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Notes on the Songs by Jack Gottlieb

Only a few 20th century singers have become linked, in the public mind, with composers of art songs: Peter Pears with Benjamin Britten, Pierre Bernac with Francis Poulenc, and Jennie Tourel with Leonard Bernstein. The two song cycles that begin this album, the Rilke songs and the song Silhouette were either premiered by or dedicated to Tourel. The Jeremiah and Kaddish Symphonies were also given their first performances with Tourel as soloist. The Jennie-Lenny team (Bernstein at the piano) also were heard in memorable recitals, including songs of Poulenc, as well as with the New York Philharmonic and other orchestras (Bernstein as conductor) in works by Bach, Foss, Ravel, Berlioz and Mahler.

I HATE MUSIC!, A Cycle of Five Kid Songs (1943)
First performance: August 24, 1943,
Jennie Tourel and the composer, Public Library, Lenox, Mass.

Tourel’s New York recital debut (at Town Hall) included the Cycle. The date is significant since it was the night before Bernstein’s unprecedented debut with the New York Philharmonic: November 13, 1943. Barbra Streisand has recorded the first song, omitting the second “a” of Barbara. Song No. 4 of the Cycle is sometimes known as “A Riddle.”

LA BONNE CUISINE, Four Recipes (1947)
First performance: October 10, 1948,
Marion Bell, soprano and Edwin MacArthur, piano, Town Hall, New York City.

Émile Dumont’s La Bonne Cuisine Française (Tout ce qui a Rapport a la Table, Manuel de la Ville et la Campagne): “Fine French Cooking (Everything that has to do with the Table, Manual Guide for City and Country),” was first published in 1899. Plum Pudding, adapted by the composer from a larger recipe, appears under Mets Anglais (“English Dishes”). Queues de Bœuf (“Ox-Tails”) is taken whole. Tavouk Gueneksis, a Turkish delight, is also complete, and comes from the section Patisserie et Confiture Turques (“Turkish Pastry and Sweets”). Two ingredients of the original recipe are missing from the musical setting of Civet a Toute Vitesse (“Rabbit at Top Speed”): muscade (“nutmeg”) and un verre d’eau-de-vie (“a glass of brandy”).

LITERAL TRANSLATION
(by Ron Mendelssohn)

I. PLUM PUDDING

250 grams of Malaga grapes, 250 grams of Corinth grapes; (Corinth grapes); 250 grams of beef kidney fat, and 125 grams of bread crumbs; (of bread crumbs!). 60 grams of powdered or brown sugar; a glass of milk; a half glass of rum or brandy; 5 eggs; a lemon! powered nutmeg, ginger, cinnamon, mixed (all together about half a teaspoon); half a teaspoon of finely ground salt.

II. QUEUES DE BŒUF (Ox-Tails)

Ox-tails is not a dish to be scorned. First of all, with enough ox-tails you can make a tolerable stew. The tails that were used to make the stew can be eaten, breaded, and broiled, and served with hot or tomato sauce. Ox-tails is not a dish to be scorned.
III. TAVOUK GUEUNKSIS

Tavouk Gueunksis, breast of hen; put a hen to boil, and take the white meat and chop it into shreds. Mix it with a broth, like the one for Mahallebi. Tavouk Gueunksis, breast of hen.

IV. CIVET A TOUTE VITESSE (Quick Stew)

Should you be in a hurry, here's a method for preparing a rabbit stew that I recommend! Cut up the rabbit (hare) as for an ordinary stew: put it in a pot with its blood and liver mashed. A half pound of breast of pork, chopped; twenty or so small onions (a dash of salt and pepper); a liter and a half of red wine. Bring this quickly to boil. After about fifteen minutes, when the sauce is reduced to half of what it was, apply a fire, to set the stew aflame. When the fire goes out, add to the sauce half a pound of butter, worked with flour . . . and serve.

