

# CHAMBER ON THE MOUNTAIN

**Julia Bullock, Soprano**

**with Renate Rohlfing, Piano**

Sunday, October 4, 2015 / 3:00 pm

## **Francis Poulenc (1899 - 1963) *Métamorphoses***

### **Poèmes de Louise de Vilmorin (1902-69)**

#### REINE DES MOUETTES

Reine des mouettes, mon orpheline,  
Je t'ai vue rose, je m'en souviens,  
Sous les brumes mousselines  
De ton deuil ancien.

Rose d'aimer le baiser qui chagrine  
Tu te laissais accorder à mes mains  
Sous les brumes mousselines  
Voile de nos liens.

Rougis, rougis, mon baiser te devine  
Mouette prise aux nœuds des grands chemins.

Reine des mouettes, mon orpheline,  
Tu étais rose accordée à mes mains  
Rose sous les mousselines  
Et je m'en souviens.

#### *Le sable du sablier*

#### C'EST AINSI QUE TU ES

Ta chair, d'âme mêlée,  
Chevelure emmêlée,  
Ton pied courant le temps,  
Ton ombre qui s'étend  
Et murmure à ma tempe.  
Voilà, c'est ton portrait,  
C'est ainsi que tu es,  
Et je veux te l'écrire  
Pour que la nuit venue,  
Tu puisses croire et dire,  
Que je t'ai bien connue.

#### QUEEN OF THE SEAGULLS

Queen of seagulls, my little orphan,  
I saw you pink, I recall,  
Beneath the muslin mists  
Of your ancient sorrow.

Pink from loving the kiss which provokes  
You surrendered to my hands  
Under the muslin mists  
Veil of our bond.

Blush, blush, my kiss finds you out  
Seagull caught where great paths meet.

Queen of seagulls, my little orphan,  
You were pink, surrendered to my hands,  
Pink under the muslin  
And I recall the moment.

#### *from The sand of the hourglass*

#### THAT IS HOW YOU ARE

Your flesh, mingled with soul,  
Your tangled hair,  
Your feet pursuing time,  
Your shadow which stretches  
And murmurs at my temple.  
There, that is your portrait,  
That is how you are,  
And I want to write it down for you,  
So that when night comes,  
You may believe and say,  
That I knew you well.

*Le sable du sablier*

PAGANINI

Violon hippocampe et sirène  
Berceau des cœurs cœur et berceau  
Larmes de Marie Madeleine  
Soupire d'une Reine  
Écho

Violon orgueil des mains légères  
Départ à cheval sur les eaux  
Amour chevauchant le mystère  
Voleur en prière  
Oiseux

Violon femme morganatique  
Chat botté courant la forêt  
Puits des vérités lunatiques  
Confession publique  
Corset

Violon alcool de l'âme en peine  
Préférence muscle du soir  
Épaules des saisons soudaines  
Feuille de chêne  
Miroir

Violon chevalier du silence  
Jouet évadé du bonheur  
Pointrine des mille présences  
Bateau de plaisance  
Chasseur.

from *The sand of the hourglass*

PAGANINI

Violin sea-horse and siren,  
Cradle of hearts heart and cradle  
Tears of Mary Magdalene  
Sigh of a queen  
Echo

Violin pride of delicate hands  
Departure on horseback over the waters  
Love astride the mystery  
Thief in prayer  
Birds

Violin morganatic\* wife  
Puss-in-Boots ranging the forest  
Well of lunatic truths  
Public confession  
Corset

Violin alcohol of the pained soul  
Preference muscle of the evening  
Shoulders of sudden seasons  
Leaf of oak  
Mirror

Violin knight of silence  
Toy evaded from happiness  
Breast of a thousand presences  
Boat of pleasure  
Hunter.

