freundin die Katze und
lacht.

Der genügsame Liebhaber by Hugo Salus
English translation ©Richard Stokes

My girlfriend has a black cat
With soft, rustling, velvet fur,
And I, I have a shining bald pate,
Shining and smooth and silvery.

My girlfriend's one of those voluptuous women,
She lies on the sofa all year round,
Busily stroking her cat's fur,
My God, how she loves that soft, velvet fur.

And when in the evening I visit my girlfriend,
Her pussy-cat's always on her lap,
Nibbling with her the gingerbread,
And trembling whenever I stroke its fur.

And if I become amorous with my love,
So that she might call me 'honey-bun',
I lift the cat onto my bald pate –
And my girlfriend strokes the cat and laughs.