TWO LOVE SONGS, on Poems of Rainer Maria Rilke (1949)
First performances: No. 1, March 13, 1949; No. 2, March 13, 1963,
Jennie Tourel and Alan Rogers, Philharmonic Hall, New York City.

In 1908, Rilke (b. Prague, 1875 - d. Valmont, 1926) was secretary to the sculptor Auguste Rodin in Paris. That was the year when Jessie Lemont, herself a poet, met Rilke. Ten years later, her translations from the original German poetry of Rilke first appeared in print in the United States.

SO PRETTY, Words by Betty Comden and Adolph Green (1968)
First performance: January 21, 1968,
Barbra Streisand and the composer, Philharmonic Hall, New York City.

The premiere was at a rally-concert called “Broadway for Peace,” relating to American involvement in the Vietnam War.

PICCOLA SERENATA (1979)
First performance: August 27, 1979,
Christa Ludwig, soprano and James Levine, piano, Salzburg, Austria.

Written on the occasion of Karl Boehm’s 85th birthday: “with affection from his admiring colleague,” and completed in Munich, August 25, 1979, Bernstein’s birthday. The nonsense words imply Hassidic vocalizations, (perhaps a bit ironically?).

SILHOUETTE (GALILEE) Words by the composer (1951)
First performance: February 13, 1955,
Katherine Hanse, soprano and Evelyn Swarchout, piano, National Gallery of Art, Washington, D.C.

Another birthday piece, this one for Jennie Tourel on her 41st. (The composer has written celebratory birthday songs or piano vignettes throughout his career.) In 1951, Tourel sang, under Bernstein’s direction, with the Israel Philharmonic Orchestra. The song incorporates an old Lebanese folk song, the Arabic words of which are paraphrased in the preceding English phrases: “The boys dance beneath the branches of an olive tree.”
A SIMPLE SONG and I GO ON, from *Mass, a Theater Piece for Singers, Players and Dancers*. Text by Stephen Schwartz and Leonard Bernstein, in addition to Liturgy of the Roman Mass. (1971)

First performance: September 8, 1971,
Opening of the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts, Washington, D.C.,
Alan Titus, baritone.

These two selections and the *Candide* songs in this album are the only ones to have been originally written for male voice. *A Simple Song* is sung at the beginning of *Mass* by the Celebrant, who is dressed plainly in jeans. By the time he sings *I Go On*, he has become encumbered by robes which symbolize the weighing down of traditional rituals and values.

TAKE CARE OF THIS HOUSE, from *1600 Pennsylvania Avenue*,
First performance: Forrest Theatre, Philadelphia,
Patricia Routledge, soprano and Ken Howard, baritone.

Sung by John and Abigail Adams (the “upstairs” residents of the White House), followed by Lud and staff (the “downstairs” folk). The show surveyed various Presidents and First Ladies and was written on the occasion of the American Bicentennial Year. The song also was performed at the Presidential Inaugural Concert of Jimmy Carter.

IT MUST BE SO, from *Candide*,
Words by Richard Wilbur (1955)
First performance: October 29, 1956, Colonial Theater, Boston,
Robert Rounseville, tenor.

To judge from this elegy, the peripatetic *Candide* must also be pathetic. In the original Lillian Hellman version, *It Must Be So* was first heard after the destruction of our hero’s home land, Westphalia, and after the alleged loss of his beloved Cunegonde. A second verse, *It Must Be Me*, was subsequently heard after an earthquake in Lisbon. Happily, *Candide* recovers from both calamities.

MY HOUSE; PETER, PETER; WHO AM I?; NEVER-LAND from *Peter Pan*,
Words by the composer (1950)
First performance: April 24, 1950, Imperial Theater, New York City,
Marcia Henderson as Wendy (for the first three songs), Stephanie Augustine and Eleanor Winter as the Mermaids (for *Never-Land*).

