Senior Recital:
Rachel Lim, Soprano

CLARA SCHUMANN (1819–1896)
Sechs Lieder, Op. 13
Ich stand in dunklen Träumen
Sie liebten sich beide
Die Liebe sass als Nachtigall
Der Mond kommt still gegangen
Ich hab’ in Deinem Auge
Die stille Lotosblume

CLAUSE DEBUSSY (1862–1918)
Ariettes oubliées
C’est l’extase
Il pleure dans mon coeur comme il pleut sur la ville
L’ombre des arbres dans la rivière embrumée
Paysages belges. Chevaux de bois: Tournez, tournez, bons chevaux
Green (Aquarelles 1)
Spleen (Aquarelles 2)

BENJAMIN BRITTEN (1913–1976)
Cabaret Songs
Tell me the truth about love
Funeral Blues
Johnny
Calypso

LEONARD BERNSTEIN (1918–1990)
La Bonne Cuisine
Plum Pudding
Queues de Boeuf
Tavouk Gueunksis
Civet à Tout Vitesse

*Accompanied by Adriana Chiew, Piano
PROGRAMME NOTES

CLARA SCHUMANN (1819-1896)
Sechs Lieder, Op. 13
  Ich stand in dunklen Träumen
  Sie liebten sich beide
  Die Liebe sass als Nachtigall
  Der Mond kommt still gegangen
  Ich hab' in Deinem Auge
  Die stille Lotosblume

Clara Wieck-Schumann established herself primarily as one of the most distinguished pianists of her time although she was equally talented as a composer. Though lesser known compared to her piano works, her songs were comparable with those of her contemporaries. Her inspiration for her writings was her relationship with her husband Robert Schumann who encouraged her to “write a song!”. After falling deeply in love and marrying him in 1840 despite the disapproval of her father (even involving a court case), she started writing songs as gifts for him.

Sechs Lieder (Six Songs), Op. 13 were written as birthday and Christmas gifts to Robert and dedicated to Denmark’s Queen Caroline Amalie, whose warm hospitality Schumann had appreciated greatly during a concert tour. The texts by Heinrich Heine, Emmanuel Geibel and Friedrich Rückert explore themes widely used in German Romantic literature: the beauty of nature, love, desire, turmoil, melancholy, detachment, mystery and death.

The opening song Ich stand in dunklen Träumen (the text by Heine) depicts the poet’s yearning for his beloved as he gazes upon her portrait. The melancholic and daydreaming quality is reflected in the piano accompaniment. Perhaps the prelude and postlude help to portray the adversity and commitment that the poet writes about. The second poem Sie liebten sich beide was also written by Heine and tells a story of two lovers who love each other so greatly that they are willing to perish from it, yet refuse to admit to it. Schumann writes the notion of unrest and conflict in the short ascending phrases in the vocal and piano lines. In contrast, Liebeszauber (the text by Geibel) is much more uplifting, as the repeated piano chords progress in excitement, representing the fluttering of butterflies which young love brings. Der Mond kommt still gegangen, written by Geibel, is like a lullaby, with its expansive lyrical line and simple accompaniment. The text of Ich hab’ in Deinem Auge was written by Rückert. The long drawn out melodies express the longing for the beloved. In the final song Die stille Lotosblume (the text by Geibel), Schumann uses a plaintive melody over the Romantic literary symbols present in the text: the lotus blossom, water, moonlight and a white swan, which represent purity, rebirth and death. As a departure from the norm, Schumann ends the cycle with an unanswered question, leaving the listener in suspense.
CLAUDE DEBUSSY (1862–1918)

Ariettes oubliées

C'est l'extase
Il pleure dans mon coeur comme il pleut sur la ville
L'ombre des arbres dans la rivièrê embrumée
Paysages belges. Chevaux de bois: Tournez, tournez, bons chevaux
Green (Aquarelles 1)
Spleen (Aquarelles 2)

Claude Debussy was one of the greatest and most pivotal composers at the turn of the 19th/20th centuries, bridging the gap between the Romantic and 20th century period. Though he hated that he was labelled impressionistic, he was unequivocally an impressionist composer, one who “conveyed moods and emotions aroused by the subject rather than a detailed tone picture” (Kennedy, 2006).

