

## ABSTRACT

Title of Dissertation: CABARET: MIRROR OF SOCIETIES  
Sun Ha Yoon, Doctoral of Musical Arts, 2012

Dissertation directed by: Professor Rita Sloan  
School of Music

The basic definition of a cabaret is a café that offers live entertainment performed by singers, musicians and dancers and serves food and drink. It is generally housed in small, intimate spaces. Starting in the middle of the nineteenth century, artists, composers and writers met at Parisian cafés and salons to share their works. The cabaret was a suitable place for social activities. Artists could meet, discuss their opinions, and share their art in a relaxed setting.

Even though cabaret music was often based on popular idioms, social and political commentary coupled with satirical settings represented the true soul of the genre.

This trend flourished in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. The first cabaret in Paris, *Le Chat Noir* inspired the growth of similar places in major cities throughout Europe besides Paris.

The three recitals that comprise this dissertation project were performed at University of Maryland venues: the Robert & Arlene Kogod Theatre on 11 May 2011, Ulrich Recital Hall on 4 December 2011, and Gildenhorn Recital Hall on 4

March 2012. The repertoire for the first recital included works by Erik Satie with mezzo-soprano Monica Soto-Gil, Friedrich Hollaender with soprano Gabrielle DeMers, William Bolcom with baritone Ethan Watermeier and mezzo-soprano Stephanie Sadownik, and Poulenc with baritone Andrew McLaughlin. André Previn's *Tango Song and Dance* with violinist Jennifer Kim served as the instrumental interlude. The second recital included songs by Friedrich Hollaender with mezzo-soprano Monica Soto-Gil, Hanns Eisler and Viktor Ullmann with mezzo-soprano Stephanie Sadownik, and Mischa Spoliansky with soprano CarrieAnne Winter. Victor Hollaender's *Romance* and *Albumblatt* were the instrumental interludes with violinist Jennifer Kim. The last recital featured works for piano and violin, the *Graceful Ghost Rag* by William Bolcom with violinist Jenny Wu, *Four Souvenirs* by Paul Schoenfield with violinist Jennifer Kim, *Cabaret Songs* by Benjamin Britten with soprano Linda Mabbs, and *Souvenirs* for piano four-hands by Samuel Barber with pianist Rita Sloan. The recitals were recorded on compact discs and are archived within the Digital Repository at the University of Maryland (DRUM).

CABARET: MIRROR OF SOCIETIES

By

Sun Ha Yoon

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University of Maryland, College Park, in partial fulfillment  
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2012

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Doctor of Musical Arts Recital  
Dissertation Recital 1 --- Cabaret: Mirror of Societies  
Love and Laughter

Sun Ha Yoon, Collaborative Piano  
Gabrielle DeMers, Soprano  
Jennifer Kim, Violin  
Andrew McLaughlin, Baritone  
Stephanie Sadownik, Mezzo Soprano  
Monica Soto-Gil, Mezzo Soprano

May 11, 2011  
8:00 PM

Robert & Arlene Kogod Theatre  
Teacher: Rita Sloan

Tango Song and Dance I. Tango	André Previn (b. 1929)
Un diner à l'Élysée Je te veux La diva de l'Empire	Erik Satie (1866-1925)
Fur (Murray the Furrier) Love in the Thirties Amor Waiting Toothbrush Time	William Bolcom (b.1938)
Tango Song and Dance II. Song	André Previn (b. 1929)
Intermission	
La dame de Monte-Carlo	Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)
Das Lied von der Treue Zieh Dich aus, Petronella! Sexappeal	Friedrich Hollaender (1896-1976)
Over the Piano	William Bolcom (b. 1938)
Tango Song and Dance III. Dance	André Previn (b. 1929)

## Program Note

In 1888, Erik Satie worked at the famous Cabaret *Le Chat Noir* as an assistant pianist. There he accompanied singers, arranged songs, and played the piano for the shadow plays. In 1899, Satie and actor Vincent Hyspa began working together. In Hyspa's text in *Un diner à l'Élysée*, he employs a common characteristic of cabaret authors – political humor. The song makes fun of the president's pretensions pertaining to generosity, good manners and conversation by using a quotation from *La Marseillaise*.

Satie also wrote the *valse chantée* for the singer Paulette Darty. The two waltzes, *Tendrement* and *Je te veux*, composed in 1902 are sentimental and romantic. The song, *La diva de l'Empire*, in the style of a syncopated cakewalk, clearly expressed the Parisian enthusiasm for American popular style and was written in 1904.

William Bolcom composed four volumes of *Cabaret Songs* over a period of twenty years from 1976 -1996. Bolcom and author Arnold Weinstein collaborated on all four volumes and the songs have become some of the most often performed throughout the world. Volumes one and two were published in 1978. The subjects in the songs are varied and include everything from cabaret life to all other human concerns. Volumes three and four of the *Cabaret Songs* were premiered by the composer and his wife Joan Morris to whom the composer dedicated all four volumes.

Poulenc's monologue for soprano and orchestra, *La dame de Monte-Carlo*, was composed in 1961. The lyrics are based on a text by Jean Cocteau. In Poulenc's diary, the composer wrote:

I did not know *La Dame de Monte-Carlo*, written for Marianne Oswald more than twenty years ago. This monologue delighted me because it brought back to me the years 1923-25 when I lived, together with Auric, in Monte Carlo, in the imperial shadow of Diaghilev. I think *La Dame de*

*Monte-Carlo* would make an excellent number for Denise Duval, to whom I have dedicated it.

In this fascinated monologue, an old lady who is poor and alone comes to Monte Carlo for the last time. She hopes to win, but she ends her sad life by killing herself in the sea. Each verse shows her different emotions; sadness, pride, lyricism, violence and sarcasm.

Friedrich Hollaender was a leading composer of light music during the 1920's and 1930's. His Father, Victor Hollaender was also a well-known operetta composer. Friedrich was a part of the Reinhardt era of *Schall und Rauch* (Sound and Intoxication) where he gained fame as a composer of cabaret and musical revue. Hollaender opened his own *Tingel-Tangel* theater in the Charlottenburg section of West Berlin. He gained particular fame for writing the music for the legendary Marlene Dietrich film, *Der blaue Engel* (The Blue Angel), in which the song "*Ich bin von Kopf bis Fuß*" (Falling in Love Again) was featured.

The three songs in this set are sensual and humorous. Hollaender wrote the music based on different dance rhythms and the music was witty and had light characteristics.



## Un dîner à l'Élysée

V. Hyspa

Le Président, d'une façon fort civile,  
Avait invité nos grands peintres français  
Avenir goûter de sa cuisine à l'huile.  
On raconte que ce fut vraiment parfait.  
Après la soupe, radis et caviar  
Pour fair' plaisir au Czar,

\*Ça sentait bon-et le moment était suprême  
Et la musique du soixante quatorzième  
De ligne jouait,  
(Ne vous déplaise),  
La Marseillaise,  
Hymne vraiment français  
(Ou française).

La conversation avait été très maigre  
Jusque-là, quand l'épouse du Président,  
Qui avait à sa gauche ce sale Leygues  
Et à sa droite Monsieur Jean-Paul Laurens,  
Dit tout à coup au Ministre des Beaux-Arts:  
"En voulez-vous, du z-homard?"

\*

Mais subitement les liquides manquèrent  
(On en était au gigot aux haricots).  
Le Président dit à son fils: "Ventre à terre!  
Cours chez notre bistrot de la rue Duphot  
Me chercher douze bons vieux litres de choix...  
Dis-lui bien que c'est pour moi."

\*

Après le café -ce grand noircisseur d'âmes,  
Ces messieurs assurèrent sérieusement  
Notre Président Auguste (pour les dames)  
Et sa dame, de leur profond dévouement,  
Puis ils se retirèrent tranquillement  
Et tout en borborygmant.

\*

## Je te veux

H. Pacory

\*J'ai compris ta détresse,  
Cher amoureux,  
Et je cède à tes vœux:  
Fais de moi ta maîtresse.  
Loin de nous la sagesse,  
Plus de tristesse,  
J'aspire à l'instant précieux  
Où nous serons heureux; Je te veux.

The President, in an extremely polite fashion,  
Had invited our great French painters  
To come and sample his gourmet cuisine.  
People say that it was truly perfect.  
After the soup, one had radish and caviar  
In order to please the Czar,

\*It tasted good-and the moment was ideal-  
And the music of the 74<sup>th</sup>  
regiment played  
(don't be offended)  
The Marseillaise,  
Hymn truly français  
Or Française.