In this production of James M. Barrie’s play, neither Peter Pan or Captain Hook sang any songs, although Hook did participate in the *Plank Round*, a pirate chorus. Presumably, Jean Arthur, the movie actress who portrayed Peter Pan, could not carry a tune. Later, a *Soliloquy* was written by Bernstein for Lawrence Tibbett, who was to play the part of Hook. However, this revival was unrealized, and the number was never performed.

All songs in this album have been recorded by Roberta Alexander, soprano and Tan Crone, piano (Etcetera Records, ETC 1037).
Jennie Tourel and Leonard Bernstein, at a recording session of I Hate Music and La Bonne Cuisine (1960).

CBS Records – Don Hunstein, photographer
For Edys

I HATE MUSIC!
A Cycle of Five Kid Songs for Soprano

(In the performance of these songs, coyness is to be assiduously avoided. The natural, unforced sweetness of child expressions can never be successfully gilded; rather will it come through the music in proportion to the dignity and sophisticated understanding of the singer.)

Words and Music by
Leonard Bernstein

I.

Moderato

\( \text{mp very legato, contemp} \overline{t} \text{tive} \)

VOICE

My moth-er says that

PIANO

\( \text{p simile al segno} \)

babies come in bottles;

but last week she said they
grew on special baby-bushes.
vehemently

I don't believe in the storks, either! They're

almost

all in the zoo, busy with their own babies! And

resentfully

what's a baby-bush, anyway?

dim. poco a poco rit.

p sweetly slowing up

My name is Barbara.
II.

Allegretto vivace

Jupiter has seven moons or is it nine?

Saturn has a million, billion, trillion sixty-
nine;

And

every one is a little sun, with six little moons of its own!

Molto meno mosso \( mf \) \( sadly \)

But we have only one! Just

think of all the fun we'd have if there were
Tempo I

nine!

Then

we could be just nine times more romantic!

mf with growing excitement

Dogs would bay 'til they were frantic!

we'd have nine tides in the Atlantic!
The man in the moon would be gigantic!

Tempo II

But we have only one!

Tempo I

Onely

onel
III.

Sostenuto

$p$ suddenly relaxed

I hate music! But I like to sing:

$mp$ freely, rather tonelessly and carelessly

In tempo

la dee da da dee; la dee da dee. But

that's not music, not what I call music. No, sir.

Allegro molto

Music is a lot of men in a
lot of tails, making lots of noise like a

lot of females; Music is a

cresc. poco a poco

lot of folks in a big dark hall, where they

really don't want to be at all; with a
lot of chairs, and a lot of airs, and a
lot of furs and diamonds!

Tempo I
Music is silly! I hate music! But I like to sing:


(to herself)
IV.

Con brio

\( p \) (but very sharp accents)

A big Indian and a little Indian were walking down the street.
mf carried forward by the impetus

The little Indian was the son of the big Indian; but the big Indian was not the father of the little Indian:

_f pesante, like Indians_
(spoken very fast)

You see the riddle is, if the little Indian
was the son of the big Indian, but the big
Indian was not the father of the little Indian,
(γ) who was he?—I'll give you two measures:

f triumphantly

His moth - er!

V

Moderato, alla marcia

f earnestly

I just found out to - day that I'm a per - son

assertively

Andante (resigned)

too, like you: I like bal- loons; lots of peo- ple like bal- loons:
But every one says, "Isn't she cute? she likes balloons!"

Tempo I (recovering assertiveness)

I'm a person too, like you!

Tempo II (simply, by way of explanation)

I like things that every one likes: I like soft things and movies and horses and

warm things and red things: don't you?
I have lots of thoughts; like what's behind the sky; and what's behind what's behind the sky: But ev'-ry-one says, "Is-n't she sweet? She wants to know ev'-ry-thing!" Don't you? Of
suddenly a little bit unsure
cresp.
course I'm very young to be saying all these
cresp.

ggradually recovering assertiveness
f things in front of so many people like you; but

Meno mosso

I'm a person too!

