

"I Hate Music!"

Music and lyrics by Leonard Bernstein

I hate music!
But I like to sing: la dee da da dee; la dee da dee.
But that's not music, not what I call music.
No, sir. Music is a lot of men in a lot of tails,
making lots of noise like a lot of females.
Music is a lot of folks in a big dark hall,
where they really don't want to be at all.
With a lot of chairs and a lot of airs, and a lot of furs and diamonds!
Music is silly! I hate music!
But I like to sing: la dee da da dee: la dee da dee: la dee da dee.

"Dream with Me" from *Peter Pan*

Music and lyrics by Bernstein

Dream with me tonight.
Tonight and every night,
wherever you may chance to be.
we're together, if we dream the same sweet dream.
And though we may be far apart,
Keep me in your heart
And dream with me.
The kiss we never dared
We'll dare in dreaming
The love we never shared
Can still have meaning.
If you only dream a magic dream
With me tonight
Tonight and every night
Wherever you may chance to be
Close your lovely eyes and dream with me.

The kiss we never dared
We'll dare in dreaming
The love we never shared
Can still have meaning.
If you only dream a magic dream
With me tonight
Tonight and every night
Wherever you may chance to be
Close your lovely eyes and dream with me.

“Somewhere” from *West Side Story*

Music by Bernstein • Lyrics by Stephen Sondheim

There's a place for us,
Somewhere a place for us.
Peace and quiet and open air
Wait for us, somewhere.

There's a time for us,
Some day a time for us,
Time together with time to spare,
Time to learn, time to care.

Some day,
Somewhere,
We'll find a new way of living,
We'll find a way of forgiving.
Somewhere,
Somewhere...

There's a place for us,
A time and place for us.
Hold my hand and we're halfway there.
Hold my hand and I'll take you there
Somehow,
Some day,
Somewhere!

Bachianas brasileiras No. 5:

Aria (Cantilena)

Music by Heitor Villa-Lobos

Text by Ruth Valladares Correa

Translation by Hyperion Records

Tarde uma nuvem rósea lenta e transparente.
Sobre o espaço, sonhadora e bela!
Surge no infinito a lua docemente,
Enfeitando a tarde, qual meiga donzela
Que se apresta e a linda sonhadoramente,
Em anseios d'alma para ficar bela
Grita ao céu e a terra toda a Natureza!
Cala a passarada aos seus tristes queixumes
E reflete o mar toda a Sua riqueza...
Suave a luz da lua desperta agora
A cruel saudade que ri e chora!
Tarde uma nuvem rósea lenta e transparente
Sobre o espaço, sonhadora e bela!

Lo, at midnight clouds are slowly passing, rosy and lustrous,
O'er the spacious heav'n with loveliness laden!
From the boundless deep the moon arises wondrous,
Glorifying the evening like a beauteous maiden,
Now she adorns herself in half unconscious duty,
Eager, anxious that we recognize her beauty.
While sky and earth, yea all nature with applause salute her.
All the birds have ceased their sad and mournful complaining.
Now appears on the sea in a silver reflection
Moonlight softly waking the soul and constraining
Hearts to cruel tears and bitter dejection.
Lo, at midnight clouds are slowly passing, rosy and lustrous.
O'er the spacious heav'n with loveliness laden!

Melodia Sentimental

Music by Heitor Villa-Lobos

Text by Dora Alencar Vasconcellos

Translation slightly adapted from Asleif Findabhair Willmer

Acorda vem ver a lua
Que dorme na noite escura
Que fulge tão bela a branca
Derramando doçura
Clara chama silente
Ardendo o meu sonhar.
As asas da noite que surgem
E correm no espaço profundo
Ó doce amada desperta
Vem dar teu calor ao luar.

Quisera saber-te minha
Na hora serena e calma
A sombra confia ao vento
O limite da espera
Quando dentro da noite
Reclama o teu amor.
Acorda vem olhar a lua
Que brilha na noite escura
Querida és linda e meiga
Sentir meu amor e sonhar
Ah!

Sentimental Melody

Wake up and come see the moon
That sleeps in the dark night sky
Shining so beautifully and white
Spilling over with its sweetness
A bright quiet flame
Which arouses my dreams.
The wings of the night which arise
And travel through the deep space
Oh sweet lover, awaken
Come give your warmth under the moonlight.

I want to know you are mine
In the moment serene and calm
The shadow entrusts the wind
To limit the wait
When deep in the night
Your love calls out.
Wake up and come look at the moon
That shines in the dark night
My darling you are beautiful and sweet
Feel my love and dream.
Ah!

“Cinco Canções Nordestinas do Folclore Brasileiro”

Music by Ernani Braga

O’ Kinimbá

O’ Kinimbá!
Dada ôké Kinimbá!
Salô ajô nuaiê...

