

*The Chicago Artists Workshop Presents:*

**Karim Sulayman**  
**Rebuilding/Crossing Bridges**

Nous Voulons un Petit Soeur (1934) - Poulenc  
Lune d'Avril (1960) - Poulenc  
Lost and Lookin' - Sam Cooke  
Bleuet (1939) - Poulenc  
Suéltate las cintas (2004)- Gustavo Santaolalla  
C. (1943) - Poulenc  
Fêtes Galantes (1943) - Poulenc  
Li Beirut (1984) - Fairouz

My Dearest Ruth (2013) - Stacy Garrop

Piano Piece #4 (1977) - Frederic Rzewksi

Tomorrow's Gonna Be A Better Day (2013) - Billy Bragg

*Program repertoire is subject to change.*

**Nous Voulons un Petit Soeur**

Text: Jean Nohani, Music: Francis Poulenc

Madame Eustache a dix-sept filles,  
Ce n'est pas trop,  
Mais c'est assez  
La jolie petite famille  
Vous avez dû dû dû

Madame Eustache has seventeen daughters,  
That's not too many  
But it's just right  
The pretty little family  
It must have been, been, been

Vous avez dû dû dû  
Vous avez dû la voir passer.  
Le vingt décembre on les appelle:  
Que voulez-vous mesdemoiselles  
Pour votre Noël?  
Voulez-vous une boîte à poudre?  
Voulez-vous de petits mouchoirs?  
Un petit nécessaire à coudre?

It must have been, been, been  
You must have seen her going by  
December comes and she inquires:  
Dear little girls, for Christmas time,  
What would you desire?  
Would you like a powder box?  
Would you like little handkerchiefs?  
Or how about little sewing blocks?

Un perroquet sur son perchoir?  
Voulez-vous un petit ménage?  
Un stylo qui tache les doigts?  
Un pompier qui plonge et qui nage?  
Un vase à fleurs presque chinois?  
Mais les dix-sept enfants en chœur  
Ont répondu: Non.

*Ce n'est pas ça que nous voulons  
Nous voulons une petite sœur  
Ronde et joufflue comme un ballon  
Avec un petit nez farceur  
Avec les cheveux blonds  
Avec la bouche en cœur  
Nous voulons une petite sœur*

L'hiver suivant, elles sont dix huit  
Ce n'est pas trop,  
Mais c'est assez  
Noël approche et les petites  
Sont bien emba ba ba  
Sont bien emba ba ba  
Sont vraiment bien embarrassées.  
Madame Eustache les appelle:  
Décidez-vous mesdemoiselles  
Pour votre Noël:  
Voulez-vous un mouton qui frise?  
Voulez-vous un réveille matin?  
Un coffret d'alcool dentifrice?  
Trois petits coussins de satin?

Voulez-vous une panoplie  
De danseuse de l'Opéra?  
Un petit fauteuil qui se plie  
Et que l'on porte sous son bras?  
Mais les dix-huit enfants en chœur  
Ont répondu: Non.

*Ce n'est pas ça que nous voulons...*

Or a pretty little parakeet?  
Would you like a dollhouse?  
A ball pen that your fingers stains?  
A man that dives and swims around?  
A nearly Chinese flower vase?  
But as one the seventeen children  
Replied: No!

*We would not like any of that  
A little sister's what we chose  
With smiling lips and a little hat  
With a cute little button nose  
With golden hair at that  
A little one for us to tease  
We would like a little sister please*

Next winter comes and there are eighteen  
That's not too many  
But that will do  
Christmas is coming and it would seem  
That they don't know know know  
That they don't know know know  
That they don't know what they should do.  
Their mother calls them and inquires  
Dear little girls, for Christmas time  
What is it that you require?  
Would you like a curly sheep?  
Would you like an alarm clock?  
Pink toothpaste to clean your teeth?  
Or a brand-new satin clock?

Would you like a dress-up kit  
To have an opera dancer's charm  
A little couch 'pon which you can sit  
Which folds and fits under your arm  
But as one the eighteen children  
Replied: No!

*We would not like any of that...*

Elles sont dix-neuf l'année suivante  
Ce n'est pas trop,  
Mais c'est assez  
Quand revient l'époque émouvante  
Noël va de nou nou  
Noël va de nou nou  
Noël va de nouveau passer.  
Madame Eustache les appelle:  
Décidez-vous mesdemoiselles  
Pour votre Noël:  
Voulez-vous des jeux excentriques  
Avec des piles et des moteurs?  
Voulez-vous un ours électrique?  
Un hippopotame à vapeur?  
Pour coller des cartes postales  
Voulez-vous un superbe album?  
Une automobile à pédales?  
Une bague en aluminium?  
Mais les dix-neuf enfants en chœur  
Ont répondu: Non!