Though I'm only with dignity

ten years old; I'm a person too, like you!
I. Plum Pudding

Leonard Bernstein

Allegro molto; matematico \( \text{mp, preciso e senza espressione (rather grimly)} \)

Deux cents cin-quan-te grammes de raisins de Corin-the; (Be sure they are juicy)
Now first you take eleven pounds of Concord grapes combined with equal parts of extra fine sultanas de Malaga, deux cents cin-quante grammes de raisins de Corin-the; (Be sure they are juicy)
(with sudden color)

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Printed in U.S.A.
Deux cents cinq-gramm'de graisse de rag-non de bœuf, et cent vingt-

And then you take two cups or so of bread-crumbs into which you melt a

cinquantede mie de pain é-miet-tée:

(pound or so of but-ter, fat, or lard:

(de pain

Use Spry,

or use Cris co.)

é-miet-té e!)

Soixante gramm'de sucre en poudre ou de cas-son-a-de; un

Eleven cups of sugar (either brown or white or po-wdered); a
verr'de lait; un de-mi verr'de rhum ou d'eau-de-vi-c; trois œufs; un cit-
glass of milk, and half a glass of Ba-car-di or brand-y; three eggs, and a

ron! Mus-ca-de, gin-gem-bre,can-nell'en
lem on. Now mustard, powdered cin-na-mon, and

poud-re, mé-lan-ges (en tout la moitié d'un-e cuil-lère à
gi-ner, all to-geth-er mak-ing half a tea-spoon-ful of con-di-

ca-fé); sel fin la moitié d'un-e cuil-lère à ca-fé. 
ment which you com-bine with half a tea-spoon-ful of ta-ble salt.
II. Queues de Bœuf
(Ox-tails)

Allegretto

La queue de
Are you too

poco accel.

bœuf n'est pas un mets à dédaigner.
proud to serve your friends an ox-tail stew?

mf poco più mosso

D'abord avec assez de
You're wrong! For if you have e-

mf poco più mosso
queues
de boeuf
of them
you'll find you can

pot - au - feu
make a fine
pas - sa - ble.

mf, darkly

Les queues qui ont servi à faire le pot - au - feu
Remove the tails which you have used to make the

mp, sub.

peuvent être man - gés, pan - bread them, and

p, sub. grazioso
écus, et grillées, et servies avec une sauce. You'll find them de-
grilled and prepared with a sauce. You'll find them de-

\( p, \text{ with relish and charm} \)

saucè piquante on tomato.
licious and different and so tempting.

\( p \)

La queue de bœuf n'est pas un mets à
Are you too proud to serve your friends an

dédaigner.
ox-tail stew?

\( pp \)

\( \text{poco cresc. dim.} \)

\( \text{pp} \)

\( \text(senza Ped) \)
III. Tavouk Gueunksis

Adagio \( \frac{3}{4} \)  63
\( f, \) declamando

Tavouk gueunksis, poitrine de poule;
Tavouk gueunksis, so oriental!

Allegretto alla Turca \( \frac{4}{4} \)  100

Fait' bouillir une poule;
Put a chicken to boil,

simile

dont vous prendrez les blanches; vous les pilerez de façon à ce
young and tender and sweet; then in the Arab manner you
qu'ils se mett' en char - pi - e.
slice it up into pieces.

Puis mé - les-lez, mé - les-lez a - vec u - ne bou-
Then boil flour and water, and add to it the

illi - e, com-me cel - le ci-des - sus, com-me cel - le ci-des-
chicken; then prepare it as above, in the manner we de -

marc. crescendo
suscrited
for Ma-
hal-le-bi.

