

Texts and Translations

“Ba, Be, Bi, Bo, Bu” from

La Courte Paille

Music: Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)

Text: Maurice Carême (1899-1978)

Translation © Marion Leeds Carroll

Ba, be, bi, bo, bu, bé!
Le chat a mis ses bottes,
Il va de porte en porte
Jouer, danser, Danser, chanter –

Pou, chou, genou, hibou.
"Tu dois apprendre à lire,
A compter, à écrire,"
Lui crie-t-on de partout.

Mais rikketikketau,
Le chat de s'esclaffer
En rentrant au château:
Il est le Chat Botté!

Ba, be, bi, bo, bu, bé!
The cat has put on his boots;
he goes from door to door,
playing, dancing, dancing, singing –

Pou, chou, genou, hibou. *
"You ought to learn to read,
to count, to write,"
everyone calls out to him.

But rikketikketau,
the cat bursts out laughing,
returning to his castle:
He is Puss in Boots!

The Owl and The Pussycat

Music: Igor Stravinsky (1882-1971)

**Text © Edward Lear (1812-1888),
provided via Oxford International Song
Festival (www.oxfordsong.org).**

The Owl and the Pussycat went to sea
In a beautiful pea-green boat,
They took some honey, and plenty of money,
Wrapped up in a five pound note.

The Owl looked up to the stars above,
And sang to a small guitar,
“O lovely Pussy! O Pussy, my love,
What a beautiful Pussy you are,
you are, you are!
What a beautiful Pussy you are.”

Pussy said to the Owl “You elegant fowl,

How charmingly sweet you sing.
O let us be married, too long we have tarried;
But what shall we do for a ring?"
They sailed away, for a year and a day,
To the land where the Bong-tree grows,
And there in a wood a Piggy-wig stood
With a ring at the end of his nose,
his nose, his nose,
With a ring at the end of his nose.

"Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one
shilling your ring?"
Said the Piggy, "I will"
So they took it away, and were married next
day
By the Turkey who lives on the hill.

They dined on mince, and slices of quince,
Which they ate with a runcible spoon.
And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand.
They danced by the light of the moon,
the moon, the moon,
They danced by the light of the moon.

Goodnight, Moon

Music: Eric Whitacre (b. 1970)

Text: Margaret Wise Brown (1910-1952)

In the great green room
There was a telephone
And a red balloon
And a picture of the cow jumping over the
moon

And there were three little bears
Sitting on chairs
And two little kittens
And a pair of mittens

And a little toy house
And a young mouse
And a comb and a brush
And a bowl full of mush

And a quiet old lady who was whispering
"hush"

Goodnight room
Goodnight moon
Goodnight cow jumping over the moon

Goodnight light
And the red balloon
Goodnight bears
Goodnight chairs

Goodnight kittens
Goodnight mittens
Goodnight clocks
And goodnight socks

Goodnight little house
Goodnight mouse
Goodnight comb
And goodnight brush
Goodnight nobody
Goodnight mush

And goodnight to the old lady whispering
"hush"

Goodnight stars
Goodnight air
Goodnight noises everywhere
Goodnight
Goodnight

Goodnight noises
Everywhere

“Una donna a quindici anni” from

Così fan tutti

Music: W.A. Mozart (1756-1791)

Text: Lorenzo da Ponte (1749-1838)

Translation © Naomi Gurt Lind

Una donna a quindici anni
De'è saper ogni gran moda
Dove il diavolo ha la coda

A woman of 15 years
Must know all the good methods,
Where the devil keeps his tail

Cose e bene, e mal cos'è

De'è saper le maliziette
Che innamorano gli amanti
Finger riso, finger pianti
Inventar i bei perche

De'è in un momento dar retta a cento
Colle pupille parlar con mille
Dar speme a tutti, sien belli o brutti,
Saper nascondersi senza confondersi,
Senz'arrossire saper mentire

E qual regina dall'alto soglio
Col posso e voglio farsi ubbidir
Par ch'abbian gusto di tal dottrina,
Viva Despina che sa server!

**“Ei! Wie schmeckt der Kaffee süße” from
Schweigt stille, plaudert nicht (BWV 211)
Music: J.S. Bach (1685-1750)
Text: Christian Friedrich Henrici (1700-
1764)
Translation © Pamela Dellal**

Ei! wie schmeckt der Coffee süße,
Lieblicher als tausend Küsse,
Milder als Muskatelwein.

Coffee, Coffee muss ich haben,
Und wenn jemand mich will laben,
Ach, so schenkt mir Coffee ein!

**“The swing” from
*The Daisy Chain: Twelve Songs of
Childhood*
Music: Liza Lehmann (1862-1918)
Text: Robert Louis Stevenson (1850-1894)**

How do you like to go up in a swing,
Up in the air so blue?
Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing

What's good and what's bad

She must know all the little malices
That enamour lovers:
To feign laughter, to feign tears,
And invent good reasons.

She must pay attention to a hundred at a time
Speak through her eyes with a thousand
Give hope to all, be they handsome or ugly,
Know how to obfuscate without getting
confused, and know how to lie without blushing

And this queen from her high throne
Can make them obey with “I can,” and “I want”
It seems they like this doctrine,
Long live Despina, who knows how to serve!

