

Kurt Weill and Bertolt Brecht
Mack The Knife (Threepenny Opera)

Oh the shark has pretty teeth dear
And he shows them pearly white
Just a jackknife has Macheath dear
And he keeps it out of sight

When the shark bites with his teeth dear
Scarlet billows start to spread
Fancy gloves though wears Macheath dear
So there's not a trace of red

On the side walk Sunday mornin'
Lies a body oozing life
Someone sneakin' round the corner
Is that someone Mack the Knife

From a tugboat by the river
A cement bag's droppin' down
The cement's just for the weight dear
Bet'ya Mackies back in town

Louie Miller disappeared dear
After drawing out his cash
And Macheath spends like a sailor
Did our boy do something rash

Suky Tawdry, Jenny Diver
Polly Peachum, Lucy Brown
Oh the line forms on the right dears
Now that Mackies back in town

Oh the shark has pretty teeth dear
And he shows them pearly white
Just a jackknife has Macheath dear
And he keeps it out of sight
Just a jackknife has Macheath dear
And he keeps it out of sight

Kurt Weill and Bertolt Brecht
Barbara Song (Threepenny Opera)

I used to believe in the days I was pure
And I was pure like you used to be
My wonderful someone will come to me someday and then it will all depend on me
If he's a fine man, if he's a rich man,
Wears a fine cravat, smokes a cigar
And if he's gallant and treats me like a lady then I shall tell him
Sorry

Chin up high keep your powder dry
Don't relax or go too far.
Look, the moon is gonna shine till dawn
Keep the little rowboat crusing on and on
You stay perpendicular
Oh, you can't just let a man walk over you
Cold and dignified is what you are
Such a whole lot of things can happen
So firmly say but sweetly
Sorry

One day comes a man
But what kind of a man
Do you know why he does what he does
He walked into my room and he hung up his hat
And I just didn't know where I was
He was a lean man, he was a mean man
He didn't own a cravat, smoked no cigar
And God knows he never made me feel a lady.
Just wasn't time for sorry
Chin up high my chin was down
My shoes and I relaxed, but far too far
Oh, the way the moon kept shining on
The night was nice for rowing and this girl was gone
Not so perpendicular
So you let a man just walk right over you
Who said dignified is what you are
Such a wonderful lot of terrible things did happen
And now it's you can tell me
Sorry

Kurt Weill and Bertolt Brecht
Liebeslied (Threepenny Opera)

MAC: Look at the moon over Soho.

POLLY: I see it, dearest. Feel my heart beating, my
beloved.

MAC: I feel it. beloved

POLLY Where'er you go I shall be with you.

MAC And where you stay, there too shall I be.

BOTH And though we've no paper to say were wed
And no altar covered with flowers
And nobody knows for whom your dress was made
And even the ring is not ours —
The platter off which you've been eating your bread
Give it one brief look: fling it far.

For love will endure or not endure
Regardless of where we are.

Kurt Weill and Bertolt Brecht
Tango Ballad (Threepenny Opera)

There was a time, and now it's all gone by
When we two lived together, she and I
The way we were, was just the way to be
I cared for her, and she took care of me
And that arrangement seemed to work perfectly
The milkman rang the bell, I got out of bed
I opened up her purse, paid him what he said
I had a glass of milk, and back in bed I'd climb
You understand she was out working all the time
And so we lived, me and my little mouse
In that snug two by four where we kept house

That was a time, and now it's all gone by
When we were poor but happy, he and I
But when the day would bring no job to me
He'd curse and say how lazy can you be
I'll let him huff and puff
I've worked long enough
But when he drank too much, I'd get kinda grim
And shout the house down how I stood a clown like him
And then he'd turn around and try to bite my arm
And I would kick him in the teeth, meaning no harm
It was so sweet to be his little spouse
In that foul two by four where played house

Oh happy time and now it's all gone by
Until we quit each other, you and I
You stayed in bed all day and don't you smirk
You know we said that you'd do all the work
Now sleep's for the night they say
It ain't bad by day
So then I had my fill, swore I wouldn't stir
It looked like soon I would be taking care of her
You'd think a woman had a right to have one gripe
You left me flat. Well I just ain't the working type
We locked the door and each commenced to roam
Goodbye sweet two by four that we called home

Kurt Weill and Bertolt Brecht
Alabama Song (Mahagonny)

Oh, show me the way to the next whiskey bar
Oh, don't ask why, oh, don't ask why!
For we must find the next whiskey bar
For if we don't find the whiskey bar

I tell you we must die
I tell you we must die
I tell you
I tell you
I tell you we must die!