\( p \) (hold as long as possible, but not beyond indication)

\[ \text{sempre} \text{ pp} \]

\[ \text{Tempo I (Adagio)} \]

\[ \text{Ta-vouk gueunk-sis, poi-trine de pou-le.} \]
\[ \text{Ta-vouk gueunk-sis, a Turk-ish heav-en.} \]
IV. Civet à Toute Vitesse
(Rabbit at Top Speed)

Lors-qu'on se-ra très pres-sé,
When you have a sud-den guest,

f, martellato

voi-ci un' ma-ni- re de con-fec-tion-ner un civ-et de
or you're in an aw-ful hur-ry, may I say, here's a way to

lie-vre que je re-com-man-de!
make a rab-bit stew in no time.

f come sopra
Dépêchez le lièvre comme pour le civet ordinaire:
Take a part the rabbit in the ordinary way you do.

P, come sopra

Mettez-le dans une casseroles ou un chaudron à
Put it in a pot or in a casserole, or a bowl with

avec son sang et son foie écrasé!
all its blood and with its liver mashed.

mp, legato

Un demi-livre de poitrine de porc (coupée en morceaux);
Take half a pound of breast of pork, finely cut (as fine as possible);
...a-ne vingt-aïne de petits oignons (un peu de sel et poivre); add little onions with some pepper and salt (say twenty-five or so);

...sim.

...un litre et demi de vin rouge.  
...a bot-tle and a half of rich clar-ete. 

...a tempo

...Fait' bou-illir à 
...Boil it up, don't

...poco rall.

...tou-t' vi-tes-se, 
...waste a min-ute, 

...più f

...fait' bou-illir à tou-t' vi-tes-se. 
...on the ver-y hot-test fire. 

...Au

...When

...mp, dolce

...bou-t de quin-ze mi-nutes en-vi-ron, lors-que la sau-ce est ré-dui-te 
...boiled a quar-ter of an hour or more the sauce should now be half of what it

...senza pedale
misterioso

de moitié, approach un papier enflammé, de manière à mettre le feu au ragout. Lorsqu'il se do in the best, most expensive cafés. After the

sin al fine cresc.

ra éteint, liéz la sauce à coup de demi-livre de beurre. Flame is out, just add the sauce to half a pound of butter with flour,

Prestissimo

manié de farine... and mix them together... Servez... and serve.
TWO LOVE SONGS

I. Extinguish my eyes...

Voices:

Ex - ting - uish my
eys
I still can see you:
Close my ears

Piano:

I can hear your footsteps fall:
And
sempe \textit{pp}

without feet. I still can follow you: Voice

less I can still return your call.

Break off my arms, and I can embrace you:

\textit{f with fire}

Enfold you with my heart as with a hand:

Hold
my heart, my brain will take fire of you,

As flax takes fire from a brand!

And flame will sweep in a flood:

And flame will sweep in a flood:
Through all the singing

currents of my blood:

mm warm

Mm (humming)

fp possibile

(long as possible)

(repeat until voice is out)

Feb. 2, 1919
II. When my soul touches yours...

Moderately slow and sustained $\frac{4}{4}$

Voice

When my soul touches yours a great chord sings:

Piano

How can I tune it then to other things?

Oh,

if some spot in darkness could be found That does not vibrate when your
pp legatissimo (mezza voce)

depths sound!

But ev'ry-thing that touch-es

sempre pp

you and me wields us as played strings sound one mel-o-dy.

pp legatiss. sempre pp delicato

Where, where is the in-stru-ment whence the sounds

pp sempre tutto legato
flow?

And whose the magic hand that

holds the bow?

Oh,

cresc.

sweet song!

Oh!

senza rit.

long

long
SO PRETTY

Words by
Betty Comden and
Adolph Green

Leonard Bernstein

Very slowly \( \text{L}=54 \)  \( p(simply) \)

We were learning in our school today

All about a country far away, Full of lovely temples painted gold,

Modern cities, jungles ages old. And the people are so pretty there,
Shining smiles, and shiny eyes and hair... Then I had to ask my teacher why

War was making all those people die. They're so pretty, so pretty.

Then my teacher said, and
took my hand, "They must die for peace, you understand." But they're

so pretty, so pretty.

