

**CHANDOS**

IN SEARCH OF  
YOUKALI

Songs of

*Kurt Weill*

Katie Bray  
mezzo-soprano

Murray Grainger  
accordion

Marianne Schofield  
double-bass

William Vann  
piano



Kurt Weill, 1931

Photograph by Theodor Fanta (1904 - 1957) /  
Ulstein Bild / AKG Images, London

## In Search of Youkali

**Kurt Weill** (1900 - 1950)

- |   |  |       |
|---|--|-------|
| 1 | <b>A Glimpse of Youkali</b> (2025)*<br>An Improvisation  | 00:48 |
| 2 | <b>Barbarasong</b> (1928)*†§<br>from <i>Die Dreigroschenoper</i><br>(The Threepenny Opera)<br>Moderato assai - Più animato - Breit -<br>Moderato assai - Più animato - Breit -<br>Moderato assai - Più animato - Breit | 5:06  |
| 3 | <b>Berlin im Licht</b> (1928)*§<br>Song<br>Slow-Fox  | 1:46  |
| 4 | <b>Overture to 'Die Dreigroschenoper'</b> (1928)†§<br>(The Threepenny Opera)<br>Maestoso   | 1:57  |

5	<b>Surabaya Johnny</b> (1929)*†§ from <i>Happy End</i> Moderato	5:04
6	<b>A Vision of Youkali</b> (2025)† An Improvisation	2:55
7	<b>Complainte de la Seine</b> (1934)*§ from 'Les Belles de nuit', in <i>La Robe arrachée</i> (‘Beauties of the Night’ from <i>The Torn Dress</i> ) Andante non troppo	4:04
8	<b>Je ne t’aime pas</b> (1934)*§ Moderato	4:41
9	<b>J’attends un navire</b> (1934)*†§ from <i>Marie Galante</i> Moderato – Più mosso – A tempo	5:16
10	<b>A Dream of Youkali</b> (2025)‡ An Improvisation	1:42

11	<b>Buddy on the Nightshift</b> (1942)*+§ <i>from Lunchtime Follies</i> Allegro non troppo, commodo	2:04
12	<b>Nanna's Lied</b> (1939)*§ Moderato assai	3:49
13	<b>September Song</b> (1938)§ <i>from Knickerbocker Holiday</i> Arranged by Louis C. Singer (1912 – 1966) Moderato assai	2:57
14	<b>Apple Jack</b> (1950)*+ <i>from Huckleberry Finn</i> Moderato	1:56
15	<b>A Premonition of Youkali</b> (2025)* An Improvisation	1:20

16	<b>Speak Low</b> (1943)*§ from <i>One Touch of Venus</i> Moderato assai	3:12
17	<b>My Ship</b> (1940)*§ from <i>Lady in the Dark</i> Andantino cantabile	3:24
18	<b>This Time Next Year</b> (1950)*§ from <i>Huckleberry Finn</i> Moderato	2:50
19	<b>Youkali</b> (1935)*†§ Mouvement de Tango Habanera	5:36
		TT 60:37

Except where noted, all arrangements by the performers

**Katie Bray** mezzo-soprano\*

**Murray Grainger** accordion†

**Marianne Schofield** double-bass‡

**William Vann** piano§



Will Pope

Katie Bray

## In Search of Youkali: Songs of Kurt Weill

The theatre work of Kurt Weill (1900 – 1950) is a tapestry patterned with dispossessed people; they throng his Berlin, haunt the streets of his New York. And Weill himself knew dispossession well: as a Jewish artist he would have felt it keenly in March 1933, when the rise of National Socialism forced him to flee Germany for Paris. More than two years of creative flux followed; on the one hand they produced two lastingly successful compositions in the *Fantaisie symphonique* (Symphony No. 2) and his final collaboration with Bertolt Brecht, *Die sieben Todsünden*; on the other, creative difficulties crippled both the satirical operetta *Der Kuhhandel* (finally produced in London in 1935, as the less astringent *A Kingdom for a Cow*) and the 'play with music' *Marie Galante*, based on Jacques Deval's novel about the trials and travails of a good-hearted prostitute. But if these two works were theatrical failures, much of their music survived – at least in part through Weill's belief in its 'absolute' qualities.

Weill said that he began to write for the stage 'only when I discovered that my music contains the tension of scenic events'. The chronology is important. As a member of

Ferruccio Busoni's composition master-class in Berlin (1921 – 24), he learnt to consider opera, notably the *Singspiel* genre of Mozart's *Die Zauberflöte*, as an ultimate goal – but only through the realisation that (as he wrote in 1925) 'the dramatic impetus that opera requires can be a very essential component of any musical product'. You could remove the vocal element from a Mozart aria – or add it to a symphony – and the music would retain its innate power of expression: in short, music might be considered programmatic, but was always inherently 'absolute'.

### **Self-borrowings: *Complainte de la Seine*; *Je ne t'aime pas*; *Youkali***

As a result, Weill never distinguished between 'serious' and 'light' music, merely between good and bad: another upshot was that he proved a composer who never willingly wasted a good tune. His work is threaded with a skein of self-borrowings that not only move easily between vocal and instrumental works but, ultimately, cross continents. Unsurprisingly perhaps, these are particularly discernible in that period of uncertainty from 1933 until Weill set sail for America, in 1935.

The orchestral *ritornello* that punctuates the march of envy in *Die sieben Todsünden* becomes the introduction to 'Complainte de la Seine' (1934), in which the river consigns coveted goods to its depths; the inarticulacy of a woman struggling with an impending break-up in 'Je ne t'aime pas' (1934) is underscored with a bittersweet piano phrase that Weill transformed into the precipitous opening bars of 'Scène au dancing' in *Marie Galante* (that 'scene' itself a re-working of 'Lied von der harten Nuss', from *Happy End*). Perhaps most tellingly, Weill provided an instrumental 'tango-habanera' for the same dance-hall episode, which the lyricist Roger Fernay would later turn into the song 'Youkali' (1935): its haunting final phrases would reappear in the prologue to his operetta *Der Kuhhandel* and, later still, when Weill had settled in America, re-emerge in 'Song of the Goddess', from *Johnny Johnson* (1936).

