

# „CH: in & out“ Op. 70 Nr.1

Susannah Snow

## A. Einleitung

Der Himmel, klar und Azurblau  
Die Erde ist so reich  
Das Meer mit seiner Kraft  
Samen, sprossen, spriessen.

Buongiorno, Allegra, Salut, Hello, Gruezi mit-n'-and!

Holiday! (C) (Chor von der Seite)  
Make way! (O) Orchester  
Summer's on our doorstep, (Chor zur Bühne laufen)  
Time to pack the suitcase now. (Chor zur Bühne laufen)  
First time?(C)  
(O) (Nod in 8-telnoten)  
I'll show you how:  
Fold the shirts,  
pack the skirts,  
exchange some hugs,  
check for bugs.  
Nothing found,  
Kloten bound,  
board the plane, (O)  
we're off to Spain! (Alle)

## B. 1. Strophe

Barcelona, Madrid,  
Paella cooking under the lid.  
Seafood then siesta,  
tomorrow on to Sintra.  
Wake up call, it's off to France,  
Chateaux, manoirs at a glance.  
Brie, Champagne and Muscatelle,  
Provence, Loire and Notre Dame Bell.

Across the border, off to Rome  
Via La Scala, to see the dome.  
Trevi fountain, make a wish:  
Trip to Sweden, eating fish!  
Tulips in Holland, wearing clogs,  
Denmark with mermaid, viewing togs,  
frites in Belgium, fjords in Norway,  
enjoy the forests before the highway.

Now the summer's soon at an end,  
diaries full and made some friends.  
Treasured all the lands we saw  
but now we're left wanting more!

Buongiorno, Allegra, Salut, Hello, Gruezi mit-n'-and!

**C. 2. Strophe**

The trees are red and brown,  
 it's time to leave the town.  
 We're going west, direction Brest  
 Reading Byron at Walton-on-Thames.

The history says the Celts were here  
 before the Saxons appeared.  
 Also was Caesar and Henry the Eighth,  
 for years, twas questioned, the faith.

Whether Turner or Klee  
 and harvesting hay,  
 one thing's for certain:  
 we'd come back in May!

But first comes the winter  
 so bring out the heater.  
 We're having a feast  
 then heading soon east.

Buongiorno, Allegra, Salut, Hello, Gruezi mit-n'-and!

**D. 3. Strophe**

Waltz in Vienna before reaching Prague,  
 listen to Liszt, Bach, Chopin and Brahms.  
 All of them heard in there own place of birth.  
 Still their music resounding on earth.

Rhythms of Bartok and motifs of gypsies  
 lead us to flights of Korsakov's bumble bees.  
 Prokofiev's Peter and swans on the lake,  
 Kremlin's in sight, pre map of Sir Drake.

We're now at the station to soon board the train.  
 We've tickets first class, we couldn't refrain.  
 Trans-Siberian to China to see the great wall.  
 A glimpse of Mongolia, foreign to us all.

Be it Adligenswil to Lake of Lucerne,  
 be it Zurich via Olten to Berne,  
 I'm dreaming already for the next track  
 And ready to fill my back pack.

Buongiorno, Allegra, Salut, Hello, Gruezi mit-n'-and!

**E. 4. Strophe**

Where shall it be, my choices are large,  
 I've only to book and pick entourage.  
 Maybe Bombay, Delhi, Pune, Calcutta  
 and travel to the likes of cream and of butter.

I've worked all my life for such excursions, you know  
 and think that my photos are proof for to show.  
 No need for selfie stick, friends are abound.  
 We'd tour in eighty days the world around.

Or shall it be Africa and look at the leopards?  
 Or rather to Nazareth and travel as shepherds?  
 Or what's with Down Under and by the antarctic?  
 Or up to the north right up to the arctic?

I'm interested to see  
 the realm of Galilee  
 and would cherish to find  
 what's been on my mind.  
 Also in Egypt the pyramids fascinate.  
 Also a subject for life to procrastinate.

Buongiorno, Allegra, Salut, Hello, Gruezi mit-n'-and!

**F. 5. Strophe**

Then there's Brazil and Iraq and Iran,  
 Japan, Afghanistan, Usbekistan.  
 What about Turkey, Quebec and Albuquerque,  
 Malta, Mallorca, Malacca?

Kuwait and Split:  
 no time to sit,  
 flying from city to port.  
 Athens and Syria,  
 Tunesia, Peru,  
 passports and all things to sort.

I've heard of the summers  
 in old Timbuktu,  
 in Mali and Bali, wishing swimming with you.  
 But time's running out  
 so no more to doubt,  
 must choose: „fly, drive or walk“.

But looking ahead  
 and brochures all read  
 I think I'll just stay at home.  
 For here it's so nice with garden and gnome  
 and here is my family, I'm never alone.  
 And friends come to chat  
 about this, about that,  
 from down the road up to my flat.  
 And neighbouring by are the lakes and the ponds  
 and fields of green valleys wide  
 and yonder ahead  
 topped with flags white and red  
 the mountains which we do so pride.  
 So atlas aside and  
 bride at my side  
 I'll put all my memories to paper.

I'll write in the morning and  
write in the night and in between: tea and a wafer.

Buongiorno, Allegra, Salut, Hello, Gruezi mit-n'-and!

### G. 6. Strophe

The chapters will grow as weeks turn to months  
And suddenly springtime is here.  
I've got a new book and please take a look:  
„A Swiss traveller's guide“ to explore.

Yes, that's what I did  
when lifting that lid,  
I opened a rich golden door:  
one of amazement and one of surprise  
at all those customs galore.  
Some like my own,  
some all unknown  
but each quite unique as it is.  
Some do like this and  
some do like that and  
each wear their own kind of hat.  
I've got my Chappi,  
he's got his kepi,  
she's got the veil of the burka,  
his hat's of metal,  
hers is of straw,  
his is the hunter's fedora.  
Some keep their hair and make a new wig,  
some let it loose and dance a quick jig.  
Leave them be, save the decree, to each his own, all customs grown.

As you can hear,  
also the tongues,  
all different far and near.  
One thing's for sure,  
love means much more  
so sing with strong lungs:  
„All nations wide,  
join side by side  
uniting in mirth,  
peace here on earth“.

**SHALOM.**

Adieu mit-'n-and!