I don't understand.
PICCOLA SERENATA

For Karl Boehm

Leonard Bernstein

Ardantino grazioso \( \textbf{(} j = 60 \textbf{)} \)

Voice

Piano

\( p \).

Da ga da ga
dum da lai la lo,
Da ga da ga dum la lai lai lai la lo,

Na na na ni na ni no lai lo, lai lo.
Da ga da ga

Bam bam bam bi bam bi bo
Ba bi bam bam ba bi Ra ta pla ta po, la li

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Lo, lai lo, lai lo, lai lo!
Da ga da ga
dum da lai la lo,
Da ga da ga dum la lai la lai la lo

La ha
Da ga da ga do

Leggero e dolce

Niente

L'ho.
For Jennie Tourel, on her birthday in Israel

SILHOUETTE
Galilee

Words and Music by
Leonard Bernstein

Allegretto, molto ritmico \( \frac{4}{4} = 108 \)

\( p \) grazioso

A last little bird on a palm feather riding,

\( f \) \( p \) staccatissimo

Black and clean in the afterglow.

A lone little girl in the olive grove hiding,

Crooning soft as the
sun\_ sinks low: oo, oo,

pp (in a harsh whisper)

oo, oo. Hu! hu! ’rr-fäh!

pp (head tones)

** oo, oo!

delicato

*The “rr” should be rolled with the tongue.

**If “oo” is too difficult in this register, “ah” may be sung instead.
An old little jeep through the mountains crawling,

Tough and tiny against the sun,

young Arab shepherd upon his knees falling, Al-lah, Al-lah, the
The boys in the dark olive groves assemble,

Hand in hand in a dancing ring,

Their eyes to the sun, and their lips a-tremble,

Drunk with love and the
chant they sing: Wa-lad el-a 'U-na, wa-lad el-a 'U-na,

Nor-kod** taht el ze-tu-na! Wa-lad el-a 'U-na, wa-

lad el-a 'U-na, Nor-kod taht el ze-tu-na!

*The ""U"" is to be pronounced gutturally, deep in the throat.
**The "h" in "taht" is highly aspirated.
A SIMPLE SONG
From Mass

Tranquillo \( \dot{\gamma} = 48 \)

Sing God a sim - ple song: Lau - da, Lau - dê...

* repeat if acoustically necessary

Make it up as you go a - long: Lau - da, Lau - dê... Sing like you

like to sing. God loves all sim - ple things, For God is the

sim - plest of all, For God is the sim - plest of all.

Printed in U.S.A.
Poco meno mosso ($d = 88$) *optional cut*

(new, song)  To praise Him, to bless Him, to bless the Lord.  I will sing His praises

while I live  All of my days.  Blessed is the man who

loves the Lord.  Blessed is the man who praises Him.  Lau-da,  Lau-da,
Laudé... And walks in His ways. I will lift up my eyes. To the hills from whence comes my help. I will lift up my voice to the Lord. Singing

Lauda, Laudé. For the Lord is my shade. Is the
shade upon my right hand, And the sun shall not smite me by day Nor the

moon by night. Blessed is the man who loves the Lord,

Lauda, Laudà, Laudé, And walks in His ways.
Cadenza (freely)

Lauda, Laudà, Lacdè, 
Laudà, Laudà di da di 
daj...

a tempo (più lento)

All of my days.
I GO ON

From Mass

Words by
Stephen Schwartz and
Leonard Bernstein

Leonard Bernstein

Andante moderato (\( \text{j} = 60 \))

When the thunder rumbles,
Now the Age of

Gold is dead
And the dreams we've clung to dying to stay

young Have left us parched and old instead,
When my courage crumbles,
When I feel confused and frail, When my spirit falters on decaying altars And my illusions fail,

(No breath, if possible)

I go on, right then, I go on again. I go on to say I will celebrate another day... I go

un poco

mp

p sub.

p cresc.

mp

p

(Non arp.)
Tempo I

If tomorrow tumbles
And everything I

love is gone,
I will face regret
All my days, and yet
I will still go

Meno mosso

Lauda, Laud, Lau-

dé, Laud, Laud di da di day.
Words by
Alan Jay Lerner

Take care of this

house, keep it from harm. If bandits break in, sound the alarm.