Interestingly, both 'Youkali' re-imaginings also centre on islands. In *Der Kuhhandel*, the idyllic Santa Maria is threatened by profiteering and military propaganda; the statue on Liberty Island ruefully watches the departure of Johnny Johnson for a conflict in which he does not believe, for love of a girl who wants a war hero. And the beguiling rhythm of the voyage to 'toute petite' Youkali had promised a haven of happiness on an

island that does not exist. But then – as Crusoe and Odysseus might attest – islands contain their own 'tension of scenic events'; they can be at once a refuge and a prison, an opportunity and a shattered dream.

#### **Borrowings across time: Die Dreigroschenoper**

This tension – in which a dark or difficult subject can be, as Weill once put it, 'set to music in a gentle, pleasant way' – was hardly new. Weill was writing about *Die Dreigroschenoper* (1928); but the source of his famous collaboration with Brecht – Gay and Pepusch's *The Beggar's Opera* – had supplied salacious and satirical texts to existing melodies of innocent charm two hundred years before. In the same way, baroque elements of form and fugue in Weill's Overture are subverted by acerbic modern harmony and the timbre of a 1920s jazz band; in the verses of her 'Barbarasong', Polly presents a narrative in the tones of light operetta (in particular, a number from Eduard Künneke's 1921 hit, *Der Vetter aus Dingsda* – Weill borrowing from elsewhere for once) juxtaposed with a refrain that colours her predicament with blue-note chromaticism.

#### **Degrees of social critique: Berlin im Licht; Surabaya Johnny; Speak Low**

While he claimed to have had a hand in some

of its musical material, Brecht was unhappy that the success of *Die Dreigroschenoper* seemed to stem from its songs: what had mattered, he said in a 1933 self-interview, was the 'critique of society'. Such a view was never going to coincide wholly with that of Weill; and *Happy End* (1929) only served to emphasise their differences. Its premise was simple – the 'triumph of good over evil' (as Brecht's collaborator Elisabeth Hauptmann put it), set 'between Salvation Army and gangster bar'. So far, so *Guys and Dolls*; but, dissatisfied with what seemed to him a too-mild send-up, Brecht devised a tubthumping closing number for the original production: 'Hosiannah Rockefeller' presented titans of American industry – for him, the real gangsters – sanctified in stained glass. Weill furnished Brecht's polemic with material from an 'industrial' number of his own, 'Berlin im Licht' – written the year before for an exhibition celebrating the city's electrification. *Happy End* flopped; Brecht's abrupt switch to a 'critique of society' clearly wrong-footed a first night audience already wearied by an over-long show. Yet Weill held faith with his songs, calling them 'badly integrated' into a 'bad play'. And his faith seems justified by their continuing survival – in particular 'Surabaya Johnny', sung by the Salvation Army officer Lillian Holliday to

the gangster Bill Cracker while attempting to reform him. If its refrain seems at once reminiscent of Weill's most enduring number, it is not altogether surprising: like Bill Cracker, Mack the Knife is a man of considerable charm and dubious morals. Yet there is more than isolated self-borrowing involved here: like Mackie Messer's, Johnny's personality is captured in a three-note motif within an added sixth harmony:



The chord that lent sweetness and sentimentality to so much twentieth-century popular music also left a fingerprint on many subsequent Weill scores – later leading Stephen Sondheim (who had considered *Die Dreigroschenoper* 'spiky and original') to say that Weill's fondness for the added sixth made him feel 'queasy'. But for Weill, that fondness perhaps went at least as far back as 1918–19, his year at the Berlin Hochschule für Musik, and his considerable interest in the music of Mahler (who, though he considered music to possess an inner 'programme', also felt that telling the listener



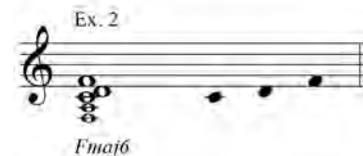
Murray Grainger

Adam Summerhayes

what to hear would render it worthless). The great symphonist's *Das Lied von der Erde* (1908 - 09) is founded largely on the sixth chord, and its memorable final pages use Ex. 1 to underline the oft-repeated word 'ewig' (for ever); maybe it was there that Weill first saw endless possibilities in that group of three notes - even perhaps in its rising major second which Mahler's 'ewig' had made to fall. Weill would make it fall, too - and from the sixth of the scale - in *One Touch of Venus* (1943), when the goddess, cast adrift in modern Manhattan, urges the hapless sad sack for whom she has fallen not only to 'Speak Low' but to speak in haste: time, she repeatedly tells him, will steal the joys of love 'too soon'...

**Different kinds of dispossession: September Song; My Ship; J'attends un navire**

A variant (Ex. 2) haunts the verse of 'September Song', first introduced by Walter Huston in the Broadway 'musical play' *Knickerbocker Holiday* (1938):



in the ensuing refrain, age looks back longingly at youth in the face of a growing sense of mortality, the poignancy illuminated by the sixth chord (here, often in a minor key form). The show's successor, *Lady in the Dark* (1941), a collaboration with Ira Gershwin that opened on Broadway in 1941, featured a relatively unexplored kind of dispossession: Liza Elliott is a successful businesswoman in New York, who cannot control her complex love life. While *Marie Galante* had seen its kidnapped heroine working in a South American brothel to earn a passage home, Liza seeks clarity in a journey through psychoanalysis - clarity that hinges on a childhood memory, finally revealed as 'My Ship'. Yet both heroines are birds of passage; and both Liza's song and Marie's 'J'attends un navire' launch their hopeful refrains with this variant. Both numbers, too, found life beyond their original context - 'My Ship' as a jazz standard for the likes of Miles Davis, 'J'attends un navire' as a song of hope for the French Resistance.

**Sea Crossings: Buddy on the Nightshift**

His own ship - the SS *Majestic* that carried Weill to the US, in September 1933 - was much the longer of two life-changing trips which he undertook across water. The shorter one had occurred in 1924, in a boat rowed by

the young actress-dancer Karolina Blamauer across a lake to the house of the playwright Georg Kaiser; short, but long enough to confirm Karolina (later known as Lotte Lenya) as Weill's partner for life through marriage, divorce, re-marriage, and countless other upheavals – not least, repatriation in the New World. For his part, Weill found landfall in the US congenial: buoyed by recognition as a composer (*Die Dreigroschenoper* had premièred in the US the year of his arrival) and a facility with English, he repaid American hospitality with significant contributions to broadcasting, musical education, and, later, the war effort. 'Buddy on the Nightshift', a rare collaboration with Oscar Hammerstein II, was written for the 1942 *Lunchtime Follies*, its ticking time-and-motion introduction and cheerful tone well suited to a patriotically themed show that sought to boost the morale of the home workforce.