1. morganatic: denoting a marriage in which neither the spouse of lower rank nor any children have any claim to the possessions or title of the spouse of higher rank

**Translations by Julia Bullock**

**Pierre Revel (1901-84)**  
*Six chansons de Pierre Revel*

**Poème de Elle Rabourdin**  
PONT-BLUE

Sous le ciel de Novembre  
J'ai vu le pont et la rivière;  
Un arceau solide,  
Une masse fluide.  
Arche enlaçant un corps abandoné.

Un corps souple et présent  
Dont l'esprit fuit sans cesse.  
Cependant jamais l'étreinte ne se resserra,  
Jamais ne se relâchera  
Amour étrange dont j'envie ,  
l'involontaire pérennité.

**Poème de Carlos Larronde (1888-1940)**  
UN JOUR, AILLEURS

Un jour, ailleurs se réveiller;  
Un jour, plus tard se souvenir;  
Un jour sans nuit naître à soimême;  
Un jour sans fin se retrouver.

**Poème de Raymond Vernet**  
OUBLI

Le soir tombe lentement  
Sur la tombe d'un amant.  
Elle pleure son amour  
Et demeure jusqu'au jour.  
La nuit passe à gémir  
Et puis lasse va dormir.  
Elle rêve un mari  
Puis se lève et sourit.  
Joli songe sois béni.  
Coup d'éponge, c'est fini.

BLUE BRIDGE

Under the November sky  
I saw the bridge and the river,  
A solid archway,  
A fluid mass.  
An arch encasing an abandoned body.

A body, supple and present,  
from which the spirit flows without ceasing.  
However, the embrace will never tighten,  
it will never release.  
Strange love that I envy,  
the involuntary permanence.

A DAY, SOMEWHERE ELSE

A day, to wake up somewhere else;  
A day, later to remember one's self;  
A day without night to be born to one's self;  
A day without end to rediscover one's self.

OBLIVION

The night falls slowly  
On the tomb of a love.  
She cries for her love  
and stays until daylight.  
The night passes in moaning  
and then wearily goes to sleep.  
She dreams of a husband,  
Then rises and smiles.  
Beautiful dream, be blessed.  
With the wipe of a sponge, it's over.

**Poème de Charles Baudelaire (1821-1867)**

*Les fleurs du mal (1857)*

LES HIBOUX

Sous les ifs noirs qui les abritent  
Les hiboux se tiennent ranges,  
Ainsi que des dieux étrangers,  
Dardant leur oeil rouge  
Ils méditent.

Sans remuer ils se tiendront  
Jusqu'à l'heure mélancolique  
Où, poussant le soleil oblique,  
Les ténèbres s'établiront.

Leur attitude au sage enseigne  
Qu'il faut en ce monde qu'il craigne  
Le tumulte et le mouvement;  
L'homme, ivre d'une ombre qui passe,  
Porte toujours le châtiment  
D'avoir voulu changer de place.

**Poème de Lucien Marceron (1892-1966)**

PROMENADE

J'ai salué deux camarades,  
Le verluissant et le crapaud.  
Dans le parc nostalgique et chaud,  
Ils ont charmé ma promenade;  
L'un m'adonné la sérénade,  
L'autre lui tenait le flambeau.

J'ai salué mes camarades,  
Le verluissant et le crapaud.  
Et ce fat qui me persuade  
que l'un ni l'autre ne sont beau;  
Mais s'il me traite de nigaud,  
C'est qu'il n'a pas, sur l'esplanade,  
Rencontré mes deux camarades.

**Poème de Jean Mayen**

“AUTREFOIS”

Ô maisonnette rose  
Habitée encore d'émois  
En fermant tes volets de bois  
Des fleurs volaient autour de toi autrefois.

Petite maison rose  
De tes vieux volets dévernissés  
Il pleut des souvenirs jaunis,  
Feuilles mortes, moroses, aujourd'hui.

from *The flowers of evil (1857)*

THE OWLS

Under the yew trees, which shelter them,  
The owls hold themselves in line,  
Just like foreign gods,  
Darting their red eye,  
They meditate.

Without stirring they will hold themselves  
until that melancholy hour  
Where, pushing the oblique sun,  
the darkness will establish itself.

