

Tähtiä ja timantteja 3.11.24

Laulujen sanat

Leonard Bernstein / Richard Wilbur:

“Glitter and be gay” musikaalista

Candide - prinsessa Kunigunda

Glitter and be gay,
That's the part I play;
Here I am in Paris, France,
Forced to bend my soul
To a sordid role,
Victimized by bitter, bitter circumstance.
Alas for me! Had I remained
Beside my lady mother,
My virtue had remained unstained
Until my maiden hand was gained
By some Grand Duke or other.

Ah, 'twas not to be;
Harsh necessity
Brought me to this gilded cage.
Born to higher things,
Here I droop my wings,
Ah! Singing of a sorrow nothing can
assuage.

And yet of course I rather like to revel,
Ha ha!
I have no strong objection to
champagne,
Ha ha!
My wardrobe is expensive as the devil,
Ha ha!
Perhaps it is ignoble to complain...
Enough, enough
Of being basely tearful!
I'll show my noble stuff
By being bright and cheerful!

Ha ha ha ha ha! Ha!

Pearls and ruby rings...
Ah, how can worldly things
Take the place of honor lost?

Can they compensate
For my fallen state,
Purchased as they were at such an awful
cost?
Bracelets...lavalieres
Can they dry my tears?
Can they blind my eyes to shame?
Can the brightest brooch
Shield me from reproach?
Can the purest diamond purify my
name?

And yet of course these trinkets are
endearing,
Ha ha!
I'm oh, so glad my sapphire is a star,
Ha ha!
I rather like a twenty-carat earring,
Ha ha!
If I'm not pure, at least my jewels are!

Enough! Enough!
I'll take their diamond necklace
And show my noble stuff
By being gay and reckless!

Ha ha ha ha ha! Ha!

Observe how bravely I conceal
The dreadful, dreadful shame I feel.

*Frederick Loewe / Alan Jay Lerner: “I
Could Have Danced All Night”
musikaalista My Fair Lady – Eliza
tanssiaisten jälkeen*

Bed! Bed! I couldn't go to bed!
My head's too light to try to set it down!
Sleep! Sleep! I couldn't sleep tonight!
Not for all the jewels in the crown!

I could have danced all night!
And still have begged for more.

I could have spread my wings and done
a thousand things
I've never done before.

I'll never know what made it so exciting;
Why all at once my heart took flight.
I only know when he began to dance
with me,
I could have danced, danced, danced all
night!

*Franz Lehár / Jalmari Finne: "Vilja-laulu"
operetista Iloinen leski - Hanna laulaa
metsänneito Viljasta*

On kaunis tuo Vilja kun metsästäjää,
hän leikiten seuraa ei saaliitta jää!
Jos miehellä aiemmin järkeä lie,
sen neitosen katse pois kerralla vie.
Lumouksen oudon valtaan joutuu nuori
metsämies;
kaipaustaan huokailee hän näin kenties:

Vilja, oi Vilja, kun katseesi nään,
luoksesi luontoon jo armaaksi jään.
Vilja, oi Vilja et hyljätä saa
rakkauden haavoittamaa.

Käy neitonen miestä nyt johdattamaan
ja kallioluolaansa vie alle maan.
Suo miehelle lempensä suudelmiseen,
ei verrata voi tuota maanpäälliseen.
Mutta kesken suudelmaa tuo
metsänneito katoaa!
Kerran vain poikaparka onnen saa.

Vilja, oi Vilja pois sieluni veit,
viettelit, suutelit, mieheksi teit.
Vilja, oi Vilja et hyljätä saa
rakkauden haavoittamaa.

*Cole Porter / Bella ja Sam Spewack: "I
Hate Men" musikaalista Kiss Me Kate –
Katharine*

I hate men,
I can't abide them, even now and then.
Then ever marry one of them, I'd rest a
maiden rather
For husbands are a boring lot that only
give you bother.
Of course, I'm awfully glad that mother
had to marry father
Still, I hate men.

Of all the types of men I've met in our
democracy
I hate the most the athlete with his
manner bold and brassy
He may have hair upon his chest, but
sister, so has Lassie
Oh I hate men.