**Songs for Huckleberry Finn: This Time Next Year; Apple Jack**

Weill largely renounced the German language and took US citizenship. 'I am an American', he affirmed – and to the end: death found him at work with Maxwell Anderson on a musical version of *Huckleberry Finn* (1950). Weill described the project as 'essentially a light musical comedy'; but taking on Mark Twain's somewhat controversial classic novel showed

him as willing as in his *Die Dreigroschenoper* days to tackle dark themes such as race and social inequality 'in a gentle, pleasant way'. Five songs, hastily sketched on what must have seemed like borrowed time, are all that survive. The most developed, 'River Chanty', suggests that the Mississippi – understandably – would have been almost a character in itself (*Raft on the River* was a provisional title for the show); 'This Time Next Year' may possess the tone of a somewhat conventional Broadway ballad but Anderson's lyrics, particularly for 'Come In, Mornin'', capture some of the simple honesty of Twain's dialogue. And Weill's fingerprints are still discernible in two 'character' numbers; both 'The Catfish Song' and 'Apple Jack' (a warning against the temptations of strong liquor) use versions of Ex. 1 and 2 to lend them an appropriate folk-blues character.

**Music for Lotte Lenya: Nanna's Lied**

For Lenya, though, landing on Liberty Island had proved a mixed blessing. Owing to her thick accent and a theatrical talent described by Marc Blitzstein as 'too special, I'm afraid, for a wide American appeal', her career stagnated: when Weill was finally able to write a part for her – the Duchess, in his second collaboration with Ira Gershwin, *The Firebrand of Florence* (1945) – the show flopped, Lenya considered



Marianne Schofield

Justyna Skwierawska Photographer

by the *Boston Post* as 'hardly up to the comedy and the songs'. And although Weill wrote 'Nanna's Lied' expressly for her, she never publicly performed it – yet, the visiting Bertolt Brecht later described as 'unforgettable' a private performance of Weill's setting of his words. Reflecting on the mercenary and transient realities of love, a woman asks François Villon's famous question; 'Ou sont les neiges d'antan?' (Where Are the Snows of Yesteryear?): as in 'Youkali', Weill finds bittersweetness in his musical response – again repurposed in his final completed stage work, *Lost in the Stars*, when the black South African pastor Stephen Kumalo speaks of the 'little gray house' – 'and the only thing special is, it's home'.

Homemaker was a role in which Lenya, professionally retired following the failure of *Firebrand*, may well have felt miscast. Yet no one loved or understood the music of Kurt Weill better; and after his death – and though remarried and her career revived (famously as the stiletto-toed Rosa Klebb, in *From Russia with Love*, 1963) – she would take centre stage in efforts to secure his legacy. Primarily, this involved reassembling a European œuvre scattered to the four winds of history – an initiative that gained momentum from the record-breaking Broadway revival of Blitzstein's version of *Die Dreigroschenoper* that opened in

March 1954, with Lenya as Jenny. In the process however, fresh problems arose. Weill was a musical chameleon, his output encompassing every kind of lyric theatre, symphonic work, film scores, songs, chamber music, pageants, and occasional works – but the sheer variety made him hard to pin down. Not everyone shared his lack of distinction between 'serious' and 'light' or his view of 'absolute' music – perhaps regarding his consistent reuse of ideas as indicative of a composer who easily ran out of them. The talk was of 'two Weills' – a 'serious' composer of real promise in Europe who then 'sold out' to Broadway. Even today, such whispers may remain; but until her death, in 1981, Lenya did her best to silence them – defending him with a single, succinct phrase: 'There is only one Weill. Or perhaps a thousand.'

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#### A note by the performer

Youkali,  
C'est le pays de nos désirs,  
C'est le bonheur, c'est le plaisir ...  
Mais c'est un rêve, une folie,  
Il n'y a pas de Youkali!

Youkali,  
It is the land of our desires,  
It is happiness, it is pleasure...

But it is a dream, a folly,  
There is no Youkali!

This song was my first encounter with Kurt Weill, more than twenty years ago, and that yearning, mesmerising tango has been a constant companion ever since. The sentiment behind *Youkali* touched me deeply, and seemed to echo Weill's own search for a place of personal and artistic freedom, a German Jew forced into exile in 1933 owing to the rise of the Nazi regime. He moved around the world, and with each new country came a reinvention of himself and some more miraculous musical shape-shifting.

*Youkali* is Weill's *Somewhere over the rainbow*, an idea that resonates strongly with me, and seems painfully relevant to us all as I write this, in 2025, yet again living in a world at war. My performances of Weill's songs have always centred around *Youkali* and Weill's search for a place to belong and to be free.

I have wanted to make this album for many years, and am thrilled finally to have had the chance to do so with such a special team of collaborators and friends. It is my tribute to Kurt Weill, the chameleon, in all his glory, and a tribute to us all in our search for kindness, love, and peace.

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Winner of the Dame Joan Sutherland Audience Prize at the BBC Cardiff Singer of the World competition, the British mezzo-soprano **Katie Bray** has become known for her magnetic stage presence and gleaming, expressive tone. In the opera house her roles have included Hänsel (*Hänsel und Gretel*), Rosina (*Il barbiere di Siviglia*), Varvara (*Kât'a Kabanová*), Nancy (*Albert Herring*), Zerlina (*Don Giovanni*), Juno (*Semele*), Zenobia (*Radamisto*), Minerva (*Il ritorno d'Ulisse in patria*), Zaida (*Il turco in Italia*), Isolier (*Le Comte Ory*), and the title role in Vivaldi's *Griselda* for companies such as English National Opera, Irish National Opera, Welsh National Opera, Scottish Opera, Garsington Opera, Grange Park Opera, and Opera Holland Park. Her interest in the music of Kurt Weill and cabaret, an interest documented by the present album, has led to staged productions of this music, including *Effigies of Wickedness*, based on songs banned by the Nazis, at the Gate Theatre, Notting Hill. Noted for her interpretations of baroque repertoire, she has received regular invitations from early music groups including the Academy of Ancient Music, Irish Baroque Orchestra, The English Concert, Barokksolistene, Monteverdi Choir, Wrocław Baroque Ensemble, La Nuova Musica, and Spira mirabilis, performing under conductors such as Harry Bicket, Laurence Cummings, Bjarte Eike, Peter Whelan, and Sir John Eliot Gardiner. Katie Bray



Helena Cooke

William Vann

is also a keen recitalist who has performed songs by Schumann and Schubert with Sholto Kynoch at the Oxford International Song Festival, works by Britten, Berlioz, and Barber with Michael Pandya at the Glenarm Festival of Voice, music by Pauline Viardot in Dorset, songs by Kurt Weill in Deal, and a semi-staged presentation of Hugo Wolf's *Italienisches Liederbuch* with Christopher Glynn and Roderick Williams at Milton Court and the Ryedale Festival.