Oh, moon of Alabama
We now must say good-bye
We've lost our good old momma
And must have whiskey, oh you know why!

Oh, show us the way to the next pretty boy
Oh, don't ask why, oh, don't ask why!

For we must find the next pretty boy
For if we don't find the next pretty boy
I tell you we must die
I tell you we must die
I tell you
I tell you
I tell you we must die!

Oh, moon of Alabama
We now must say good-bye
We've lost our good old momma
And must have boys, oh you know why!

Oh, show me the way to the next little dollar
Oh, don't ask why, oh, don't ask why!
For we must find the next little dollar
For if we don't find the next little dollar
I tell you we must die
I tell you we must die
I tell you
I tell you
I tell you we must die!

Oh, moon of Alabama
We now must say good-bye
We've lost our good old momma
And must have dollars, oh you know why!

Kurt Weill and Bertolt Brecht
Herr Jakob Schmidt (Mahagonny)

Ach, bedenken sie, Herr Jakob Schmidt!
Ach, bedenken sie was man für dreissig Dollar kriegt!
Zehn paar Strümpfe, und sonst nichts!
Ich bin aus Havana. Meine Mutter war eine Weisse.
Sie sagte oft zu mir: "Mein Kind, verkauf dich nicht für ein paar Dollarnoten, so wie ich es tat.
Schau dir an was aus mir geworden ist..."

Ach, bedenken sie, Herr Jakob Schmidt!
Ach, bedenken sie,
Herr Jakob Schmidt!

Kurt Weill and Bertolt Brecht
Pirate Jenny (Threepenny Opera)

You gentlemen can watch while I'm scrubbin' the floors,
and I'm scrubbin' the floors while you're gawkin'.
And maybe once you tip me if it makes you feel swell,
on a ratty waterfront, in a ratty old hotel,
and you'd never guess to who you're talkin'
you'd never guess to who you're talkin'.

Suddenly one night, there's a scream in the night,
and you cry, "What the hell could that have been?"
and you see me kinda grinnin' while I'm scrubbin'
And you say, "What the hell she got to grin?"
And a ship, a black freighter,
with a skull on its masthead,
Will be coming in.

You gentlemen can say, "Hey girl! Finish the floors!
Get upstairs! Make the beds, earn your keep here!"
You toss me your tips, and look out at the ships,
but I'm countin' your heads while I make up the beds,
'cuz there's nobody gonna sleep here.
Tonight, none of you will sleep here.

Then that night, there's a bang in the night,
and you yell, "who's that kicking up a row?"
and you see me kinda starin' at the window,
and you say, "what she got to stare at now?"
And the ship, the black freighter,
turns around in the harbor, shootin' guns from the bow.

Then you gentlemen can wipe off the laugh from your face,
every building in town is a flat one.
Your whole stinkin' place will be down to the ground,
only this cheap hotel standin' up, safe and sound,
and you yell, "why the hell spare that one?"
and you yell, "why the hell spare that one?"

All the night through, with the noise and to-do,
you wonder who's the person lives up there?
Then you see me steppin' out into the morning,
Lookin' nice with a ribbon in my hair.
And the ship, the black freighter,
runs a flag up its masthead.
And a cheer rings the air.

By noontime the dock is all swarmin' with men,
comin' off of that ghostly freighter.
They're movin' in the shadows where no one can see,
and they're chainin' up people and bringin' them to me,
askin' ME, "Kill them now or later?"
askin' me, "kill them now or later?"

Moon by the clock, and so still on the dock
you can hear a foghorn miles away.
In that quiet of death, I'll say,
"Right now."
And they pile up the bodies, and I'll say,
"That'll learn ya!"
Then a ship, the black freighter, disappears out to sea,
and on it is me.

Kurt Weill and Ira Gershwin
My Ship (Lady in the Dark)

My ship has sails that are made of silk
The decks are trimmed with gold
And of jam and spice
There's a paradise in the hold
My ship's aglow with a million pearls
And rubies fill each bin
The sun sits high in a sapphire sky
When my ship comes in
I can wait the years till it appears
One fine day one spring
But the pearls and such
They don't mean much
If there's missing just one thing
I do not care if that day arrives
That dream need never be
If the ship I sing
Doesn't also bring
My own true love to me

Kurt Weill and Maxwell Anderson
September Song (Knickerbocker Holiday)

When I was a young man courting the girls
I played me a waiting game
If a maid refused me with tossing curls
I'd let the old Earth take a couple of whirls
While I plied her with tears in place of pearls
And as time came around she came my way
As time came around, she came.

