

# Chanticleer

Friday / July 18 / 7:30pm / Spanish Courtyard

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## Texts & Translations.

**KURT WEILL**

*Lost In The Stars*

**Text by Maxwell Anderson (1888-1959)**

My Lord, what a mornin' when the stars began to fall...

Before the Lord God made the sea and the land  
He held all the stars in the palm of His hand,  
And they ran through His fingers like grains of sand,  
And one little star fell alone.

Then the Lord God hunted through the wide night air  
For the little dark star on the wind down there  
And He stated and promised He'd take special care  
So it wouldn't get lost no more.

Now a man don't mind if the stars get dim  
And the clouds blow over and darken him  
So long as the Lord God's watchin' over him  
Keepin' track how it all goes on.

I've been walkin' through the night and the day  
'Til my eyes get weary and my head turns gray  
And sometimes it seems maybe God's gone away  
Forgetting the promise that we heard Him say

And we're lost out here in the stars,  
Little stars, big stars, blowin' thru the night.

**HEINRICH ISAAC**

*Cibavit eos*

Cibavit eos ex adipe frumenti, alleluia.

Et de petra melle saturavit eos, alleluia.

Exultate Deo adiutori nostro,  
Jubilare Deo Jacob.

He fed them from the abundance of  
the wheat, alleluia.

And sated them with honey from the  
rock, alleluia.

Rejoice in God our helper,  
sing for joy to the God of Jacob.

Psalm 81:1,16

## HEINRICH ISAAC

### *Innsbruck, ich muss dich lassen*

Innsbruck, ich muss dich lassen,  
ich fahr dahin mein Straßen  
im fremde Land dahin.  
Mein Freud ist mir genommen,  
die ich nit weiß bekommen,  
wo ich im Elend bin.

Groß Leid muss ich jetzt tragen,  
das ich allein tu klagen  
dem liebsten Buhlen mein  
Ach Lieb, nun lass mich Armen  
im Herzen dein Erbarmen  
daß ich muss von dannen sein.

Mein Trost ob allen Weiben,  
Dein tu ich ewig bleiben  
stets treu, der Ehren fromm.  
nun muss dich Gott bewahren,  
in aller Tugend sparen,  
bis daß ich wieder komm!

## STEPHEN SONDHEIM

### *I Remember*

I remember sky,  
It was blue as ink.  
Or at least I think  
I remember sky.  
I remember snow,  
Soft as feathers,  
Sharp as thumbtacks,  
Coming down like lint,  
And it made you squint  
When the wind would blow.  
And ice, like vinyl,  
On the streets,  
Cold as silver,  
White as sheets,  
Rain, like strings,  
And changing things,  
Like leaves.

I remember leaves,

Innsbruck, I must leave you  
For I am traveling the road  
to a foreign land.  
There, deprived of my joy  
and not knowing how to get it back,  
I will be in misery.

I am burdened with great sorrow  
which I can shed only  
through the one dearest to me.  
O my love, leave me not bereft  
of compassion in your heart  
that I must part from you.

My comfort above all other women,  
I remain yours forever,  
always faithful, in true honor.  
And now, may God protect you,  
safe in virtue,  
until I return.

Green as spearmint,  
Crisp as paper,  
I remember trees,  
Bare as coat racks,  
Spread like broken umbrellas..  
And parks and bridges,  
Ponds and zoos,  
Ruddy faces,  
Muddy shoes,  
Light and noise and  
Bees and boys  
And days.  
I remember days,  
Or at least I try,  
But as years go by,  
They're sort of haze.  
And the bluest ink  
Isn't really sky,  
And at times I think  
I would gladly die  
For a day of sky.