The conversation was very meager  
Until the President's wife,  
Who had this dirty Mr. Leygues on her left  
And on her right Mr. Jean-Paul Laurens,  
Said all at once to the Minister of Beaux-Arts:  
"Would you like some lobster?"

\*

But suddenly there was nothing more to drink  
(One was in the course with mutton and beans).  
The President said to his son: "Quick! Quick!  
Run to our local pub on Rue Duphot  
And find me twelve good ripe choice liters..  
Tell him that it's for me."

\*

After the coffee-that great substance that  
blackens our souls, these messieurs earnestly  
assured our President Augustus (for the ladies)  
and his wife, of their profound devotion,  
and all the while making rumbling noises in their  
stomachs.

\*

Translated by Edward Kim

## I want you

I understand your distress,  
dear lover,  
and I yield to your wishes:  
make me your mistress.  
We are far from moderation,  
and further yet from sadness,  
I long only for the precious moment  
when we will be happy; I want you.

Je n'ai pas de regrets,  
Et je n'ai qu'une envie:  
Près de toi, là, tout près,  
Vivre toute ma vie.  
Que mon coeur soit le tien  
Et ta lèvre la mienne,  
Que ton corps soit le mien,  
Et que toute ma chair soit tienne.

\*

Oui, je vois dans tes yeux  
La divine promesse.  
Que ton coeur amoureux  
Vient chercher ma caresse.  
Enlacés pour toujours,  
Brûlés des mêmes flammes,  
Dans des rêves d'amours,  
Nous échangerons nos deux âmes.

\*

### **La diva de l'Empire**

D. Bonnaud  
N. Blès

\*Sous le grand chapeau Greenaway,  
Mettant l'éclat d'un sourire,  
D'un rire charmant et frais  
De baby étonné qui soupire,  
Little girl aux yeux veloutés,  
C'est la Diva de l'Empire.  
C'est la rein' dont s'éprennent  
Les gentlemen  
Et tous les dandys  
De Piccadilly.

Dans un seul "yes" elle met tant de douceur  
Que tous les snobs en gilet à coeur,  
L'accueillant de hurrahs frénétiques,  
Sur la scène lancent des gerbes de fleurs,  
Sans remarquer le rire narquois  
De son joli minois.

\*

Elle danse presque automatiquement  
Et soulève, oh très pudiquement,  
Ses jolis dessous de fanfreluches,  
De ses jambes montrant le frétillement.  
C'est à la fois très très innocent  
Et très très excitant.

\*

I have no regrets,  
and only one desire:  
near to you, close as can be  
living all my life.  
so that your heart is mine,  
so that my lips are pressed by yours,  
so that your body is mine,  
and that my body is pressed to yours.

\*

Yes, I can see in your eyes  
the divine promise  
that your heart is in love  
comes to find my caresses.  
Entwined forever,  
burned the same flames  
in a dream of love,  
we will exchange our souls.

\*

### **The Diva of the Empire**

\*Under the great hat Greenaway,  
Showing the burst of a smile,  
Of a laugh charming and fresh  
Of a surprised baby who sighs,  
Little girl with velvety eyes,  
It's the Diva of the Empire.  
It's the queen of whom become enamoured  
The gentlemen  
And all the dandys  
Of Piccadilly.

In only a "yes" she puts so much sweetness  
That all the snobs in waistcoats to heart,  
Welcome her with frenetic hurrahs,  
On the stage toss wreaths of flowers,  
Without noticing the mocking laugh  
Of her sweet little face.

\*

She dances almost automatically  
And lifts up, oh very modestly,  
Her under things of frills and furbelows,  
Of her legs showing the quivering.  
It is at the same time very very innocent  
And very very exciting.

\*

**Fur**

A. Weinstein

My Uncle Murray the furrier was a big worrier,  
 but he's no hurrier now, not today.  
 He's good and retired now, didn't get fired, now  
 fulfils his desires on half of his pay.  
 He eats in the best of dives,  
 although he dines alone.  
 He buried two wonderful wives  
 and he still has the princess phone.  
 It's the best of all possible lives,  
 owning all that he owns on his own.

You see, he never took off a lot,  
 and used to cough a lot,  
 fur in his craw from hot days in the store,  
 Worked his way up to the top,  
 Was the steward of the shop,  
 Has a son who is a cop and he is free!

My Uncle Murray the retiree  
 loves this democracy  
 and says it very emphatic'ly.  
 He lives where he wishes,  
 When he wants does the dishes,  
 eats greasy knishes, yessirree! He is free!

No guilt, no ghost, no gift for no host,  
 he goes, coast to coast, coughing, coughing.  
 My Uncle Murray the furrier,  
 no, no worrier he.

**Love in the Thirties**

A. Weinstein

Dad, can we live in the elevator building?  
 Kid, with our luck we'd live on the ground-floor.  
 Dad, why aren't we communists?  
 Kid, we can't afford it.  
 Dad, I saw the devil on the fire escape,  
 long pointed pussy ears.  
 What kind of devil is that, kid?  
 No tail, no horns.  
 Crawl into bed with bed  
 with your mother and me.  
 Dad, is there a heaven?  
 Heaven there is, kid, and it's right here.  
 People in heaven are dying to get into this place!  
 Dad, what is a death wish?  
 I hear this death wish, death wish,  
 And I wish I was dead!  
 Dad, who am I?  
 That's a good question, kid,  
 we'll let you know, you'll see  
 Dad, how will I see?  
 You'll see "by the light of your silvery heart."

I'm talking science now, kid.  
 Dad, what is the soul?  
 Sort of a sigh with a wink in it,  
 something like that.  
 Oh, what the hell.  
 Gee, Dad, you know ev'rything.  
 Dad, will I always find you?  
 Kid, behind the label, under the table  
 you will find me and I'll find you  
 and I'm still talking science,  
 BOOP BOOP A DOO!  
 Dad?  
 Kid, now close your eyes and you will see  
 all right behind your sight a light the size of a  
 poppyseed on a Danish to go  
 No let's put out that light and go to sleep.

**Amor**

A. Weinstein

It wasn't the policeman's fault  
 in all the traffic roar  
 instead of shouting halt!  
 when he saw me he shouted,  
 Amor, Amor, Amor, Amor.  
 Even the ice-cream man  
 (free ice-creams by the score)  
 instead of shouting Butter Pecan one look at me,  
 he shouted, Amor, Amor, Amor!  
 All over town it went that way.  
 Ev'rybody took off the day.  
 Even philosophers understood  
 how good was the good 'cuz I looked so good!  
 The poor stopped taking less.  
 the rich stopped needing more.  
 Instead of saying no and yes,  
 both looking at me shouted Amor!  
 Da de da ---  
 My stay in town was cut short.  
 I was dragged to court.  
 The judge said I disturbed the peace and the jury  
 gave him what for!  
 The judge raised his hand and instead of Desist  
 and Cease,  
 Judgie came to the stand,  
 took my hand and whispered,  
 Amor, Amor, Amor, Amor  
 Night was turning into day,  
 I walked alone away.  
 Never see that town again.  
 But as I passed the church- house door  
 instead of singing Amen  
 the choir was singing  
 Amor, Amor, Amor, Amor..

**Waitin**

A. Weinstein

Waitin waitin  
 I've been waitin  
 waitin waitin all my life.  
 That light keeps on hiding form me,  
 But it some day just might bless my sight.  
 waiting waitin waitin

**Toothbrush Time**

A. Weinstein

It's tooth-brush time,  
 ten a.m. again and tooth-brush time.-  
 Last night at half past nine it seemed O.K.  
 But in the light of day not so fine  
 at tooth-brush time  
 Now he's crashing round my bathroom  
 now he's reading my degree,  
 perusing all my pills reviewing all my ills  
 and he comes out smelling like me.  
 Now he advances on my kitchen,  
 now he raids ev'ry shelf till from

**La dame de Monte-Carlo**

J.Cocteau

Quand on est morte entre les mortes,  
 Qu'on se traîne chez les vivants,  
 Lorsque tout vous flanque à la porte  
 Et la ferme d'un coup de vent,  
 Ne plus etre jeune et aimée...  
 Derriere une porte fermée,  
 Il reste de se fiche à l'eau  
 Ou d'acheter un rigolo.  
 Oui, messieurs, voilà ce qui reste  
 Pour les laches et les salauds.  
 Mais si la frousse de cegeste  
 S'attache à vous comme un grelot,  
 Si l'on craint de s'ouvrir les veines,  
 On peut toujours risquer la veine  
 D'un voyage a Monte Carlo.  
 Monte Carlo, Monte Carlo.