Ariettes oubliées (Forgotten Airs) is considered one of his earliest masterpieces. Written between 1885 and 1887 during his travels to Paris and Rome, it sets poems of Paul Verlaine. Both Debussy and Verlaine were drawn to the ideas of subtlety and nuance. The music is tonally ambiguous and highly chromatic, characteristics that Debussy would establish as his own over the next few years.

The first song C'est l'extase has long and languid melodic lines. The poet describes for his beloved the rustling of the cool and mild evening with the whispers of nature, “attuned to the lovers' tender voluptuousness”, as described by Pierre Bernac. In the next Il pleure dans mon coeur, the piano accompaniment sets the atmosphere with the steady patter of raindrops, as the poet stares out the window, contemplating the source of his sadness. For the third song L'ombre des arbres, Debussy includes an epigraph by Cyrano de Bergerac which depicts the poem well. It reads ‘The nightingale, which from the top of a branch looks down at its reflection, believes it has fallen into the river. It is at the top of an oak tree and yet is afraid of being drowned.’ The similarity of this quote to the poem is clear to see as the poet cries in the high branches, with his hopes drowned as he looks down at his reflection in the misty river. This is juxtaposed with Chevaux de bois, where the mood brightens completely. A celebratory horn part is introduced by the piano as Debussy paints the scene of a merry-go-round in a little village fair in Belgium. However, this excitement doesn't last long as the evening draws to a close and the mood changes to despondency and wistfulness, reflecting the lifelessness of the wooden horses which some scholars suggest is in correlation with how the poet viewed his life. The final two songs are Green and Spleen. Debussy and Verlaine categorized these songs as aquarelles, translated watercolour, and the music has a light, wispy character, with the melding of colours. In Green, we can see the poet's eagerness in bringing offerings of nature (fruits, flowers, leaves and branches) to his beloved. It ends with the poet falling asleep in the loving embrace of the beloved. Spleen in contrast is a song of hopelessness - the sky is too blue, the sea too green, the air too sweet, as the poet reflects on his beloved's' “dreadful” deed. The vocal line moves into monotony and the music fades away, lifelessly.
**BENJAMIN BRITTEN (1913–1976)**

**Cabaret Songs**

- *Tell me the truth about love*
- *Funeral Blues*
- *Johnny*
- *Calypso*

**Benjamin Britten** was a leading English composer, conductor and pianist in the mid-20th century. He was best known for his operatic and vocal works. He met the poet W.H. Auden during a collaborative project in 1935 and began a working relationship with him. Despite the quarrelsome nature of their relationship, they managed to create some of their most compelling and diverse works together, which include these comical *Cabaret Songs* in 1930s.

*Cabaret Songs* was written for the English singer and actress Hedli Anderson, and she frequently performed them during her career. They first met her at the experimental theatrical company, The Group Theatre. The troupe's great success challenged Britten to compose songs in quick succession and these songs remained popular to this day. Britten was so confident of its success that he wrote, "they are going to be hits, I feel!"

Auden was inspired by the nightlife of 1930s Berlin cabaret and, through these songs, he conveyed humor and sarcasm evident throughout his expressive texts. Following the lead of Auden, Britten composed in the style of the songs from the American songbook. In *Tell me the truth about love*, he writes in lazy syncopations and jazzy rhythms as the character questions what love is all about. *Funeral Blues* is in stark contrast, as it takes the listener on a dramatic emotional journey mourning the loss of a loved one. *Johnny* tells the story of a character being obsessed with a man, Johnny, with overly dramatized passages and florid lines, and how he doesn't reciprocate her feelings by frowning and walking away. This piece is very much satirical. Each traditional musical style employed such as the “folk song, polka, opera recitative, waltz and funeral march [are] in such exaggerated forms, that they become parodies of themselves” (Roberts, 2009). *Calypso* is based on a popular syncopated dance rhythm from the Caribbean. In this song, the sentence structure and rhyme scheme are distinctive of a West Indian dialect, with emphasis falling on the last syllable in the sentence. Britten sets the text terrifically in this song by portraying the urgency and nervous energy that the character experiences as the song drives forward relentlessly even to the end. Take a deep sigh of relief right after it ends!
LEONARD BERNSTEIN (1918–1990)
La Bonne Cuisine
Plum Pudding
Queues de Boeuf
Tavouk Gueunkis
Civet à Tout Vitesse

It is apt to perform this set in celebration of Leonard Bernstein’s 100th birthday. Bernstein was an American composer, conductor, pianist, author and educator. Some considered him “one of the most prodigiously talented and successful musicians in American history”. His works encompassed a large variety of styles including symphonic and orchestral music, opera, choral, film scores, ballet, chamber and solo piano works.

