

signum
CLASSICS

THE COMPLETE SONGS OF
RAVEL

Malcolm Martineau

Anderson · Boulianne · Chest · Defresne · Jones
Keenlyside · Murrihy · Spence · Thomas

Maurice Ravel
150th Anniversary

CD 1

1. Ballade de la Reine morte d'aimer (SD, MM)[4.04]
2. Un grand sommeil noir (WT, MM)[3.55]
3. Sainte (LA, MM)[2.28]

Epigrammes de Clément Marot

4. D'Anne qui me jecta de la neige (NS, MM)[2.33]
5. D'Anne jouant de l'espinette (NS, MM)[1.50]
6. Chanson du rouet (SD, MM)[3.47]
7. Si morne! (NS, MM)[4.33]
8. Manteau de fleurs (SD, MM)[3.20]

Shéhérazade

9. Asie (PM, MM)[9.48]
10. La flûte enchantée (PM, LF, MM)[3.15]
11. L'indifférent (PM, MM)[4.00]

Cinq mélodies populaires grecques

12. Le réveil de la mariée (NS, MM)[1.21]
13. Là-bas, vers l'église (LA, MM)[1.41]
14. Quel galant m'est comparable (NS, MM)[0.59]
15. Chanson des cueilleuses de lentisques (LA, MM)[2.48]
16. Tout gai! (NS, MM)[055]
17. Noël des jouets (NS, MM)[3.11]

Histoires naturelles (SK, MM)

18. Le paon[4.50]
19. Le grillon[3.23]
20. Le cygne[3.38]
21. Le martin-pêcheur[3.11]
22. La pintade[3.41]

Total timings[1.03.13]

CD 2

1. Vocalise-Étude en forme de Habanera (JB, MM)[2.55]
2. Les grands vents venus d'outre-mer (DJ, MM)[2.08]
3. Sur l'herbe (NS, MM)[2.11]
4. Tripatos (SD, MM)[1.31]

Chants populaires

5. Chanson espagnole (LA, MM)[2.26]
6. Chanson française (WT, MM)[2.17]
7. Chanson italienne (PM, MM)[1.17]
8. Chanson hébraïque (WT, MM)[3.46]
9. Chanson écossaise (NS, MM)[3.17]

Trois poèmes de Stéphane Mallarmé (JB, LF, AS, JBL, MG, SQ)

10. Soupir[3.37]
11. Placet futile[3.58]
12. Surgi de la croupe et du bond[3.07]

Deux Mélodies Hébraïques (SK, MM)

13. Kaddisch[4.59]
14. L'énigme éternelle[1.07]

Trois chansons (LA, MM)

15. Nicolette[2.07]
16. Trois beaux oiseaux du Paradis[2.54]
17. Ronde[1.54]
18. Ronsard à son âme (DJ, MM)[2.17]

Chansons madécasses (JB, LF, CB, MM)

19. Nahandove[6.07]
20. Aoua![3.57]
21. Il est doux[4.10]

22. Rêves (LA, MM)[1.22]

Don Quichotte à Dulcinée (JC, MM)

23. Chanson Romanesque[1.53]
24. Chanson épique[2.47]
25. Chanson à boire[1.54]

Total timings[1.09.59]

Lorna Anderson *soprano* (LA)
Julie Boulianne *mezzo soprano* (JB)
John Chest *baritone* (JC)
Sarah Dufresne *soprano* (SD)
Dafydd Jones *tenor* (DJ)
Simon Keenlyside *baritone* (SK)
Paula Murrihy *soprano* (PM)
Nicky Spence *tenor* (NS)
William Thomas *bass* (WT)
Lisa Friend *flute* (LF)
Anna Stokes *flute* (AS)
Julian Bliss *clarinet* (JBL)
Matt Glendenning *clarinet* (MG)
Cara Berridge *cello* (CB)
Sacconi Quartet (SQ)

Malcolm Martineau *piano*

The *Méodies* of Maurice Ravel (1875–1937) in chronological order

1893

Ballade de la Reine morte d'aimer is an early example of Ravel's delight in rendering in music the precision of well-oiled mechanisms – here 'les grosses cloches de Bohême/Et les cloches de Thulé' which celebrate the ascent to heaven of the lovelorn queen's spirit. It was not for nothing that Stravinsky dubbed Ravel the 'Swiss watch-maker'.

1895

The lugubrious **Un grand sommeil noir** was composed in the wake of the composer's expulsion from the Conservatoire after he had failed the harmony exam the month before and had also failed to pass the medical for military service due to his diminutive height (5'3). Verlaine's melancholy is well captured by Ravel's bank of repeated Gs in the low regions of the piano, and his hysteria is reflected in the wide vocal range of over two octaves.

