

That Old Black Magic, Johnny Mercer

That old black magic has me in its spell,
That old black magic that you weave so well.
Those icy fingers up and down my spine
The same old witchcraft when your eyes meet mine.
The same old tingle that I feel inside,
And when that elevator starts its ride
And down and down I go
Like a leaf that's caught in the tide.

I should stay away, but what can I do?
I hear your name and I'm aflame
A flame with such a burning desire
That only your kiss can put out the fire.

Claire de lune, Paul Verlaine

Votre âme est un paysage choisi
Que vont charmant masques et bergamasques
Jouant du luth et dansant et quasi
Tristes sous leurs déguisements fantasques.
Tout en chantant sur le mode mineur
L'amour vainqueur et la vie opportune,
Ils n'ont pas l'air de croire à leur bonheur
Et leur chanson se mêle au clair de lune,
Au calme clair de lune triste et beau,
Qui fait rêver les oiseaux dans les arbres
Et sangloter d'extase les jets d'eau,
Les grands jets d'eau sveltes parmi les marbres.

**My Name is John Wellington Wells,
William Schwenck Gilbert**

My name is John Wellington Wells
I'm a dealer in magic and spells,
In blessings and curses and ever-filled purses
In prophecies, witches, and knells.
If you want a proud foe to "make tracks"
If you'd melt a rich uncle in wax
You've but to look in on the resident Djinn
Number seventy, Simmery Axe.

We've a first-class assortment of magic;

For you're the lover I have waited for,
The mate that fate had me created for.
And every time your lips meet mine,
Darling, down and down I go, 'round and 'round I go
In a spin, loving the spin I'm in,
Under that old black magic called love.

Claire de lune

Your soul is a chosen landscape
Bewitched by masquers and bergamaskers,
Playing the lute and dancing and almost
Sad beneath their fanciful disguises.
Singing as they go in a minor key
Of conquering love and life's favours,
They do not seem to believe in their fortune
And their song mingles with the light of the moon,
The calm light of the moon, sad and fair,
That sets the birds dreaming in the trees
And the fountains sobbing in their rapture,
Tall and svelte amid marble statues.

He can raise you hosts of ghosts,
And that without reflectors;
And creepy things with wings,
And gaunt and grisly spectres.
He can fill you crowds of shrouds,
And horrify you vastly;
He can rack your brains with chains,
And gibberings grim and ghastly!

Then, if you plan it, he

And for raising a posthumous shade,
With effects that are comic or tragic,
There's no cheaper house in the trade.
Love-philtre--we've quantities of it!
And for knowledge if any one burns,
We're keeping a very small prophet, a prophet
Who brings us unbounded returns:
For he can prophesy
With a wink of his eye,
Peep with security
Into futurity,
Sum up your history,
Clear up a mystery,
Humour proclivity
For a nativity--for a nativity;
He has answers oracular,
Bogies spectacular,
Tetrapods tragical,
Mirrors so magical,
Facts astronomical,
Solemn or comical,
And, if you want it, he
Makes a reduction on taking a quantity!
Oh!

If anyone anything lacks,
He'll find it all ready in stacks,
If he'll only look in
On the resident Djinn,
Number seventy, Simmery Axe!

White Moon, Carl Sandburg

White Moon comes in on a baby face.
The shafts across her bed are flimmering.
Out on the land White Moon shines,
Shines and glimmers against gnarled shadows,
All silver to slow twisted shadows
Falling across the long road that runs from the house.
Keep a little of your beauty
And some of your flimmering silver
For her by the window tonight
Where you come in, White Moon.

Changes organity,
With an urbanity
Full of Satanity,
Vexes humanity
With an inanity
Fatal to vanity--
Driving your foes to the verge of insanity!

Barring tautology,
In demonology,
'Lectro-biology,
Mystic nosology,
Spirit philology,
High-class astrology,
Such is his knowledge, he
Isn't the man to require an apology!

Oh!
My name is John Wellington Wells,
I'm a dealer in magic and spells,
In blessings and curses
And ever-filled purses,
In prophecies, witches, and knells.