*Ce n'est pas ça que nous voulons  
Nous voulons deux petites jumelles  
Deux sœurs exactement pareilles  
Deux sœurs avec des cheveux blonds!  
Leur mère a dit : c'est bien  
Mais il n'y a pas moyen  
Cette année, vous n'aurez rien.*

There are nineteen girls the next year,  
That's not too much,  
But it's enough  
When the time comes for season's cheer  
Christmas is cu, cu cu  
Christmas is cu, cu cu  
Once again Christmas is coming up.  
Their mother calls them and inquires:  
Dear little girls, for Christmas time,  
What is it that you require?  
Would you like a toy that is eccentric?  
With batteries and an engine too?  
A teddy bear that is electric?  
An animal that steams for you?  
Would you like a beautiful album  
That you can put your postcards in?  
A pretty ring made of aluminum?  
A pedal car that you can ride in?  
But as one the nineteen children  
Replied: No!

*For all those things we do not care  
We would like twin sisters, if we may  
Two sisters that are just the same  
Two sisters with pretty golden hair  
The mother said: I see  
But there's no way this will be  
So this year, you'll get nothing.*

## **Lune d'Avril (April Moon)**

Text: Maurice Caremê, Music: Francis Poulenc

Lune, belle lune, lune d'Avril,  
Faites-moi voir en m'endormant  
Le pêcher au cœur de safran,  
Le poisson qui rit du grésil,  
L'oiseau qui, lointain comme un cor,  
Doucement réveille les morts  
Et surtout, surtout le pays  
Où il fait joie, où il fait clair,  
Où, soleilleux de primevères,  
On a brisé tous les fusils.  
Lune, belle lune, lune d'avril,  
Lune.

Moon, beautiful moon of April,  
Let me see in my sleep,  
The peach tree with the saffron heart,  
The fish who laughs at the sleet,  
The bird who, distant as a hunting horn,  
Gently awakens the dead,  
And above all, the land where there is joy  
Where there is light,  
Where sunny with primroses,  
All the guns have been destroyed.  
Moon, beautiful moon of April,  
Moon.

## **Lost and Lookin'**

Lyrics and Music: Sam Cooke

I'm lost and I'm looking for my baby  
Wonder why my baby can't be found  
I'm lost and I'm looking for my baby  
Lord knows my baby ain't around

So I'm lost and I'm looking for my baby  
Wonder why my baby can't be found  
Lost and I'm searching for my baby  
Lord knows my baby ain't around

Crying for my baby  
Crying all alone  
Calling for you  
Come home, come home

I'm lost and I'm calling for my baby  
Baby, won't you please come home  
I'm lost and I'm calling for my baby  
I need you 'cause I'm so alone

## **Bleuet (Rookie)**

Text: Guillaume Apollinaire, Music: Francis Poulenc

Jeune homme  
De vingt ans  
Qui as vu des choses si affreuses  
things,  
Que penses-tu des hommes  
De ton enfance

Young man  
Of twenty,  
You who have seen such horrible  
things,  
What do you think of the men  
From your childhood?

Tu connais la bravoure et la ruse

You know what bravery is and cunning

Tu as vu la mort en face  
Plus de cent fois  
Tu ne sais pas ce que c'est que la vie

You have faced death  
More than a hundred times  
You do not know what life is

Transmets ton intrépidité  
À ceux qui viendront  
Après toi

Hand down your fearlessness  
To those who shall come  
After you

Jeune homme  
Tu es joyeux  
Ta mémoire est ensanglantée  
Ton âme est rouge aussi  
De joie  
Tu as absorbé la vie  
De ceux qui sont morts près de toi

Young man  
You are joyous  
Your memory is steeped in blood  
Your soul is red also  
With joy  
You have absorbed the life  
Of those who died beside you

Tu as de la décision  
Il est 17 heures et tu saurais  
Mourir  
Sinon mieux que tes aînés  
Du moins plus pieusement  
Car tu connais mieux la mort  
Que la vie  
Ô douceur d'autrefois  
Lentueur immémoriale

You are resolute  
It is 1700 hrs and you would know  
How to die  
If not better than your elders  
At least with greater piety  
For you are better acquainted with death  
Than life  
Oh sweetness of bygone days  
Slow-moving beyond all memory

## **Suéltate las Cintas (Untie your Ribbons)**

Lyrics and Music: Gustavo Santaolalla

Translation: Hamete Benengeli

Suéltate las cintas  
de tu cabello y la falda  
y devoremos la noche  
hasta el alba

Untie the ribbons of your hair and your skirt:  
let's devour the night until dawn comes, just like this,

Así, Ay Muchachita descalza

Barefoot girl.

No necesitamos cielo  
si vos tenés a mi espalda  
y la cintura enlazada

We don't need the sky when you have my back  
and I embrace your waistline, just like this.

Así, Ay, Tu cintura de plata

Your silvery waistline.

Si mañana en el pueblo  
te ríes sola, espera  
No digas el secreto  
en que me llevas

If tomorrow, in the village, you laugh by yourself, wait,  
keep the secret in which you carry me, just like this.

Así, Ay Junco, flor,  
miel ya arena

Weed, flower, honey and sand.