I hate men,
There worth upon this earth I cannot
tend
Avoid the trav'ling salesman, a tempting
Tom he maybe
From China he will bring you jade and
perfume from Araby
But don't forget tis he who'll have the fun
and thee the baby
Oh I hate men.

If thou shouldst wed a businessman, be
wary, oh be wary
He'll tell you he's detained in town on
business necessary
The business is the business that he
gives his secretary
Oh, I hate men.

I hate men,
Though roosters they, I will not play the
hen.

If you espouse an older man through
girlish optimism
He'll always stay at home at night and
make no criticism
Though you may call it love, the doctors
call it rheumatism
Oh I hate men.

Of all I've read, alone in bed, from A to
Zed about 'em
Since love is blind, then from the mind,
all womankind should rout 'em
But ladies, you must answer too, What
would we do without 'em?
Still, I hate men.

*Jeanine Tesori / Dick Scanlan: The Girl in
14G - Kristin Chenowethin kokemuksia*

Just moved in to 14G,
so cozy, calm, and peaceful.
Heaven for a mouse like me
with quiet by the lease-full.
Pets are banned, parties too,
and no solicitations.
Window seat with garden view.
A perfect nook to read a book.
I'm lost in my Jane Austen when I hear:

Say it isn't so.
Not the flat below.
From an opera wanna be in 13G,
a matinee of some cantata,
Wagner's Ring and Traviata.

My first night in 14G.
I'll put up with Puccini.
Brew myself a cup of tea.
Crochet until she's fini.
Half past eight,
not a peep
except the clock tick-tockin'!

Now I lay me down to sleep.
A comfy bed to rest my head.
A stretch, a yawn, I'm almost gone then

Now the girl upstairs
wakes me unawares.
Blowin' down from 15G
her reveille.
She's scattin' like her name is Ella.
Guess who answers a cappella.

I'm not one to raise my voice,
Make a fuss or speak my mind,
but might I query...
Would you mind if...
Could you kindly.. STOP!
That felt good. STOP!
13, 15, 14G.

A most unlikely trio.
Not quite three-part harmony.
All day and night we're singin':

Had my fill of peace and quiet.
Shout out loud. I've changed my diet,
all because of 14G!

*Theo Mackeben / Kyllikki Solanterä: "Itke
en lemmen tähden" elokuvasta
Huumaava tanssiaisyö*

Me kuljemme kuin vailla pohjaa,
vain pettymys lemmen on tie
tää kohtalo kulkumme ohjaa,
sen tuomio yksi vain lie.

Me uskomme, toivomme salaa,
ett' ihmeitten aukeisi vuo,
lempemme tuhkaks kun palaa,
on laulu vanha tuo...

Itke en lemmen tähden,
jos yksi jättää,
luo toisen lähden,

heit' onhan täynnä maailma tää
mä lemmin ketä mua miellyttää!

Sen vuoksi kuulun tänä yönä sulle,
sä valat kalliit, ah, vannot mulle,
ja vaikka tunnen, se on vain valhetta,
tänä yönä oon sun mä vain!

Näin avasi kohtalo sivun,
kuin elämän kirjassa voi,
ja niin tuli minusta sinun,
entä miksi, en tietää mä voi.

Jo silloin kun syliisi vaivuin,
mun toisen luo mietteeni vei,
ja valheen pyörteisiin taivuin,
jo silloin väärin tein...

Itke en lemmen tähden,
jos yksi jättää, luo toisen lähden,
heit' onhan täynnä maailma tää
mä lemmin ketä mua miellyttää!

Sen vuoksi kuulun tänä yönä sulle,
sä valat kalliit, ah, vannot mulle,
ja vaikka tunnen, se on vain valhetta,
tänä yönä oon sun mä vain!

**KARELIA-
PUHALLINORKESTERI
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JUHLAVUOTEMME ALKAA
VUOSIKONSERTILLA
SUNNUNTAINA 9.2.25
KARJALATALOLLA
TERVETULOA!**