And if any one anything lacks,
He'll find it all ready in stacks,
If he'll only look in
On the resident Djinn,
Number seventy, Simmery Axe!

Saturn Returns, Adam Guettel

Long ago, I tasted something sweet.
It's an echo, it's a memory in retreat.
Like a feeling of fullness, like the knowing of quiet
fortitude, of ancient heroes.
It was something I trusted somehow.

But now, but now it's gone, and I am incomplete.
In the darkness, and the hollow, in the heat.
If I flash on the future
I see only the empty future shock, an afterimage.
There is only I want, I want, I want.
I don't know what I hunger for,
I don't know why I feel the hunger more and more
with every passing day.
I don't know from where the hunger springs,
But that it's there and that it sings of someplace far
away.

So get me up, and get me out, and let me never
return
To the darkness and the hollow and to the burn.
I want out of this hunger,
To take me up to a higher altitude.

V molchan'i nochi tajnoj, Afanasy Afanasyevich Fet

О, долго буду я, в молчаньи ночи тайной,
Коварный лепет твой, улыбку, взор,
Взор случайный,
Перстам послушную волос
Волос твоих густую прядь,
Из мыслей изгонять, и снова призывать;
Шептать и поправлять былые выраженья
Речей моих с тобой, исполненных смущенья,
И в опьянении, наперекор уму,
Заветным именем будить ночную мглу.
О, долго буду я, в молчаньи ночи тайной,
Заветным именем будить ночную мглу.

Pioggia, Vittoria Aganoor Pompilj

Piovea: per le finestre spalancate

Take me all the way!
I'm out of here.
I am going there.
I am gone!

And now
I am the rise of Icarus,
I am the fall from Pegasus,
I am the lost Leander in the tide.
I am cold, alone, and set apart
And I am warm as Hero's heart.
I am a circle
I am Saturn purified!
Once around the sun and now at last I see it!
This is what I am!

Long ago I left myself and now I try to return
As a stranger to a strange land and to the burn.
But the hollow inside me might be there to guide me
home again back to something sweet,
an opening
A passageway to guide me home!

In the silence of the mysterious night

O, long into the secret night will I
Keep banishing from thoughts and then recalling
Your cruel chatter, smile,
An occasional glance, a thick lock of hair,
So pliable to touch;
Whispering and correcting old endearments
My speech to you, full of embarrassment.
And intoxicated, against reason,
With a cherished name I will wake the darkness.
O, in the silence of the secret night,
With a cherished name I will wake the darkness.

Rain

It rained: through the wide-open windows,

a quella tregua di ostinati odori
saliano dal giardin fresche folate
d'erbe risorte e di risorti fiori

S'acchettava il tumulto dei colori
sotto il vel delle gocciolte implorate;
e intorno ai pioppi ai frassini agli allori
beveano ingorde le zolle assetate.

Esser pianta, esser foglia, esser stelo
e nell'angoscia dell'ardor (pensavo)
così largo ristoro aver dal cielo!

Sul davanzal protesa io gli arboscelli,
I fiori, l'erbe guardavo guardavo
E mi battea la pioggia sui capelli.

Calling You, Bob Telson

Desert road from Vegas to nowhere
Someplace better than where you've been
A coffee machine that needs some fixing
In a little cafe just around the bend

I am calling you
Can't you hear me
I am calling you

In der Nacht / In the Night, Emanuel Geibel

Alle gingen, Herz, zur Ruh,
Alle schlafen, nur nicht du.

Denn der hoffnungslose Kummer
Scheucht von deinem Bett den Schlummer,
Und dein Sinnen schweift in stummer
Sorge seiner Liebe zu.

Winter Moon, Langston Hughes

How thin and sharp is the moon tonight!
How thin and sharp and ghostly white
Is the slim curved crook of the moon tonight!

of the night of persistent fragrances,
there wafted from the garden cool gusts
of revived grass and revived flowers.

The tumult of colours calmed down
beneath the veil of the longed-for droplets;
And around the poplars, the ashes and the laurels
the thirsty clods of earth drank greedily.

Oh, to be a plant! To be a leaf, to be a stem,
And in the anguish of passion (I reflected)
To receive such great renewal from the sky!