Ah! How sweet coffee tastes,
more delicious than a thousand kisses,
milder than muscatel wine.

Coffee, I have to have coffee,
and, if someone wants to pamper me,
ah, then fill up my coffee again!

Ever a child can do!

Up in the air and over the wall,
Till I can see so wide,
Rivers and trees and cattle and all
Over the countryside -

Till I look down on the garden green,
Down on the roof so brown -
Up in the air I go flying again,
Up in the air and down!

Noël des enfants qui n'ont plus de maison

Music: Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

Text: Claude Debussy

Translation © Richard Stokes, author of *A French Song Companion* (Oxford University Press), provided via Oxford International Song Festival (www.oxfordsong.org).

Nous n'avons plus de maisons!
Les ennemis ont tout pris,
Tout pris, tout pris,
Jusqu'à notre petit lit!
Ils ont brûlé l'école et notre maître aussi.
Ils ont brûlé l'église et monsieur Jésus-Christ
Et le vieux pauvre qui n'a pas pu s'en aller!

Nous n'avons plus de maisons!
Les ennemis ont tout pris,
Tout pris, tout pris,
Jusqu'à notre petit lit!
Bien sûr! papa est à la guerre,
Pauvre maman est morte!

Avant d'avoir vu tout ça.
Qu'est-ce que l'on va faire?
Noël! petit Noël! n'allez pas chez eux,
N'allez plus jamais chez eux,
Punissez-les!

Vengez les enfants de France!
Les petits Belges, les petits Serbes,

We've no houses any more!
The enemy have taken everything,
everything, everything,
even our little beds!
They've burned the school and our teacher too.
They've burned the church and Mister Jesus
and the poor old man who couldn't escape!

We've no houses any more!
The enemy have taken everything,
everything, everything,
even our little beds!
Of course! Daddy's at the war,
poor mother died!

Before seeing all this.
What are we to do?
Noël, little Noël, don't visit them,
don't visit them ever again,
punish them!

Avenge the children of France!
The little Belgians, the little Serbs,

Et les petits Polonais aussi!
Si nous en oublions, pardonnez-nous.
Noël! Noël! surtout, pas de joujoux,
Tâchez de nous redonner le pain quotidien.

Nous n'avons plus de maisons!
Les ennemis ont tout pris,
Tout pris, tout pris,
Jusqu'à notre petit lit!
Ils ont brûlé l'école et notre maître aussi.
Ils ont brûlé l'église et monsieur Jésus-Christ
Et le vieux pauvre qui n'a pas pu s'en aller!

Noël! écoutez-nous, nous n'avons plus de
petits sabots:
Mais donnez la victoire aux enfants de
France!

and also the little Poles!
If we've forgotten any, forgive us.
Noël! Noël! And above all, no toys,
try to give us back our daily bread.

We've no houses any more!
The enemy have taken everything,
everything, everything,
even our little beds!
They've burned the school and our teacher too.
They've burned the church and Mister Jesus
and the poor old man who couldn't escape!

Noël! Hear us, we no longer have our little
clogs:
but give victory to the children of France!

“Sunny Evening” from
Songs of Remembrance
Music: Ruth Lomon (1930-2017)
Text: Michael Flack (1920-2009)

On a purple, sun-shot evening
Under wide-flowering chestnut trees
Upon the threshold full of dust
Yesterday, today, the days are all like these.

Trees flower forth in beauty,
Lovely too their very wood
all gnarled and old
That I am half afraid to peer
Into their crowns of green and gold.

The sun has made a veil of gold
So lovely that my body aches.
Above, the heavens shriek with blue
Convinced I've smiled by some mistake.
The world's abloom and seems to smile.
I want to fly but where, how high?
If in barbed wire, things can bloom
Why couldn't I? I will not die!

Laurie's Song from The Tender Land
Music: Aaron Copland (1900-1990)
Text: Horace Everett (1927-2001)

Once I thought I'd never grow tall as this
fence
Time dragged heavy and slow
But April came and August went
Before I knew just what they meant

And little by little I grew
And as I grew I came to know
How fast the time could go

Once I thought I'd never go outside this fence
This space was plenty for me
But I walked down the road one day
And just what happened I can't say

But little by little it came to be
That line between the earth and sky
Came beckoning to me

Now the time has grown so short
The world has grown so wide
I'll be graduated soon
Why am I strange inside?

What makes me think I'd like to try
To go down all those roads beyond that line
Above the earth and 'neath the sky?

Tomorrow when I sit upon
The graduation platform stand
I know my hand will shake
When I reach out to take that paper
With the ribboned band

Now that all the learning's done
O who knows what will now begin?

O it's so strange
I'm strange inside

The time has grown so short
The world so wide

**“Helft mir, ihr Schwestern” from
Frauenliebe und Leben
Music: Robert Schumann (1810-1856)
Text: Adelbert von Chamisso (1830)
Translation © Richard Stokes, author of
The Book of Lieder (Faber); *The Complete
Songs of Hugo Wolf* (Faber), provided via
Oxford International Song Festival
(www.oxfordsong.org).**

Helft mir, ihr Schwestern,
Freundlich mich schmücken,
Dient der Glücklichen heute mir,
Windet geschäftig
Mir um die Stirne
Noch der blühenden Myrte Zier.