## **MAJEL CONNERY**

### **“I Am a Tree” from *The Rivers are our Brothers***

I eat the sun, I drink the light.  
I am a conjurer. My sugar is self-sacrifice.  
I cut my arm to feed my leg.  
I am waiting for nothing, needing for nothing.  
I am an army, I am the mother of them all,  
I can regenerate.  
I clone a nation from my foot.  
I am a country of one.  
I am a family; I am a household.  
I have skin and I can bruise and I can bleed, and I can cry.  
I make my friends. We are connected.  
We are inseparable. We grow intertwined.  
We share the sky, we are agreed.  
I can give, and I can care for.  
I've got other mouths to feed.  
They need me.  
I am a tree. I know secrets that you will never know.  
I channel lighting. I see in color.  
I make the air you need to grow.  
I'm not a man, I'm not a woman. Surprisingly I'm both.  
And when I know that I must die  
I put the best of me back into the ground.  
I stretch for miles and miles and miles.  
And let's not forget my leaves:  
Clouds of green.

## **AYANNA WOODS**

### ***I miss you like I miss the trees***

*Text excerpted from Franny Choi's poem "How to Let Go of the World"*

I don't know how to do it: hold their faces in my hands and tell them what's waiting.

Holding my love's face in my hands, I tell him I miss him. I say, I miss you like I miss the trees.

By this I mean, Look! The trees are here! Everyone's outside, darling: green in my hands...everyone's waiting for us.

**MAX REGER**

***Abschied (Farewell)***

**Text by Joseph von Eichendorff (1788-1857)**

Abendlich schon rauscht der Wald  
Aus den tiefen Gründen,  
Droben wird der Herr nun bald  
An die Sterne zünden.  
Wie so stille in den Schlünden,  
Abendlich nur rauscht der Wald.

At evening, the forest already murmurs  
from the deepest valleys,  
From on high, God will soon  
Rekindle the stars.  
How softly in the valleys  
Evening murmurs through the forest.

Alles geht zu seiner Ruh.  
Wald und Welt versauen,  
Schaudernd hört der Wanderer zu,  
Sehnt sich recht nach Hause.  
Hier in Waldes grüner Klause,  
Herz, geh endlich auch zur Ruh.

All goes to its rest,  
Forest and world cease to stir,  
Awestruck, the wanderer listens  
Yearning to return home.  
Here, in this wooded valley,  
Heart, go finally also to rest.

**ANN RONELL**

***Willow Weep for Me***

Willow, weep for me, willow, weep for me.  
Bend your branches green along the stream that runs to sea.  
Listen to my plea, listen willow and weep for me.

Gone! My lover's dream, lovely summer dream,  
Gone and left me here to weeping tears into the stream  
Sad as I can be, hear me willow and weep for me.

Whisper to the wind and say that love has sinned,  
To leave my heart a-breaking and making a moan,  
Murmur to the night to hide her starry light.  
So none will find me sighing and crying all alone.

Weeping willow tree, weep in sympathy.  
Bend your branches down along the ground.  
Cover me when the shadows fall,  
Bend, oh willow, and weep for me.

## **MAJEL CONNERY**

### **“I Am the Air” from *The Rivers are our Brothers***

I am the air, I am everywhere  
I am inside you, behind you, before you  
I'm indivisible. Just try to find me.  
I am uncountable.  
I bring rain upon my shoulder,  
I bring fire in my hand.  
I tell the trees just how to blow,  
I tell the storm to land.  
The winds are my children,  
they do the changing work.  
They scatter seeds and bend the trees,  
and make the leaves to fall.  
North, South, East, West,  
They bear the bees along.  
They guide the birds,  
And steal the words of those who go before them.  
I am the air, I am everywhere.  
I am the king of the weather.  
I am tornado, I'm hurricane,  
I am the gale, I am the thunder.  
I always speak my mind.

## **MAX REGER**

### ***Hochsommernacht (Midsummer Night)***

**Text by Friedrich Hermann Frey (1839-1911), under the pseudonym  
Martin Greif**

Stille ruht die weite Welt,  
Schlummer füllt des Mondes Horn,  
Das der Herr in Händen hält.

The vast world rests in silence,  
slumber fills the Moon's Horn,  
that the Lord holds in His hands.

Nur am Berge rauscht der Born-  
mountain:  
Zu der Ernte Hut bestellt,  
Wallen Engel durch das Korn.

Only the fountain murmurs on the  
called to guard the harvest,  
angels wafting over the wheat.

