

THE CHEATER'S ALMANAC

NAOMI LOUISA O'CONNELL & GARY BEECHER

HUGH LANE GALLERY, DUBLIN
WEDNESDAY, 14 OCTOBER 2020

Animal Passion

Music: Jake Heggie / Lyrics: Gini Savage

You Can Have Him

Music & Lyrics: Irving Berlin

I Guess I'll Have to Change my Plan

Music: Arthur Schwartz / Lyrics: Howard Dietz

Economics

Music: Kurt Weill / Lyrics: Alan Jay Lerner

Mistaken

Music: Jonathan Dove / Lyrics: Vikram Seth

Guess Who I Saw Today

Music & Lyrics: Murray Grand & Elisse Boyd

Can't Sleep

Music: William Bolcom / Lyrics: Arnold Weinstein

At the Last Lousy Moments of Love

Music: William Bolcom / Lyrics: Arnold Weinstein

Lady Luck

Music: William Bolcom / Lyrics: Arnold Weinstein

Die geschiedene Frau (monologue)

Text: Kurt Tucholsky

+

Aus!

Music: Bernhard Eichhorn

+

Ich hol' dir vom Himmel das Blau

Music: Franz Lehár

17 Millimeter fehlten mir zum Glück

Music: Hans Hammerschmid / Lyrics: Hildegard Knef / Arrangement: Eddie Schleppe

Ich bin von Kopf bis Fuss auf Liebe eingestellt

Music & Lyrics: Friedrich Hollaender

How Could We Be Wrong?

Music & Lyrics: Cole Porter

Ballad of the Shape of Things

Music & Lyrics: Sheldon Harnick

Make the Man Love Me

Music: Arthur Schwartz / Lyrics: Dorothy Fields

Modest Maid

Music & Lyrics: Marc Blitzstein

You Must Believe in Spring

Music: Michel Legrand / Lyrics: Alan & Marilyn Bergman

Animal Passion

Words: Gini Savage

Music: Jake Heggie

Fierce as a bobcat's spring
With start-up speeds of sixty miles per hour,
I want a lover to sweep me off my feet
and slide me into the gutter
Without the niceties of small talk, roses or champagne.
I mean business,
I want whiskey,
I want to be swallowed whole,
I want tiles to spring off of walls
When we enter hotel rooms
Or afternoon apartments.
I won't pussyfoot around responsibility,
"shoulds" and "oughts" are out for good.
And I don't want to be a fat domestic cat,
I want to be frantic, yowls and growls to sound
Like the lion house at feeding time.
I don't give a damn who hears, I don't give a damn!
No discreet eavesdroppers coughs can stop us in our frenzy.
Let the voyeurs voient
And let the great cats come.

You Can Have Him

Words & Music: Irving Berlin

You can have him,
I don't want him.
He's not worth fighting for.
Besides there's plenty more where he came from.
I don't want him,
You can have him.
I'm giving him the sack.
And he can go right back where he came from.
I could never make him happy.
He'd be better off with you.
I'm afraid I never loved him.
All I ever wanted to do was

Run my fingers thru his curly locks,
Mend his underwear and darn his socks,
Fetch his slippers and remove his shoes,
Wipe his glasses when he read the news.
Rub his forehead with a gentle touch
Mornings after when he's had too much.
Kiss him gently when he cuddled near,
Give him babies one for ev'ry year, so you see
I don't want him, you can have him
You can have him, I don't want him
For he's not the man for me.

I would look a trifle silly,
Taking him away from you.
That was never my intention.
All I ever wanted to do was

Close the window while he soundly slept,
Raid the icebox where the food is kept,
Cook a breakfast that would please him most,
Eggs and coffee and some buttered toast.
Wake him gently with a breakfast tray,
After breakfast clear the things away.

Bring the papers and when they've been read,
Spend the balance of the day in bed, so you see
I don't want him, you can have him
You can have him, I don't want him
For he's not the man for me.