Their attitude to the wise man teaches,  
That it is necessary in this world that one fears  
tumult and movement;  
Mankind, drunken with a passing shadow,  
Always carries the punishment  
of having wanted to change places.

PROMENADE

I greeted two comrades,  
The glow worm and the toad  
In the nostalgic and hot park,  
They charmed my walk;  
One of them gave me a serenade  
The other held the torch for him.

I greeted my comrades  
The glow worm and the toad.  
And this fatuous one who persuades me  
that neither one nor the other is beautiful.  
But if he treats me as a nitwit,  
It's because he has not, on the esplanade,  
Encountered my two comrades.

“ONCE”

O little pink house  
Still inhabited with heightened emotion  
While closing your wooden shutters  
some flowers flew around you once.

Little pink house  
From your old shutters stripped of varnish  
It rains jaundiced memories  
Dead leaves, morose, today.

**Maurice Ravel (1875-1937) *Cinq mélodies populaires grecques***

**La traduction du grec en français  
de Michel Dimitri Calvocoressi (1877 - 1944)**

**Translations from Greek into French  
by Michel Dimitri Calvocoressi**

**I. CHANSON DE LA MARIÉE**

Réveille-toi, réveille-toi, perdrix mignonne.  
Ouvre au matin tes ailes.  
Trois grains de beauté, mon coeur en est brûlé!  
Vois le ruban, le ruban d'or que je t'apporte,  
Pour le nouer autour de tes cheveux.  
Si tu veux, ma belle, viens nous marier!  
Dans nos deux familles, tous sont alliés!

**I. SONG OF THE BRIDE**

Wake up, wake up, my darling partridge.  
Open your wings to the morning.  
Three grains of beauty, my heart is on fire!  
See the ribbon, the ribbon of gold that I bring to you,  
To tie around your hair.  
If you want, my beauty, come, let's marry!  
In our two families, everyone is allied!

**II. LÀ- BAS, VERS L'ÉGLISE**

Là-bas, vers l'église,  
vers l'église Ayio Sidéro,  
l'église, ô Vierge sainte,  
l'église Ayio Costandino,  
se sont réunis,  
rassemblés en nombre infini,  
du monde, ô Vierge sainte,  
du monde tous les plus braves!

**II. OVER THERE, BY THE CHURCH**

Over there, by the church,  
by the church of Saint Sidero, \*  
the church, o blessed Virgin,  
the church of Saint Constantine, \*\*  
they are gathered,  
assembled in infinite number,  
of the world, o blessed Virgin,  
all the world's most brave!

\* Sidero: Greek mythological character, associated with  
the Greek church

\*\* Constantine: first emperor to cease persecutions of Christians

**III. QUEL GALANT M'EST COMPARABLE**

Quel galant m'est comparable,  
d'entre ceux qu'on voit passer?  
Dis, dame Vassiliki?

Vois, pendus, pendus à ma ceinture,  
pistolets et sabre aigu...  
Et c'est toi que j'aime!

**III. WHAT GALANT IS COMPARABLE TO ME**

What gallant compares with me,  
among those that one sees passing by?  
Tell me, Lady Vassiliki! +

See, hung, hung on my belt,  
pistols and curved sword...  
And it is you whom I love!

+ Vassiliki: a town on Lefkada, Greece

IV. CHANSON DES CUEILLEUSES DE  
LENTISQUES

O joie de mon âme,  
joie de mon coeur,  
trésor qui m'est si cher;  
joie de l'âme et du coeur,  
toi que j'aime ardemment,  
tu es plus beau qu'un ange.

O lorsque tu parais,  
ange si doux  
devant nos yeux,  
comme un bel ange blond,  
sous le clair soleil,  
Hélas! tous nos pauvres cœurs soupirent!

V. TOUT GAI!

Tout gai! Ha, tout gai!  
Belle jambe, *tireli*, qui danse;  
Belle jambe, la vaisselle danse,  
Tra la la la la...

