

Maggie Paxson's

BOMB SHELTER CAFÉ

Van Ness North Co-op, April 24, 2024



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 - Arlen, 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.

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.

*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...*

*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.*

*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 ...

*PENNIES FROM HEAVEN - Johnny Burke, Arthur Johnston (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

*IT'S ONLY A PAPER MOON - Harold Arlen, Yip Harburg (1933)

I never feel a thing is real,
When I'm away from you
Out of your embrace.
This world's a temporary parking place
A bubble for a minute
Mmm, mmm, you smile;

The bubble has a rainbow in it...

Say, it's only a paper moon
Sailing over a cardboard sea
But it wouldn't be make-believe
If you believed in me
Yes, it's only a canvas sky
Hanging over a cotton tree
But it wouldn't be make-believe
If you believed in me
Without your love
It's a honky-tonk parade
Without your love
It's a melody played in a penny arcade
It's a Barnum and Bailey world
Just as hollow as it can be
But it wouldn't be make-believe
If you believed in me

*THE VERY THOUGHT OF YOU - Ray Noble (1934)

I don't need your photograph to keep by my bed
Your picture is always in my head
I don't need your portrait, dear, to call you to mind
For sleeping or waking, dear, I find

The very thought of you
And I forget to do
Those little ordinary things
That everyone ought to do
I'm living in a kind of a daydream
I'm happy as a king
And foolish though it may seem
To me, that's everything
The mere idea of you
The longing here for you
You'll never know
How slow the moments go
Till I'm near to you
I see your face in every flower
Your eyes in stars above
It's just the thought of you
The very thought of you, my love

*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...

*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

*LUNA MALINCONIA/BLUE MOON - Richard Rogers, Lorenz Hart (1934); Italian lyrics,
Alfredo Bracchi

Ma tu pallida luna perché
Sei tanto triste? Cos'è?
Che non risplendi per me?
Lassù, tu puoi veder nel mio cuore
La delusione d'amore,
Questo mio grande dolore.
Tu sai che baci mi sapeva dare,
Ed anche tu non puoi dimenticare
Forse tu senti la malinconia,
Forse tu sai che non ritorna più.
Ma tu, pallida luna perché
Sei tanto triste? Cos'è?
Tu vuoi soffrire con me.

*But you, pale moon, why
Are you so sad? What's this?
That you don't shine for me?
Up there, you can see into my heart
The disappointment of love,
This great pain of mine.
You know what kisses he knew how to give me,
And you too cannot forget
Maybe you feel the melancholy,
Maybe you know it never comes back.
But you, pale moon, why
Are you so sad? What's this?
You want to suffer with me.*

Blue moon you saw me standing alone
Without a dream in my heart
Without a love of my own
Blue moon, you knew just what I was there for
You heard me saying a prayer for
Someone I really could care for
And then there suddenly appeared before me
The only one my arms will hold
I heard somebody whisper "Please adore me"
And when I looked, the moon had turned to gold!
Blue moon!
Now I'm no longer alone
Without a dream in my heart
Without a love of my own
And then there suddenly appeared before me
The only one my arms will ever hold
I heard somebody whisper "please adore me"
And when I looked, the moon had turned to gold!
Blue moon!
Now I'm no longer alone
Without a dream in my heart
Without a love of my own.

*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...

*PENNY SERENADE - Hal Hallifax, 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 ...

*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.*

*(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

*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?