

Maggie Paxson's

## BOMB SHELTER CAFE

*April 5, 2024*

### GEORGETOWN FRIDAY MUSIC SERIES



#### *\*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 - Schlom 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 zei 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

\*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 lever 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

\*LES FILLES QUI LA NUIT – Jean Boyer, Maurice Aubret, Léo Lelièvre (1936)

Les filles qui la nuit s'offrent au coin des rues  
Connaissent des belles histoires  
Qu'elles disent parfois mêlant aux phrases crues  
Des chers souvenirs que garde leur mémoire  
Mais d'une voix si grave émouvante et têtue  
Qu'on ne peut s'empêcher de croire  
Les filles qui la nuit s'offrent au coin des rues

Une en joignant les mains évoque sa jeunesse  
Passée au bord de l'océan  
L'autre d'un jour meilleur évoque la caresse  
Celle ci parle d'un enfant  
Et toutes se dépouillent humblement et confessent  
Leur plus dur leur plus doux instant

Les filles qui la nuit s'offrent au coin des rues  
Connaissent de belles histoires  
Qu'elles disent parfois mêlant aux phrases crues  
Des chers souvenirs que garde leur mémoire  
Mais d'une voix si grave émouvante et têtue  
Qu'on ne peut s'empêcher de croire  
Les filles qui la nuit s'offrent au coin des rues

Elles ont du porter sur leurs frêles épaules  
Un fardeau souvent par trop lourd  
Subir les plus mauvais et les plus tristes rôles  
Sans se révolter un seul jour  
Et toutes cependant dès qu'un espoir les frôle  
Toutes croient encore à l'amour

Les filles qui la nuit s'offrent au coin des rues  
Connaissent de belles histoires  
Qu'elles disent parfois mêlant aux phrases crues  
Des chers souvenirs que garde leur mémoire  
Mais d'une voix si grave émouvante et têtue  
Qu'on ne peut s'empêcher de croire  
Les filles qui la nuit s'offrent au coin des rues

*The girls who, at night, offer themselves at street corners  
Know beautiful stories ...  
That they sometimes recount, mixed with raw sentences...  
In voices so deep and moving and stubborn  
That we can't help but believe them ....*



*One, clasping her hands evokes her youth,  
spent by the ocean  
The other speaks of a better day, evoking caresses  
Another, speaks of a child ...*

*The girls who, at night, offer themselves at street corners ...*

*They have all had to carry on their frail shoulders  
A burden too heavy,  
and have suffered the worst and saddest roles  
Without revolting for a single day ...  
And for each, as soon as a single hope appears,  
They still believe in love ....*

*The girls who, at night, offer themselves at street corners ...*

\*(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 (*RAISINS AND ALMONDS*) – 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.*

\*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](http://www.bombsheltercafe.com)