La Bonne Cuisine Français was a cookbook written by Emile Dumont first published in 1899. Bernstein chose four of the recipes and set them to music in what became La Bonne Cuisine (“Four Recipes”). He dedicated the cycle to Jennie Tourel, the mezzo-soprano who sang his other famous set I Hate Music! The songs are quirky and highly theatrical, promising laughs for everyone.

The cycle begins strangely with a dessert, Plum Pudding. The accompaniment starts with rapid staccato pulses almost to signify the need for mathematical accuracy in preparing the dish. The frequent shifts in metre and key also adds to this precision. The second song Queues de Boeuf starts and ends with a question that is thoughtfully written out in the ascending melodic line. The music leans towards bitonality and creates a more jazzy feel. In Tavouk Gueunkis, Bernstein uses modes that recall the Arab Oriental-esque mood. In addition, he also employs the Turkish march rhythm 5/8, as well as wittily marking at the beginning of the score Allegretto alla Turca. The cycle ends with Civet à Tout Vitesse, Rabbit at Top Speed, the fastest song in the set. Bernstein writes it effectively, creating haste through the short and quick vocal lines and doubled piano accompaniment, as the cook rushes to churn out a dish for her unexpected guest. It ends in a triumphant E major chord and perhaps one can imagine the cook rushing out to serve the dish just in time before the doorbell rings!

Programme notes by Rachel Lim
CLARA SCHUMANN  
Sechs Lieder, Op. 13

Ich stand in dunklen Träumen
Ich stand in dunklen Träumen  
und starrte ihr Bildnis an,  
und das geliebte Antlitz  
Heimlich zu leben began.

I stood in darkened daydreams  
and stared at her portrait long  
as that beloved face was  
secretly coming to life.

Um ihre Lippen zog sich
Um ihre Lippen zog sich  
Ein Lächeln wunderbar,  
Und wie von Wehmußrinnen  
Erglänzte ihr Augenpaar.

Around her lips there blossomed  
a wondrous laughing smile,  
and melancholy teardrops -  
they glittered in her fair eyes.

Auch meine Tränen flossen
Likewise my teardrops welled up  
Mir von den Wangen herab -  
Und ach, ich kann's nicht glauben,  
Daß ich dich verloren hab!

and flowed down mournful cheeks  
 alas, I can't believe it,  
that I am deprived of you!

Sie liebten sich beide
Sie liebten sich beide,  
doeh keiner wolt' es dem andern gestehn;  
sie sahen sich an so feindlich,  
und wollten vor Liebe vergehn.

They once loved each other,  
but neither would to the other confess;  
they saw each other as hostile,  
yet wanted to perish from love.

Sie trennten sich endlich
Sie trennten sich endlich  
und sahn'n sich nur noch zuweilen im Traum;  
sie waren längst gestorben  
und wußten es selber kaum.

They finally parted  
and sometimes sighted the other in dreams;  
they had been dead so long now  
and hardly known it themselves.

Liebeszauber
Die Liebe saß als Nachtigall
Now Love once like a nightingale  
im Rosenbusch und sang;  
es flog der wundersüße Schall  
den grünen Wald entlang.

in rosebush perched and sang;  
with sweetest wonder flew the sound  
along the woodland green.

