

A Nightingale Sang

**Mittwoch 10. November 2010
19.30 Uhr Kleiner Saal**

A Nightingale Sang

John Jacob Niles (1892-1980)

Evening

George Gershwin (1898-1937)

Sweet and Low Down

S'Wonderful

Lorelei

Someone to Watch Over Me

Charles Ives (1874-1954)

Tom Sails Away

Thoreau

Down East

Stephen Sondheim (geb. 1930)

Green Finch and Linnet Bird

What More Do I Need?

I Remember

PAUSE

Jazz Standards

Laurie Reviol, Gesang

Suzanne Reeber, Klavier

Christoph Sanger, Klavier

Texte

Evening (Thomas Merton)

Now in the middle of the limpid evening,
The moon speaks clearly to the hill,
The wheatfields make their simple music
Praise the quiet sky.
And down the road, the way the stars come
home,
The cries of children
Play on the empty air, a mile or more,
And fall on our deserted hearing,
Clear as water.
They say that the sky is made of glass,
They say the smiling moon's a bride.
They say they love the orchards and apple
trees,
The trees their innocent sisters, dressed in
blossoms,
Still wearing, in the blurring dusk,
White dresses from that morning's first
communion.
And, where blue heaven's fading fire last
shines,
They name the new come planets
With words that flower
On little voices,
Light as stems of lilies.
And where blue heaven's fading fire last
shines,
Reflected in the poplar's ripple,
One little wakeful bird,
Sings like a shower.

Sweet and Low-Down (Ira Gershwin)

There's a cabaret in this city,
I can recommend to you.
Picks you up like electricity
When the band is blowing blue.
They play nothing classic, oh no, down
there,
They play nothing else but the low-down
there,

If you need a tonic, and the need is chronic,
If you're in a crisis, my advice is:

Grab a cab and go down to where the band
is playing

Where milk and honey flow down and
everybody's saying:
Blow! That sweet and low-down.
Busy as a beaver, you'll soon begin to totter
You're sure to catch the fever for nothing
could be hotter
Blow! That sweet and low-down.

Philosopher or deacon, you simply have to
weaken!
Hear those shuffling feet, you can't keep
your seat!
Professor! Start your beat!

Come along get in it, you'll love the
syncopation
The minute they begin it, you're shouting to
the nation:
Blow! That sweet and low-down.

S'Wonderful (Ira Gershwin)

Don't mind telling you
In my humble fash
That you thrill me through
With a tender pash

When you said you cared
'Magine my emosh
I swore then and there
Permanent devosh

You made all other boys seem blah
Just you alone filled me with ahhhhh!

S'wonderful, s'marvelous
You should care for me
S'awful nice, s'paradise
S'what I want to see

You made my life so glamorous
You can't blame me for feeling amorous!

My dear it's four-leaf clover time
From now on my heart's working overtime!

Lorelei (Ira Gershwin)

Back in the days of knights in armor
There once lived a lovely charmer;
Swimming in the Rhine,
Her figure was divine.

She had a yen for all the sailors,
Fishermen and gobs and whalers;
She had a most immoral eye
They called her Lorelei;

She created quite a stir and
I want to be like her!

I want to be like that gal on the river,
Who sang her songs to the ships passing
by;
She had the goods and how she could
deliver
The Lorelei!

She used to love in a strang kind of fashion,
With lots of "Hey, ho-di-ho hi-di-hi!"
And I can guarantee I'm full of passion
Like the Lorelei

I'm treacherous, Ja! Ja!
Oh, I just can't keep myself in check.
I'm lecherous, Ja! Ja!
I'd like to bite my initials in a sailor's neck.

Each affair has a kick and a wallop,
For what they crave I can always supply
I want to be just like that other trollop
The Lorelei!

Someone to Watch Over Me (Ira Gershwin)

There's a saying old says that love is blind,
Still we're often told "seek and ye shall
find".
So I'm going to seek a certain lad
I've had in mind.

Looking everywhere, haven't found him yet.
He's the big affair I cannot forget.
Only man I ever think of with regret.

I'd like to add his initial to my monogram,
Tell me, where is the shepherd
for this poor lamb?

There's a somebody I'm longing to see
I hope that he'll turn out to be
Someone to watch over me.

