

Maggie Paxson's

BOMB SHELTER CAFE

May 19, 2024

for

*** MACHAR ***



*** 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 ...

*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.

*BEI MIR BISTU SHEIN - Sholom Secunda; Yiddish lyrics, Jacob Jacobs, (1932);
English lyrics: Sammy Cahn, Saul Chaplin (1937)

Of all the boys I've known, and I've known some
Until I first met you, I was lonesome
And when you came in sight, dear, my heart grew light
And this old world seemed new to me
You're really swell, I have to admit you
Deserve expressions that really fit you
And so I've racked my brain, hoping to explain
All the things that you do to me

Bei mir bist du shein, please let me explain
Bei mir bist du shein means you're grand
Bei mir bist du shein, again I'll explain
It means you're the fairest in the land

I could say bella, bella, even sehr wunderbar
Each language only helps me tell you how grand you are
I've tried to explain, bei mir bist du schön
So kiss me and say you understand ...

Bei mir bistu shein
Bei mir hostu kheyne
Bei mir bistu sheyntse oif der velt
Bei mir bistu git
bai mir hostu it
bai mir bistu teierer fun gelt
Fiel sheine meidlach hoben shoin
gevolt nemen mich
Un fun zeil alle ois gekliben
Hob ich nor dich

...

Bei mir bist du shein, again I'll explain
It means you're the fairest in the land
In the land
In the land ... Bist du shein

*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?

*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'à 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.*

*PENNY SERENADE - Hal Hallifax and Melle Weersma (1938)

Once I strayed beneath the window of a lovely señorita
And she smiled while I softly played my Penny Serenade
Si, si, si, you can hear it for a penny
Si, si, si, just a Penny Serenade
In her eyes shone the tender dawn of love and sweet surrender
As for me, in my heart I played a lover's serenade
Si, si, si, hear my love song for a penny
Si, si, si, just a Penny Serenade
For that night so divine she was mine, no word had been spoken
When I woke from my dream she was gone, my poor heart was broken
Still I pray that wherever she may be she will remember
In her heart she will always hear my penny Serenade
Si, si, si, hear my love song for a penny
Si, si, si, just a penny Serenade ...

*I'LL BE SEEING YOU - Sammy Fain, Irving Kahal (1938)

I'll be seeing you in all the old familiar places
That this heart of mine embraces all day through
In that small cafe, the park across the way
The children's carousel, the chestnut trees,
the wishing well

I'll be seeing you in every lovely summer's day
In everything that's light and gay
I'll always think of you that way
I'll find you in the morning' sun
And when the night is new
I'll be looking at the moon
But I'll be seeing you
I'll find you in the morning sun
And when the night is new
I'll be looking at the moon
But I'll be seeing you

* SKYLARK - Johnny Mercer, Hoagy Carmichael 1941

Skylark
Have you anything to say to me?
Won't you tell me where my love can be?
Is there a meadow in the mist
Where someone's waiting to be kissed?

Skylark
Have you seen a valley green with spring?
Where my heart can go a journeying
Over the shadows and the rain
To a blossom covered lane

And in your lonely flight
Haven't you heard the music of the night?
Wonderful music
Faint as a will o' the wisp
Crazy as a loon
Sad as a gypsy serenading the moon

Skylark
I don't know if you can find these things
But my heart is riding on your wings
So if you see them anywhere
Won't you lead me there

*(THERE'LL BE BLUE BIRDS OVER) THE WHITE CLIFFS OF DOVER -BURTON,
KENT (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 (*RAISINS AND ALMONDS*) – Abraham Goldfaden
(1880)

In dem Bes-Hamikdosh
In a vinkl cheyder
Zitst di almone, bas-tzion, 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.*

*OVER THE RAINBOW – Harold Arlen, Yip Harburg (1938)

When all the world is a hopeless jumble
And the raindrops tumble all around
Heaven opens a magic lane
When all the clouds darken up the sky way
There's a rainbow highway to be found
Leading from your windowpane to a place behind the sun
Just a step beyond the rain

Somewhere over the rainbow way up high
There's a land that I heard of once in a lullaby
Somewhere over the rainbow skies are blue
And the dreams that you dare to dream really do come true
Some day I'll wish upon a star and
Wake up where the clouds are far behind me ...

Somewhere over the rainbow bluebirds fly
Birds fly over the rainbow
Why then, oh why can't I?
If happy little bluebirds fly beyond the rainbow
Why, oh, why can't I?

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

www.bombsheltercafe.com

For the story of French rescue during the Second World War,

see Maggie's book, [The Plateau](#)

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