J'ai fini ma journée.  
 Je veux dormir au fond de l'eau  
 De la Mediterranée.  
 Apres avoir vendu votre ame  
 Et mis engage des bijoux  
 Que jamais plus on ne réclame,  
 La roulette est un beau joujou.  
 C'est joli de dire: "Je joue."  
 Cela vous met le feu aux joues  
 Et cela vous allume l'oeil.  
 Sous les jolis voiles de deuil

the pots and pans and puddles and debris  
 emerges three eggs all for him self.  
 Oh, how I'd be ahead if I'd stood out of bed;  
 I wouldn't sit her grieving, waiting for the  
 wonderful moment of his leaving at tooth-brush  
 time tooth-brush time ten a.m. again and tooth-  
 brush time.

I know it's sad to be alone it's so bad to be alone,  
 still I should've known that I'd be glad to be  
 alone.

I should've known, I should've known!  
 Never should've picked up the phone and called  
 him.

Hey—uh, listen, uhm, uh, I've got to, uh, --- oh,  
 you gotta go too? So glad you understand.

And....by the way, did you say nine tonight  
 again? See you then.

Tooth-brush time!

**The Lady of Monte-Carlo**

When you are dead among the dead,  
 And drag yourself among the living,  
 When everything chucks you out the door  
 And slams it shut with a gust of wind,  
 No to be young and loved anymore...  
 Behind a closed door,  
 All that's left is to jump into the water  
 Or buy yourself a corn plaster  
 Yes, Gentlemen, that's all that remains  
 To the cowards and the bastards.  
 But if the fear of this gesture  
 Clings to you like the jingle of a collar bell,  
 If you are scared to slit your wrists,  
 You can still take the gamble  
 Of a trip to Monte-Carlo.  
 Monte-Carlo, Monte-Carlo.

My day is done.  
 I want to sleep on the sea-floor  
 Of the Mediterranean.  
 After you've sold your soul,  
 And pawned your jewels  
 That you will never claim back,  
 The roulette wheel is a beautiful toy.  
 It's a nice thing to say: "I am gambling."  
 It fires up your cheeks  
 And lights up your eye.  
 Under beautiful mourning veils

On porte un joli nom de veuve.  
Un titre donne de l'orgueil!  
Et folle, et prete, et toute neuve,  
On prend sa carte au casino.  
Voyez mes plumes et mes voiles,  
Contemplez la strass de l'étoile  
Qui me mene à Monte Carlo.

La chance est femme.  
Elle est jalouse  
De ces veuvages solennels.  
Sans doute ell'm'acru l'épouse  
D'un veritable colonel.  
J'aigagné, gagné sur le douze.  
Et puis les robes se découtent,  
La fourrure perd ses cheveux.  
On à beau répéter: "Je veux,"  
Des que la chance vous déteste,  
Des que votre coeur est nerveux,  
Vous ne pouvez plus faire un geste,  
Pousser un sou sur le tableau.  
Sans que la chance qui s'écarte  
Change les chiffres et les cartes  
Des tables de Monte Carlo.

Les voyous, les buses, les gales!  
Ils m'ont mise dehors...deshors...  
Et ils m'accusent d'etre sale,  
De porter malheur dans leurs salles,  
Dans leurs sales salles en stuc.  
Moi qui aurais donné mon truc  
à l'oeil, au prince, a la princesse,  
Au Duc de Westminster, au Duc,  
Parfaitement.  
Faut que cacesse,  
Qu'ils me criaient, votre boulout!  
Votre boulot...

Ma découverte.  
J'en priverai les tables vertes.  
C'est bien fait pour Monte Carlo.  
Monte Carlo.  
Et maintenant, moi qui vous parle,  
Je n'avouerai pas les kilos que  
J'ai perdus à Monte Carle,  
Monte Carle ou Monte Carlo.  
Je suis une ombre de moi meme...  
Les martingales, les systemes  
Et les croupiers qui onto le droit  
De taper de loin sur vos doigts

You carry a beautiful widow's name.  
A title gives you pride!  
And crazed, ready for anything, a new woman,  
You take out a casino card.  
Look at my feathers and my veils.  
Admire the sequins of the star  
That leads me to Monte-Carlo.

Luck is a woman.  
She is jealous  
Of solemn widowhood.  
No doubt she thought I was the wife  
Of a genuine colonel.  
I've won, I've won on the twelve!  
Then dresses start unravelling,  
Fur sheds its hair.  
As much as you say: "I want,"  
Once luck starts to hate you,  
Once your heart is nervous,  
You can't move a muscle,  
Push a chip on the table,  
Without luck stepping aside  
Changing numbers and cards  
On the tables in Monte-Carlo.

Thugs, buzzards, mangy rascals!  
They threw me out... out...  
Accused me of being dirty,  
Of jinxing their gaming rooms,  
Their filthy stuccoed gaming rooms.  
Me, who would have given away my trick  
For free, to the Prince, to the Princess,  
To the Duke of Westminster, to the Duke,  
Yes, that's right!  
It's gotta stop,  
They yelled to me, this business of yours!  
This business of yours!...

My discovery.  
I'll withhold it from the green felt tables.  
It'll serve Monte-Carlo right.  
Monte-Carlo.  
And now I, who am talking to you,  
Will not say how much weight  
I lost in Monte-Carle.  
Monte-Carle or Monte-Carlo.  
I am but a shadow of myself...  
The winning formulas, the systems  
And the croupiers who have the right  
To rap you on the fingers

Quand on peut faucher une mise.  
Et la pension ou l'ondoit  
Et toujours la meme chemise.  
Ils peuvent courir.  
Pas si bete.  
Cette nuit je pique une tete  
Dans la mer de Monte Carlo.  
Monte Carlo.

### **Das Lied von der Treue**

Wir saßen im Dining room des Hotels,  
da sprach die Fürstin von Este.  
Meines Gatten Treue steht fest wie ein Fels;  
Ich schwöre es Ihnen, Beste!  
Ich bin seine Seele, sein Seufzer, sein Sinn.  
Ich aber lächelte leise  
und sang und summtete so vor mich hin  
die alte, die weise Weise:

\*Mhm-----

Die Treue ist kein leerer Wahn!

Es war eines Nach mit tags so gegen vier,  
Mama war eben gegangen.  
Da klopfte der Fürst an meine Tür,  
mir brannten Lippen und Wangen!  
Ich öffnete sacht, ich habe gelacht;  
er nahm mich auf seine Hände.  
Ich flehte: Geh jetzt und komm dann heut  
nacht!  
O nähme die Nacht dann kein Ende.

\*

Wir saßen zu dritt in der Hall des Hotels,  
da sagte Fürst von Este.  
Deine Treue steht fester als ein Fels,  
Du Liebste, Du Schönste, Du Beste!  
Der junge Lord Dumby errötete tief,  
meiner Küsse gedenk aber leise trat der Liftboy  
heran,  
der heut nacht bei mir schlief  
und ich summtete die weise Weise:

\*

### **Zieh Dich aus, Petornella!!... T.Tiger**

Spielst Du Sudermann oder Maeterlinck,  
oder spielst Du Mieke Stuckert,  
dann denk: es ist ein eigen Ding, das Herz, das  
unten puckert!  
Es atmet klamm das Publikum,

When you're about to filch an ante.  
And the B&B where you owe  
And always the same shirt  
That anxiety drenches in water.  
They can whistle for it. Not that dumb.  
Tonight I will dive head first  
Into the sea at Monte-Carlo.  
Monte-Carlo.

### **The Song of the Faithful**

We were sitting in the dining room of the hotel,  
When the Princess of Este said:  
"The fidelity of my husband is as sure as rock;  
I swear it to you my best.  
I am his soul, his sighs, and his sense."  
I however smiled softly  
And I sang and hummed softly  
to myself the old wise tune.

\*Um...

Fidelity is not an empty illusion.

It was one afternoon around 4 o'clock,  
Mama had just gone out.  
When the Prince knocked at my door,  
My lips and my cheeks were burning.  
I opened it gently, I laughed;  
He took me into his hands.  
I pleaded "Go now and come  
back tonight."  
Oh may this night never end.