I'm a little lamb who's lost in wood
I know that I'd always be good
To one who'll watch over me.

Although he may not be the type
Some girls think of as handsome
For my heart he ransoms the key

Won't you tell him please
to put on some speed, follow my lead
Oh how I need
Someone to watch over me.

Tom Sails Away (Ives)

Scenes from childhood are with me:
I'm in the lot behind our house upon the hill
A spring day's sun is setting.
Mother, with Tom in her arms,
Is coming toward the garden
The lettuce rows are showing green.

Thinner grows the smoke o'er the town
Stronger comes the breeze from the ridge.

'Tis after six. The whistles have blown.
The milk-train's gone down the valley.

Daddy is coming up the hill from the mill!
We run down the lane to meet him.

But today! In freedom's cause
Tom sailed away for
Over there
Over there
Over there

Scenes from my childhood are floating
Before my eyes.

Thoreau (Ives/Henry David Thoreau)

He grew in that season
Like corn in the night
Rapt in reverie on the Walden shore
Admidst the sumach, pines and hickories
In undisturbed solitude.

Down East (Ives/Trad.)

Songs! Visions of my homeland
Come with strains of childhood
Come with tunes we sang in school days
And of songs from mother's heart;

Way down east in a village by the sea
Stands and old, red farmhouse
That watches o'er the lea;
All that is best in me
Lying deep in memory
Draws my heart where I would be
Nearer to thee.

Ev'ry Sunday morning
When the chores were almost done
From that little parlor
Sounds the old melodeon,
"Nearer my God to thee,
nearer to Thee;"
With those strains a stronger hope
Comes nearer to me.

Green Finch and Linnet Bird (Sondheim)

Green finch and linnet bird,
nightingale, blackbird
How is it you sing?
How do you jubilate sitting in cages?
Never taking wing?
Outside the sky waits beckoning
Just beyond the bars.
How can you remain staring at the rain
Maddened by the stars?
How is it you sing anything?

Whence comes this melody
Constantly flowing
Is this rejoicing or merely hallo-ing

Are you discussing or fussing
Or merely dreaming?
Are you crowing?
Are you screaming?

Wingdove and robinet is it for wages,
Singing where you're told?

Have you decided it's safer in cages
Singing when you're told?

My cage has many rooms
Damask and dark,
Nothing there sings
Not even my lark.
Larks never will, you know,
When they're captive,
Teach me to be more adaptive.

Green finch and linnet bird
Nightingale, blackbird:
Teach me how to sing.
If I cannot fly
Let me sing!

What More Do I Need? (Sondheim)

Once I hated this city
Now it can't get me down
Slushy, humid and gritty
What a pretty town!

What, thought I, could be duller
More depressing, less gay?
Now my favourite colour
Is gray!

A wall of rain as it turns to sleet
The lack of sun on a one-way street
I love the grime all the time
And what more do I need?
My window pane has a lovely view
An inch of sky and a fly or two
Why, I can see half a tree
And what more do I need?

The dust is thick and it's galling
It simply can't be excused!
In winter even the falling snow
Looks used.

My window pane may not give much light
But I see you so the view is bright.
If I can love you, I'll pay the dirt no heed.
With your love what more do I need?

Someone's shouting for quiet,
Someone's starting a brawl
Down the street there's a riot
And I'll buy it all.

Listen now, I'm ecstatic!
Hold me close and be still.
Hear the lovely pneumatic drill!

A subway train thunders through the Bronx
A taxi horn on the corner honks
Steampipes bang, sirens clang,
And what more do I need?
I hear a crane making street repairs
A two-ton-child running wild upstairs
But I adore every roar
And what more do I need?

The neighbours yell in the summer
The landlord yells in the fall
So loud I can't hear the plumber
Pound the wall.

An aeroplane roars across the bay
But I can hear you as clear as day
You said you loved me
Across the noise and speed
With your love, what more do I need?

I remember (Sondheim)

I remember sky
It was blue as ink
Or at least I think
I remember sky.
I remember snow:
Soft as feathers
Sharp as thumb-tacks
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:
Green as spearmint
Dry 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 a kind of haze
And the bluest ink
Isn't really sky
And at times I think
I would gladly die
For a day of sky.