Having studied at the Royal Academy of Music, **Murray Grainger** has established himself as one of Britain's most influential and innovative accordionists. His exceptional ability to move between genres has seen him crossing boundaries along the musical spectrum, from traditional through classical and jazz to commercial and popular music. He has performed with the BBC Symphony Orchestra, Royal Liverpool Philharmonic, Scottish Ballet, and Opera North, appeared at the Glastonbury Festival of Contemporary Performing Arts, Sidmouth Folk Festival, Edinburgh International Festival, and Celtic Connections, and collaborated with many of the world's top performers, including Cormac Byrne, Piers Adams, Adam Summerhayes, Miranda Sykes, and Martin Allcock. He is a respected educator, teaching at the University of Leeds, Halsway Manor, and Hands on Music

Weekends, in Witney, Oxford, and was formerly head of accordion studies at Chetham's School of Music. As a talented sound engineer, he regularly produces successful albums, his discography including *The Baroque Bohemians* with Red Priest, which topped the classical charts. He is an accomplished player of both piano and button key accordions (as well as the bandoneón and the accordina), and has collaborated with composers, creating new works for the instrument and giving world premières of pieces by Jonathan Dove, Eddie McGuire, and Gerhard Stäbler, among others. Maintaining an incredibly busy touring schedule, Murray Grainger combines his time with ensembles such as The Haar, The Budapest Café Orchestra, and The Ciderhouse Rebellion.

Known for her creativity and versatility, the double-bass player, improviser, composer, and arranger **Marianne Schofield** is based in London. She studied at the Royal Academy of Music and the University of Cambridge, and is a graduate of the Hallé / Royal Northern College of Music String Leadership Scheme. Her dynamic musical life encompassing classical, contemporary, and experimental music, she has been an artistic board member of the award-winning contemporary collective Riot Ensemble since 2019, and has given the premières of many new solo works for



Will Pope

Katie Bray during the recording sessions



Will Pope

William Vann during the recording sessions

her instrument, performing at Wigmore Hall, Kings Place, Fests spillene i Nord-Norge (Arctic Arts Festival, Norway), and MaerzMusik, at the Berliner Festspiele, among others. She is a founder member of the ground-breaking contemporary quartet The Hermes Experiment, winners of the Royal Philharmonic Society Young Artist Award in 2021. Formed of soprano, clarinet, harp, and double-bass, the ensemble has released two albums to critical acclaim and commissioned new works from more than sixty composers. Based on her activities with the ensemble, she was recently commissioned to make bespoke arrangements for the Scottish Ensemble and for H loise Werner, both pieces 'reimaginings' of works by the baroque composer Julie Pinel. She has performed as a chamber musician with the Haffner Wind Ensemble, GBSR Duo, Abel Selaocoe, 12 Ensemble, Solem Quartet, Navarra String Quartet, Ayanna Witter-Johnson, Her Ensemble, United Strings of Europe, and Manchester Collective. Marianne Schofield also performs regularly with many UK orchestras including the Aurora Orchestra, BBC Symphony Orchestra, English Chamber Orchestra, Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, and Sinfonia of London.

A multiple-prize winning and critically acclaimed choral, orchestral, and operatic conductor and song accompanist, **William Vann**

is particularly renowned for his revival performances and recordings of vocal and choral music by British composers. Born in Bedford, he was a Chorister at King's College, Cambridge and a Music Scholar at Bedford School. He subsequently read law and took up a choral scholarship at Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge, where he was taught the piano by Peter Uppard, and studied piano accompaniment at the Royal Academy of Music with Malcolm Martineau and Colin Stone. His extensive discography includes more than twenty-five recordings for Chandos Records and other labels with artists such as Mary Bevan, Dame Sarah Connolly, Sarah Fox, Jack Liebeck, Nicky Spence, Kitty Whately, Roderick Williams, the Britten Sinfonia, and London Mozart Players. His world premiere recording of Sir Hubert Parry's *Scenes from Shelley's Prometheus Unbound* was Recording of the Month in the October 2023 issue of *Gramophone* and subsequently shortlisted for a 2024 *Gramophone* Award. He is delighted to be making this recording with Katie Bray, one of his closest colleagues and friends: they have worked together on performances of songs of Kurt Weill for many years. William Vann is an Associate of the RAM, Director of Music at the Royal Hospital Chelsea, a Fellow of the Royal College of Organists, a Trustee of the Ralph Vaughan Williams Society, a Samling

Artist, a Freeman of the Worshipful Company of Musicians, Chairman of Kensington and Chelsea Music Society, a conductor and vocal coach at the Oxenford International Summer

School, and the founder and Artistic Director of the London English Song Festival. In 2024 he took up the role of Chorus Master at The Grange Festival. [www.williamvann.com](http://www.williamvann.com)



Murray Grainger during the recording sessions

Will Pope



Will Pope

Marianne Schofield during  
the recording sessions

1 A Glimpse of Youkali

2 Barbarasong

Polly

Einst glaubte ich, als ich noch unschuldig  
war,  
(und das war ich einst grad so wie du).  
Vielleicht kommt auch zu mir einmal einer  
und dann muß ich wissen, was ich tu.  
Und wenn er Geld hat, und wenn er nett  
ist,  
und sein Kragen ist auch werktags rein,  
und wenn er weiß, was sich bei einer Dame  
schickt,  
dann sage ich ihm: "Nein!"

Da behält man seinen Kopf oben,  
und man bleibt ganz allgemein.  
Sicher scheint der Mond die ganze Nacht,  
sicher wird das Boot am Ufer festgemacht,  
aber weiter kann nichts sein.  
Ja, da kann man sich doch nicht nur  
hinlegen,  
ja, da muß man kalt und herzlos sein,  
ja, da könnte so viel geschehen,  
ach, da gibt's überhaupt nur: Nein!