\*

There were three of us sitting in the hall of the  
hotel,  
When the Prince of Este said:  
"Your fidelity is more solid than a rock,  
You dearest, most beautiful and best woman."  
The young Lord Dumby blushed deeply,  
Remembering my kisses, but softly the elevator  
boy approached, the one who slept with me last  
night, and I hummed the wise tune.

\* Translated by Gabrielle DeMers

### **Take it off Petronella!!**

Are you playing Sudermann or Maeterlinck  
Or playing Du Mieke Stuckert?  
Then remember: that the hear, that beats  
Is a strange thing! The public is holding its  
breath,

es gäb was drums gäb was drum –  
erhöre nur sein Flehen:  
das Publikum will sehen ...

\*Zieh dich aus, Petronella, zieh dich aus!  
Denn du darfst nicht ennuyant sein,  
und nur so wirst du bekannt sein –  
und es jubelt voller Lust das ganze Haus:  
“Zieh dich aus, Petronella, zieh dich aus!”

Nicht bei Lulu nur oder Wedekind  
ist der Platz für Deine Reize;  
denn je nackter Deine Schultern sind,  
je mehr sagt man: "Det kleid se!"  
Als Iphigenie trägst Du nur  
'ne Armbanduhr, 'ne Armbanduhr,  
ich seh den weissen Nacken,  
wie schön sind Deine Backen!

\*

Und begleitet Dich nach Dein Souper  
Dein Amant in Deine Wohnung,  
hüllt er Dich ein bei Eis und Schnee  
in Nerz mit zarter Schonung.  
Stehst Du vor ihm so bloss und blass  
Mit ohne was, mit ohne was,  
Spricht er zu Dir, Cokettchen,  
Vor Deinem weissen Bettchen:

Zieh Dich aus Petronella, zieh Dich aus!  
Denn Du wirst ja darin flink sein  
Und es kann ja bloß Dein Ring sein!  
Und ich klatsch auf Deinem Rücken den  
Applaus:  
“Zieh Dich aus, Petronella, zieh Dich aus!”

### **Sexappeal**

M. Schiffer

Einen Wunsch hab' ich im Leben:  
Mög's der liebe Gott mir geben,  
diesen Wunsch noch zu erleben!  
Wunschlos würd' ich dann entschweben.  
Macht mich auch der viele Krach  
und das ganze Leben schwach,  
dieser Wunsch erhält mich wach!  
Ach! Ach!  
Ich wär' so gern ein Sex-Appeal!  
Sowohl en face als auch profil!  
Ach, was wär' das für ein Gefühl,  
ein Sex-appeal im Garbostil!  
Von außen warm, von innen kieh!  
Zur Hälfte Sex, zur Hälfte Peal!  
Doch ich hab' noch ein höheres Ziel:  
Am liebsten wär' ich Sex-Appeal

There's something about it  
Just listen to the plea:  
The public wants to see.

Take off your clothes, Petronella, take it off!  
Because you mustn't be boring,  
And only then you will become famous;  
The whole house is full of pleasure  
Take off your clothes, Petronella, take it off!

The place for your charms  
Is neither with Lulu or Wedekind;  
Because the more your shoulders are naked,  
The more people will say;  
“That looks good in her!”  
As Iphigenie you wear only a wristwatch,  
I see your white neck,  
Very beautiful are your cheeks!

\*

And if your lover should accompany you  
To your apartment after supper,  
Wrapping you up tenderly in mink  
Because of the Ice and Snow.  
Once you stand in front of him  
So bare and so pale,  
Without anything on,  
He says to you coquette,  
In front of your white little bed:

Take off your clothes Petronella!  
In the bed you will be so agile  
I'll give you just a Ring  
And I make the applause on your back.  
“Take off your clothes, Petronella!”

### **Sex-Appeal**

There is one wish I have in my life:  
May God grant me the time  
to fulfill this wish,  
Then I would go without a wish.  
Even if all this racket  
and the whole life makes me weak,  
This wish keeps me awake!  
Ah! Ah!  
I would so much like to have sex appeal!  
From the front as well as profile!  
Oh what a wonderful feeling it would be,  
To have sex appeal in Garbo style!  
Warm on the outside, cool on the inside!  
Half “sex”, half “peal”  
But I still have a higher goal: What I'd like best  
is sex appeal

und 7-Appeal un 8-Appeal!  
Mir wär' kein Sex-Appeal zu viel!  
Im Geigentiel!

Wollt' ein Regisseur mich sprechen,  
würde er sich das erfrechen,  
könnt' ich mich für alles rächen  
und wär' nie für ihn zu sprechen!  
Holt' man mich zum Filmen ab,  
vor der Aufnahme, ganz knapp,  
sagte ich aus Daffke ab-  
Schwapp! Schwapp!  
Ich wär' so gern mal Sex-Appeal!  
Von vorn en face als auch profil!  
Ach, was wär' das für ein Gefühl,  
Ein Sex-appeal im Garbostil!  
Von außen warm, von innen kieh!  
Zur Hälfte Sex, zur Hälfte Peal!  
Noch hab' ich nicht erreicht das Ziel  
und noch bin ich ein 5-appeal,  
ein 4-Appeal, ein 3-Appeal!  
Dabei wär' mir kein Peal zu viel!  
Im Geigentiel!

Doch könnt' ich mein Ziel erreichen,  
würde mir kein Star mehr gleichen,  
und ich ließ mich nie erweichen!  
Jenny Jugo könnt' man streichen!  
Läg die Garbo auf dem Knie  
hingestreckt, und flehte sie:  
"Laß mich auch noch gelten!" Wie?  
Nie! Nie!  
Nee, nu bin ich mal Sex-Appeal!  
Sowohl en face als auch profil!  
Und nun hab' ich mal das Gefühl,  
von außen warm, von innen kieh!  
Zur Hälfte Sex, zur Hälfte Peal!  
Ein richt'ger Sex-Appeal-Komplex!  
Ich hab' erreicht das hohe Ziel!  
Am ganzen Körper Sex-Appeal!  
und 7-Appeal und 8-Appeal!  
Fast bin ich schon vom Sex-Appeal!  
Das Geigentiel!

### Over the Piano

A. Weinstein

He sang songs to her over the piano.  
Sang long songs to her over the piano.  
Low slow songs lusty songs of love.  
Loving songs of long lost lust  
Just to her just for her over the piano.  
Until at last at half-past four

7 appeal and 8 appeal!  
No sex appeal would be too much for me!  
Quite the contrary!

If a director would want to speak to me,  
Would he dare to do that?  
Then I would be able to take revenge  
And I would never speak to him again!  
If they came to pick me up to make a movie,  
Just in time before the shooting,  
Then I would say no out of spite.  
Slap! Slap!  
I would like so much to be Sex Appeal  
Seen from the front as well as the profile!  
Oh what a wonderful feeling that would be  
To have sex appeal in Garbo style!  
Warm on the outside, cool on the inside!  
Half "sex", half "peal"  
But I have not achieved this goal  
And I am still a 5 appeal,  
a 4 appeal, a 3 appeal!  
The truth is no "peal" would be too much!  
Quite the contrary.

If I could reach my goal,  
Then no star would be my equal!  
And I would never allow myself to soften!  
You could cross off Jenny Jugo!  
Garbo would be on her knees  
Stretched out and begging  
"Leave something of value for me." What?  
Never! Never!  
No, now I have sex appeal!  
Both from front and also profile!  
Now I have achieved the feeling,  
Warm on inside, cold on the outside!  
Half "peal", half "sex"  
A real sex appeal complex!  
I have reached the high goal!  
To have sex appeal on my whole body  
And 7 appeal and 8 appeal!  
I am almost the opposite of Sex Appeal!  
Quite the contrary!

Everybody out the door!  
She asked him please play me one more.  
Which he did and as he did  
Slid off the bench and said to her over the piano  
Good-bye.



Doctor of Musical Arts Recital  
Dissertation Recital 2 --- Cabaret: Mirror of Societies  
German Cabaret

Sun Ha Yoon, Collaborative Piano  
Jennifer Kim, Violin  
Stephanie Sadownik, Mezzo Soprano  
Monica Soto-Gil, Mezzo Soprano  
CarrieAnne Winter, Soprano

December 4, 2011  
5:30 PM  
Ulrich Recital Hall  
Teacher: Rita Sloan

Mady-Foxtrot  
Carmencita  
Das bist Du!