1896

Sainte, a hymn to St Cecilia, was described by Mallarmé as 'a little song-like poem written above all with music in mind.' We learn in the first stanza that the saint is depicted in a stained glass window – the reason why Ravel deploys modal chords to suggest medieval church music. This plainsong-like atmosphere turns more lyrical at the mention of the angel's harp, and the whole song breathes a religious radiance – a rare occurrence in Ravel's music.

D'Anne qui me jecta de la neige, the first of the *Deux Épigrammes de Clément Marot*, evokes the spirit of the 16th century by creating a dry harpsichord-like sonority and an accompaniment that is contained within the limited range of a seventeenth century instrument.

1898

The accompaniment of **Chanson du rouet** recalls Schubert's 'Gretchen am Spinnrade', with the piano echoing the movement of the treadle and the wheel – but there the resemblance ends. Gretchen's erotic outpouring is replaced by the domesticity of the girl in Leconte de Lisle's poem who celebrates all that a spinning wheel can create until, in the final verse, she alludes to death and how the wheel will spin her shroud – which Ravel references by that *Dies irae* motif in the accompaniment.

Emile Verhaeren's **Si morne!** speaks of depression and the terrors of introspection and Ravel responds with a song with a range of almost two octaves that rises to a terrifying climax – quite unlike anything else in his *méodies*.

1899

Three years after his first Marot setting, Ravel added **D'Anne jouant de l'espionnette** without any slavish imitation of the timbre of the spinet. Ravel brought both songs to Fauré's composition class at the Conservatoire.

1903

Manteau de fleurs was Ravel's contribution to the volume of settings of poems by Paul Gravelot, commissioned by the publisher Hamelle – a hymn to the colour pink. The only white flower among this roseate riot of tulips, hyacinths, carnations, roses, peonies, gladioli and geraniums is the lily; and when the beautiful young woman passes among them, the flowers make a pink cloak for her. Ravel lavishes great care on this trifle with whole-tone chords and consecutive ninths, and later orchestrated it.

Ravel had been drawn to **Shéhérazade** as early as 1898 when, fascinated by *A Thousand and One Nights*, he decided to compose an opera on the theme. All that remains of that venture is the Overture which was premiered on 27 May 1899 when Ravel conducted the orchestra of the Société Nationale. Although the audience whistled and the critics were outraged, Ravel quickly threw off his disappointment and re-cycled some of the material when in 1903 he composed the orchestral song-cycle *Shéhérazade*, for which he also provided a piano version and, in 1911, an arrangement of 'L'indifférent' for piano and flute. **Asie** apostrophises the East with all its exotic glories and wonders: minarets, turbans, calumets (a tobacco pipe with a bowl of clay and a long reed stem carved and ornamented with feathers), Cadis (Turkish, Arabian or Persian judges), assassins, executioners, scimitars and so on; **La flûte enchantée** is a beguiling song of thwarted love, of a slave-girl who does not dare to venture from the house for fear of waking her master and who, hearing her suitor's melodies, can only dream of passion. But the most intriguing choice of text is **L'indifférent**, a poem about sexual ambiguity in which the female singer tries in vain to interest a young stranger in her hospitality. He shows no interest. His eyes are 'soft like a girl's', and his hips 'sway lightly in a languid feminine way'. The sub-text is clear: the young man's sexual orientation (gay) was also that of the poet Klingsor. And of Ravel? The composer left few clues to the nature of his own sexuality, but we know of his reputation as a young dandy, and it could well be that 'L'indifférent' was conceived as a coded message. The Ravel scholar Jean-Michel Nectoux is more explicit. He suggests that the song, dedicated to Emma Bardac, was a warning to her: she had been Fauré's mistress, had yet to become Debussy's second wife, and was now turning her attentions to the young Ravel. The song warns her that she was wasting her time.

1904-6

The *Cinq mélodies populaires grecques* were not published till 1907. The songs are: **Le réveil de la mariée**, in which a young Greek peasant awakens his bride by serenading her in front of her house to Ravel's shimmering accompaniment; **Là-bas, vers l'église**, a moving song for all those Greek soldiers who perished in the War of Independence against the Turks; **Quel galant m'est comparable**, a Rabelaisian song of a virile peasant who hints to dame Vassiliki (the Madame of a bordello?) that pistols and sabres are not the only things that dangle beneath his belt . . .; **Chanson des cueilleuses de lentisques**, with its beautiful melody sung by the lovelorn women as they gather aromatic resin from the *Pistacia lentiscus*, a shrub that flourishes mainly on the island of Chios; and **Tout gail**, a setting of nonsense words to a rumbustious dance which alternates between 2/4 and 3/4 time.