But it's a long, long while from May to December
And the days grow short when you reach September

And I have lost one tooth and I walk a little lame
And I haven't got time for the waiting game

And the days turn to gold as they grow few
September, November,
And these few golden days I'd spend with you
These golden days I'd spend with you.

When you meet with the young men early in Spring
They court you in song and rhyme
They woo you with words and clover ring
But if you could examine the goods they bring
They have little to offer but the songs they sing
And a plentiful waste of time of day
A plentiful waste of time

But it's a long, long while from May to December
Will a clover ring last till you reach September
And I'm not quite equipped for the waiting game
But I have a little money and I have a little fame
And the days dwindle down to a precious few
September, November,
And these few precious days I'd spend with you
These precious days I'd spend with you.

Kurt Weill and Ogden Nash

That's Him (One Touch of Venus)

You know the way you feel
When there is autumn in the air,
That's him, that's him.
The way you feel when Antoine
Has finished with your hair,

That's him, that's him.
You know the way you feel
When you smell bread baking,
The way you feel
When suddenly a tooth stops aching;
Wonderful world, wonderful you,
That's him, that's him.

He is as simple as a swim in summer,
Not arty, not actory.
He's like a plumber when you need a plumber:
He's satisfactory.
You know the way you feel
When you want to knock on wood,
The way you feel when your heart is gone for good:
Wonderful world, wonderful you,
That's him.

You could shuffle him with millions,
Soldiers and civilians,
I'd pick him out.
In the darkest caves and hallways
I would know him always,
Beyond a doubt.
Identification comes easily to me
Because that's he.

You know the way you feel
About the Rhapsody in Blue:
That's him, that's him;
The way you feel about a hat
Created just for you:
That's him, that's him.
You know the way you feel

When the fireflies glimmer,
The way you feel when overnight
Your hips grow slimmer:
Wonderful world, wonderful you,
That's him, that's him.

He's like a book directly from the printer,
You look at him, he so commenceable.
He's comforting as woollens in the winter:
He's indispensable.

You know the way the way you feel
That you know you should conceal
The way you feel feel that you really shouldn't feel:
Wonderful world, wonderful you,
That's him.

Kurt Weill and Ira Gershwin
Tchaikovsky and other Russians

Without the least excuse
Or the slightest provocation,
May I fondly introduce,
For your mental delectation,
The names that always give me a concussion,
The names of those composers known as Russian.

There's Malichevsky, Rubinstein, Arensky, and Tschaikowsky,
Sapelnikoff, Dimitrieff, Tscherepnin, Kryjanowsky,
Godowsky, Arteiboucheff, Moniuszko, Akimenko,
Solovieff, Prokofieff, Tiomkin, Korestchenko.

There's Glinka, Winkler, Bortniansky, Rebikoff, Ilyinsky,

There's Medtner, Balakireff, Zolotareff, and Kvoschinsky.
And Sokoloff and Kopyloff, Dukelsky, and Klenowsky,
And Shostakovitsch, Borodine, Glière, and Nowakofski.

There's Liadoff and Karganoff, Markievitch, Pantschenko
And Dargomyzski, Stcherbatcheff, Scriabine, Vassilenko,
Stravinsky, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Mussorgsky, and Gretchaninoff
And Glazounoff and Caesar Cui, Kalinikoff, Rachmaninoff,

Stravinsky and Gretchnaninoff,
Rumshinsky and Rachmaninoff,
I really have to stop, the subject has been dwelt upon enough!

He'd better stop because we feel we all have undergone enough!

Kurt Weill and Langston Hughes

Moon Faced – Starry Eyed (Street Scene)

Moon faced, starry eyed
Peaches & cream with nuts on the side
I never knew there was anyone living like you

Moon faced, starry eyed
I'm going to bust my vest with pride
I never lived, baby, not at all 'til I met you

At six o'clock I expect your call
At seven o'clock I am in the hall
At eight o'clock if you don't come by
By nine o'clock baby I die

Moon faced, starry eyed
Cooking with gas when I'm by your side
I swear my hearts no where without you

Moon-faced, starry-eyed
You're apple pie with cheese on the side.
Can it be true than I'm loved by a Tarzan like you?

Moon-faced, starry-eyed,
You took my heart on a buggy ride.
I don't know how I got ever along without you.

At six o'clock I am gettin' up steam,
At seven o'clock I am on the beam,
At eight o'clock if the knob don't turn,
By nine o'clock, Baby, I burn!