Und wie er klang, da stieg im Kreis
And as it rang, there rose a scent  
aus tausend Kelchen Duft,  
from ring of thousand buds,  
und alle Wipfel rauschten leis',  
and all the treetops rustled soft,  
und leiser ging die Luft;  
and softer blew the air;

die Bäche schwiegen, die noch kaum  
die Bäche schwiegen, die noch kaum  
geplättschert von den Höh'n,  
the brooklets silenced, scarcely come  
die Rehlein standen wie im Traum  
by splashing from the heights,  
und lauschten dem Getöns.  
the fawns stood still as if in dream  
Und hell und immer heller floß  
and listened to the tone.  
And bright and ever brighter flowed  
und lauschten dem Getöns.
der Sonne Glanz herein,
um Blumen, Wald und Schlucht ergoß
sich goldig roter Schein.

Ich aber zog den Weg entlang
und hörte auch den Schall.
Ach! was seit jener Stund' ich sang,
war nur sein Widerhall.

**Der Mond kommt still gegangen**

Der Mond kommt still gegangen
mit seinem gold'nen Schein,
da schläft in holdem Prangen
die müde Erde ein.

Und auf den Lüften schwanken
aus manchem treuen Sinn
viel tausend Liebesgedanken
über die Schläfer hin.

Und drunten im Tale, da funkeln
die Fenster von Liechens Haus;
ich aber blicke im Dunkeln
still in die Welt hinaus.

**Ich hab' in deinem Auge**

Ich hab' in deinem Auge
den Strahl der ewigen Liebe gesehen,
ich sah auf deinen Wangen
einmal die Rosen des Himmels stehn.
Und wie der Strahl im Aug' erlischt
und wie die Rosen zerstieben,
 ihr Abglanz ewig neu erfrischt,
ist mir im Herzen geblieben,

und niemals werd' ich die Wangen seh'n
und nie in's Auge dir blicken,
so werden sie mir in Rosen steh'n
und es den Strahl mir schicken.

**Die stille Lotosblume**

Die stille Lotosblume
steigt aus dem blauen See,
die Blätter flimmern und blitzen,
der Kelch ist weiß wie Schnee.

**The sunbeams down inside,**
'tround blossoms, wood and gorge it gushed
with golden red sunshine.

**I walked along the path that day**
and also heard that sound.
Alas' what ever since I've sung
was just its echo faint.

**The moon so peaceful rises**
with all its golden shine,
there sleeps in lovely glitter
the weary earth below.

**And on the breezes waft down**
from many faithful hearts
true loving thoughts by the thousand
upon the sleeping ones.

**And down in the valley, there twinkle**
the lights from my lover's house;
but I in darkness still look out -
silent - into the world.

**I once into your eyes looked,**
the flash of unfading love I beheld there,
I once upon your cheeks saw
the bloom of roses from heaven fair.
And though the flash of eye may fade
and though the roses may wither,
their splendor ever new refreshed,
is how my heart will remember.

**and never will I behold your cheeks**
and in your eyes ne'er be gazing,
without those roses that I saw bloom
and with that flash be blazing.

**The quiet lotus blossom**
sprouts from the pond so blue,
its leaves all glimmer and sparkle,
its bud is white as snow.
Da gießt der Mond vom Himmel
gießt alle seine Strahlen
in ihren Schoß hinein.

The moon pours down from heaven
pours all its golden moonbeams
into her blossom heart.

Im Wasser um die Blume
kreisit ein weißer Schwan
er singt so süß, so leise
und schaut die Blume an.

In water 'round the blossom
circles the whitest swan
it sings so sweet, so softly
and gazes on the bloom.

Er singt so süß, so leise
und will im Singen vergehn.
O Blume, weiße Blume,
kannst du das Lied verstehn?

It sings so sweet, so softly
and would but perish in song.
O blossom, whitest blossom,
can you conceive the song?

CLAUD DEBUSSY

Ariettes oubliées

C'est l'extase...

C'est l'extase langoureuse,
c'est la fatigue amoureuse,
c'est tous les frissons des bois
parmi l'étreinte des brises,
c'est, vers les ramures grises,
le chœur des petites voix.

This is languorous ecstasy,
this is the weariness of love,
this is all the shiverings of the woods
amidst the embrace of the breezes,
this is the choir of little voices
among the grey boughs.

O le frêle et frais murmure!
cela gazouille et susurre,
cela ressemble au cri doux
que l'herbe agitée expire...
tu dirais, sous l'eau qui vire,
le roulis sourd des cailloux.