1905

Ravel wrote the poem **Noël des jouets**, thus anticipating by a decade Debussy's setting of his own Christmas poem, 'Noël des enfants qui n'ont plus de maisons'. Ravel's song is devoid of human feeling: the toys whizz and whirr and one is reminded again of the composer's interest in machines – the clocks in *L'heure espagnole* and the brilliant way in which he animates inanimate objects in *L'enfant et les sortilèges*.

1906

Histoires naturelles, five settings of animal poems by Jules Renard, were premiered at a concert presented by the Société Nationale on 12 January 1907, with Ravel himself accompanying Jane Bathori. The evening was a fiasco. By attempting to shape the vocal line to render as closely as possible the natural rise and fall of Renard's prose-poems, Ravel ignored the mute 'e', which had till then always been set by composers as a bona fide syllable. This break with tradition caused certain sections of the audience to whistle and jeer, but the artists persevered to the end and actually encored the final song of the set. The songs, in which the accompaniment plays the dominant and more pictorial role, are a delight. In **Le paon**, the vain peacock opens his tail to a contrary motion glissando on the black keys; the sound of the cricket in **Le grillon** is suggested by a rhythmic repetition of G sharp; **Le cygne** presents the swan gliding on Debussy-like ripples; in **Le martin-pêcheur**, we hear sliding sevenths alighting on a sustained chord in imitation of the dazzling kingfisher settling on the fishing rod; and the guinea-fowl of **La pintade** hammers out her strident cries to a succession of repeated notes.

1907

Vocalise-Etude en forme de Habanera, which was composed for a collection of vocalizes assembled by A.L. Hettich, who taught singing at the Conservatoire, has become much better known in the transcription for cello.

Les grands vents venus d'outre-mer is a song about loneliness. The highly condensed music begins sombrely and rises to an agonized climax. Strikingly effective is the way in which 'les adolescents amers' remains unaccompanied.

Sur l'herbe is Ravel's second and final setting of Verlaine ('Le ciel est, par-dessus le toit' remains a fragment) and with its conversational tone and brilliant rendering of the inflections of spoken dialogue breathes the same world as the *Histoires naturelles*.

1909

Following the death of his father, Ravel made an arrangement of another Greek folksong: **Tripatos**. The word means 'three steps' in modern Greek and refers to the way in which the dance of that name is performed – starting with three steps forward followed by three steps back. Ravel set only the first two lines of a poem which describes a dying girl who says farewell to her father.

1910

In 1910, Ravel entered the folksong-setting competition of the Maison du Lied in Moscow. Each composer was asked to submit seven songs from seven different countries. Ravel enjoyed no success with his **Chanson russe**, **Chanson flamande** and **Chanson écossaise**, but won four prizes with the mock-tragic **Chanson italienne**, the pastoral **Chanson française**, the guitar-like accompaniment of **Chanson espagnole** and **Chanson hébraïque**, in which the haunting melody weaves its arabesque over one single sustained chord. The **Chanson écossaise** is a setting of Burns's 'Ye banks and braes o' bonie Doon', a revised version of 'Ye flowery banks o' bonie Doon' that the poet intended to be sung to a Strathspey reel.

1913

The *Trois Poèmes de Stéphane Mallarmé* were composed in Switzerland, where Ravel was assisting Stravinsky with the orchestration of Mussorgsky's *Khovanshina*. **Soupir** is dedicated to Stravinsky who had himself dedicated the last of his *Japanese Lyrics* to Ravel; the Russian

composer was so impressed by the opening bars of **Placet futile** that he quoted them at the beginning of the *Pastorale* section of his *Soldier's Tale* (1918); **Surgi de la croupe et du bond**, one of Mallarmé's most difficult poems, was described by Ravel as 'the strangest if not the most hermetic of the sonnets.' However abstruse these poems might be on first reading, the themes are clear enough: 'Soupir' is a melancholy poem about autumn, 'Placet futile' wittily portrays a lovelorn abbot, who regrets that he will never appear naked on a Sèvre teacup and will never become the princess's lapdog, let alone her lover; while 'Surgi de la croupe et du bond' depicts the emptiness of a vase that contains no flowers.

1914

Ravel ended his folklore research in 1914 by harmonizing two songs for Alvina Alvi, a soprano at the St Petersburg Opera. **Kaddisch**, more liturgical chant than song, was traditionally sung by mourners to bewail the passing of a beloved relative. It has an Aramaic text, which Ravel accompanies with blocks of sustained chords that gradually gather in harmonic intensity. **L'énigme éternelle** sets a Yiddish folksong to a persistent rhythmic ostinato. Ravel later made an orchestral version of the *Deux Mélodies Hébraïques*, which were premiered by Madeleine Grey.