Friedrich Hollaender  
(1896-1976)

Ostersonntag  
An den kleinen Radioapparat  
Solidaritatslied  
Die Heimkehr  
Und es sind die finstern Zeiten

Hanns Eisler  
(1898-1962)

Romance

Victor Hollaender  
(1866-1940)

Intermission

Březulinka (Three Yiddish Songs), Op. 53  
Berjoskele  
Margaritkele  
Ich bin a Maydl in di Yorn

Viktor Ullmann  
(1898-1944)

Albumblatt

Victor Hollaender  
(1866-1940)

L'heure bleu  
Alles Schwindel  
Heute Nacht oder nie

Mischa Spoliansky  
(1898-1985)

**Mady-Foxtrot**

Pol Patt

Ich bin ein kluges deutschamerican Mädchen,  
Mädchen, Mädchen,  
die Mutter in Kentuky sagte mir:  
sie sagte mir, sie sagte, mir, sie sagte mir:  
“Mein Mädchen geh nur niemals aus dem  
Städtchen, Städtchen, Städtchen!  
And bleibe in America bei mir oh, oh!  
and bleibe in America bei mir! You stay here!

Doch ich durchquerte frech die große Pfütze,  
Pfütze, Pfütze,  
bis ich am Lützowplatz mit einmal stand that  
was all right, that was all right.  
Da zog ein junger Gentelman die Mütze,  
Mütze, Mütze, and bot mir seinen Arm dabei  
galant oh, oh! and bot mir seinen Arm dabei  
galant! Oh! charmant!

So wurde ich alsbald ‘ne feine Lady,  
Lady, Lady, und wohne jetzt mit jeglichem  
Komfort! Das ist mein Tric! das is mein tric!  
Ich heiß Mariechen Schulz, jetzt heiß’ ich Mady,  
Mady, Mady!  
And Lady Mddy Rady steht am Tor oh oh! and  
Lady Mady Rady steht am Tor! Das kommt vor!

Halloh! Wer will den Foxtrot mit mir wagen,  
wagen, wagen? Vielleicht sogar bis hin zum  
Traualtar? Do marry me! Do marry me! Do  
marry me!  
Die Leute bleiben stehn und werden sagen, sagen,  
sagen: Das ist die Mady aus der Foxtrotbar oh,  
oh! das ist die Mady aus der Foxtrotbar!  
Wunderbar!

**“Carmencita”**

Pol Patt

Aus Rio de Janeiro kam ich auf dem Aero,  
In London tanzte ich den letzten Step! Step!  
Step!  
In Paris war ich Apachin, in Bukarest Walachin,  
in Bayern liebte mich der Kräuter-sepp! –sepp! –  
sepp!  
Nun kam ich nach Berlin auch, zu End’ ist mein  
Benzin auch, mein Motor ist defect, er ist defekt  
–fekt –fekt!  
Ich will ihn tüchtig ölen, and Brennstoff soll’s  
nicht fehlen, am liebsten ölte ich ihn schon mit  
Sekt, Sekt, Sekt!

**Mady-Foxtrot**

I am a clever German-American girl,  
girl, girl,  
my mother in Kentucky said to me:  
said to me, said to me:  
“My girl, don’t ever leave town!  
town, town, town!  
And stay in America with me. You stay here!”

But I boldly crossed the great puddle,  
puddle, puddle,  
till I stood on Lützow Place.  
That was all right, that was all right.  
Then a young gentleman tipped his cap to me,  
cap, cap,  
And gallantly offered me his arm!

So I was suddenly a fine lady,  
and live now with every comfort!  
That’s my trick!  
I used to be little Mary Schulz,  
now I’m Mady,

and Lady Mady Rady stands at the gate! That  
happens!

Hello! Who’ll try the foxtrot with me?  
Maybe even up to the altar?  
Do marry me! Do marry me! Do marry me!  
People will stop and say, say, say,  
“That’s Mady from the foxtrot bar!”  
Amazing!

**“Carmencita”**

From Rio de Janeiro I came on an airplane,  
in London I danced the latest step!

In Paris I was an Apache, in Bucharest a Walach,  
In Bavaria the man on the mountain who collects  
wild herbs loved me!  
Now I’m in Berlin and I’ve run out of gas; my  
car is broken down!

I’ll thoroughly oil it, it won’t lack fuel, but I’d  
rather oil it with champagne!

\*Man nennt mich Carmencita, die schöne  
Senõrita, aus Argentinien komm ich, such nen  
Mann, Mann, Mann!  
Er muß noch hast wie neu sein und muß auch  
ziemlich true sein, so weit ein Mann der Frau die  
Treue halten kann!  
Er muß noch fast wie neu sein und muß auch  
ziemlich treu sein, so weit ein Mann der Frau die  
Treue halten kann!

Geh in das K.d.W. ich, vor Lederwaren steh ich  
und such mir eine Tasche aus für tausend Mark!  
Was sind bei der Valuta denn tausend Mark,  
mein Guter, für eine Argentinierin ist's Quark,  
Quark, Quark!  
Ich will sie grade blechen, wagt wer, mich  
anzusprechen, ich messe ihn vom Kopf bis zu  
den Zeh'n- Zeh'n, Zeh'n!  
Was sind denn das für Sachen? Dann aber muß  
ich lachen, und sing: indem wir in den Teeraum,  
gehn, gehn, gehn!

\*

Komm einst ich in den Himmel, die Engel mit  
Getümmel, sie drängen sich am goldnen  
Himmelstor-tor-tor.  
Der Petrus, der errötet und durch den Bart er  
flötet: "Sie kommen mir so sonderbar bekannt  
vor-vor.  
Ich lächelte: Sie Schäker, Sie sind weiß Gott!  
kein Quäker, wir kennen uns doch aus der Alibar-  
bar-bar!  
Er innern Sie sich bitte an unsre Two-step-  
schritte, und wie es auf der Erde himmlisch war-  
war-war!

\*

### **Das bist Du!**

Friedrich Hollaender

Ich stell' Euch vor und rings herum die  
seltsamsten Gestalten.  
Die wagen es, dem Publikum den Spiegel  
vorzuhalten.  
Ob Tiere gar, ob Menschen sie, wer will das  
unterscheiden?  
Ich meine fast, ich denke mir: sie haben was von  
Beiden!  
Ob dich ihr Anblick freut, boe er dich kränke,  
stets bedenke:

\*They call me Carmencita,  
the pretty seniorita,  
I came from Argentina and  
I'm looking for a man!  
He must be practically new and  
fairly faithful too,  
Or as faithful to a woman as a man can be!

I go to the department store, stand in front of  
leather goods, find myself a purse for a thousand  
marks!  
So what's a thousand marks, my friend?  
To an Argentinean that's nothing!  
I'll pay it right away; should anyone accost me.  
I'll look him up and down from head to toe!  
Whose business is it anyway?  
But then I have to laugh, and sing as we go to the  
tea room! go, go, go!

\*

When I get to heaven,  
the angels all in tumult will crowd up  
to the gates of gold.  
St. Peter will turn red and twitter  
through his beard, "You look so strangely  
familiar to me!"  
I'll smile; "You old flirt, God knows you're no  
Quaker! We knew each other at the Alibar!  
Remember how we danced the two-step, and  
how heavenly it was there on earth!"

\*

### **It's You!**

I'll show to you and everyone the strangest  
figures.  
They dare to hold a mirror  
to the public!  
Who can tell whether they're animals  
or people?  
I almost believe, I think there's something there  
of both!  
Whether they please you or vex you, keep in  
mind:

\*Das bist Du! Das bist Du! Das bist Du!  
Der Dumme, der Böse, der Schlaue, der Nette,  
der ekelhafte Kerl! Der Backfisch, das Weibchen,  
der Blaustrumpf, das Täubchen, dei Dame und  
das Girl!  
Das bist Du! Das bist Du! Das bist Du!  
Nun wähle und such dir das Richtige aus und  
geh mit dem schönen Bewußtsein nach Haus:  
Das bist Du! Das bist Du! Das bist Du!

Der Übermensch, das Untertier, der Elefant, die  
Mücke, von beiden hast du was in dir, zu deinem  
Pech und Glücke. Als Adler schwingst du dich  
empor, als Maulwurf gehst du grühbeln; zeigt  
manchmal gar ein Eselsohr, wer wollt' dir das  
verübeln? So ist der Mensch, von aussen und  
inwendich, Mensch! Erkenn dich!

