

Maggie Paxson's

## BOMB SHELTER CAFE

*April 14, 2024*

with

## Ruth's Lovely Friends



*\*Lyrics\**

\* ME AND THE MAN IN THE MOON: Jimmie Monaco, Edgar Leslie (1928)

Why did my sweetie leave me?  
Why did we have to part?  
No other sweetie can relieve me  
Of my aching heart.  
Why can't I have the sunshine?  
Sunshine instead of gloom?  
Why do I have to live with shadows  
In my little room?

When the night is calm and peaceful,  
Loving hearts are all in tune,  
There's two lonesome people in the whole wide world,  
It's me and the man and the moon.  
When the little birds are nesting,  
And I listen to them croon,  
There's two lonesome people in the whole wide world,

It's me and the man and the moon.

Just before I'm counting sheep,  
Through my window he comes to peep,  
And with each other we're sympathizing!  
Looking at the happy sweethearts,  
While they sit around and spoon,  
There's two lonesome people in the whole wide world,  
Just me and the man and the moon.

\*LET'S FALL IN LOVE - Harold Arlen, Ted Koehler (1933)

I have a feeling, it's a feeling  
I'm concealing, I don't know why  
It's just a mental, sentimental alibi  
But I adore you  
So strong for you  
Why go on stalling  
I am falling  
Our love is calling  
Why be shy?...

Let's fall in love  
Why shouldn't we fall in love?  
Our hearts are made of it  
Let's take a chance  
Why be afraid of it?  
Let's close our eyes and make our own paradise  
Little we know of it, still we can try  
To make a go of it  
We might have an end for each other  
To be or not be  
Let our hearts discover  
Let's fall in love  
Why shouldn't we fall in love?  
Now is the time for it, while we are young  
Let's fall in love  
We might have an end for each other  
To be or not be  
Let our hearts discover  
Let's fall in love  
Why shouldn't we fall in love?  
Now is the time for it, while we are young  
Let's fall in love ...

\*NOBODY BUT YOU – Joe Goodwin, Gus Edwards (1929) for Ruth!

Some folks want a doctor;  
When they're out of sorts  
Some folks want a lot of fun;  
And some are fond of sports  
But all I want, sweetheart, is only you  
I don't want a tonic, I want no change of air  
I'll find heaven any place as long as you are there  
Sweetheart, just you.  
Sweetheart, you'll do.

Who can bring the breath of spring?  
Who can make the songbirds sing?  
Nobody, nobody but you  
Who can brighten darkest skies?  
Who can dry my tear-dimmed eyes?  
Nobody, nobody but you  
And when I'm lonely and weary  
And everything seems wrong  
Who is the only that's cheery?  
And puts the gladness in my song

Who can bring the sunshine where  
There has been darkness and despair?  
Nobody, nobody but you

\*PARLEZ-MOI D'AMOUR – Jean Lenoir (1930)

Parlez-moi d'amour,  
Redites-moi des choses tendres,  
Votre beau discours,  
Mon coeur n'est pas las de l'entendre.  
Pourvu que toujours  
Vous répétiez ces mots suprêmes :  
Je vous aime.

Vous savez bien  
Que dans le fond, je n'en crois rien,  
Mais cependant je veux encore,  
Ecouter ces mot que j'adore,  
Votre voix aux sons caressants,  
Qui le murmure en frémissant,  
Me berce de sa belle histoire,  
Et malgré moi je veux y croire....

Parlez-moi d'amour...

Il est si doux  
Mon cher trésor, d'être un peu fou,  
La vie est parfois trop amère,  
Si l'on ne croit pas aux chimères,  
Le chagrin est vite apaisé,  
Et le console d'un baiser,  
Du coeur on guérit la blessure,  
Par un serment qui le rassure.

Parlez-moi d'amour...