Moon-faced, starry-eyed,
Floating on clouds when I'm by your side,
I swear my heart's nowhere without you.

Kurt Weill and Langston Hughes

Lonely House (Street Scene)

At night when everything is quiet
This old house seems to breathe a sigh
Sometimes I hear a neighbor snoring
Sometimes I can hear a baby cry

Sometimes I can hear a staircase creaking
Sometimes a distant telephone
Oh, and when the night settles down again
This old house and I are all alone

Lonely house, lonely me
Funny with so many neighbors
How lonesome you can be

Lonely street, lonely town
Funny, you can be so lonely
With all these folks around

I guess there must be something
I don't comprehend
Sparrows have companions
Even stray dogs have a friend

The night for me is not romantic
Unhook the stars and take them down
I'm lonely in this lonely town, in this lonely house

The night, the night for me is not romantic
Unhook the stars and take them down
I'm lonely in this lonely town, in this lonely house
At night when everything is quiet

Kurt Weill and Bertolt Brecht

Surabaya Johnny (Happy End)

I had just turned sixteen that season
When you came up from Burma to stay.
And you told me I ought to travel with you,
You were sure it would be OK.
When I asked how you earned your living,
I can still hear what you said to me:
You had some kind of job on the railway
And had nothing to do with the sea.

You said a lot, Johnny,
All one big lie, Johnny.
You cheated me blind, Johnny,
From the minute we met.

I hate you so, Johnny,
When you stand there grinning, Johnny.
Take that damn pipe out of your mouth,
you rat.

Surabaya Johnny,
No one's meaner than you.
Surabaya Johnny,
My God - and I still love you so.
Surabaya Johnny,
Why am I feeling so blue ?
You have no heart, Johnny,
And I still love you so.

At the start, every day was Sunday,
Till we went on our way one fine night.
And before two more weeks were over,
You thought nothing I did was right.
So we trekked up and down through the
Punjab,
From the source of the river to the sea.
When I look at my face in the mirror,
There's an old woman staring back at me.

You didn't want love, Johnny,
You wanted cash, Johnny.
But I sewed your lips, Johnny,
And that was that.
You wanted it all, Johnny,
I gave you more, Johnny.
Take that damn pipe out of your mouth,
you rat.

Surabaya Johnny.
No one's meaner than you.
Surabaya Johnny.
My God — and I still love you so.
Surabaya Johnny,
Why am I feeling so blue ?
You have no heart, Johnny.
And I still love you so.

I would never have thought of asking
How you'd got that peculiar name,
But from one end of the coast to the other
You were known everywhere we came.
And one day in a two-bit flophouse
I'll wake up to the roar of the sea,
And you'll leave without one word of warning
On a ship waiting down at the quay.

You have no heart, Johnny!
You're just a louse, Johnny!
How could you go, Johnny,
And leave me flat ?
You're still my love, Johnny,
Like the day we met, Johnny.
Take that damn pipe out of your mouth,
you rat.

Surabaya Johnny.
No one's meaner than you.
Surabaya Johnny,
My God - and I still love you so.
Surabaya Johnny,
Why am I feeling so blue ?
You have no heart, Johnny.
And I still love you so.

Kurt Weill and Bertolt Brecht
Sailor's Tango (Happy End)

Hey there, we're sailing off to Burma this evening
With enough good Scotch on board to float all the way

Plus a crate of great cigars: "Henry Clay"
Had it up to here with girls, so we're leaving
'Cause it's time to start a brand new day.
Now, we don't ever smoke other brands of cigars
And this leaky tub will barely get us to Burma
And we don't need that God who's up there in the stars
And we don't need all his laws on terra firma
So all right, good-bye!
And the ship sails away, and it may reach Rangoon
And as for God, well, we don't get him
And it may be that God feels just the same about us
So let's hope he doesn't let it upset him
And all right, good-bye!

We're off on the sea and it's "Who gives a damn?"
Life's perfect, 'cause nothing is missing
And your dreams of glory? Just take 'em and scram!
The whole world's our pot and - we're pissing!
Ah, the sea is blue, so blue,
And all the world goes on its way
And when the day is over
We start another day.
Ah, the sea is blue, so blue
And that's how it's gonna say.
Ah, the sea is blue, so blue - the sea is blue.

Hey there, we might go to a movie if you want to

They'll make us pay, we don't care, me and you
We won't grow our gray hairs, not until they're due –

People like us are entitled to have a bit of fun, too cents
'Cause there's not a thing we have to do.
Now, we never smoke cigars that cost less than five
And that cheap black bread gives us indigestion
And we don't give a damn what makes other guys tense
And as for soul-searching – there's just no question:
That's not why we're here!