Der erste, der kam, war ein Mann aus Kent,  
der war, wie ein Mann sein soll.  
Der zweite hatte drei Schiffe im Hafen,  
und der dritte war nach mir toll.

Barbarasong

Polly

I once believed, when I was a virgin,  
(And I was once, just like you)  
Perhaps one day someone would come to  
me, too,  
And then I had to know what to do.  
And if he had money, and if he were handsome,  
And his collar was clean even on weekdays,  
And if he knew how to treat a lady,  
Then I would tell him: 'No!'

That's when you have to hold your head up  
high,  
And remain quite respectable.  
Sure, the moon will shine all night,  
Sure, the boat will be safely in dock,  
But things can't go any further.  
Yes, then you can't just take things as they  
come,  
Yes, then you have to be cold and heartless,  
Yes, so many things could happen,  
Ah, then the only thing to say is: 'No!'

The first to come was a man from Kent,  
He was all that a man should be.  
The second had three ships in the harbour,  
And the third was crazy for me.

Und als sie Geld hatten, und als sie nett waren,  
und ihr Kragen war auch werktags rein,  
und als sie wußten, was sich bei einer Dame  
schickt,  
da sagte ich ihnen: "Nein."

Da behielt ich meinen Kopf oben,  
und ich blieb ganz allgemein.  
Sicher schien der Mond die ganze Nacht,  
sicher war das Boot am Ufer festgemacht,  
aber weiter konnte nichts sein.  
Ja, da kann man sich doch nicht nur hinlegen,  
ja, da muß' ich kalt und herzlos sein,  
ja, da könnte doch viel geschehen,  
ach, da gibt's überhaupt nur: Nein!

Jedoch eines Tags, und der Tag, der war blau,  
kam einer, der mich nicht bat.  
Und er hängt seinen Hut an den Nagel in  
meiner Kammer,  
und ich wußte nicht mehr, was ich tat.  
Und als er kein Geld hatte, und als er nicht  
nett war,  
und sein Kragen war auch am Sonntag nicht rein,  
und als er nicht wußte, was sich bei einer  
Dame schickt,  
zu ihm sagte ich nicht: "Nein."

Da behielt ich meinen Kopf nicht oben,  
und ich blieb nicht allgemein.  
Ach, es schien der Mond die ganze Nacht,  
ach und es ward das Boot am Ufer losgemacht,  
und es konnte gar nichts anders sein!

And as they had money, and as they were  
handsome,  
And as their collars were clean even on  
weekdays,  
And as they knew how to treat a lady,  
Then I told them: 'No.'

That's when I held my head up high,  
And remained quite respectable.  
Sure, the moon shone all night,  
Sure, the boat was safely in dock,  
But things couldn't go any further.  
Yes, then you can't just take things as they  
come,  
Yes, then I had to be cold and heartless,  
Yes, so many things could have happened,  
Ah, then the only thing to say was: 'No!'

But then one day, and it was a clear day,  
One came who didn't ask me.  
And he hung his hat on the nail in my room,  
And I no longer knew what to do.  
And as he had no money, and as he wasn't  
handsome,  
And as his collar wasn't clean even on  
Sundays,  
And as he didn't know how to treat a lady,  
To him, I didn't say 'No.'

Then I didn't hold my head up high,  
And I didn't remain respectable.  
Ah, the moon still shone all night,  
Ah, the boat slipped its moorings at the dock,  
And things couldn't go any other way.

Ja, da muß man sich doch einfach hinlegen,  
ja, da kann man doch nicht kalt und herzlos  
sein.  
Ach, da mußte so viel geschehen,  
ja, da gab's überhaupt kein Nein!

from *Die Dreigroschenoper* (1928)  
Bertolt Brecht (1898 – 1956)

Yes, then you must just take things as they  
come,  
Yes, then you can't just be cold and  
heartless.  
Ah, then so many things have to happen,  
Yes, then there was no such thing as No!

Translation: Chandos Records Ltd

### 3 Berlin im Licht

(Song)

Und zum Spaziergehn  
genügt das Sonnenlicht,  
doch um die Stadt Berlin zu sehn,  
genügt die Sonne nicht,  
das ist kein lauschiges Plätzchen,  
das ist 'ne ziemliche Stadt.  
Damit man da alles gut sehen kann,  
da braucht man schon einige Watt.  
Na wat denn? Na wat denn?  
Was ist das für 'ne Stadt denn?

Komm, mach mal Licht,  
damit man sehn kann, ob was da ist,  
komm, mach mal Licht  
und rede nun mal nicht.  
Komm, mach mal Licht,  
dann wollen wir doch auch mal sehen,  
ob das 'ne Sache ist: Berlin im Licht.

(1928)  
Kurt Weill (1900 – 1950)

### Berlin Lit Up

(Song)

While, when going for a walk  
Sunlight is enough,  
To see the city of Berlin, though,  
The sun will not suffice,  
It's not a cosy little spot,  
It's quite a city.  
So to see everything there properly  
One really needs some Wattage.  
Well, what then? Well, what then?  
What kind of city is it, then?

Come on, turn on the light  
So that we can see all there is to see,  
Come on, turn on the light  
And don't say another word.  
Come on, turn on the light,  
Then we can see for ourselves  
If it's really all about: Berlin lit up.

Translation: Chandos Records Ltd

4 Overture to 'Die Dreigroschenoper'

5 Surabaya Johnny

Lillian

*(sung)*

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 okay.  
When I asked how you made a living,  
I can still hear you saying to me:  
You had some kind of job on the railroad,  
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.

*(spoken)*

And take that cigarette out of your mouth,  
you rat!

**Refrain**

*(sung)*

Surabaya Johnny,  
No one's meaner than you.  
Surabaya Johnny,

*(spoken)*

My God, and I still love you so!

*(sung)*

Surabaya Johnny,  
Why'm I feeling so blue?

You have no heart, Johnny,  
And I still love you so!

*(sung)*

At the start ev'ry day was Sunday,  
And we packed all our bags in the night.  
But before half a month was 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 saw your lips, Johnny,  
And that was that.  
You wanted it all, Johnny,  
I gave you more, Johnny,  
*(spoken)*  
And take that cigarette out of your mouth,  
you rat!