## MAX REGER

### *Eine ganz neue Schelmweys (A Completely New Rogues' Tune)*

Text by Richard Dehmel (1863-1920), Translation by Dr. Anthony Fox

Wir Schelmbe sind ein feinen Hauff,  
da kann kein Herrgott wider auf.  
Die Welt ist voll von Unsern Preiß,  
seit Adam stahl im Paradeys.

We rogues are a fine crowd,  
No Lord God can control us;  
The world is full of our praise,  
Since Adam stole in paradise.

Uns bleibt kein geldt in unsern Sack,  
Wir sind ein fürnemb Lumpenpack.  
Wir han das Allergrößt Gefolg,  
kein fuerst vnd Hertzog hat ein solch.

There's no money left in our sack,  
We are a noble pack of rogues,  
We have the biggest following  
No prince and duke has such a one.

Zu nie keyn Diensten taugen Wir  
als für dem Edlen Malwesier.  
Dem tun wir fröhnden und nit faul:  
ein jede Flaschen findt jr maul.

We are no use for any service  
Except for the noble Malwesier.  
For it we are never lazy in serving:  
Every bottle finds its mouth.

Wir han nit weib, wir han nit Kindt,  
Wir sind die rechten Sausewind.  
Und läßt uns eine Dirn nit ein,  
die ander wird so süßer sein!

We have no wife, we have no child,  
We are the real whirlwinds.  
And if a girl does not let us in,  
The others will be all the sweeter!

Wir schieren umb kein Pfaff uns nit,  
Wir han unß Eignen Segen mit.  
Und pfeifen wir am letzten loch:  
der Teuffel nimpt in Gnad uns doch!

We don't bother with any priest,  
We have our own blessings with us.  
And when we're on our last legs:  
The Devil will still take us in his grace!

## MAJEL CONNERY

### **"I Am a Cloud" from *The Rivers are our Brothers***

I am a cloud. I am upside down.  
I am together, I am apart.  
Upon the blue sky, now.  
I spin around the world.  
I change a thousand miles a minute  
I am just born, and I'm disappearing.  
I'm like the waves in the sky.  
I'm a reflecting pool.  
I mirror every ripple far below me.  
I am an answer, I am surprising,  
and I only take dictation from the wind.

I am a cloud, you do the work:  
Just tell me what to be.  
I am a thousand shapes upon the palette of the sky  
I am a bird, I am a ship, I am a tree.  
I am the music! I'm getting louder now.  
I'm the original art form etched upon a blank slate.  
I am the earth-shattering image of a face up in the sky,  
I am the untold story of the beginning of time.  
I'm the original conversation, and an ongoing negotiation.  
I am purposeful obscurity, I'm spectacular multiplication.  
I'm the universal symphony, and the centuries in reverse,  
I'm the singular revelation of articulate matter,  
I am the untrained genius of the childlike mind,  
I am the waves in the sea!  
I am disappearing.

## **JONI MITCHELL**

### ***Both Sides Now***

Rows and flows of angel hair  
And ice cream castles in the air  
And feather canyons everywhere.  
I've looked at clouds that way.  
But now they only block the sun.  
They rain and they snow on everyone.  
So many things I would have done  
but clouds got in my way.  
I've looked at clouds from both sides  
now,  
from up and down and still somehow  
it's cloud illusions I recall.  
I really don't know clouds at all.

Moons and Junes and ferris wheels,  
the dizzy dancing way that you feel,  
as ev'ry fairy tale comes real,  
I've looked at love that way.  
But now it's just another show.  
And you leave 'em laughing when you  
go.  
And if you care, don't let them know.  
Don't give yourself away.  
I've looked at love from both sides

now,  
From give and take and still somehow,  
It's love's illusions that I recall.  
I really don't know love at all.

Tears and fears and feelin' proud,  
to say "I love you" right out loud,  
dreams and schemes and circus  
crowds,  
I've looked at life that way.  
But now old friends are acting strange.  
They shake their heads, they say I've  
changed  
somethin's lost, and somethin's gained  
in living every day.  
I've looked at life from both sides now,  
from win and lose and still somehow  
it's life's illusions I recall.  
I really don't know life,  
I really don't know life at all.