**Ostersonntag** Bertolt Brecht

Heute, Ostersonntag früh, ging ein plötzlicher  
Schneesturm über die Insel, zwischenden  
grünenden Hecken lag Schnee.  
Mein junger Sohn holte mich einem  
Aprikosenbäumchen an der Hausmauer von  
einem Verse weg,  
in dem ich auf diejenigen mit dem Finger deutete,  
die diesen Krieg vorbereiteten,  
der diesen Kontinent, diese Insel, mein Volk und  
meine Familie und mich vertilgen muss.  
Schweigend legten wir einen Sack um den  
frierenden Baum.

**An den kleinen Radioapparat**  
Bertolt Brecht

Du kleiner Kasten, den ich flüchtend trug, dass  
meine Lampen mir auch nicht zerbrächen, be  
sorgt vom Haus zum Schiff, vom Schiff zum  
Zug, dass meine Feinde weiter zu mir sprächen,

An meinem Lager und zu meiner Pein der letzten  
machts, der ersten in der Früh, von ihren Siegen  
und von meiner Müh, Versprich mir, nicht auf  
einmal stumm zu sein.

\*It's you! It's you! It's you!  
The stupid, the wicked, the cunning, the nice,  
the disgusting fellow.  
The flapper, the hen, the bluestocking,  
the sweetheart, the lady and the girl.  
It's you! It's you! It's you!  
Now look and choose the right picture, and go  
home with a true consciousness of self.  
It's you! It's you! It's you!

The superman, the lowly beast, the elephant, the  
gnat, you have some of both in you, for good or  
ill.  
You soar as high as an eagle, you grovel like a  
mole; if you sometimes grow donkey's ears,  
who'll blame you? That's what it is to be human,  
outside and in. Recognize yourself

**Easter Sunday, 1935**

Today, Easter Sunday morning  
a sudden snowstorm swept over the island.  
The ground between the greening hedges  
was covered with snow.  
My young son took me to a little apricot tree  
near the wall of the house away from a verse  
in which I pointed my finger at those who were  
preparing the war  
that must annihilate this continent, this island,  
my people, my family and myself.  
In silence we put a sack around  
the freezing tree.

**To the Little Radio**

You little box I carried on that trip  
Concerned to save your works from getting  
broken  
Fleeing from house to train, from train to ship  
So I might hear the hated jargon spoken.

Beside my bedside and to give me pain  
Last thing at night, once more as dawn appears  
Shouting their victories and my worst fears:  
Promise at least you won't go dead again!

**Solidaritätslied**

Bertolt Brecht

Vorwärts! und nicht vergessen,  
worin unsre Stärke besteht  
Bein Hungern und beim Essen  
vorwärts, nicht vergessen: die Solidarität!

Auf, ihr Völker dieser Erde!  
Einigt euch in diesem Sinn!  
Dass sie getzt die eure werde  
und die grosse Nährerin

Unsere Herrn, wer sie such seien,  
Sehen unsere Zwietracht gern  
Denn solange sie uns entzweien  
Bleiben sie doch unsere Herrn.

Schwarzer, Weisser, Brauner, Gelber!  
Endel ihre Schlächterein!  
Reden erst die Völker selber,  
Werden sie schnell einig sein.

Vorwärts und nie vergessen und die Frage  
konkret gestellt beim Humberund beim Essen,  
wessen Morgen ist der Morgen wessen Welt ist  
die Welt?

**Die Heimkehr**

Bertolt Brecht

Die Vaterstadt, wie find ich sie doch?  
Folgend den Bombenschwärmen komm' ich  
nach Haus.

Wo liegt sie mir, wo liegt sie mir?  
Dort, wo die ungeheuren Gebirge von Rauch  
stehn, das in den Feuern dort ist sie.

Die Vaterstadt, wie empfängt sie mich wohl?  
Vor mir kommen die Bomber, tödliche  
Schwärme melden euch meine Rückkehr,  
Feuersbrünste gehn dem Sohn voraus.

**Und es sind die finstern Zeiten**

Bertolt Brecht

Und es sind die finstern Zeiten in der fremden  
Stadt, doch es bleibt beim leichten Schreiten und  
die Strin ist glatt.  
Harte Menschheit unbewegte, lang erfrornem  
Fischvolk gleich,  
Doch das Herz bleibt schnell geregelt und das  
Lächeln weich.

**Solidarity Song**

Forward, without forgetting  
Where our strength can be seen now to be!  
When starving or when eating  
Forward, not forgetting our solidarity!

Workers of the world, uniting  
That's the way to lose your chains.  
Mighty regiments now are fighting  
That no tyranny remains!

All the gang of those who rule us  
Hope our quarrels never stop  
Helping them to split and fool us  
So they can remain on top.

Black, white, brown or yellow  
Leave your old disputes behind  
Once start talking with your fellow  
Men, you'll soon be of one mind.

Forward, without forgetting  
Till the concrete question is hurled  
When starving or when eating:  
Whose tomorrow is tomorrow?  
And whose world is the world?

**The Homecoming**

My native town: what will it look like?  
Guided by bomber squadrons  
I shall come home.

Where will it lie? There, where those  
mountainous pinnacles of smoke stand.  
There, in the furnace. That is it.

My native town: then how will it greet me?  
Before me go the bombers. Death-dealing locusts  
tell you I shall be coming. Conflagrations hail  
the son's return.

**And the Times are Dark and Fearful**

And the dark times now continue in the other  
town. Yet the step is still a light one the brow  
without a frown.  
Hard humanity, uncaring like fishfolk,  
long in ice.  
Yet the heart's still quick to answer and a smile  
melts the face.

**Berjoskele**  
The Little Birch

David Einhorn

Peacefully, peacefully rock your little green-  
braided cap,  
My little white birch, who prays without peace.  
Each little leaf quietly makes a wish,  
Dear little birch, accept my prayer among these.

From faraway in the west a gentle red glow  
Has begun sadly to find its way into your narrow  
branches.  
It quietly kisses all the soft, tiny leaves,  
Dreamily, they listened to the nightingale's song.

A wind blew her across the wide fields,  
Surely it told the leaves many stories.  
Longing begins to arise, deep from within the  
heart,  
Dear little birch tree, please pray also for me.

**Margaritkele**  
Little Margaret

Zalman Shneour

By a pond in the forest,  
little Margaret grew up, poor and small-  
How small and glowing in white,  
In white, tra-la-la-la!

Little Chavele looks quietly away,  
Entranced by the golden, blonde hair;  
Uttering a few words, singing  
A little song-tra-la-la-la!

The sun has set, the boy disappeared,  
And Chavele remains in the forest,  
She gazes in the distance and quietly  
Sings the little song: tra-la-la-la!

**Ich bin a Maydl in di Yorn**  
I'm Already a Young Woman

Anon.

I'm already a young woman,  
Why did you turn my head so?  
Yet the heart's still quick to answer and a smile  
melts the face.  
For a long time I've wanted to marry  
And find me a fine husband.

You promised to take me with you,  
I've waited for you a long time;  
Why should you be ashamed, dear,  
That you're crazy about me?

**L'heure bleu**

Marcellus Schiffer

Ich esse nicht, ich schlafe nicht, ich tanze nicht,  
ich bade nicht, ich liebe nicht; ich lebe nicht, ich  
schminke mich.

Ich pflege mich, ich fette mich, ich pudre mich,  
ich crème mich, ich föhne mich, ich dufte mich,  
ich rieche nur.

Ich rieche nur, ich mische nur, ich mixe nur, ich  
leibe es, ich trinke es, ich bade drin.

Nur ein Tröpfchen von L'heure bleu und von  
Mille fleurs ein Hauch mit Chevalier d'orsay.  
Dann noch etwas Himbeersaft vermischt mit  
juchenduft und etwas Autoluft.

Dann tüchtig schütteln und noch einmal rütteln  
und dann dreimal möglichst heiß aufkochen.

Dan wieder etwas von L'heure bleu  
damit erreicht man den Zweck und gießt dann  
alles weg.

Und rieche ich, und dufte ich, dann leg ich mich  
und liege ich, dann schlaf ich nicht; dann liege  
ich, dann träume ich. Dann träume ich von  
crepesatin, von crepe georgette, von crepe de  
chine, satin moiré, veloure chiffon, ich wühle  
drin! Dan weckt man mich, messiert man mich,  
frottiert man mich, dann bade ich, mit Bad-  
extrakt mix ich mein Bad.

