

Der Curmudgeonlieder

Libretto

I. Suicide

My best friend today got married.
Suicide is such a shame.
He didn't let on his life was awry.
Why in the world would anyone marry?
Why in the world would anyone die?

Still, one in two of all marriages fail
So there's hope that clear thinking at last will prevail.
That's a fifty per cent chance to chance to get back his life.
There's a fifty per cent chance he'll get back his life.
But until then will my friend have a wife.

II. Pussy Cats and Little Babies

I hate the things in life which mew:
Pussy cats and little babies.
What can a nice curmudgeon do
With pussy cats and little babies?

Too much cuteness makes me shriek.
Pinky lace and booties run amok!
Perfect skin and rosy cheeks:
There's only so much I can stomach.

Cute things don't keep breakfast down,
Helpless creatures that they may be.
That is why I want to drown
Every pussy cat and every baby!

III. Tonight I Went Dancing

H.L. Mencken says men have a much better time of it than women. For one thing they marry later; for another they die earlier.

There comes a time in life maybe to consider getting married. But that afternoon will pass quickly enough.

Seriously, though, marriages aren't so bad. It's really not until after the ceremony that things start to unravel.

Besides, getting married is such a long commitment. I mean, SEVEN YEARS! Who can see that far ahead? It's ridiculous for the priest to say what God hath joined together no man shall put asunder of course he won't. The husband and wife'll take care of that all by themselves. If the bride and groom were truly honest with each other, they would say, "We shall be very very good friends until death or this marriage do us part. Whichever comes first."

Anyone who thinks he's happy in love is clearly in denial. About one, or the other.

Tonight for the first time in years I went dancing.
I went with a woman I found quite entrancing.
(Yes, I know. Doesn't really sound like me, does it?)
I, too, am having troubles believing
Why it was dawn before I felt like leaving.
It, all in all, was a wonderful evening.

A girl. A girl. Now what would I do with her?
A woman, a woman. I'd never let that occur,
Not even if she were the perfect one for me,
Which of course is impossible!

The stages of love are invariable: infatuation, ecstasy, boredom, panic and despair. I don't see the attraction in that.

She has beguiling eyes,
And what's more, she doesn't want to have any children.

Noel Coward says that children are like drums: they should be beaten regularly. Well, he's right.

No children and no close immediate family.
I can't believe that I met her.
Beguiling eyes and with no immediate family.
They don't make them any better.

A man marries to have a home, says Somerset Maugham, but also because he doesn't want to be bothered with sex and all that sort of thing.

Socrates says by all means marry: if you get a good wife, you'll be happy. If you get a bad one, you'll be a philosopher.

IV. A Fairy Tale

I'll sing to her and tell her I love her.
She'll bring me joy and laughter.
True happiness I know we'll discover.
And we'll live happily after!
All, all I have I'll give to her,
My only, my only one I adore.
Yes, all I'll give to her, and more!
I'll sing to her and tell her I love her.
She'll bring me joy and laughter.
And we'll live happily after!

V. The Curmudgeon's Fight Song

O God! What am I thinking of?
She'll never care for me.
There's never such a thing as true love.
I know this truth because I'm a curmudgeon!

If you're afraid of loneliness then you should not marry.
To be complete, then solitude is necessary.
There's never such a thing as true love;
What am I thinking of?
I am my only friend unto the bitter end.
I am a curmudgeon!

VI. Destiny

Some men are predestined heroes
And others are born for the throne.
Not all of us are doomed to romance
We're lucky to live life alone.
We are lucky to live life alone.

And so I will say good bye to love
And to all of that rot,
To courtship, to romance, to broken hearts.
I'm grateful for all I've not got.
I am grateful for all I've not got.

VII. The Sound of My Own Laughter

The sound of my own laughter, thank God, amuses me.
I love to be alone, my own best company.
For conversations with myself can sometimes last for days
And any intercourse I lack soliloquy outweighs.

The sound of my own laughter, I pride myself upon,
Will linger on long after the time I'm dead and gone.
And when you lay my tombstone,
Sing no sad songs for me.
I'll love to be alone:
My own best company.

VIII. The Beggarman

On a corner stands a hungry beggarman
Squeezing love songs from an old accordion.
At his feet there lies a broken metal cup.
When I give a dollar he does not look up
What more can I give the hungry beggarman?

If I give you money can I stay with you?
Wouldn't that be funny?
Can you beg for two?

IX. The Curmudgeon's Fight Song

O God! What am I thinking of?
He'll never let me stay.
There's never such a thing as true love.
I know this truth because I'm a curmudgeon!
If you're afraid of loneliness do not make friends with me.
To be complete, then solitude is necessary.
There's never such a thing as true love;
What am I thinking of?
I am my only friend unto the bitter end.
I am a curmudgeon!