## **MAJEL CONNERY**

### **“I Am Snow” from *The Rivers are our Brothers***

I start life as a vapor.  
My heart is made of sand.  
My pattern is impossible.  
I'm a diagram, one hundred hands.  
I live among the dancers.  
We fall but we don't die.  
Together we're destructive,  
Intensifying white.  
Total noise, and total silence.  
We drown the light, we drown the life!  
A crystal. A diamond in the sky.  
I am a wonder. I am the music of a silent world.

## **TRADITIONAL**

### ***Shenandoah***

O Shenandoah, I long to see you  
And hear your rolling river,  
O Shenandoah, I long to see you  
'way, we're bound away  
Across the wide Missouri.

I long to see your smiling valley  
And hear your rolling river,  
I long to see your smiling valley  
'way, we're bound away  
Across the wide Missouri.

'Tis seven long years since last I see you  
And hear your rolling river  
'Tis seven long years since last I see you  
'way, we're bound away  
Across the wide Missouri.

O Shenandoah, I long to see you,  
And hear your rolling river  
O Shenandoah, I long to see you,  
'way, we're bound away  
Across the wide Missouri.



**CLYDE LAWRENCE, GRACIE LAWRENCE, JONATHAN DAVID  
BELLION, JONATHAN KOH, JORDAN COHEN**

***The Weather***

**Text by Clyde Lawrence and Gracie Lawrence**

**Telugu text by Veturi Sundararama Murthy, translation by Harini Mahal**

I won't talk about the weather,  
Not with you, we're not together;  
'Cause even when the sky is gray, I'm feeling blue,  
And though the winds are always changing  
And the clouds are rearranging,  
Part of me will always be in love with you.

There's a fire in L.A.,  
And since you moved there back in May  
I wonder, should I call to see if you're alright?  
You're a million miles away,  
But I still think of you each day,  
And hope the weather doesn't keep you cold at night.

So I won't talk about the weather  
No, I won't talk about the weather  
I won't talk about the weather  
Not with you, we're not together  
'Cause even when the sky is gray, I'm feeling blue  
And though the winds are always changing  
And the clouds are rearranging  
A part of me will always be in love with you.

Aakaasa deseana aashaad'ha maasanaa  
Meriseti oh meghama,  
Virahamo dhaahamo vidaleni mohamo  
Vinipinchu naa cheliki meghasandhesam...

[In the sky country, oh flashing cloud,  
In the rainy season,  
Please give this message to the love of my life,  
That I am miserable, lost, and lonely without her...]

So I won't talk about the weather  
No, I won't talk about the weather  
I won't talk about the weather  
Not with you, we're not together

And it's hard to say if we will ever be  
But I'll admit my greatest fear  
Is that the air will never clear  
So I just wish that we could talk like you and me.

No, I won't talk about the weather  
Not with you, we're not together  
But I wonder if we're ever really through  
'Cause if we're talking about whether  
You and I should be together  
Oh, I know I'll always be in love with you  
Oh, yes I know I'll always be in love with you.

**HOAGY CARMICHAEL**

***Stardust***

**Text by Mitchell Parish (1900-1993)**

And now the purple dusk of twilight time  
Steals across the meadows of my heart.  
High up in the sky the little stars climb  
Always reminding me that we're apart.  
You wander down the lane and far away  
Leaving me a song that will not die.  
Love is now the stardust of yesterday,  
The music of the years gone by.

Sometimes I wonder why I spend  
My lonely nights  
Dreaming of a song.  
That melody haunts my reverie,  
And I am once again with you.  
When our love was new, and each kiss an inspiration;  
Oh! But that was long ago, and now my consolation  
Is in the stardust of a song.

Beside the garden wall, when stars are bright,  
You are in my arms.  
The nightingale tells his fairy tale  
Of paradise where roses bloom;  
Though I dream in vain, in my heart it will remain:  
My stardust melody,  
The memory of love's refrain.