Nur ein Tröpfchen Pinnofluol, von Parafin ein  
Hauch mit Pixavon gemischt.

Dann noch etwas Himbeersaft  
und mit Odol gespritzt ein Hauch von  
Chlorodont.

Dann tüchtig schütteln und noch einmal rütteln  
und dann dreimal möglichst heiß aufkochen.

Dann ein Tröpfchen Pyramidon,  
Damit erreicht man den Zweck und gießt dann  
alles weg.

**Alles Schwindel**

Marcellus Schiffer

Papa schwindelt, Mama schwindelt,  
tut sie auf bloß ihren Mund

Tante Otilie, und die familie

Und sogar der kleine Hund!

Und besieht man's aus der Nähe

Jedes Band und jede Ehe, jeder Kuß

Und sogar die groß Liebe!

Und die ganze heutige Zeit

ja, sogar die Ehrlichkeit!

**L'heure bleu**

Not like, I do not sleep, I do not dance,  
I do not bath, I do not love; I do not live, I just  
make up.

I care, I hydrate, I paint, I cream I dry,  
I perfume that smells good.

Just smell this scent.

I love I would drink it,  
and I would bathe in it.

Only one drop of L'heure bleu and a sigh of  
Mille Fleurs with Chevalier D'Orsay.

Then some raspberry juice smell of leather mix  
with and some exhaust air.

Then shake well remove

And three times and cook over high heat.

Then again some of L'heure bleu

So it's ready and now you can throw it.

And put cologne smell and then I go to bed I  
cannot sleep; and still in bed,  
and sleep with crepe satin  
with georgette crepe of China, more satin, velvet  
chiffon, bury me in them!

Then I wake up, ask for a massage,

I rub, I bathe,

and extract echo of the tub bath.

Still drop of Pinnofuol, a sigh of paraffin  
pixavon mixed with.

Then some raspberry juice Odol mixed with and  
a sigh of Chlorodont.

Then shake well remove

And three times and cook over high heat.

Then again a drop of Pyramidon, so it's ready  
and now you can throw it.

**It's all swindle**

Daddy swindles, Mom swindles

The moment she opens her mouth!

Aunt Otilie, and the family

And even the little dog!

And if you look at closely:

Every bond and marriage, every kiss in this  
business and even the big love!

And our time today, completely,

Yes, even the honesty!

\*Alles Schwindel, alles Schwindel, überall  
wohin Du guckst, und wohin Du spuckst!  
Alles is heut' ein Gesindel, jedes girl und jeder  
Boy  
's wird einem schlecht dabei!  
's wird einem schwindlig von dem Schwindel,  
alles, alles, alles Schwindel, ungerufen toi! toi!  
toi!

Kaufmann schwindelt,  
Käufer schwindelt,  
mit dem höflichsten Gesicht!  
Man schwebt in Ängsten, nichts währt am  
Längsten, also warum soll man nicht?  
Jede freundliche Verbeugung, jede feste  
Überzeugung, Preisabbau, solide Preise, ob zu  
Hause, auf der Reise!  
Jeder Ausblick, wo es sei, selbst für den, der  
schwindelfrei!

\*

Bürger schwindelt,  
Staatsmann schwindelt,  
Schwindel, was die Zeitung schreibt:  
Moral und Sitte, rechts links und Mitte!  
Ehrlich ist, was übrig bleibt!  
Alles sucht sich zu betrügen, na, sonst müßt' ich  
wirklich lügen!  
Eins, das kann ich glatt beteuern:  
Könnt' den Schwindel man besteuern, hätt' der  
Staat nicht Sorgen mehr, denn dann wär' er  
Millionär!

\*

**Heute Nacht oder nie** Marcellus Schiffer

Heute Nacht oder nie sollst du mir sagen nur das  
Eine, ob du mich liebst!  
Heute Nacht oder nie will ich dich fragen, ob du  
deine Liebe mir gibst!  
Heute Nacht oder nie will ich für dich allein nur  
singen bis morgen früh.  
Nur die Melodie: Heute Nacht oder nie!

Seit ich dich einmal gesehn, ist's um die Ruhe  
geschehn.  
Ich denk'an dich, an dich allein denk' ich bei  
Tag und Nacht!  
Seit ich dich einmal gesehn, kann ich dir nicht  
widerstehn, ich weiß es gewiß, daß diese Nacht  
uns beide glücklich macht!

\*All's a Swindle, all's a swindle everywhere you  
look, and everywhere you spit!  
All's gang today, every girl and every boy,  
You get sick from it! You get dizzy from this  
Swindle,  
All, all, all's a swindle,  
Knock on wood!

Merchant swindles,  
Buyer swindles,  
With a face that's most polite!  
You are in fears, nothing lasts for long,  
So, why not?  
Every friendly courtesy, every firm belief,  
reduced prices, solid prices, when at home, on  
the travel!  
Every vista, wherever, even for one that's dizzy-  
free!

\*

Citizen swindles,  
Statesman swindles,  
Swindle what the newspaper prints:  
Morals and mores, on the right, left, and in the  
middle! Honest is all but rest!  
All try to betray each other, well, if not, I would  
have to tell a lie!  
On one thing I can take an oath:  
Were the swindle to be taxed, the state would be  
worry-free, it would be a millionaire!

\* Translated by Dr. Peter Beicken

**Tonight or Never**

Tonight or never you should tell but one thing: If  
you love me!  
Tonight or never I want to ask you will you give  
your love to me?  
Tonight or never,  
I'll sing alone for you until the break of day only  
that melody:

Since the time I saw you  
I felt at peace with myself.  
I think about you. I'm thinking  
day and night!  
Since the time I first saw you,  
I can't resist it. I'm so certain that this night will  
make us both happy!



Doctor of Musical Arts Recital  
Dissertation Recital 3 --- Cabaret: Mirror of Societies  
Shall We Dance?

Sun Ha Yoon, Collaborative Piano  
Jennifer Kim, Violin  
Linda Mabbs, Soprano  
Rita Sloan, Piano  
Jenny Wu, Violin

March 4, 2012  
8:00 PM  
Joseph & Alma Gildenhorn Recital Hall  
Teacher: Rita Sloan

Graceful Ghost Rag  
*Concert Variation for Violin and Piano* William Bolcom  
(b.1938)

Souvenirs, Op. 28 Samuel Barber  
(1910-1981)

- I. Waltz
- II. Schottische
- III. Pas de deux
- IV. Two-Step
- V. Hesitation-Tango
- VI. Galop

Intermission

Cabaret Songs Benjamin Britten  
(1913-1976)

1. Tell me the truth about love
2. Funeral blues
3. Johnny
4. Calypso

Four Souvenirs for Violin and Piano Paul Schoenfield  
(b. 1947)

Samba  
Tango  
Tin Pan Alley  
Square Dance

## Program Note

Among William Bolcom's three *Ghost Rags*, his *Graceful Ghost Rag*, as named by the late piano virtuoso Paul Jacob when he recorded them, became the most famous. This delightful melody was written in 1979 in memory of Bolcom's father. Although the rag has the easy jazz style of swinging rhythm, the music sounds slightly nostalgic.

Samuel Barber's *Souvenirs* Op.28 was originally written for piano four-hands in 1951. Barber and his friend Charles Turner frequently visited the bar at the Blue Angel Club in New York where two pianists, Edie and Rack, played arrangements of popular music and Broadway show tunes. Barber wanted to write some light-hearted, four-hand piano music for Charles Turner and himself to play. Barber and Turner would often perform this set of pieces at parties. The set includes six dances - a Waltz, Schottische, Pas de Deux, Two Step, Hesitation-Tango, and Galop - all ballroom dances of the pre-war period. According to Barber's preface to *Souvenirs*, he was encouraged by Lincoln Kirstein to orchestrate this piece for the New York City Ballet and this ballet version was premiered in 1955.