### C. (Cé)

Text: Louis Aragon, Music: Francis Poulenc

J'ai traversé les ponts de Cé  
C'est là que tout a commencé

I have crossed the bridges of Cé  
It is there that everything began

Une chanson des temps passés  
Parle d'un chevalier blessé

A song of bygone days  
Tells of a knight who injured lay

D'une rose sur la chaussée  
Et d'un corsage délacé

Of a rose upon the carriage-way  
And a bodice with an unlaced stay

Du château d'un duc insensé  
Et des cignes dans les fossés

And the castle of an insane duke  
And swans in castle moats

De la prairie où vient danser  
Une éternelle fiancée

And of the meadow where  
An eternal fiancée comes to dance

Et j'ai bu comme un lait glacé  
Le long lai des gloires faussées

And I have drunk the long lay  
Of false glories like icy milk

La Loire emporte mes pensées  
Avec les voitures versées

The Loire bears my thoughts away  
With the overturned jeeps

Et les armes désamorçées  
Et les larmes mal effacées

And the unprimed arms  
And the ill-dried tears

Ô ma France ô ma délaissée  
J'ai traversé les ponts de Cé

O my France O my forsaken one  
I have crossed the bridges of Cé

## **Fetes Galantes (Gallant Festivities)**

Text: Louis Aragon, Music: Francis Poulenc

On voit des marquis sur des bicyclettes	You see fops on bicycles
On voit des marlous en cheval-jupon	You see pimps in kilts
On voit des morveux avec des voilettes	You see whipper-snappers with veils
On voit des pompiers brûler les pompons	You see firemen burning their pompoms
On voit des mots jetés à la voirie	You see words hurled on the garbage heaps
On voit des mots élevés au pavois	You see words praised to the skies
On voit les pieds des enfants de Marie	You see the feet of orphan children
On voit le dos des diseuses à voix	You see the backs of cabaret singers
On voit des voitures à gazogène	You see cars run on gazogene
On voit aussi des voitures à bras	You see handcarts too
On voit des lascars que les longs nez gênent	You see sly fellows hindered by long noses
On voit des coïons de dix huit carats	You see eighteen-carat fools
On voit ici ce que l'on voit ailleurs	You see here what you see everywhere
On voit des demoiselles dévoyées	You see girls who are led astray
On voit des voyous On voit des voyeurs	You see gutter-snipes You see voyeurs
On voit sous les ponts passer les noyés	You see the drowned corpses float Beneath bridges
On voit chômer les marchands de chaussures	You see out-of-work shoemakers
On voit mourir d'ennui les mireurs d'œufs	You see egg-candlers bored to death
On voit péricliter les valeurs sûres	You see securities tumble
Et fuir la vie à la six-quatre-deux	and life rushing pell-mell by



## **Li Beirut (For Beirut)**

Lyrics and Music: Fairouz

A heartfelt greeting to Beirut,  
Kisses to the sea, to the houses,  
To a rock like an old sailor's face.  
The city was made from the people's soul,  
from their wine, their sweat, bread and jasmine  
But how does she taste now?  
She tastes of fire and smoke.

Beirut's ashes are witness to her glory  
Now my city has turned out her lights  
With the blood of children on her hands  
She shut her door, and became alone in the sky  
Alone with the night

You are mine, you are mine  
Ah, embrace me, you are mine  
You are my flag today, tomorrow stone.  
The waves travel,  
The wounds of my people have grown  
And mothers cry  
You are mine, you are mine  
Ah Hug me

## **My Dearest Ruth**

Text: Martin Ginsburg, Music: Stacy Garrop

My Dearest Ruth,

You are the only person I have loved in my life, setting aside, a bit, parents and kids and their kids. I have admired and loved you almost from the day we first met some 56 years ago.

What a treat it has been to watch you progress to the very top of the legal world!!

I will be in the hospital until Friday. Between then and now I shall think hard on my remaining health and life, and whether on balance the time has come for me to tough it out or to take leave of life. The loss of quality now simply overwhelms. I hope you will support where I come out, but I understand you may not. I will not love you a jot less. Not a jot.

Love, Marty

### **Tomorrow's Gonna Be A Better Day -**

Lyrics and Music: Billy Bragg

To the misanthropic misbegotten merchants of gloom  
Who look into their crystal balls and prophesied our doom:  
"Let the death knell chime, its the end of time"  
Let the cynics put their blinkers on and toast our decline.  
Don't become demoralized by scurrilous complaint,  
Its a sure sign that the old world is terminally quaint.  
And tomorrow's gonna be a better day,  
No matter what the siren voices say  
Tomorrow's gonna be a better day,  
We're going to make it that way.

To the pessimistic populists who harbor no doubt,  
That everything we make our way, "to hell in a hand cart".  
To the snarky set, who's sniping to get,  
Anyone who puts their head above the parapet.  
Don't become disheartened baby, don't be fooled,  
Take it from someone who knows the glass is half full.  
And tomorrow's gonna be a better day,  
No matter what the siren voices say.  
Tomorrow's gonna be a better day,  
E're gonna make it that way.