And our life sails away, and who knows how it ends?
And as for God, well, let's forget him
And it may be that God feels just the same about us
So let's hope he won't let it upset him
Yeah, why should he care?

Our lives are our own and we don't give a damn
Life's perfect, 'cause nothing is missing
And your dreams of glory? Just take 'em and scam!
The whole world's our pot and – we're pissing!
Ah, the sea is blue, so blue,
And all the world goes on it's way.

And when the day is over
We start another day.
Ah, the sea is blue, so blue
And that's how it's gonna stay.
Ah, the sea is blue, so blue – the sea is blue.

Now all we need is for a storm to blow up!
Relax, there's the docks of Rangoon up ahead.
Hey, wait, that's just a bank of black clouds in the air!
Jesus ... and the waves are going crazy out there!
Jesus, in a minute the whole lot of us will be dead!
Well, we knew we'd have to die somewhere.
Yeah, we knew we'd have to die somewhere.

Down goes the ship and soon the sea washes over
Nothing but sharks down there to show a drowned man the way
Scotch is no use to them, or crates of "Henry Clay"
Where they're going there are no girls who need a lover
They won't ever see another day.
And the water comes up, and the ship's going down
And as for a harbor, we don't get one
Just a wreck of a ship and a glimpse of a shore
But of course, one can't let it upset one!
So all right, good-bye!
Then for once, you don't hear all that big talk in the air
And the big talkers suddenly look smaller
And they're down on their knees and mumbling about their

[Father who's up there

And they're starting to weigh the sins their souls must bear and
that's how they die.

And now let me tell you a fact that we all ought to know:

When you stand before the throne
Where our Lord is sitting
You may have been bragging a lifetime or so
But now, when it matters, you're shitting!

Ah, the sea is blue, so blue,
And all the world goes on its way
But when your day is over
There is no other day.
Ah, the sea is blue, so blue,
You don't have that long to stay.
Ah, the sea is blue, so blue, the sea is blue.

Kurt Weill and Bertolt Brecht
Bilbau Song (Happy End)

Bill's beer hall in Bilbao, Bilbao, Bilbao
Was the most fantastic place I've ever known
For just a dollar you'd get all you wanted
All you wanted, all you wanted

Of whatever kind of joy you called your own
But if you had been around to see the fun
Well I don't know you might not like what you'd've seen
The stools at the bar were damp with rye
On the dancefloor the grass grew high

Through the roof the moon was shining green
And the music really gave you some return on what you paid
Hey Joe, play that old song they always played

That ol' Bilbao
Down where we used to go
Who remembers the words
It's so long ago
I don't know if it would have brought you joy or grief but

It was fantastic
It was fantastic
It was fantastic
Beyond belief

Bill's beer hall in Bilbao, Bilbao, Bilbao
Came a day the end of May in 1908

Four guys from Bristol came with sacks of coal dust
Sacks of coal dust, sacks of coal dust

And the time they showed us all was really great
But if you had been around to see the fun
Well I don't know you might not like what you'd've seen
The brandy bottles smashing through the air
And the chairs flying everywhere

Through the roof the moon's still shining green
And those fog eyes all going crazy with their pistols blazing high
"Think you can stop 'em ? Go ahead and try!"

That ol' Bilbao
Down where we used to go
Da da da da da da
Who remembers the words ?

That ol' Bilbao
Casting its golden glow
That ol' Bilbao

Love never laid me low
That ol' Bilbao
Why does it haunt me so ?
I don't know if it would have brought you joy or grief but

It was fantastic
It was fantastic
It was fantastic
Beyond belief

Bill's beer hall in Bilbao, Bilbao, Bilbao,
Now they've cleaned it up and made it middle class
With potted palms and aspree
Very bourgeois, very bourgeois
Just another place to put your ass

But if you could come around to see the fun
Well, I don't know, you might not find it such a strain
Ha, they've cleaned up all the booze and broken glass
On parquet floors you can't grow grass

They've shut the green moon out because of rain
And the music makes you cringe now when you think of what you paid
Hey Joe, play that ol' song they always played

That ol' Bilbao
Down where we used to go
That ol' Bilbao
Casting its golden glow

That ol' Bilbao moon
Love never laid me low
That ol' Bilbao
Why does it haunt me so ?
I don't know if it would have brought you joy or grief but

It was fantastic
It was fantastic
It was fantastic
Beyond belief
So long ago