**Refrain**

*(sung)*

I would never have thought of asking  
Where you got your peculiar name,  
But from one end of the coast to the other  
You were known ev'rywhere we came.  
And one day in some two-bit flophouse  
I'll wake up to the roar of the sea,

You'll have left me without any warning,  
On a ship waiting down at the quay.  
You have no heart, Johnny,  
You're just a louse, Johnny.  
How can you go, Johnny,  
And leave me flat?  
You're still my love, Johnny,  
Like the day we met, Johnny.  
(*spoken*)  
And take that cigarette out of your mouth,  
you rat!

**Refrain**

from *Happy End* (1929)  
Michael Feingold (1945 – 2022),  
after Berthold Brecht

**6 A Vision of Youkali**

**7 Complainte de la Seine**

(*sung*)

Au fond de la Seine, il y a de l'or,  
Des bateaux rouillés, des bijoux, des armes...  
Au fond de la Seine, il y a des morts...  
Au fond de la Seine, il y a des larmes...  
Au fond de la Seine, il y a des fleurs;  
De vase et de boue, ell's sont nourries...  
Au fond de la Seine, il y a des cœurs  
Qui souffrir'nt trop pour vivre la vie...

**Lament of the Seine**

(*sung*)

At the bottom of the Seine there is gold,  
Rusty boats, jewels, weapons...  
At the bottom of the Seine there are corpses...  
At the bottom of the Seine there are tears...  
At the bottom of the Seine there are flowers;  
They are nourished on slime and mud...  
At the bottom of the Seine there are hearts  
That suffered too much to live life...

Et puis des cailloux et des bêtes grises...  
L'âme des égouts soufflant des poisons...  
Les anneaux jetés par des incomprises,  
Des pieds qu'une hélice a coupés du tronc...

Et les fruits maudits des ventres stériles,  
Les blancs avortés que nul n'aima...  
Les vomissements de la grand' ville...  
Au fond de la Seine, il y a cela...  
Ô Seine clémente où vont les cadavres,  
Ô lit dont les draps sont faits de limon,  
Fleuv' des déchets, sans fanal, ni hâvre,  
Chanteuse berçant, la morgue et les ponts,

*(spoken)*

Accueill' le pauvre, accueill' la femme,  
Accueill' l'ivrogne,  
Accueill' le fou,

*(sung)*

Mêle leurs sanglots au bruit de tes lames,  
Et porte leurs cœurs, et porte leurs cœurs,  
Et porte leurs cœurs, parmi les cailloux...

Au fond de la Seine, il y a de l'or,  
Des bateaux rouillés, des bijoux, des armes...  
Au fond de la Seine, il y a des morts...  
Au fond de la Seine, il y a des larmes...

from 'Les Belles de nuit', in *La Robe arrachée* (1913)  
Maurice Magre (1877 – 1941)

And then there are pebbles and grey creatures...  
The soul of sewers spewing poison...  
Rings tossed in by the misunderstood,  
Feet that a propeller has sliced from a body...

And the cursed fruits of sterile wombs,  
The aborted foetuses that no one loved...  
The vomit of the great city...  
At the bottom of the Seine there is all this...  
O merciful Seine, where cadavers end,  
O bed where the linens are made of slime,  
River of garbage without beacon or harbour,  
Singer who lulls, the morgue and the bridges,

*(spoken)*

Welcome the poor, welcome the woman,  
Welcome the drunk,  
Welcome the insane,

*(sung)*

Mingle their sobs with the sound of your  
waves

And carry their hearts, and carry their hearts,  
And carry their hearts amidst the pebbles...

At the bottom of the Seine there is gold,  
Rusty boats, jewels, weapons...  
At the bottom of the Seine there are corpses...  
At the bottom of the Seine there are tears...

Translation: © Richard Stokes

**8 Je ne t'aime pas**

*(sung)*

Retire ta main, je ne t'aime pas,  
Car tu l'as voulu, tu n'es qu'une amie.  
Pour d'autres sont faits le creux de tes bras  
Et ton cher baiser, ta tête endormie.

Ne me parle pas, lorsque c'est le soir,  
Trop intimement, à voix basse mêm'.  
Ne me donne pas surtout ton mouchoir:  
Il renferme trop le parfum que j'aïm'.

Dis-moi tes amours, je ne t'aime pas,  
Quelle heure te fut la plus enivrant',  
Je ne t'aime pas...

*(spoken)*

Et si elle t'aimait bien, ou si elle fut ingrate...

*(sung)*

En me le disant, ne sois pas charmant',  
Je ne t'aime pas...

Je n'ai pas pleuré, je n'ai pas souffert,  
Ce n'était qu'un rêve et qu'une folie.  
Il me suffira que tes yeux soient clairs,  
Sans regret du soir, ni mélancolie,

**I do not love you**

*(sung)*

Remove your hand, I do not love you,  
For that's what you wanted, you're no more  
than a friend.  
The crook of your arms is made for others,  
And your dear kiss, your sleeping head.

Do not talk to me when evening falls,  
Too intimately, in that low voice.  
And above all, do not give me your  
handkerchief:  
It retains too much of the perfume that I  
adore.

Tell me of your loves, I do not love you,  
Tell me of your most blissful hour,  
I do not love you...

*(spoken)*

And if she loved you well, or she was cruel...

*(sung)*

And when telling me, do not be charming,  
I do not love you...

I did not cry, I did not suffer,  
It was only a dream and only a folly.  
It will be enough for me that your eyes are  
bright,  
Without regret in the evening, without  
melancholy,

Il me suffira de voir ton bonheur.  
Il me suffira de voir ton sourire'.  
Conte-moi comment elle a pris ton cœur  
Et même dis-moi ce qu'on ne peut dir'...

Non, tais-toi plutôt... Je suis à genoux...  
Le feu s'est éteint, la porte est fermée...  
Je ne t'aime pas.

(spoken)  
Ne demande rien, je pleure... C'est tout...  
(sung)  
Je ne t'aime pas, je ne t'aime pas,  
Ô ma bien-aimée! Retire ta main...  
Je ne t'aime pas...  
(spoken)  
Je ne t'aime pas!...

First published in *La Vogue française* (1911),  
then in 'Les Belles de nuit. Poésies' (1913)  
Maurice Magre

### 9 J'attends un navire

Beautiful girl!  
Bella francesa...  
Deux dollars!  
Tu seras content.  
Entre chez moi.  
Mets-toi à l'aise!  
Prends-moi!  
Paye-moi!