IV. SONG OF THE GIRLS GATHERING LENTISK<sup>++</sup>

O joy of my soul,  
joy of my heart,  
treasure which is so dear to me,  
joy of soul and heart,  
you whom I love ardently,  
you are more beautiful than an angel.

O when you appear,  
angel so sweet,  
before our eyes,  
like a beautiful, blond angel,  
under the bright sun,  
Alas! all of our poor hearts sigh!

<sup>++</sup> Lentisk (or mastic): an evergreen shrub from the  
Mediterranean region; valued during the Ottoman Empire,  
because of its various uses; cultivated for its resin.

V. ALL ARE JOYOUS

All are joyous! Ah, all are joyous!  
Beautiful leg, *tireli*, which dances,  
Beautiful leg; even the dishes dance!  
Tra la la, la la la!

**Translations by Julia Bullock**

## **Gösta Nystroem (1890-1966)**

### **Ebba Lindqvist (1908 - 95)**

#### UTE I SKÄREN

En dag skall komma,  
då vinden står stilla,  
då darrgräset sjunger  
och solen somnat.

Då skall vi fara dit ut  
till de ytersta öarna,  
ljuskring flutna, hägrings lysande,  
burna på bränningens skum.

## **Wilhelm Stenhammar (1871-1927)**

### **Johan Ludvig Runeberg (1804 - 77)**

#### FLICKAN KNYTER I JOHANNENATTEN

Flickan knyter i Johannenatten  
kring den gröna broddens späda stänglar  
silkes trådar utav skilda färger,  
men på morgonstunden går hon sedan  
dit att leta ut sin framtids öden.

Nu, så hör, hur flickan där betar sig:  
Harden svarta, sorgens stängel, vuxit,  
talar hon och sörjer med de andra.

Har den röda, glädjens stängel, vuxit,  
talar hon och fröjdas med de andra.

Har den gröna, kärleksstängeln, vuxit,  
tigger hon och fröjdas isitt hjärta.

#### INTO THE HEADLANDS

A day shall come,  
When the wind stands still,  
When the grasses sing  
And the sun has fallen asleep.

Then we shall go far out  
To the most distant island  
Haloed in light, as if in a vision,  
Born on the white foam of the waves.

#### THE GIRL ON ST. JOHN'S NIGHT\*

On St. John's night the maiden  
binds green stems  
with silk threads of different colors,  
and at day break she goes  
to learn her fate.

Now, listen, hear what the maiden does:  
If the black stem, the one of sorrow, has grown,  
she says so and grieves with the others.

If the red stem, the one of joy, has grown,  
she says so and rejoices with the others.

If the green stem, the stem of love, has grown,  
she is silent and rejoices in her heart.

\* June solstice also referred to as Midsummer

**Translations by Steven Blier  
(edited by Julia Bullock)**

## Edvard Grieg (1843-1907)

### Hans Christian Andersen (1805 - 75)

#### VANDRING I SKOVEN

Min søde [Dreng, Jeg er din Viv],  
Min Kjærlighed, mit Liv!  
Kom, Maanen skinner stor og klar,  
En Stilhed Natten har,  
En Dejlighed, en Ensomhed,  
Min søde Dreng, kom med!  
I Bøgeskoven gaa vi to,  
Der hvor Skov mærker gro.

I denne lyse, tause Nat,  
Hos Dig, min Verdens Skat,  
Jeg er saa glad, saa salig glad,  
Duft, friske Bøgeblad!  
Syng, Nattergal, lys Maaneklar!  
Jeg her al Rigdom har:  
Min søde Dreng, Jeg er din Viv,  
Min Kjærlighed, mit Liv!

Du er saa frisk som Bøgens Hang,  
Som Nattergalens Sang,  
Saa dyb som Nattens stille Ro,  
Her hvor Skov mærker gro,  
Hvor maleriske Bøge staa,  
Og vi ved Maan'skin gaa:  
Min søde Dreng, Jeg er din Viv,  
Min Kjærlighed, mit Liv!