Leaning out over the windowsill I watched
the bushes, the flowers, the grass,
While the rain beat down on my hair.

In der Nacht / In the Night,

All have gone to rest, O heart,
All are sleeping, all but you.

For hopeless grief
Banishes slumber from your bed,
And your thoughts fly in speechless
Sorrow to their love.

Harlem Night Song, Langston Hughes

Come,
Let us roam the night together
Singing.

I love you.

Across
The Harlem roof-tops
Moon is shining.
Night sky is blue.
Stars are great drops

Dreams / Hold Fast to Dreams, Langston Hughes

Hold fast to dreams
For if dreams die
Life is a broken-winged bird
That cannot fly.
Hold fast to dreams
For when dreams go
Life is a barren field
Frozen with snow.

**Midnight on the Great Western,
Thomas Hardy**

In the third-class seat sat
The journeying boy.
And the roof-lamp's oily flame
Played down on his listless form and face, Bewrapt
past knowing to what he was
going,
Or whence he came.

In the band of his hat the journeying boy
Had a ticket stuck; and a string
Around his neck bore the key of his box,
That twinkled gleams of the

Neue Liebe / New Love, Heinrich Heine

Of golden dew.

Down the street
A band is playing.

I love you.

Come,
Let us roam the night together
Singing.

Lamp's sad beams
Like a living thing.

What past can be yours, O journeying boy,
Towards a world unknown,
Who calmly, as if incurious quite
On all at stake, can undertake
This plunge alone?

Knows your soul a sphere, O journeying boy,
Our rude realms far above,
Whence with spacious vision
You mark and mete
This region of sin that you find you in,
But are not of?

In dem Mondenschein im Walde
Sah ich jüngst die Elfen reiten,
Ihre Hörner hört' ich klingen,
Ihre Glöcklein hört' ich läuten.

Ihre weißen Rößlein trugen
Gold'nes Hirschgeweih' und flogen
Rasch dahin; wie wilde Schwäne
Kam es durch die Luft gezogen.

Lächelnd nickte mir die Kön'gin,
Lächelnd, im Vorüberreiten.
Galt das meiner neuen Liebe?
Oder soll es Tod bedeuten?

Nachtzauber, Joseph von Eichendorff

Hörst du nicht die Quellen gehen
Zwischen Stein und Blumen weit
Nach den stillen Waldeseen,
Wo die Marmorbilder stehen
In der schönen Einsamkeit?
Von den Bergen sacht hernieder,
Weckend die uralten Lieder,
Steigt die wunderbare Nacht,
Und die Gründe glänzen wieder,
Wie du's oft im Traum gedacht.
Kennst die Blume du, entsprossen
In dem mondbeglänzten Grund
Aus der Knospe, halb erschlossen,
Junge Glieder blühendsprossen,
Weisse Arme, roter Mund,
Und die Nachtigallen schlagen
Und rings hebt es an zu klagen,
Ach, vor Liebe todeswund,
Von versunk'nen schönen Tagen -
Komm, o komm zum stillen Grund!

Last Midnight, Stephen Sondheim

Neue Liebe / New Love

In the moonlight of the forest
I saw of late the elves riding,
I heard their horns resounding,
I heard their little bells ring.

Their little white horses
Had golden antlers and flew
Quickly past; like wild swans
They came through the air.

With a smile the queen nodded to me,
With a smile she rode quickly by,
Was it to herald a new love?
Or does it signify death?

Night magic, translation by Richard Stokes

Can you not hear the brooks running
Amongst the stones and flowers
To the silent woodland lakes
Where the marble statues stand
In the lovely solitude?
Softly from the mountains,
Awakening age-old songs,
Wondrous night descends,
And the valleys gleam again,
As you often dreamed.
Do you know the flower that blossomed
In the moonlit valley?
From its half-open bud
Young limbs have flowered forth,
White arms, red lips,
And the nightingales are singing,
And all around a lament is raised,
Ah, wounded to death with love,
For the lovely days now lost -
Come, ah come to the silent valley!

Shh!

It's the last midnight
It's the last wish
It's the last midnight
Soon it will be boom
Squish!