It will be enough for me to see your  
happiness.  
It will be enough for me to see your smile.  
Tell me how she conquered your heart,  
And speak to me about the unspeakable...

No, be quiet, rather... I am on my knees...  
The passion is gone, the door is closed...  
I do not love you.

(spoken)  
Ask me nothing, I am crying... That's all...  
(sung)  
I do not love you, I do not love you,  
O my loved-one! Remove your hand...  
I do not love you...  
(spoken)  
I do not love you!...

Translation: © Richard Stokes

### I Wait for a Ship

Beautiful girl!  
Lovely French girl...  
Two dollars!  
You will be happy.  
Come to my place.  
Make yourself comfortable!  
Take me!  
Pay me!

Et va-t'en.  
Pars! Ce n'est pas toi que j'attends.

**Refrain**

J'attends un navire qui viendra  
Et pour le conduire, ce navire a  
Le vent de mon cœur qui soupire.  
L'eau de mes pleurs le portera;  
Et si la mer veut le détruire,  
Ce navire qui viendra,  
Je le porterai, ce navire,  
Jusqu'à Bordeaux entre mes bras!

Là-bas on m'appelait Marie  
Et les garçons, au coin des champs,  
Me chatouillaient pour que je rie  
Et que je cède en me battant.  
Mais toi pour qui je suis "Chérie",  
Prends-moi,  
Paye-moi,  
Et va-t'en.

**Refrain**

Deux dollars!  
Chacun qui me prend  
Est un marin de mon navire.  
Torture-moi, chaque tourment  
Est une voile à mon navire.

And go.  
Get out! It is not for you that I wait.

**Refrain**

I wait for a ship which will come  
And to steer it, this ship has  
The wind of my sighing heart.  
The water of my tears will bear it;  
And if the sea tries to destroy  
This ship which will come,  
I will carry it, this ship,  
All the way to Bordeaux in my arms!

Back there they called me Marie  
And the boys, at the corner of the square,  
Tickled me to make me laugh  
And to yield to them when we wrestled.  
But you, for whom I am 'Darling',  
Take me,  
Pay me,  
And go.

**Refrain**

Two dollars!  
Whoever takes me  
Is a seaman on my ship.  
Torture me, each torment  
Is a sail on my ship.

Bats-moi, mon cœur saignant  
Est le drapeau de mon navire,  
De ce navire, mon amant!

**Refrain**

from *Marie Galante* (1934)  
Jacques Deval (1895 - 1972)  
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Beat me, my bleeding heart  
Is the flag of my ship,  
Of this ship, my beloved!

**Refrain**

Translation: Chandos Records Ltd

**10 A Dream of Youkali**

**11 Buddy on the Nightshift**

Hello there, buddy on the nightshift!  
I hope you slept all day  
Until the moon came out and woke you up  
And sent you on your way.  
Hello there, buddy on the nightshift,  
I hope you're feeling fine!  
I left a lot of work for you to do  
On a long assembly line.

I wish I knew you better,  
But you never go my way,  
For when one of us goes on the job,  
The other hits the hay!  
Goodbye now, buddy on the nightshift,  
And push those planes along,  
And when the sun comes out, I'll take your place,  
All wide awake and strong;

I'll follow you, you'll follow me,  
And how can we go wrong!

from *Lunchtime Follies* (1942)  
Oscar Hammerstein II (1895 - 1960)

**12 Nanna's Lied**

(*sung*)

Meine Herren, mit siebzehn Jahren  
kam ich auf den Liebesmarkt  
und ich habe viel erfahren.  
Böses gab es viel,  
doch das war das Spiel.  
Aber manches hab ich doch verargt.  
(*spoken*)  
Schließlich bin ich ja auch ein Mensch.

**Refrain**

(*sung*)

Gott sei Dank geht alles schnell vorüber,  
auch die Liebe und der Kummer sogar.  
Wo sind die Tränen von gestern Abend?  
Wo ist der Schnee vom vergangenen Jahr?

Freilich geht man mit den Jahren  
leichter auf den Liebesmarkt  
und umarmt sie dort in Scharen.  
Aber das Gefühl  
wird erstaunlich kühl,  
wenn man damit allzuwenig kargt.  
(*spoken*)  
Schließlich geht ja jeder Vorrat zu Ende.

**Nanna's Song**

(*sung*)

Gentlemen, at the age of seventeen  
I entered the lovers market  
And I've learnt a lot of things.  
Most of them were bad;  
Still, that was the game.  
But much of it I didn't like.  
(*spoken*)  
(After all, I too am a human.)

**Refrain**

(*sung*)

Thank God, it's all over quickly,  
The love and the misery, too.  
Where are the tears of yesterday evening?  
Where is the snow of last year?

Certainly, as the years go by,  
It gets easier in the lovers market  
To embrace them in droves.  
But feelings  
Get surprisingly cool  
If you're too tight-fisted.  
(*spoken*)  
(After all, every supply runs out.)

**Refrain**  
(*sung*)

Und auch wenn man gut das Handeln  
lernte auf der Liebesmess':  
Lust in Kleingeld zu verwandeln  
wird doch niemals leicht.  
Nun, es wird erreicht.  
Doch man wird auch älter unterdes.  
(*spoken*)  
Schließlich bleibt man ja nicht immer  
siebzehn.

**Refrain**  
(*sung*)

(1939)  
Bertolt Brecht

**Refrain**  
(*sung*)

And even if you've learnt well  
How to trade at the lovers' fair:  
Turning desire into small change  
Never becomes easy.  
Still, you get there.  
Though you grow older all the while.  
(*spoken*)  
(After all, you don't stay seventeen forever.)

**Refrain**  
(*sung*)

Translation: Chandos Records Ltd

**13 September Song**

**14 Apple Jack**

When the snake tempted Eve in the garden,  
She was drinkin' plain rain from a mug.  
And he said, 'Lady, ma'am, I beg pardon,  
Would you try this here juice from my jug?'

Now she had no suspicion of reptiles,  
So she thanked him and took a small sup,  
And it goes down so fine when you're thirsty,  
She hangs on and tips the jug up.

**Refrain**

It was apple, apple, apple,  
It was apple, apple, apple jack,  
Oh, once you reach out for that poison  
The devil's on your track.

'What is this sweet nectar you bring me,  
So sweet that I can't give it back?'  
'It's just nothin' but apple,' says Satan,  
'It's just nothin' but plain apple jack.'