Oh, the frail and fresh murmuring!
It chirps and whispers.
It sounds like the gentle cry
that the ruffled grass gives out...
You say, beneath the water which swirls,
the muffled rolling of the pebbles.

Cette âme qui se lament
en cette plainte dormante,
c'est la nôtre, n'est-ce pas?
la mienne, dis, et la tienne,
dont s'exhale l'humble antienne
par ce tiède soir, tout bas?

This soul which mourns itself
by this slumbering complaint,
it is ours, is it not?
Mine, say, and yours,
from which exhales the humble anthem
in this mild evening, so quietly?

Il pleure dans mon cœur...

Il pleure dans mon cœur
comme il pleut sur la ville;
quelle est cette langueur
qui pénètre mon cœur?

It weeps in my heart
as it rains on the town.
What is this languor
into which my heart seeps?

O bruit doux de la pluie
par terre et sur les toits!
pour un cœur qui s'ennuie,
O le bruit de la pluie!

Oh, soft sound of the rain
on the ground and on the roofs!
For a heart which is forlorn,
oh, the sound of the rain!
Il pleure sans raison
Dans ce cœur qui s’écorce.
Quoi! nul trahison?...
Ce deuil est sans raison.

C'est bien la pire peine
De ne savoir pourquoi,
Sans amour et sans haine,
Mon cœur a tant de peine!

**L'ombre des arbres...**

L'ombre des arbres dans la rivière embrumée
Meurt comme de la fumée,
Tandis qu'en l'air, parmi les ramures réelles,
Se plaient les tourterelles.

Combien, ô voyageur,
ce paysage blême
Te mira, blême toi-même...
Et que tristes pleuraient dans les hautes feuillée
Tes espérances noyées!

**Chevaux de bois**

Tournez, tournez, bons chevaux de bois,
Tournez cent tours, tournez mille tours;
Tournez souvent et tournez toujours,
Tournez, tournez au son des hautbois.

L'enfant tout rouge et la mère blanche,
Le gars en noir et la fille en rose,
L'une à la chose et l'autre à la pose,
Chacun se paie un sou de dimanche.

Tournez, tournez, chevaux de leur cœur,
Tandis qu'autour de tous vos tournois
Clignote l'œil du filou sournois,
Tournez au son du piston vainqueur.
C'est étonnant comme ça vous soule
D'aller ainsi dans ce cirque bête:
Rien dans le ventre et mal dans la tête,
Du mal en masse et du bien en foule.

Tournez, dadas, sans qu'il soit besoin
D'user jamais de nuls éperons
Pour commander à vos galops ronds,
Tournez, tournez, sans espoir de foin.

**Merry-go-round**

Turn, turn, good wooden horses,
turn one hundred, one thousand turns;
turn often and turn for ever,
turn, turn to the strain of the oboes.

The child all red and the mother white,
the fellow in black and the girl in pink,
one to this thing and the other to posing,
each one treating himself to a Sunday penny.

Turn, turn, horses of their heart
whilst around all your whirlings,
the eye of the crafty pickpocket twinkles,
turn to the sound of the victorious cornet.
It is surprising how it intoxicates you
to go like this in this stupid circus,
nothing in the belly and aching in the head,
masses of pain and loads of fun.

Turn, gee-gees, without there ever being
the need to use pointless spurs
to drive you on your circular gallops,
turn, turn, without hope of hay.
Et dépêchez, chevaux de leur âme:
Déjà voici que sonne à la soupe
La nuit qui tombe et chasse la troupe
De gais buveurs que leur soif
affame.

Tournez, tournez! Le ciel en velours
D'astres en or se vêt lentement.
L'église tinte un glas tristement.
Tournez au son joyeux des tambours.

Green

Voici des fruits, des fleurs, des feuilles et des branches,
Et puis voici mon cœur qui ne bat que pour vous.
Ne le déchirez pas avec vos deux mains blanches,
Et qu'à vos yeux si beaux l'humble présent soit doux.

J'arrive tout couvert encore de rosée
Que le vent du matin vient glacer
à mon front.
Souffrez que ma fatigue,
à vos pieds reposée,
Rêve des chers instants qui la délasseront.