### Henrik Ibsen (1828 - 1906)

from *Digte* (1871)

#### EN SVANE

Min hvide svane  
du stumme, du stille,  
hverken slag eller trille  
lod sangrøst ane.

Angst beskyttende  
alfen, som sover,  
altid lyttende  
gled du henover.

Men sidste mødet,  
da eder og øjne  
var lønlige løgne,  
ja da, da lød det!

I toners föden  
du slutted din bane.  
Du sang i døden;  
du var dog en svane!

#### WANDERING THROUGH THE FOREST

[My sweet boy, I am your wife,]\*  
My love, life!  
Come, the moon is shining big and clear,  
The night is filled with quiet,  
Loveliness, loneliness—  
My sweet boy, come with me!  
Into the beech forest we two shall go  
Where the forest flowers grow.

In this light, quiet night,  
Beside you, treasure of my world,  
I am so happy, so blessedly happy  
Shed your aroma, fresh beech leaves!  
Sing, nightingale, shine, clear moon!  
Here I have all the riches:  
My sweet boy, I am your wife,  
My love, my life!

You are as fresh as the beeches' scent,  
As the nightingale's song,  
As deep as the night's quiet peace,  
Here where the forest flowers grow  
Where the picturesque beeches stand,  
And we walk in the moon's glow;  
My sweet boy, I am your wife,  
My love, my life!

\*original [Min søde Brud, min unge Viv]  
My bride, my young wife

from *Poems*

#### A SWAN

My white swan  
you silent, you still one,  
neither warble nor trill  
led me to suspect you had a singing-voice.

Frightened, avoiding  
the elf, who sleeps,  
Always listening  
you glided across.

But at our last meeting,  
when vows and eyes  
Were secret lies, yes,  
yes then, then it sounded!

In the tone's birth  
You ran your course.  
You sang in death;  
You were indeed a swan!

Translations by Steven Blier (ed. by Julia Bullock)

**Samuel Barber (1910-81)**

**James Joyce (1882 - 1941)**

excerpt from *Finnegans Wake* (1939)

NUVOLETTA

Nuvoletta in her light dress, spun of sixteen shimmers,  
was looking down on them, leaning over the bannisters and list'ning all she childlessly could....

She was alone. All her nubied companions were asleeping with the squir'ls....

She tried all the winsome wonsome ways her four winds had taught her. She tossed her sfumastelliacious hair like *la princesse de la Petite Bretagne* and she rounded her mingons arms like Misses Cornwallis West and she smiled over herself like the image of the pose of the daughter of the Emperour of Irelande and she sighed after herself as were she borne to bride with Tristis Tristior Tristisimus. But, sweet madonine, she might fair as well have carried her daisy's worth to Florida....

Oh, how it was duusk. From Vallee Maraia to Grassy-a-plaina, dormi-must echo! Ah dew! Ah dew! It was so duusk that the tears of night began to fall, first by ones and twos, then be threes and fours, at last by fives and sixes of sevens, for the tired ones were wecking; as we weep now with them.

*O! Par la pluie....*

Then Nuvoletta reflected for the last time in her little long life and she made up all her myriads of drifting minds in one. She cancelled all her engauzements. She climbed over the bannisters; she gave a chily cloudy cry: *Nuée! Nuée!* A light dress fluttered. She was gone.

**Henry Cowell (1897-1965)**

**Edna St. Vincent Millay (1892 - 1950)**

from *Second April*, in *Memorial to D.C.* (1921)

WHERE SHE LIES ("Epitaph")

Heap not on this mound  
Roses that she loved so well.  
Why bewilder her with roses  
That she cannot see or smell?  
She is happy where she lies  
With the dust upon her eyes.

**Barbara Allan Davis**

BECAUSE THE CAT

In our house there is no mouse,  
Because the cat takes care of that.

Yankee Doodle is no poodle,  
She's a cat! Remember that!

