

Leroy Anderson (1908-1975) *Forgotten dreams & Sleigh Ride*

Leroy Anderson var en amerikansk komponist, der primært komponerede let orkestermusik. Hans musik var mest populær i 1950'erne, og mange af kompositionerne blev oprindeligt skrevet til Boston Pops Orchestra. En af Andersons mest kendte kompositioner er *Sleigh Ride* (1948-1949). Anderson blev født i Cambridge, Massachusetts, af svenske forældre, læste ved Harvard University i årene 1926–1930 og fortsatte derefter med at læse skandinaviske sprog. Ved siden af sprogstudierne koncentrerede hans sig om musik, både inden- og udenfor universitetsverdenen. Blandt andet var han kor- og blæserorkesterleder på Harvard. Dirigenten Arthur Fiedler fra Boston Pops Orchestra blev opmærksom på Andersons evner som arrangør og foreslog, at denne skulle skrive originalkompositioner til orkesteret. Andersons første komposition blev *Jazz Pizzicato* (1938), men hans første store kommercielle succes var *Blue Tango* (1951), der toppede pladehitlisterne. Senere skrev Mitchell Parish tekst til sangene *Forgotten Dreams* og *Sleigh Ride*.

Sleigh Ride

Leroy Anderson, composer - Lyrics by Mitchell Parish written in 1950

Just hear those sleigh bells jingling, ringleing tingleing, too,
Come on, it's lovely weather for a SLEIGH RIDE together with you,
Outside the snow is falling and friends are calling "Yoo Hoo,"
Come on, it's lovely weather for a SLEIGH RIDE together with you.
Giddy-yap, giddy-yap, giddy-yap, let's go,
Let's look at the show,
We're riding in a wonderland of snow.
Giddy-yap, giddy-yap, giddy-yap, it's grand,
Just holding your hand,
We're gliding along with a song of a wintery fairyland,
Our cheeks are nice and rosy, and comfy cozy are we,
We're snuggled up together like two birds of a feather would be.
Let's take that road before us and sing a chorus or two,
Come on, it's lovely weather for a SLEIGH RIDE together with you.

INTERLUDE

There's a birthday party at the home of Farmer Gray,
It'll be the perfect ending of a perfect day,
We'll be singing the songs we love to sing without a single stop,
At the fireplace while we watch the chestnuts pop.
Pop! Pop! Pop
There's a happy feeling nothing in the world can buy,
When they pass around the coffee and the pumpkin pie,
It'll nearly be like a picture print by Currier and Ives,
These wonderful things are the things we remember all through our lives!

Forgotten Dreams

Leroy Anderson, composer - Lyrics by Mitchell Parish written in 1962

They keep returning, through years of yearning:

No matter how I try,

Forgotten dreams won't die.

You think it's over, forever,

And then a voice will sigh: "Forgotten dreams won't die"

Somewhere, in a crowded place,

Though she/ he isn't there you will see her/his face;

Somewhere, you will hear her/his name,

And suddenly you know that the thrill is still the same.

(You're still remembering the thrill.)

One day you loved her/ him, one day you lost her/ him,

And now you wonder why

Forgotten tears won't dry.

They keep returning, the flame still burning:

Though love has said goodbye,

Forgotten dreams won't die.