*Speak to me of love  
Speak to me of soft things  
Your beautiful speech—my heart is not tired of hearing it.  
Provided always  
You repeat these supreme words:  
I love you.*

*You know well  
That in the background, I do not believe anything  
But still I want to  
Listen to these word that I adore  
Your voice with its caressing sounds  
Whispering  
Lulls me with its beautiful story  
And despite myself I want to believe it.*

*Speak to me of love ...*

*He is so sweet  
My dear treasure, to be a little crazy  
Life is sometimes too bitter  
If we do not believe in illusions  
Grief is quickly appeased  
And is consoled with a kiss  
From the heart, we heal the wound  
With an oath that reassures.*

*Speak to me of love ...*

\*BLUE SKIES - Irving Berlin (1926)

I was blue, just as blue as I could be  
Ev'ry day was a cloudy day for me  
Then good luck came a-knocking at my door  
Skies were gray but they're not gray anymore ...

Blue skies  
Smiling at me  
Nothing but blue skies  
Do I see  
Bluebirds  
Singing a song  
Nothing but bluebirds  
All day long  
Never saw the sun shining so bright  
Never saw things going so right  
Noticing the days hurrying by  
When you're in love, my how they fly  
Blue days  
All of them gone  
Nothing but blue skies  
From now on ...

I should care if the wind blows east or west  
I should fret if the worst looks like the best  
I should mind if they say it can't be true  
I should smile, that's exactly what I do ...

Blue skies...

\*PENNIES FROM HEAVEN - Arthur Johnston, Johnny Burke (1936)

A long time ago  
A million years B.C.  
The best things in life  
Were absolutely free  
But no one appreciated  
A sky that was always blue  
And no one congratulated  
A moon that was always new  
So it was planned that they would vanish  
Now and then  
And you must pay before you get them  
Back again

That's what storms were made for  
And you shouldn't be afraid, for...

Every time it rains, it rains  
Pennies from heaven  
Don't you know each cloud contains  
Pennies from heaven  
You'll find your fortunes falling all over the town  
Make sure that your umbrella is upside down  
Just trade them for a package of the sunshine and flowers  
'Cause if you want the things you love  
You must have showers  
So if you hear it thunder don't run under a tree  
There'll be pennies from heaven for you and me.

\*REGARDE-MOI TOUJOURS COMME ÇA – Henri Contet, Marguerite Monnot (1945)

Regarde-moi toujours comme ça  
J'en suis malade, à cœur qui bat  
Ça m'fait pareil j'sais pas pourquoi  
Que la musique de l'Ave Maria  
T'as des yeux sans manières  
Et qui parlent tout haut  
T'as qu'a léver les paupières  
Et j'comprends qu'tu es beau  
Quand j'suis noyée dans ces yeux là  
Toi qui m'repêche entre tes bras  
Pour me faire dire tout bas très bas  
Regarde-moi toujours comme ça

*Always look at me that way  
I'm sick in my beating heart,  
It does the same thing to me, I don't know why,  
As the music of Ave Maria  
You have mannerless eyes,  
That speak aloud  
You just have to raise your eyelids  
And I understand that you are beautiful  
When I'm drowned in those eyes  
That return me to your arms  
To make me say very low, very low  
Always look at me that way.*

\* DONA DONA - Sholom Secunda, Aaron Zeitlin (1941)

Oyfn furl ligt dos kelbl,  
Ligt gebundn mit a shtrik,  
Hoykh in himl flit dos shvelbl,  
Freyt zikh, dreyt zikh hin un tsurik.

Lakht der vint in korn,  
Lakht un lakht un lakht,  
Lakht er op a tog a gantsn  
Mit a halber nakht.

Dona, dona, dona...

Shrayt dos kelbl, zogt der poyer:  
Ver zhe heyst dikh zayn a kalb?  
Volst gekert tsu zayn a foygl,  
Volst gekert tsu zayn a shvalb.

Lakht der vint in korn,  
Lakht un lakht un lakht,  
Lakht er op a tog a gantsn  
Mit a halber nakht.

Dona, dona, dona...

Bidne kelber tut men bindn  
Un men shlept zey un men shekht,  
Ver s'hot fligl, flit aroyftsu,  
Iz bay keynem nit keyn knekht

Lakht der vint in korn,  
Lakht un lakht un lakht,  
Lakht er op a tog a gantsn  
Mit a halber nakht.

Dona, dona, dona...

