Maggie Paxson's

BOMB SHELTER CAFÉ

At the Rosenfeld Home

November 7, 2026



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, 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 …

*LET'S HAVE ANOTHER CUP OF COFFEE – Irving Berlin (1932)

Just around the corner
There's a rainbow in the sky
So let's have another cup o' coffee
And let's have another piece o' pie!
Trouble's just a bubble
And the clouds will soon roll by
So let's have another cup o' coffee
And let's have another piece o' pie
Let a smile be your umbrella
For it's just an April show'r
Even John D. Rockefeller
Is looking for the silver lining
Mister Herbert Hoover
Says that now's the time to buy
So let's have another cup o' coffee
And let's have another piece o' pie!

*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…

*BEWITCHED, BOTHERED, AND BEWILDERED – Richard Rogers, Lorenz Hart (1940)

I'm wild again, beguiled again
A simpering, whimpering child again
Bewitched, bothered, and bewildered am I
Couldn't sleep and wouldn't sleep
When love came and told me I shouldn't sleep
Bewitched, bothered and bewildered am I
Lost my heart, but what of it
He is cold I agree
He can laugh, but I love it
Although the laugh's on me
I'll sing to him, each spring to him
And long for the day when I'll cling to him
Bewitched, bothered, and bewildered am I

*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 schein
So kiss me and say you understand …

Bei mir bistu shein
Bei mir hostu kheyn
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 … Bistu shein!

*LAND OF MIGHT-HAVE-BEEN – Edward Moore, Ivor Novello (1922)

Somewhere there's another land
Different from this world below
Far more mercifully planned
Than the cruel place we know

Innocence and peace are there
All is good that is desired
Faces there are always fair
Love grows never old or tired

We shall never find that lovely land of might-have-been
I can never be your king, nor you can be my queen
Days may pass and years may pass and seas may lie between
We shall never find that lovely land of might-have-been

Sometimes on the rarest nights
Comes the vision calm and clear
Gleaming with unearthly lights
On our path of doubt and fear

Winds from that far land are blown
Whispering with secret breath

Hope that plays a tune alone
Love that conquers pain and death

Shall we ever find that lovely land of might-have-been
Will I ever be your king, or you at last my queen
Days may pass and years may pass and seas may lie between
Shall we ever find that lovely land of might-have-been

*LOVE IS THE SWEETEST THING – Ray Noble (1932)

Whether you're twenty and starting in life
Whether to thirty you've grown
Whether to forty, a husband or wife
Whether you're fifty, a Darby and Joan
There's one thing certain that you'll have to own

Love is the sweetest thing
What else on earth could ever bring
Such happiness to ev'rything
As love's old story.
Love is the strangest thing
No song of birds upon the wing
Shall in our hearts more sweetly sing
Than love's old story.
Whatever heart may desire
Whatever fate may send
This is the tale that never will tire.
This is the song without end.
Love is the greatest thing
The oldest yet, the latest thing
I only hope that fate may bring
Love's story to you
Love is the sweetest thing

*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.

*AS TIME GOES BY – Herman Hupfeld (1931)

This day and age we're living in
Gives cause for apprehension
With speed and new invention
And things like third dimension,
Yet, we get a trifle weary
With Mr. Einstein's theory.
So we must get down to earth at times
Relax relieve the tension
No matter what the progress
Or what may yet be proved
The simple facts of life are such
They cannot be removed…

You must remember this
A kiss is just a kiss
A sigh is just a sigh
The fundamental things apply
As time goes by
And when two lovers woo
They still say "I love you"
On that you can rely
No matter what the future brings
As time goes by
Moonlight and love songs
Never out of date
Hearts full of passion
Jealousy and hate
Woman needs man, and man must have his mate
That no one can deny

It's still the same old story
A fight for love and glory
A case of do or die
The world will always welcome lovers
As time goes by

*(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
Someday I'll wish upon a star and
Wake up where the clouds are far behind me
Where troubles melt like lemon drops
A way upon the chimney tops
That's where you'll find 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
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