Then this Eve run to Adam a-kitin',  
Saying, 'Please taste this drink without fear.'  
And he answered, 'I'm not very thirsty,  
But I'll drink it because you're my dear.'

**Refrain**

from *Huckleberry Finn* (1950)  
(James) Maxwell Anderson

**15 A Premonition of Youkali**

**16 Speak Low**

Speak low when you speak love,  
Our summer day withers away too soon, too  
soon.

Speak low when you speak love,  
Our moment is swift, like ships adrift, we're  
swept apart too soon.

Speak low, darling, speak low,  
Love is a spark, lost in the dark too soon, too  
soon,  
I feel wherever I go that tomorrow is  
Near, tomorrow is here and always too soon.

Time is so old and love so brief,  
Love is pure gold and time a thief.  
We're late, darling, we're late,  
The curtain descends, ev'rything ends too  
soon, too soon.

I wait, darling, I wait,  
Will you speak low to me, speak love to me  
and soon.

from *One Touch of Venus* (1943)  
Ogden Nash (1902–1971)

### **17 My Ship**

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 won'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.

from *Lady in the Dark* (1940)  
Ira Gershwin (1896 – 1983)

**18 This Time Next Year**

This time next year  
Could tell a different story.  
This time next year  
Could shine with a trembling glory.  
A stranger could look at you  
And you could look at him  
And all the stars grow dim,  
This time next year.

And this time next year,  
Some not too far-off night-time,  
This time next year,  
The moon may bring the right time,  
One certain one will turn,  
Searching for words to say;

He's loved you a year and a day,  
This time next year.

It's near, it's almost here;  
Maybe this time next year,  
This time next year.

from *Huckleberry Finn* (1950)  
(James) Maxwell Anderson

**19 Youkali**

C'est presque au bout du monde,  
Ma barque vagabonde,  
Errante au gré de l'onde,  
M'y conduisit un jour.  
L'île est toute petite,  
Mais la fée qui l'habite  
Gentiment nous invite  
À en faire le tour.

**Refrain**

Youkali,  
C'est le pays de nos désirs,  
Youkali,  
C'est le bonheur, c'est le plaisir,  
Youkali,  
C'est la terre où l'on quitte tous les soucis,  
C'est, dans notre nuit, comme une éclaircie,  
L'étoile qu'on suit,  
C'est Youkali.

**Youkali**

It was almost to the end of the world  
That my vagabond ship,  
Wandering at the whim of the waves,  
Brought me one day.  
The island is quite small,  
But the fairy who lives there  
Invites us kindly  
To take a tour of it.

**Refrain**

Youkali,  
It is the land of our desires,  
Youkali,  
It is happiness, it is pleasure,  
Youkali,  
It is the land where one leaves all worries  
behind,  
It is, in our darkness, like a burst of light,  
Our guiding star,  
It is Youkali.

Youkali,  
C'est le respect de tous les vœux échangés,  
Youkali,  
C'est le pays de beaux amours partagés,  
C'est l'espérance  
Qui est au cœur de tous les humains,  
La délivrance  
Que nous attendons tous pour demain,

Youkali,  
C'est le pays de nos désirs,  
Youkali,  
C'est le bonheur, c'est le plaisir,  
Mais c'est un rêve, une folie,  
Il n'y a pas de Youkali!

Et la vie nous entraîne,  
Lassante, quotidienne,  
Mais la pauvre âme humaine,  
Cherchant partout l'oubli,  
A, pour quitter la terre,  
Su trouver le mystère  
Où nos rêves se terrent  
En quelque Youkali...

**Refrain**

(1935)  
Roger Fernay (Roger Bertrand) (1905 – 1983)  
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Youkali,  
It is respect for every vow exchanged,  
Youkali,  
It is the land of mutual love,  
It is the hope  
That's held in all human hearts,  
The rescue  
We all look for tomorrow,

Youkali,  
It is the land of our desires,  
Youkali,  
It is happiness, it is pleasure,  
But it is a dream, a folly,  
There is no Youkali!

And life drags us along,  
Tedious, banal,  
But the poor human spirit,  
Everywhere seeking oblivion,  
Must, to leave the earth,  
Find the mystery  
Where our dreams are interred  
In some kind of Youkali...

**Refrain**

Translation: Chandos Records Ltd

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#### Chandos 24-bit / 96 kHz recording

The Chandos policy of being at the forefront of technology is now further advanced by the use of 24-bit / 96 kHz recording. In order to reproduce the original waveform as closely as possible we use 24-bit, as it has a dynamic range that is up to 48 dB greater and up to 256 times the resolution of standard 16-bit recordings. Recording at the 44.1 kHz sample rate, the highest frequencies generated will be around 22 kHz. That is 2 kHz higher than can be heard by the typical human with excellent hearing. However, we use the 96 kHz sample rate, which will translate into the potentially highest frequency of 48 kHz. The theory is that, even though we do not hear it, audio energy exists, and it has an effect on the lower frequencies which we do hear, the higher sample rate thereby reproducing a better sound.

Steinway Model D Concert Grand Piano (serial no. 562 449) courtesy of St George's, Headstone

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KURT WEILL: IN SEARCH OF YOUKALI – Bray/Grainger/Schofield/Vann

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## IN SEARCH OF YOUKALI

Kurt Weill (1900–1950)

1	A Glimpse of Youkali (2025)*	00:48
2	Barbarasong (1928)*†§	5:06
3	Berlin im Licht (1928)*§	1:46
4	Overture to 'Die Dreigroschenoper' (1928)†§	1:57
5	Surabaya Johnny (1929)*†§	5:04
6	A Vision of Youkali (2025)†	2:55
7	Complainte de la Seine (1934)*§	4:04
8	Je ne t'aime pas (1934)*§	4:41
9	J'attends un navire (1934)*†§	5:16
10	A Dream of Youkali (2025)†	1:42
11	Buddy on the Nightshift (1942)*†§	2:04
12	Nanna's Lied (1939)*§	3:49
13	September Song (1938)§	2:57
14	Apple Jack (1950)*†	1:56
15	A Premonition of Youkali (2025)*	1:20
16	Speak Low (1943)*§	3:12
17	My Ship (1940)*§	3:24
18	This Time Next Year (1950)*§	2:50
19	Youkali (1935)*†§	5:36
	TT 60:37	

Katie Bray mezzo-soprano\*  
Murray Grainger accordion†  
Marianne Schofield double-bass†  
William Vann piano§



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