I Guess I'll Have To Change My Plan

Words: Howard Dietz

Music: Arthur Schwartz

I guess I'll have to change my plan
I should have realized there'd be another man!
I overlooked that point completely
Until the big affair began;
Before I knew where I was at
I found myself upon the shelf and that was that
I tried to reach the moon but when I got there,
All that I could get was the air,
My feet are back upon the ground
I've lost the one girl I found.

I guess I'll have to change my plan
I should have realized there'd be another man!
Why did I buy those blue pajamas
Before the big affair began?
My boiling point is much too low
For me to try to be a fly Lothario!
I think I'll crawl right back and into my shell,
Dwelling in my personal Hell.
I'll have to change my plan around
I've lost the one girl I found.

Economics

Words: Alan Jay Lerner

Music: Kurt Weill

Man and woman you got to admire,
They conquered cold and they conquered fire.
They stuck together thru thick and thin,
Through lots of good and through lots of sin.

But there's one thing that beats 'em
That they just can't subdue;
One thing that defeats 'em
and splits 'em up in two.
And that love defyin' thing
about which we're gonna sing
is Economics.

Now Cora had a husband makin' seven a day.
She left him for a guy who made eleven a day.
Now that's good economics, that's good economics,
That's good economics, but awful bad for love.

Now Sarah and her husband, they were doin' Okay,
For Sarah had an ev'nin' job and he worked all day.
Now that's good economics, that's good economics,
That's good economics, but awful bad for love.

Economics are rough on love!
Economics are tough on love.
You got a little money, you got a little honey:
Money go! Honey go!

Now Ruby was a woman who could needle your spine
But when you went to kiss her it was cash on the line.
Now that's good economics, that's good economics,
That's good economics, but awful bad for love.

Mistaken

Words: Vikram Seth

Music: Jonathan Dove

I smiled at you because I thought that you were someone else
You smiled back and there grew
Between two strangers in a library
Something that seemed like love
But you loved me
(If that's the word)
Because you thought that I was other than I was
And by and by
We found we'd been mistaken all the while
From that first glance
That first mistaken smile.

Guess Who I Saw Today

Words & Music: Murray Grand & Elisse Boyd

You're so late getting home from the office,
Did you miss your train?
Where you caught in the rain?
No, don't bother to explain.
Can I fix you a quick martini?
As a matter of fact
I'll have one with you,
For to tell you the truth
I've had quite a day too!

Guess who I saw today, my dear!
I went in town to shop around
For something new,
And thought I'd stop and have a bite
When I was through.
I looked around for someplace near,
And it occurred to me
Where I had parked the car,
There is a most attractive French café
And bar.
It really wasn't very far.

The waiter showed me to a dark,
Secluded corner,
And when my eyes became accustomed
To the gloom,
I saw two people at the bar
Who were so much in love,
That even I could spot it clear
Across the room.

Guess who I saw today, my dear!
I've never been so shocked before.
I headed blindly for the door.
They didn't see me passing through,
Guess who I saw today?
I saw you!

Can't Sleep

Words: Arnold Weinstein

Music: William Bolcom

Can't sleep
dreaming of you dreaming of me
turning to you woken by me.
Hush now, don't cry.
All I was doing was dreaming.

At the Last Lousy Moments of Love

Words: Arnold Weinstein

Music: William Bolcom

At the last lousy moments of love
He wanted to tell me the truth.
At the last writhing rotten moments of love
He wanted to tell me the truth-
About me of course. Thanks, I'll need this.

At the last lousy moments of love,
He wanted to tell me
That I wasn't doing too well.
I was eating and drinking and talking too much.
He wanted to tell me
As a friend at the end
Of those last lousy moments of love.

He wanted to tell me he was leaving,
He'd waited too long to tell me
that I was self-righteous
even when I wasn't wrong.
And I spoke about friendship
Till our friends gave me up as a friend for the season,
For which reason he wanted to tell me this truth.

He wanted to tell me these things, as a friend,
He wanted to tell me, but he didn't in the end.
At those last lousy moments of love
He said it all, with his body,
To my best friend

Lady Luck

Words: Arnold Weinstein

Music: William Bolcom

What do you like most about yourself?
What do I like about myself most?
Well, I hate to boast but I must say
I like my luck
Whenever they told me, "Scram!"
I'd never slink out slow like a hack to the back
No! I'd let the door slam,
And lo, and shazam!
Friendship would suddenly show up
Like a telegram.