Care for this house, shine it by hand and keep it so

clean the glow can be seen all over the land.
Be careful at night, check all the doors.
If someone makes off with a dream, the dream will be yours.
Take care of this house, be always on
call,
for this house is the
dim. molto

hope of us all. Take care of this

Coda

Meno Mosso
call. Care for this house, it's the

hope of us all.
IT MUST BE SO
From Candide

Words by
Richard Wilbur

Leonard Bernstein

My world is dust now, and all I loved is dead. Oh, let me

(trust now) In what my master said: "There is a sweetness in every

woe." It must be so, It must be so.
The dawn will find me alone in some strange land; But men are kindly: They'll give a helping hand. So said my master, and he must know. It must be so, It must be so.
MY HOUSE
From Peter Pan

Words and Music by
Leonard Bernstein

Slowly (\( \text{d} = 60 \))

Will you build me a house?

Poco piu mosso (\( \text{d} = 72 \))

house that really will be mine! Then let my give you my design-

Very slowly

simple scheme of The house I dream of.

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Very slowly, like a folk-song (♩=50)

Build my house of wood,
Build my house of stone,
Build my house of brick and mortar;
Make the ceiling strong,
Strong against the storm,

Shelter when the days grow shorter;
But build my house of love, and
paint my house with trusting, and warm it with the warmth of your heart;

Make the floor of faith, Make the walls of truth, Put a roof of peace above;

Only build my house of love.
PETER, PETER
From Peter Pan

Words and Music by
Leonard Bernstein

Brightly

G
Pa tempo

F#m

Peter, Peter, You've got a smudge on your face; Allow me,

p

Peter, Peter, to wipe it away; I know it's

F

C

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just an old excuse to feel your touch,
But I love you very much!
Peter, Peter, Your hair is all out of place;
Allow me, Peter, Peter, to fix it, I pray;
I have to touch you to make sure you’re really real,
Am/C   D7   G
And I love the way you feel.
The touch of you

Bb9    Ebmaj7
I'd cherish, I long for it night and

day.
Without your touch I'll perish,

Gm7/F  Gm6/E  C9  F  D7
So I've got to find some way; Let's
WHO AM I?
From Peter Pan

Words and Music by
Leonard Bernstein

Moderato

E♭6   E♭ aug.   E♭6   E♭ aug.   E♭   Cm

Fun-ny, the thoughts I have at night;    dif-f'rent from the thoughts I have by

day!    The mo-ment Ma-ma switch-es off the light,    A

thou-sand dif-f'rent ques-tions come my way and stay:

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Refrain

Who am I? Was it all planned in advance, or was

I just born by chance in July? Oh, who on earth am I? Did I ever live before as a mountain lion or as a fly? My

friends only think of fun; They're all such incurable tots! Can
I be the only one who thinks these mysterious thoughts? Some

day I'll die; Will I ever live again as a

rooster or a hen, or a lion in a den, or a robin, or a wren, or a

fly? Oh, who am I?
NEVER-LAND
From Peter Pan

Words and Music by
Leonard Bernstein

G
MERMAIDS:
A

G/B
D
A/C#
G/D
D7

This has been a lovely day of sun and sand
In

G6

[Tacet]

Nev-er-Land.
Eighteen hours of lovely, lazy sleight of hand

Neverland.

Troubles don’t exist,

pesimist,

Ev’ryone’s exactly what he
Here it never rains, (Never!) Here no one comes
plains of pains, (No one) Childish hearts rejoicing in their
fantasy.
Love-ly, la-z-y life of sea and sun and sand. For ever and ever and ever in Never-Land.

Ped.