*On a wagon lies a calf;  
Lies bound with a rope.  
High in the sky a swallow flies,  
Rejoicing, whirling to and fro.*

*The wind laughs in the rye,*

*Laughs and laughs and laughs.  
It laughs a whole day and half the night.  
Dona, Dona, Dona...*

*The calf cries and the farmer says:  
Who told you to be a calf?  
You could have been a bird,  
You could have been a swallow.*

*The wind laughs in the rye...*

*People tie up poor calves  
Lead them off, and slaughters them...  
Whoever has wings, flies up and away  
Not enslaved by anyone.*

*The wind laughs in the rye....*

\* HE LOVES AND SHE LOVES - George Gershwin, Ira Gershwin (1927)

He loves and she loves and they love,  
So why can't you love and I love too?  
Birds love and bees love and whispering trees love,  
And that's what we both should do!

I always knew some day you'd come along,  
We'll make a twosome that just can't go wrong!  
Darling, he loves and she loves and they love, won't you  
Love me as I love you?

\* INTERMISSION \*

\* MY MELANCHOLY BABY - Ernie Burnett, George A. Norton (1912)

Come, sweetheart mine, don't sit and pine.  
Tell me of the cares that make you feel so blue.  
What have I done?  
Answer me, hon.  
Have I ever said an unkind word to you?  
My love is true, and just for you.  
I'd do almost anything at any time.



Dear, when you sigh or when you cry,  
Something seems to grip this very heart of mine...

Come to me, my melancholy baby  
Cuddle up and don't be blue  
All your fears are foolish fancy, maybe  
You know, dear, that I'm in love with you.  
Every cloud must have a silver lining  
Wait until the sun shines through.  
Smile, my honey dear  
While, I kiss away each tear  
Or else, I shall be melancholy too.

\* ALWAYS - Irving Berlin (1925)

I'll be loving you, always  
With a love that's true, always  
When the things you plan  
Need a helping hand  
I will understand, always, always.

Days may not be fair, always  
That's when I'll be there, always  
Not for just an hour  
Not for just a day  
Not for just a year, but always.

\* FAIS-MOI VALSER - Telly, Ch. Borel-Clerc (1935)

Le jazz reprend pour nous sa valse d'amour  
Pourtant du beau roman c'est le dernier jour  
J'ai mal, mais devant toi, je n'ose pas pleurer  
Puisque tout est fini, avant de nous quitter ...

Fais-moi valser une dernière fois  
Serre-moi tout près de toi  
Dis-moi tout bas de jolis mots d'amour  
Les mêmes qu'au premier jour  
Berce-moi doucement comme un oiseau blessé  
Dans tes bras, un instant, je veux encore rêver  
Comme un reflet de mon bonheur passé  
Mon amour, fais-moi valser

Malgré que mon tourment pour toi, compte peu

Je n'ai qu'un seul désir, que tu sois heureux!  
Je vivrai désormais, avec ton souvenir  
Adieu, mon bel ami mais avant de partir ...

Fais-moi valser une dernière fois  
Serre-moi tout près de toi  
Dis-moi tout bas de jolis mots d'amour  
Les mêmes qu'au premier jour  
Berce-moi doucement comme un oiseau blessé  
Dans tes bras, un instant, je veux encore rêver  
Comme un reflet de mon bonheur passé  
Mon amour, fais-moi valser

*Jazz resumes its love waltz for us  
Yet this is the last day of this beautiful romance  
I'm in pain, but in front of you, I don't dare cry  
Since everything is over, before leaving ...*

*Make me waltz one last time  
Hold me close to you  
Tell me sweet words of love softly  
The same as on the first day  
Rock me gently like a wounded bird  
In your arms, for a moment, I still want to dream  
Like a reflection of my past happiness  
My love, make me waltz*

*Although my torment for you counts for little  
I only have one desire, for you to be happy!  
I will live from now on, with your memory  
Farewell, my beautiful friend but before leaving...*

*Make me waltz one last time  
Hold me close to you  
Tell me sweet words of love softly  
The same as on the first day  
Rock me gently like a wounded bird  
In your arms, for a moment, I still want to dream  
Like a reflection of my past happiness  
My love, make me waltz*

\* MOONLIGHT ON THE HIGHWAY - Edgar Leslie, Joe Burke, Al Sherman (1937)