Die geschiedene Frau

Words: Kurt Tucholsky

Ja ... da wär nun also wieder einer ...
das ist komisch!
Vor fünf Jahren, da war meiner;
dann war eine ganze Weile keiner ...
Und jetzt geht ein Mann in meiner Wohnung um,
findet manches, was ich sage, dumm;
lobt und tadelt, spricht vom Daseinszwecke
und macht auf das Tischtuch Kaffeeflecke –
Ist das alles nötig –?

Ja ... er sorgt. Und liebt. Und ists ein trüber
Morgen, reich ich meine Hand hinüber ...
Das ist komisch:
Männer ... so in allen ihren Posen ...
Und frühmorgens, in den Unterhosen ...
Plötzlich wohnt da einer auch in meiner Seele.
Quält mich; liebt mich; will, dass ich ihn quäle;
dreht mein Leben anders, lastet, läßt mich fliegen –
siegt, und weil ich klug bin, laß ich mich besiegen ...
Habe ich das nötig –?

Ich war ausgeglichen. Bleiben wir allein,
... komisch ...
sind wir stolz. So sollt es immer sein!
Flackerts aber, knistern kleine Flammen,
fällt das alles jäh in sich zusammen.
Er braucht uns. Und wir, wir brauchen ihn.
Liebe ist: Erfüllung, Last und Medizin.
Denn ein Mann ist Mann und Gott und Kind,
weil wir so sehr Hälfte sind.
Aber das ist schließlich überall:
der erste Mann ist stets ein Unglücksfall.
Die wahre Erkenntnis liegt unbestritten
etwa zwischen dem zweiten und dem dritten.
Dann weißt du. Vom Wissen wird man nicht satt,
aber notdürftig zufrieden, mit dem, was man hat,
Amen.

17 Millimeter fehlten mir zum Glück

Words: Hildegard Knef

Music: Hans Hammerschmid

Dass es gut war wie es war,
das weiß man hinterher.
Dass es schlecht ist, wie es ist,
weiß man gleich.
Siebzehn Millimeter fehlten mir zu meinem Glück
Und schon warf's mich tausend Meilen zurück.

Und da steh' ich nun,
und da lieg' ich nun,
Wie anno damals jener Sisyphus.
Und beginn noch mal, zum wievielten Mal im Tal,
Wie noch jedes Mal.
Wer rollt den Stein den Berg hinauf
Und gibt nicht auf und gibt nicht auf?
Der Mensch, wer sonst wohl als der Mensch?

The separated woman

Translation: Naomi Louisa O'Connell

Yes... there's another one now...
It's strange!
Five years ago, there was my one:
then, for a long while, there was no-one...
And now a man walks around in my apartment,
finds some things that I say stupid,
praises and criticizes, talks about the purpose of life
and leaves coffee stains on the tablecloth -
Is it all necessary?

Yes... he provides. And loves. And if it's a gloomy
morning, I let him take my hand...
It's strange:
Men... in all of their poses...
And early in the morning, in their underpants...
Suddenly somebody lives also in my soul.
Torments me; loves me; wants me to torment him;
turns my life around, burdens me, lets me fly -
wins, and because I'm wise, I let myself be defeated.
Is it necessary for me?

I was balanced. If we stay alone,
...strange...
we are proud. It should always be this way!
Though if it flickers, small flames crackle,
it all suddenly falls apart.
He needs us. And we, we need him.
Love is: fulfilment, burden and medicine.
For a man is man and god and child,
because we feel so much as though we are 'one half'.
But after all, it's like that everywhere:
the first man is always an accident.
The true realization lies without question
somewhere between the second and the third.
Then you know. Knowing doesn't make one satisfied,
but just about content, with that which one has.
Amen.

17 Millimeters away from Happiness

Translation: Naomi Louisa O'Connell

That it was good the way it was,
You realize afterwards.
That it's bad the way it is,
You know immediately.
I was seventeen millimeters away from happiness
And already I was thrown a thousand miles back.