Als ich befriedigt,
Freudigen Herzens,
Sonst dem Geliebten im Arme lag,
Immer noch rief er,
Sehnsucht im Herzen,
Ungeduldig den heutigen Tag.

Helft mir, ihr Schwestern,
Helft mir verscheuchen
Eine törichte Bangigkeit,
Dass ich mit klarem
Aug ihn empfangen,
Ihn, die Quelle der Freudigkeit.

Bist, mein Geliebter,
Du mir erschienen,
Giebst du mir, Sonne, deinen Schein?
Lass mich in Andacht,
Lass mich in Demut,
Lass mich verneigen dem Herren mein.

Streuet ihm, Schwestern,
Streuet ihm Blumen,
Bringet ihm knospende Rosen dar,
Aber euch, Schwestern,
Grüss ich mit Wehmut,
Freudig scheidend aus eurer Schar.

Help me, my sisters,
With my bridal attire,
Serve me today in my joy,
Busily braid
About my brow
The wreath of blossoming myrtle.

When with contentment
And joy in my heart
I lay in my beloved's arms,
He still called,
With longing heart,
Impatiently for this day.

Help me, my sisters,
Help me banish
A foolish fearfulness;
So that I with bright eyes
May receive him,
The source of all my joy.

Have you, my love,
Really entered my life,
Do you, O sun, give me your glow?
Let me in reverence,
Let me in humility
Bow before my lord.

Scatter flowers, O sisters,
Scatter flowers before him,
Bring him budding roses.
But you, sisters,
I greet with sadness,
As I joyfully take leave of you.

“Das himmlische Leben” from *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*

Music: Gustav Mahler (1860-1911)

Text: Anon.

Translation © Emily Ezust, from the LiederNetArchive – <https://www.lieder.net>

Wir genießen die himmlischen Freuden,
Drum tun wir das Irdische meiden,
Kein weltlich Getümmel
Hört man nicht im Himmel!
Lebt alles in sanftester Ruh'!
Wir führen ein englisches Leben!
Sind dennoch ganz lustig daneben!
Wir tanzen und springen,
Wir hüpfen und singen!
Sankt Peter im Himmel sieht zu!

Johannes das Lämmlein auslasset,
Der Metzger Herodes drauf passet!
Wir führen ein geduldig's,
Unschuldig's, geduldig's,
Ein liebliches Lämmlein zu Tod!
Sankt Lucas den Ochsen tät schlachten
Ohn' einig's Bedenken und Achten,
Der Wein kost' kein Heller
Im himmlischen Keller,
Die Englein, die backen das Brot.

Gut' Kräuter von allerhand Arten,
Die wachsen im himmlischen Garten!
Gut' Spargel, Fisolen
Und was wir nur wollen!
Ganze Schüsseln voll sind uns bereit!
Gut Äpfel, gut' Birn' und gut' Trauben!
Die Gärtner, die alles erlauben!
Willst Rehbock, willst Hasen,
Auf offener Straßen
Sie laufen herbei!

Sollt' ein Fasttag etwa kommen,
Alle Fische gleich mit Freuden
angeschwommen!
Dort läuft schon Sankt Peter
Mit Netz und mit Köder
Zum himmlischen Weiher hinein.

We enjoy the heavenly pleasures
and avoid the earthly things.
No worldly tumult
does one hear in Heaven!
Everything lives in the gentlest peace!
We lead an angelic life!
Nevertheless we are very merry:
we dance and leap,
hop and sing!
Meanwhile, Saint Peter in the sky looks on.

Saint John has let his little lamb go
to the butcher Herod.
We lead a patient,
innocent, patient,
a dear little lamb to death!
Saint Luke slaughters oxen
without giving it thought or attention.
Wine costs not a penny
in Heaven's cellar;
and angels bake the bread.

Good vegetables of all sorts
grow in Heaven's garden!
Good asparagus, beans
and whatever we wish!
Full bowls are ready for us!
Good apples, good pears and good grapes!
The gardener permits us everything!
Would you like roebuck, would you like hare?
In the very streets
they run by!

Should a fast-day arrive,
all the fish swim up to us
with joy!
Over there, Saint Peter is running already
with his net and bait
to the heavenly pond.

Sankt Martha die Köchin muß sein.

Kein' Musik ist ja nicht auf Erden,
Die uns'rer verglichen kann werden.
Elftausend Jungfrauen
Zu tanzen sich trauen!
Sankt Ursula selbst dazu lacht!
Cäcilia mit ihren Verwandten
Sind treffliche Hofmusikanten!
Die englischen Stimmen
Ermuntern die Sinnen,
Daß alles für Freuden erwacht.

Saint Martha must be the cook!

No music on earth
can be compared to ours.
Eleven thousand maidens
dare to dance!
Even Saint Ursula herself is laughing!
Cecilia and all her relatives
are splendid court musicians!
The angelic voices
rouse the senses
so that everything awakens with joy.