Moonlight on the highway  
Moonlight on the plain

Turn your light on my way  
Through memory lane  
Moonlight on the highway  
Guide me while I roam  
Shine upon each byway  
That leads me to home  
A place where roses remember  
And folks forget me not  
What else is worth dreaming of  
From your silver skyway  
Smiling up above  
Moonlight on the highway  
Please lead me to love

\* J'ATTENDRAI - Dino Olivieri, Louis Poterat, French translation (1938) [Original Italian lyrics to *Tornerai*, Nino Rastelli, 1936]

J'attendrai  
Le jour et la nuit, j'attendrai toujours  
Ton retour  
J'attendrai  
Car l'oiseau qui s'enfuit vient chercher l'oubli  
Dans son nid  
Le temps passe et court  
En battant tristement  
Dans mon cœur si lourd  
Et pourtant, j'attendrai  
Ton retour ...

Les fleurs palissent  
Le feu s'éteint  
L'ombre se glisse  
Dans le jardin  
L'horloge tisse  
Des sons très las  
Je crois entendre ton pas  
Le vent m'apporte  
Des bruits lointains  
Guettant ma porte  
J'écoute en vain  
Helas, plus rien  
Plus rien ne vient ....

J'attendrai ...

I will wait  
Day and night, I will always wait  
For your return.  
I will wait  
Because the fleeing bird comes to seek the forgotten  
In his nest.  
Time goes by and runs  
By beating sadly  
In my heart, so heavy  
And yet, I will await  
Your return.

The flowers are paling  
The fire goes out  
The shadow slips  
In the garden  
The clock weaves  
Very tired sounds  
I think I hear your step  
The wind carries to me  
*Faraway sounds*  
*Watching my door*  
*I listen in vain*  
*Alas, nothing*  
*Nothing comes....*

*I will wait...*

\* (THERE'LL BE BLUE BIRDS OVER) THE WHITE CLIFFS OF DOVER - Walter Kent, Nat  
Burton (1941)

I'll never forget the people I met  
Braving those angry skies  
I remember well as the shadows fell  
The light of hope in their eyes  
And though I'm far away  
I still can hear them say  
Thumbs up...  
For when the dawn comes up ...

There'll be bluebirds over the white cliffs of Dover  
To-morrow just you wait and see  
There'll be love and laughter and peace ever after  
To-morrow when the world is free

The shepherd will tend his sheep  
The valley will bloom again  
And Jimmy will go to sleep  
In his own little room again  
There'll be bluebirds over the white cliffs of Dover  
To-morrow just you wait and see ...

\*ROZHINKES MIT MANDLEN – Abraham Goldfaden (1880)

In dem Bes-Hamikdosh  
In a vinkl cheyder  
Zitst di almone, bas-tSION, aleyN  
Ihr ben yochidle yideln vigt zi kESEIDER  
Un zingt im tzum shlofn a ledeleh sheyn.  
Ai-lu-lu

Unter Yidele's vigele  
Shteyt a klor-vays tsigele  
Dos tsigele iz geforn handlen  
Dos vet zayn dayn baruf  
Rozhinkes mit mandlen  
Slof-zhe, Yidele, shlof.

*In the Temple,  
in a corner of a room,  
Sits the widowed daughter of Zion, alone.  
She rocks her only son, Yidele, to sleep  
With a sweet lullaby.  
Ai-lu-lu*

*Under Yidele's cradle  
Stands a small white goat.  
The goat travelled to sell his wares  
This will be Yidele's calling, too.  
Trading in raisins and almonds.  
Sleep, Yidele, sleep...*

\*COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS (INSTEAD OF SHEEP) - Irving Berlin (1954)

When I'm worried and I can't sleep  
I count my blessings instead of sheep  
And I fall asleep counting my blessings  
When my bankroll is getting small  
I think of when I had none at all

And I fall asleep counting my blessings

I think about a nursery and I picture curly heads  
And one by one I count them as they slumber in their beds  
If you're worried and you can't sleep  
Just count your blessings instead of sheep  
And you'll fall asleep counting your blessings

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For more songs & information about Maggie Paxson's BOMB SHELTER CAFÉ

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