And so here I stand,
and so here I lie,
As many years ago did Sisyphus.
And begin again for the umpteenth time in the valley,
Like every time.
Who rolls the stone up the mountain,
And never gives up and never gives up?
The human being, who else but the human being?

Doch dass es gut war, wie es war,
das weiß er hinterher.
Dass es schlecht ist, wie es ist,
das weiß er gleich.
Siebzehn Millimeter fehlten mir zu meinem Glück
Und schon warf's mich tausend Meilen zurück.

Und was hilft's mir nun, dass ich oben war,
Dass ich den Gipfel
um ein Haar erreicht?
"Ich muss", sprach Sisyphus,
und er nahm den Stein,
Trug ihn allein den gleichen Berg hinauf.

Ich, die Erbin jenes Sisyphus,
ich tu's ihm gleich,
Folg' geduldig seinen Spuren,
Schritt für Schritt.
Denn wer glaubt zum ungezählten Mal
und gibt nicht auf?
Der Mensch, wer sonst wohl als der Mensch?

Dass es gut war wie es war,
das weiß man hinterher.
Dass es schlecht ist, wie es ist,
weiß man gleich.
Siebzehn Millimeter fehlten mir zu meinem Glück
Und schon warf's mich tausend Meilen zurück.

Ich bin von Kopf bis Fuss auf Liebe eingestellt
Friedrich Hollaender

Ein rätselhafter Schimmer,
Ein "je ne sais-pas-quoi"
Liegt in den Augen immer
Bei einer schönen Frau.
Doch wenn sich meine Augen
Bei einem vis-à-vis
Ganz tief in seine saugen
Was sprechen dann sie?:

Ich bin von Kopf bis Fuß
Auf Liebe eingestellt,
Denn das ist meine Welt.
Und sonst gar nichts.
Das ist, was soll ich machen,
Meine Natur,
Ich kann halt lieben nur
Und sonst gar nichts.

Männer umschwirr'n mich,
Wie Motten um das Licht.
Und wenn sie verbrennen,
Ja dafür kann ich nicht.
Ich bin von Kopf bis Fuß
Auf Liebe eingestellt,
Ich kann halt lieben nur
Und sonst gar nichts.

But that it was good the way it was,
He will realize afterwards.
That it's bad the way it is,
He knows immediately.
I was seventeen millimeters away from happiness
And already I was thrown a thousand miles back.

And what does it help me now, that I was above,
That I was a hair's breadth away
from reaching the pinnacle?
"I must", spoke Sisyphus,
and he took the stone,
Carried it alone, up the same mountain.

I, the heiress of that Sisyphus,
I do the same,
Follow patiently in his footsteps,
step by step.
Because who believes for the uncounted time
and doesn't give up?
The human being, who else but the human being?

That it was good the way it was,
You realize afterwards.
That it's bad the way it is,
You know immediately.
I was seventeen millimeters away from happiness
And already I was thrown a thousand miles back.

I am from head to toe prepared for love
Translation: Naomi Louisa O'Connell

An enigmatic shimmer,
A 'je-ne-sais-pas-quoi'
Always lies within the eyes
Of a beautiful woman.
But when my eyes,
Face to face,
Look deeply into his,
What do they say?

I am from head to toe
Prepared for love
Because this is my world
And besides that, nothing at all.
It is, what can I do,
My nature –
I can only love
And nothing else at all.

Men swarm around me
Like moths around light
And if they burn up,
Well, I can't help that.
I am from head to toe
Prepared for love
Because this is my world
And nothing else at all.

Was bebt in meinen Händen,
In ihrem heißen Druck?
Sie möchten sich verschwenden
Sie haben nie genug.
Ihr werdet mir verzeihen,
Ihr müßt' es halt versteh'n,
Es lockt mich stets von neuem.
Ich find' es so schön!

Something trembles in my hands,
In their hot pressure,
They want to live life to the full,
They can never get enough.
You will all forgive me,
You just have to accept it,
It entices me each time anew,
I like it so much.