Sur votre jeune sein laisser rouler ma tête,
Toute sonore encore de vos derniers baisers;
Laissez-la s'apaiser de la bonne tempête,
Et que je dorme un peu puisque vous reposez.

Spleen

Les roses étaient toutes rouges,
Et les lierres étaient tout noirs.

Chère, pour peu que tu te bouges,
Renaissent tous mes désespoirs.
Le ciel était trop bleu, trop tendre,
La mer trop verte et l'air trop doux.

Je crains toujours ce qu'est d'attendre!
Quelque fuite atroce de vous.
Du houx à la feuille vernie
Et du luisant buis, je suis las,

Et de la campagne infinie,
Et de tout, fors de vous, hélás!

And hurry, horses of their soul,
here already is the falling night,
ringing to supper and chasing the throng
of happy drinkers made hungry by their thirst.

Turn, turn! The sky in velvet
adorns itself slowly in stars of gold.
The church sadly tolls a knell.
Turn to the joyous sound of the drums.

Here are fruits, flowers, leaves and branches,
and here too is my heart, which beats only for you.
Do not tear it with your two white hands,
and may the humble gift be sweet to your lovely eyes.

I arrive still all covered in dew
which the morning wind comes
to freeze to my brow.
Suffer my weariness,
rested at your feet,
dream of the dear moments which soothe it.

On your young breast let my head to roll
still echoing with your last kisses;
let it grow calm again from the good storm,
and let me sleep a while, since you are resting.

The roses were all red,
and the ivies were all black.

Dearest, however little you move,
all my despair is reborn.
The sky was too blue, too tender,
the sea too green and the air too sweet.

I always fear what it is to wait!
some dreadful flight by you.
Weary of the holly with its varnished leaf,
and of the gleaming box-wood,

and of the infinite countryside,
and of all, besides you, alas!
BENJAMIN BRITTEN  
Cabaret Songs  

**O tell me the truth about love**

Some say that Love's a little boy  
and some say it's a bird,  
some say it makes the world go round  
and some say that's absurd:  
but when I asked the man next door  
who looked as if he knew,  
his wife was very cross indeed  
and said it wouldn't do.

Does it look like a pair of pyjamas  
or the ham in a temperance hotel,  
does its odour remind one of llamas  
or has it a comforting smell?  
Is it prickly to touch as a hedge is  
or soft as eiderdown fluff,  
is it sharp or quite smooth at the edges?  
O tell me the truth about love.

I looked inside the summer-house,  
it wasn't ever there,  
I've tried the Thames at Maidenhead  
and Brighton's bracing air;  
I don't know what the blackbird sang  
or what the roses said,  
but it wasn't in the chicken-run  
or underneath the bed.

Can it pull extraordinary faces,  
is it usually sick on a swing,  
does it spend all its time at the races  
or fiddling with pieces of string,  
has it views of its own about money,  
does it think Patriotism enough,  
are its stories vulgar or funny?  
O tell me the truth about love.  
Your feelings when you meet it,  
I am told you can't forget.  
I've sought it since I was a child  
but haven't found it yet;  
I'm getting on for twenty-five,  
and still I do not know  
what kind of creature it can be  
that bothers people so.
When it comes, will it come without warning
just as I'm picking my nose,
will it knock on my door in the morning
or tread in the bus on my toes,
will it come like a change in the weather,
will its greeting be courteous or bluff,
will it alter my life altogether?
O tell me the truth about love?

Funeral Blues

Stop all the clocks, cut off the telephone,
prevent the dog from barking with a juicy bone,
silence the pianos and with muffled drum
bring out the coffin, let the mourners come.

Let aeroplanes circle moaning overhead
scribbling on the sky the message He Is Dead,
tie crepe bands round the white necks of the public doves,
let the traffic policemen wear black cotton gloves.

He was my North, my South, my East and West,
my working week and my Sunday rest,
my noon, my midnight, my talk, my song;
I thought that love would last forever: I was wrong.

The stars are not wanted now: put out ev'ry one,
pack up the moon and dismantle the sun,
pour away the ocean and sweep up the woods;
for nothing now can ever come to any good.