*Translation slightly adapted from Sérgio Anders

Capim de Pranta

Tá capinando, tá!
Capim de pranta,
Tá capinando,
Tá nascendo.
Rainha mandou dizê
Pru mode para co’essa lavoura.
Mandou dizê,
Mandou para!
Lará, lilá!

*Translation slightly adapted from Sérgio Anders

Nigue-nigue-ninhas

Nigue, nigue, ninhas,
Tão bonitinhas
Macamba, viola
Di parie ganguinhas
Ê, imbê, tumbelá!
Mussangolá quina quinê

*Translation courtesy of College of Saint Benedict, Saint John’s University

São João dararão

São João dararão
Tem uma gaitararaita
Quando toc’ororoca
Bate nela;
Todos os anjararanjos
Tocam gaitararaita
Tocam tantararanto
Aqui na terra.
Maria,
Tu vai ao baile,
Tu leva o chale,
Que vai chovê
E depois de madrugada; ai!

Oh Kinimbá

We praise the King (of the gods) with spiritual strength.
We praise the King Oba Aganjú with spiritual strength.
May the King be with us.

Weeds

We are weeding,
Weeds,
We are weeding,
But they are growing back.
The queen has commanded us
To stop farming,
She has commanded,
She has commanded, stop!
La la, la ra!

Nigue-nigue-ninhas (African Lullaby)

La, la, lullaby.
You are so cute!
Macamba, bring your guitar!
To give birth to the sleep spirit:
Musangolá quina quine! (sleeping spell)

St. John

St. John
Has a harmonica
When he plays it
He hits it strongly;
All the angels
Play harmonica
Play so much
Here on Earth
Mary,
You are going to the ball
So, you should put a shawl on
Because it is going to rain
And later, in the middle of the night; oh!

Toda molhada, ai!
Tu vai morrer.

La no centererento
Da avenidiririda
Tem xaropororope
Escorregou;
Agarrouôsôrrouse
Em meu vestidirirido
Deu uma préguéréréga
E me deixou.

Maria,
Tu vai casares,
Eu vou te dares
Os parabéns
Vou te dares uma prenda: ai!
Saia de renda: ai!
E dois vinténs.
Ai! Ai!
La la la la la

Completely wet, oh!
You could die.

There in the center
Of the avenue
There's some syrup
It dripped;
And it got stuck
On my dress
But I freed myself.

Mary,
You are going to get married,
I will give you
My compliments
I will give you a wedding gift: oh!
A lace skirt: oh!
And two coins.
Oh! Oh!
La la la la la

*Translation slightly adapted from Sérgio Anders

Engenho Novo!

Engenho novo!
Bota a roda pra rodá!
Eu dei um pulo,
Dei dois pulo,
Dei tres pulo
Desta vés pulei o muro
Quaji morro di pulá!
Capim de pranta,
xique, xique, mela, mela,
Eu passei pela capela
Vi dois padre nu altá!

New Sugar Mill!

New sugar mill!
Put that wheel to rotate!
I jumped once,
I jumped twice,
I jumped three times
And now I jumped over the wall
I almost died from jumping!
Weeds,
xique, xique, mela, mela,
I passed by the chapel
I saw two priests at the altar!

*Translation slightly adapted from Sérgio Anders

“Der Hirt auf dem Felsen”

Music by Franz Schubert

Text by Wilhelm Müller and August Varnhagen von Ense

Translation by Richard Stokes

Wenn auf dem höchsten Fels ich steh',
In's tiefe Thal hernieder seh'
Und singe,

Fern aus dem tiefen dunkeln Thal
Schwingt sich empor der Wiederhall
Der Klüfte.

Je weiter meine Stimme dringt,
Je heller sie mir wieder klingt
Von unten.

Mein Liebchen wohnt so weit von mir,
Drum sehn' ich mich so heiß nach ihr
Hinüber.

In tiefem Gram verzehr ich mich,
Mir ist die Freude hin,
Auf Erden mir die Hoffnung wich,
Ich hier so einsam bin.

So sehnend klang im Wald das Lied,
So sehnend klang es durch die Nacht,
Die Herzen es zum Himmel zieht
Mit wunderbarer Macht.

Der Frühling will kommen,
Der Frühling, meine Freud',
Nun mach' ich mich fertig
Zum Wandern bereit.

“The Shepherd on the Rock”

When I stand on the highest rock,
Look down into the deep valley
And sing,

From far away in the deep dark valley
The echo from the ravines
Rises up.

The further my voice carries,
The clearer it echoes back to me
From below.

My sweetheart lives so far from me,
Therefore I long so to be with her
Over there.

Deep grief consumes me,
My joy has fled,
All earthly hope has vanished,
I am so lonely here.

The song rang out so longingly through the wood,
Rang out so longingly through the night,
That is draws hearts to heaven
With wondrous power.

Spring is coming,
Spring, my joy,
I shall now make ready to journey.