How Could We Be Wrong

Words & Music: Cole Porter

The moment I saw you and you looked my way,
that moment of moments I started to say:
"Could this be my long lost dream come true?"
The moment we touched, I knew.
How could we be wrong,
when we both are so set on it,
how could we be wrong?
Our love is so strong
I'd be willing to bet on it,
how could we be wrong?
Why should it ever die?
Darling, you and I
are too wonderfully happy today
to throw it away.
Now, life is a song.
If we build a duet on it,
how could we be wrong?

The Ballad of The Shape of Things

Words & Music: Sheldon Harnick

Completely round is the perfect pearl the oyster manufactures.
Completely round is the steering wheel that leads to compound fractures.
Completely round is the golden fruit that hangs in the orange tree.
Yes, the circle shape is quite renowned
And sad to say it can be found
In the dirty, low-down run-around
My true love gave to me,
Yes, my true love gave to me.

Completely square is the velvet box he said my ring would be in.
Completely square is the envelope he wrote farewell to me in.
Completely square is the handkerchief I flourish constantly,
As it dries my eyes of the tears I've shed
And blows my nose 'til it turns bright red,
For a perfect square is my true love's head.
He will not marry me,
No, he will not marry me.

Rectangular is the hotel door my true love tried to sneak through.
Rectangular is the transom over which I had to peek through.
Rectangular is the hotel room I entered angrily.
Now, rectangular is the wooden box
Where lies my love 'neath the grazing flocks.
They said he died of the chicken pox.
In part I must agree:
One chick too many had he.

Make The Man Love Me

Words: Dorothy Fields

Music: Arthur Schwartz

You kissed me once by mistake;
Thought I was somebody else.
I felt that kiss and I envied
That somebody else.
I wanted you for myself.
I guess I was shameless and bold.
But, I made a plan in my heart
I've never breathed, I've never told.

I must try to make the man love me,
Make the man love me now.
Bye and bye, I'll make the man happy;
I know how.
He must see how badly I want him,
Want him just as he is.
May I say that should the man ask me,
I'll be his.

Can I tell the man
Just how dearly blessed we would be?
All the beauty I see so clearly,
Oh, why can't he?
So, I pray to heaven above me,
Pray until day grows dim,
For a way to make the man love me
As I love him.

Modest Maid

Words & Music: Marc Blitzstein

You see before you here displayed
A Victorian and modest maid
With a look in my eye prim and distant.
And if you should explore my mind,
I can promise you that you would find
Such a neatness,
A discreteness,
With but one item not quite consistent:

I love LECHERY
Simple LECHERY.
If there's one thing is fun, it is lust.
Of a night in the park I am dreaming.
There am I naked stark,
Running steaming and screaming
For LECHERY,
Lovely LECHERY,
And I'll take nothing else in its stead:
I've tried archery,
I've tried butchery,
I've tried witchery,
And naturally bitchery.

But my modesty falls for,
Propriety calls for,
What's easier done than said.

Give me LECHERY –
Lovely LECHERY.
If there's one thing is fun it is...you know.
When the moon's at the full, I'm a mad one
But don't call a constabull,
For this mad one has had one.
Now prudery mixed with lewdery
Makes a dish which with flavor is rife.
You take archery if you're arch,
You take butchery if you're butch,
Temper witchery with wit,
Make with bitchery a bit.
Though it may be unsound to,
I'm bound to come round to
Just having the time of my life.

So behold a prim and modest maid
In my second Sunday best arrayed
And working hard to get this rampant little maid allayed!

You Must Believe in Spring

Words: Alan & Marilyn Bergman

Music: Michel Legrand

When lonely feelings chill the meadows of your mind,
Just think if winter comes, can spring be far behind?
Beneath the deepest snows, the secret of a rose
Is merely that it knows you must believe in spring!

Just as a tree is sure its leaves will reappear;
It knows its emptiness is just a time of year.
The frozen mountain dreams of April's melting streams,
How crystal clear it seems, you must believe in spring!

You must believe in love and trust it's on its way,
Just as the sleeping rose awaits the kiss of May.
So in a world of snow, of things that come and go,
Where what you think you know, you can't be certain of,
You must believe in spring and love.