Johnny

O the valley in the summer where I and my John
beside the deep river would walk on and on
while the grass at our feet and the birds up above
whispered so soft in reciprocal love,
and I leaned on his shoulder; 'O Johnny, let's play':
but he frowned like thunder, and he went away.

O the evening near Christmas as I well recall
when we went to the Charity Matinee Ball,
the floor was so smooth and the band was so loud
and Johnny so handsome I felt so proud;
'Squeeze me tighter, dear Johnny, let's dance till day':
but he frowned like thunder and went away.
Shall I ever forget at the Grand Opera
when music poured out of each wonderful star?
Diamonds and pearls hung like ivy down
over each gold and silver gown;
‘O Johnny I’m in heaven,’ I whispered to say:
but he frowned like thunder and went away.

O but he was as fair as a garden in flower,
as slender and tall as the great Eiffel Tower
when the waltz throbb’d out down the long promenade,
o his eyes and his smile went straight to my heart;
‘O marry me, Johnny, I’ll love and obey’:
but he frowned like thunder and he went away.

O last night I dreamed of you, Johnny, my lover,
you’d the sun on one arm and the moon on the other,
the sea it was blue and the grass it was green,
ev’ry star rattled a round tambourine;
ten thousand miles deep in a pit there I lay:
but you went away.

**Calypso**

Driver, drive faster and make a good run
down the Springfield Line under the shining sun.
Fly like the aeroplane, don’t pull up short
till you brake for the Grand Central Station, New York.
For there in the middle of that waiting hall
should be standing the one that I love best of all.
If he’s not there to meet me when I get to town,
I’ll stand on the pavement with tears rolling down.
For he is the one that I love to look on,
the acme of kindness and perfection.
He presses my hand and he says he loves me
which I find an admirable peculiarity.
The woods are bright green on both sides of the line;
the trees have their loves though they’re different from mine.
But the poor fat old banker in the sun-parlour car
has no one to love him except his cigar.
If I were the head of the Church or the State
I’d powder my nose and just tell them to wait.
For love’s more important and powerful
than even a priest or a politician.
LEONARD BERNSTEIN
La Bonne Cuisine

Plum Pudding

Now first you take eleven pounds of juicy concord grapes,
Combined with equal parts of extra fine Tokays,
(Be sure they are juicy).
And then you take two cups or so of breadcrumbs,
To which you melt a pound or so of butter, fat, or lard:
(Use Spry or use Crisco).
Eleven cups of sugar,
(Either brown, or white, or powdered)
A glass of milk, A half a cup of Bacardi or Brandy;
Three eggs; And a lemon!
Now mustard, powdered cinnamon, and ginger,
All together making half a teaspoonful of condiment
Which you combine with half a teaspoon of table salt.

Queues de Boeuf

Are you too proud to serve you friends an Ox-tail stew?
You're wrong for if you have enough of them,
You'll find you can make a fine ragout.
Remove the tails which you have used to make the stew,
And then you can bread them,
and grill them with a sauce.
You'll find them delicious and different and so tempting.
Are you too proud to serve your friends an oxtail stew?

Tavouk Gueunksis

Tavouk Gueunksis, so oriental.
Put a chicken to boil,
Young and tender and sweet,
Then in the Arab manner you slice it up into pieces.
Then boil flower and water,
And add to it the chicken,
Then prepare it as above,
In the manner we described,
For Mahallebi, Tavouk Gueunksis, a Turkish heaven.

Civet à Tout Vitesse

When you have a sudden guest,
Or you're in an awful hurry,
May I say here's a way to make a rabbit stew in no time.
Take apart the rabbit in the ordinary way you do.
Put it in a casserole or a bowl,
With all it's blood and liver mashed.
Take half a pound of breast of pork finally cut (as fine as possible),
Add little onions with some pepper and salt (say twenty-five or so)
A bottle and half of rich claret.
Boil it up! Don’t waste a minute,
On the very hottest fire.
When boiled a quarter of an hour more,
The sauce should now be half of what it was before.
Then you carefully apply the flame,
As they do in the best most expensive cafes.
After the flame is out,
just add the sauce to half a pound of butter,
And flour and mix them together,
And serve.