**Samuel Barber (1910-81)**

**James Stephens (1882 - 1950)**

from *Here are Ladies* (1913)

THE DAISIES

In the scented bud of the morning O,  
When the windy grass went rippling far!  
I saw my dear one walking slow  
In the field where the daises are.

We did not laugh, and we did not speak,  
As we wandered happ'ly, to and fro,  
I kissed my dear on either cheek,  
In the bud of the morning O!

A lark sang up, from the breezy land;  
A lark sang down, from a cloud afar;  
As she and I went, hand in hand,  
In the field where the daises are.

## **Kurt Weill (1900 - 50)**

### **Bertolt Brecht (1898 - 1956)**

*Aufstieg und Fall der Stadt Mahagonny* (1927-29)

DENN WIE MAN SICH BETTET,  
SO LIEGT MAN

Meine Herren, meine Mutter prägte  
auf mich einst ein schlimmes Wort:  
ich würde enden im Schauhaus,  
oder an einem noch schlimmern Ort.  
Ja so ein Wort, das ist leicht gesagt,  
aber ich sage euch, daraus wird nichts!  
Das könnt ihr nicht machen mit mir!  
Was aus mir noch wird, das werdet ihr schon sehen!  
Ein Mensch ist kein Tier!

Denn wie man sich bettet, so liegt man,  
es deckt einen doch keiner zu.  
Und wenn einer tritt, dann bin ich es,  
Und wird einer getreten, dann bist's du.

Meine Herren, mein Freund der sagte  
mir damals ins Gesicht:  
„das Höchste auf Erden ist Liebe“  
Und „an morgen denkt man da nicht.“  
Ja Liebe, das ist leicht gesagt,  
doch so lang man täglich älter wird,  
da wird nicht nach liebe gefragt,  
Da muß man seine kurze Zeit benützen.  
Ein Mensch ist kein Tier!

from *The Rise and Fall of Mahagonny*  
BECAUSE HOW YOU PUT YOURSELF TO BED,  
IS HOW YOU LIE

Gentlemen, my mother once imprinted  
onto me a bad word:  
I would end up in a house of display  
or in an even worse place.  
Yes, such a word is easily said,  
but I tell you, that won't happen!  
You cannot do this to me!  
What becomes of me, that you will see!  
A human being is no animal!

Because how you put yourself to bed, is how you lie,  
no one is there to cover you up.  
And when someone kicks, then that's me,  
and when someone gets kicked, then that's you.

Gentlemen, my friend said  
at one time to my face:  
“the highest thing on earth is love“  
and “then you won't think of tomorrow.“  
Yes love, that is easily said,  
but as long as you grow older daily,  
no one asks about love,  
one must utilize his short time.  
A human being is no animal!

**Translation by Christian Reif**  
**(edited by Julia Bullock)**

**Walter Mehring (1896-1981)**

WIE LANGE NOCH (1944)

Ich wills dir gestehen es war eine Nacht  
da hab ich mich willig dir hingegeben,  
du hast mich gehabt, mich von Sinnen gebracht,  
Ich glaubte ich könnte nicht ohne dich leben.

Du hast mir das Blaue vom Himmel versprochen  
und ich habe dich wie 'nen Vater gepflegt.  
Du hast mich gemartert, du hast mich zerbrochen.  
Ich hätt dir die Erde zu Füßen gelegt.

Sieh mich doch an! Sieh mich doch an!  
Wann kommt der Tag an dem ich dir sage: es ist vorbei!  
Wann kommt der Tag, ach der tag nach dem ich bange.  
Wie lange noch? Wie lange noch?  
Wie lange?

Ich hab' dir geglaubt, ich war wie im Wahn  
von all deinen Reden, von deinen Schwüren.  
Was immer du wolltest, das hab ich getan.  
Wohin du auch wolltest, da ließ ich mich führen.