Benjamin Britten and poet W.H. Auden (1907-1973) met in 1935. They worked together on numerous works including a set of cabaret songs. In 1937, Britten composed the incidental music for *The Ascent of F6*, a play by Auden and Christopher Isherwood. "Funeral Blues" (known as "Stop All the Clocks") was originally written for this production. The number was originally sung by a choir and accompanied by two pianos and percussion but Britten later revised it for solo voice and piano and incorporated it in his *Cabaret Songs*. According to Britten's diary, "Johnny" had already been composed by then. "Tell Me the Truth about Love" was written in 1938, and "Calypso" was composed

in 1939. A demonstration of Britten's musical wit, the piano part in "Calypso" imitates the sound of a train. There is no clear indication of the singer for whom Britten wrote his *Cabaret Songs*. However, it is clear that they were inspired by Hedli Anderson (1907-1990) who sang in the production of *The Ascent of F6*.

Paul Schoenfield's music is influenced by widely divergent musical styles ranging from classical to jazz, pop and folk music. One of his most famous pieces, *Café Music* was inspired while the composer was sitting at the restaurant one night in Minneapolis. His initial plan was to write a work that could be classified as high-class dinner music. Schoenfield's *Four Souvenirs* also possesses this same easy-to-listen-to quality. Similar to Barber's *Souvenirs*, Schoenfield's *Four Souvenirs* highlights different dances in four movements – the Samba, Tango, Tin Pan Alley, and Square Dance. The piece was written at the request of Russian-born violinist Lev Polyakin, associate concertmaster of the Cleveland Orchestra, after he heard an excerpt from Schoenfield's piccolo-trumpet concerto, "*Vaudeville*".

Cabaret Songs

W.H.Auden

**1. Tell me the truth about love**

Liebe l'amour amor amoris----  
Some say that Love's a little boy  
And some say it's a bird,  
Some say it makes the world go around  
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 pair of pyjamas  
Or the ham in a temp'rance hotel,  
O tell me the truth about love.  
Does its odour remind one of llamas  
Or has it a comforting smell?  
O tell me the truth about love.  
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 summerhouse,  
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 extraordin'ry faces,  
Is it usually sick on a swing,  
O tell me the truth about love.  
Does it spend all its time at the races  
Or fiddling with pieces of string,  
O tell me the truth about love.  
Has it views of its own about money,  
Does it think Patriotism enough,  
Are its stories vulgar but 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 thirty-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,  
O tell me the truth about love.  
Will it knock on my door in the morning  
Or tread in the bus on my toes,  
O tell me the truth about love.  
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.

**2. 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 hands 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 could last forever: I was  
wrong.

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

**3. Johnny**

O the valley in the summer when I and my John  
Beside the deep river 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 haven,' I whispered to say:  
But he frowned like thunder and went away.

O, o but he was as fair as a garden in flower,  
As slender and tall as the great Eiffel Tower,  
When the waltz throbbed 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 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 around tambourine;  
Then thousand miles deep in a pit there I lay:  
But you went away.

#### 4. Calypso

Driver, drive faster and make a good run  
Down the Springfield Line under the shining  
sun,

Fly like an 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.  
Driver, drive faster, Driver, drive faster.

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.  
Driver, drive faster, Driver, drive faster.

The woods are bright green on both sides of the  
line;  
The trees have their loves though they're  
diff'rent from mine.  
But the poor fat old banker in the sunparlour car  
Has no one to love him except his cigar.  
Driver, drive faster, Driver, drive faster, faster,  
faster.

If I were the head of the Church or the State  
I'd powder my nose and just tell them to wait.  
Driver, drive faster, Driver, drive faster.

For love's more important and powerful than  
Even a priest or a politician, faster, faster, faster..  
La, la, la, la, la,  
Faster, drive faster, faster, faster....

## Recital 1 CD – Track Listings

André Previn (b. 1929)

### Tango Song and Dance

1. Tango ..... 6:33  
Jennifer Kim, violin & Sun Ha Yoon, piano

Erik Satie (1866-1925)

2. Un diner à l'Élysée..... 3:08  
3. Je te veux .....3:42  
4. La diva de l'Empire ..... 2:52  
Monica Soto-Gil, mezzo-soprano & Sun Ha Yoon, piano

William Bolcom (b. 1938)

5. Fur (Murray the Furrier) ..... 2:49  
6. Love in the Thirties .....4:10  
Ethan Watermeier, baritone & Sun Ha Yoon, piano  
7. Amor ..... 3:12  
8. Waiting .....2:26  
9. Toothbrush Time .....3:36  
Stephanie Sadownik, mezzo-soprano & Sun Ha Yoon, piano

André Previn (b. 1929)

### Tango Song and Dance

10. Song ..... 5:50  
Jennifer Kim, violin & Sun Ha Yoon, piano

Francis Poulenc (1899- 1963)

11. La dame de Monte-Carlo .....7:13  
Andrew McLaughlin, baritone & Sun Ha Yoon, piano

Friedrich Hollaender (1896-1976)

12. Das Lied von der Treue .....4:31  
13. Zieh Dich aus, Petronella! .....2:36  
14. Sexappeal ..... 6:14  
Gabrielle DeMers, soprano & Sun Ha Yoon, piano

William Bolcom (b.1938)

15. Over the Piano .....3:15  
Ethan Watermeier, baritone & Sun Ha Yoon, piano

André Previn (b.1929)

Tango Song and Dance

16. Dance ..... 7:16

Jennifer Kim, violin & Sun Ha Yoon, piano

Recorded May 11, 2011 in the Robert & Arlene Kogod Theatre, Clarice Smith  
Performing Arts Center, University of Maryland School of Music, College Park

Recorded and Mastered by Opusrite™ Audio Productions

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## Recital 2 CD – Track Listings

### Friedrich Hollaender (1896-1976)

1. Mady-Foxtrot ..... 2:08
  2. Carmencita ..... 3:25
  3. Das bist Du! ..... 3:42
- Monica Soto-Gil, mezzo-soprano & Sun Ha Yoon, piano

### Hanns Eisler (1898-1962)

4. Ostersonntag ..... 2:15
  5. An den kleinen Radioapparat ..... 1:43
  6. Solidaritätslied ..... 1:40
  7. Die Heimkehr ..... 1:37
  8. Und es sind di finstern Zeiten ..... 1:24
- Stephanie Sadownik, mezzo-soprano & Sun Ha Yoon, piano

### Victor Hollaender (1866-1940)

9. Romance ..... 6:37
- Jennifer Kim, violin & Sun Ha Yoon, piano

### Viktor Ullmann (1898-1944)

#### Březulinka (Three Yiddish Songs), Op. 53

10. Berjoskele ..... 6:10
  11. Margaritkele ..... 1:52
  12. Ich bin a Maydl in di Yorn ..... 1:39
- Stephanie Sadownik, mezzo-soprano & Sun Ha Yoon, piano

### Victor Hollaender (1866-1940)

13. Albumblatt ..... 3:29
- Jennifer Kim, violin & Sun Ha Yoon, piano

### Mischa Spoliansky (1898-1985)

14. L'heure bleu ..... 3:46
  15. Alles Schwindel ..... 3:25
  16. Heute Nacht oder nie ..... 3:54
- CarrieAnne Winter, soprano & Sun Ha Yoon, piano

Recorded December 4, 2011 in Ulrich Recital Hall, Clarice Smith Performing Arts Center, University of Maryland School of Music, College Park  
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## Recital 3 CD – Track Listings

William Bolcom (b.1938)

1. Graceful Ghost Rag  
*Concert Variation for Violin and Piano* ..... 6:22  
Jenny Wu, violin & Sun Ha Yoon, piano

Samuel Barber (1910-1981)

- Souvenirs, Op. 28
2. Waltz ..... 4:12
  3. Schottische ..... 2:23
  4. Pas de deux ..... 3:34
  5. Two-Step ..... 1:56
  6. Hesitation-Tango ..... 3:33
  7. Galop ..... 2:50
- Rita Sloan, piano & Sun Ha Yoon, piano

Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)

- Cabaret Songs
8. Tell me the truth about love ..... 4:39
  9. Funeral blues ..... 2:08
  10. Johnny ..... 4:14
  11. Calypso ..... 2:33
- Linda Mabbs, soprano & Sun Ha Yoon, piano

Paul Schoenfield (b. 1947)

- Four Souvenirs for Violin and Piano
12. Samba ..... 3:28
  13. Tango ..... 4:10
  14. Tin Pan Alley ..... 2:05
  15. Square Dance ..... 3:58
- Jennifer Kim, violin & Sun Ha Yoon

Recorded March 4, 2012 in Gildenhorn Recital Hall, Clarice Smith Performing Arts Center, University of Maryland School of Music, College Park  
Recorded and Mastered by Opusrite™ Audio Productions  
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