Told a little lie
Stole a little gold
Broke a little vow
Did you?
Had to get your Prince
Had to get your cow
Had to get your wish
Doesn't matter how
Anyway, it doesn't matter now
It's the last midnight
It's the boom
Splat!

Nothing but a vast midnight
Everybody smashed flat!
Nothing we can do
Not exactly true
We could always give her the boy
No, of course what really matters
Is the blame
Someone you can blame
Fine, if that's the thing you enjoy
Placing the blame
If that's the aim
Give me the blame
Just give me the boy

No?
You're so nice
You're not good
You're not bad
You're just nice
I'm not good
I'm not nice
I'm just right
I'm the Witch
You can tend the garden, it's yours

What past can be yours, O journeying boy,
Towards a world unknown,
Who calmly, as if incurious quite
On all at stake, can undertake
This plunge alone?

Knows your soul a sphere, O journeying boy,
Our rude realms far above,
Whence with spacious vision
You mark and mete
This region of sin that you find you in,
But are not of?

You're the world
I'm the hitch
I'm what no one believes
I'm the Witch
You're all liars and thieves
Like his father
Like his son will be, too
Oh, why bother?
You'll just do what you do

It's the last midnight
So, goodbye all
Coming at you fast, midnight
Soon you'll see the sky fall
Here, you want a bean?
Have another bean
Beans were made for making you rich!
Plant them and they soar
Here, you want some more?
Listen to the roar
Giants by the score
Oh well, you can blame another witch

It's the last midnight
It's the last verse
Now, before it's past midnight
I'm leaving you my last curse
I'm leaving you alone

Separate and alone
Everybody down on all fours
All right, mother, when?
Lost the beans again!
Punish me the way you did then!
Give me claws and a hunch
Just away from this bunch
And the gloom
And the doom
And the boom
Cruuunch!

A Clear Midnight, Walt Whitman

This is thy hour O Soul, thy free flight into the
wordless,
Away from books, away from art, the day erased, the
lesson done,
Thee fully forth emerging, silent, gazing, pondering
the themes
thou lovest best.
Night, sleep, death and the stars.

Un Bacio a Mezzanotte, Garinei & Giovannini

Non ti fidar
Di un bacio a mezzanotte
Se c'è la luna non ti fidar

Perché perché
La luna a mezzanotte
Riesce sempre a farti innamorar

Non ti fidar di stelle galeotte
Che invitano a volersi amar

Mezzanotte per amar
Mezzanotte per sognar
Fantasticar

Ma come farò senza più amar
Ma come farò senza baciar
Ma come farò a non farmi tentar

A Kiss at Midnight

Don't trust
A kiss at midnight
If the moon is there do not trust it

Why why does
The moon at midnight
Always manage to make you fall in love

Don't trust matchmaking stars
Who invite you to love each other

Midnight for loving
Midnight for dreaming
Daydreaming

But how will I manage without loving anymore
But how will I manage without kissing
But how can I not be tempted

Luna luna tu
Non mi guardar
Luna luna tu
Non curiosar
Luna luna tu
Non far la sentinella

Ogni stella in ciel
Parla al mio cuor
Ogni stella in ciel
Parla d'amor
Ogni stella in ciel sarà
La mia stella

Mezzanotte per amar
Mezzanotte per sognar
Fantasticar

Non ti fidar
Di un bacio a mezzanotte
Se c'è la luna non ti fidar

Perché perché
La luna a mezzanotte
Riesce sempre a farti innamorar

Non ti fidar di stelle galeotte
Che invitano a volersi amar

Mezzanotte per amar
Mezzanotte per sognar
Fantasticar

Moon moon you
Don't look at me
Moon moon you
Don't poke around
Moon moon you
Don't be a sentinel
Every star in the sky
Speaks to my heart
Every star in the sky
Talks about love
Every star in the sky will be
My star

Midnight for loving
Midnight for dreaming
Daydreaming

Don't trust
A kiss at midnight
If the moon is there do not trust it

Why why does
The moon at midnight
Always manage to make you fall in love

Don't trust matchmaking stars
Who invite you to love each other

Midnight for loving
Midnight for dreaming
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