Du hast mir das Blaue vom Himmel versprochen,  
und ich! Ach ich hab nicht zu weinen gewagt.  
Doch du hast dein Wort, deine Schwüre gebrochen.  
Ich habe geschwiegen, und hab mich geplagt.

Sieh mich doch an! Sieh mich doch an!  
Wann kommt der Tag an dem ich dir sage: es ist vorbei!  
Wann kommt der Tag, ach der tag nach dem ich bange.  
Wie lange noch? Wie lange noch?  
Wie lange?

HOW MUCH LONGER

I want to confess to you, that was a night  
when I willingly gave myself to you,  
you have had me, you took my senses,  
I believed that I could not live without you.

You have promised me the blue of the heavens  
and I have cared for you as I would for a father.  
You have tortured me, you have torn me apart.  
I would have placed the earth at your feet.

Look at me! Look at me!  
When comes the day on which I tell you: it is over!  
When comes the day, ah the day that I fear.  
How much longer? How much longer?  
How long?

I believed you, I was in a delusion  
from all your talk, from all your vows.  
Whatever you wanted, I did.  
Wherever you wanted to go, I let myself be led.

You have promised me the blue of the heavens,  
and I! Ach I have not dared to cry.  
But you have broken your word, your vows.  
I have been silent, and tormented myself.

Look at me! Look at me!  
When comes the day on which I tell you: it is over!  
When comes the day, ah the day that I fear.  
How much longer? How much longer?  
How long?

**Translation by Christian Reif  
(edited by Julia Bullock)**

**Maxwell Anderson (1888 - 1959)**

from *Lost in the Stars* (1949)

LOST IN THE STARS

Before 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 again.

Now a man don't mind if the stars grow dim,  
And the clouds blow over and darken him,  
So long as the Lord God's watching over them,  
Keeping track how it all goes on.

But I've been walking through the night and the day  
Till my eyes get weary and my head turns gray,  
And sometimes it seems maybe God's gone away,  
Forgetting the promise and that we heard him say.

And we're lost out here in the stars,  
Little stars, big stars, blowing through the night,  
And we're lost out here in the stars,  
Little stars, big stars, blowing through the night,  
And we're lost out here in the stars.

**Ira Gershwin (1896 - 1983)**

from *Lady in the Dark* (1941)

THE PRINCESS OF PURE DELIGHT

The Prince in orange and the Prince in blue,  
And the Prince whose raiment was of lavender hue.  
They sighed and they suffered and they tossed at night  
For the neighboring Princes of pure delight!  
*Who was secretly in love with the minstrel.*

Her father, the King, didn't know which to choose,  
There were two charming Princes he'd have to refuse.  
So he called for the dean of his sorcerers and  
Inquired which one was to win her hand.  
*Which they always did in those days.*

"My King here's a riddle, you test them tonight,  
'What word of five letters is never spelled right,  
What word of five letters is always spelled wrong?'  
The one who can answer will be wedded ere long.  
*That will twenty gulden, please.*

The King called the three and he told them the test,  
The while his fair daughter kept beating her breast.  
He put them the riddle, they failed as he feared.  
Then all of a sudden the minstrel appeared!  
*Quite out of breath!*

"I'll answer that riddle" cried the singer of song,  
"What's never spelled right in five letters is 'wrong,'  
And it's right to spell 'wrong' W-R-O-N-G.  
Your Highness the Princess belongeth to me!  
*And I love her anyway.*

"Be off with you villain", the King cried in rage,  
"For my Princess a Prince, not a man from the stage!"  
"But Sire", said the minstrel "This love makes me say,  
no King who's a real King treats lovers this way."  
*It isn't sporting.*

And if you're no real King, no Princess is she,  
And if she's no Princess then she can wed me".  
"By gad", cried his highness "You handsome young  
knave,  
I fear you're right!" and his blessing he gave.  
*And the trumpeter began to trumpet!*

The Princess then quickly came out of her swoon,  
And she looked at her swain and her world was in tune.  
And the castle soon rang with cheer and with laughter,  
And of course they lived happily ever after.