1914-1915

The *Trois chansons pour chœur mixte sans accompagnement*, which have words by the composer, were also adapted as solo songs from the original four-part *a cappella* version. **Nicolette** tells of a young girl picking flowers in the countryside – she is frightened of the wolf, scorns her young suitor but willingly accepts an ugly old man when he offers her his money; **Trois beaux oiseaux du Paradis** makes repeated reference to the war in the refrain ('Mon ami z'il est à la guerre'); and in **Ronde** the old folk warn the young to keep out of the forest that teems with goblins and monsters. Ravel dedicated the songs to friends.

1923-24

To mark the 400th anniversary of Pierre de Ronsard's birth in 1924, the editor of the *Revue musicale* commissioned nine composers to set a poem each that would appear in a special edition on 1 May 1924. Aubert, Caplet, Delage, Dukas, Fauré, Honegger, Ravel, Roland-Manuel and Roussel were all approached. Ravel chose Ronsard's **Ronsard à son âme**, a reworking of Hadrian's 'Animula, vagula, blandula', a poem dictated by the poet shortly before his death, probably of heart failure, in AD 138 at age of 62. This syllabic

setting is the simplest and sparest song that Ravel ever composed, a world away from the Mallarmé settings.

1925-6

The *Chansons madécasses* were commissioned by Mrs Elizabeth Coolidge, the American patron of the arts. Ravel chose three of the twelve prose poems which Parry claimed were translations from original Madagascan verse, although they were in fact the product of his own imagination, and set them to an accompaniment of 'if possible' flute, cello and piano. Thirteen years had passed since his Mallarmé songs, whose lushness and harmonic excesses were now pared down to leaner textures. The three instruments surround the voice which becomes, in effect, the fourth instrument of the quartet. The threatening cry of 'Aoua!' in the second song – a stroke of dramatic genius – was added by Ravel himself. He considered his cycle to be among his most important vocal works, and was particularly proud of the way a maximum of expression was achieved by such economy of means.

1927

Léon-Paul Fargues's **Rêves** conjures up a dreamscape in which the poet looks back on his childhood and remembers running among ruins, loving glances and the blare of railways stations.

1932-3

Ravel's final three songs, *Don Quichotte à Dulcinée*, were his response to a commission to write a score for a film that Georg W. Pabst was making for Chaliapin. Ravel failed to deliver in time, which meant that Jacques Ibert was eventually the fortunate composer. Ravel was never paid for his pains, but the songs are a delight, and have held the recital stage ever since Martial Singher premiered them on 1 December 1934. Ravel, with his Basque blood, used the Spanish idiom liberally throughout. In **Chanson romanesque** we hear the alternating bars of 6/8 and 3/4 rhythm over a guitar-like accompaniment, which conjures up the *quajira* of Spanish folklore and gives the song a deliciously lilting quality; **Chanson épique**, with its 5/4 metre, is reminiscent of the *zortzico* and, with its organ-like harmonies, has a whiff of Catholic incense about it; while **Chanson à boire** is in the spirit of the *jota*, its strong cross-rhythms conveying the tipsiness of Morand's text.

Richard Stokes

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Ballade de la Reine morte d'aimer

(Roland de Marés)

En Bohême était une Reine,
Douce sœur du Roi de Thulé,
Belle entre toutes les Reines,
Reine par sa toute Beauté.

Le grand Trouvère de Bohême
Un soir triste d'automne roux
Lui murmura le vieux: 'Je t'aime'!
Âmes folles et cœurs si fous! . . .

Et la Très Belle toute blanche
Le doux Poète tant aima
Que sur l'heure son âme blanche
Vers les étoiles s'exhala . . .

Les grosses cloches de Bohême
Et les clochettes de Thulé
Chantèrent l'Hosanna suprême
De la Reine morte d'aimer.

Un grand sommeil noir

(Paul Verlaine)

Un grand sommeil noir
Tombe sur ma vie:
Dormez, tout Espoir,
Dormez, toute envie!

Je ne vois plus rien,
Je perds la mémoire
Du mal et du bien . . .
Ô la triste histoire!

Je suis un berceau
Qu'une main balance
Au creux d'un caveau:
Silence, silence!

Ballad of the Queen who died of love

In Bohemia there lived a Queen,
Gentle sister of the King of Thule,
Loveliest of all Queens,
Queen by virtue of her great beauty.

The great Troubadour of Bohemia
One sad russet evening
Murmured to her that old phrase: 'I love you!'
Mad souls and mad hearts! . . .

And the very beautiful and very white Queen
So loved the gentle poet
That her white soul immediately expired
And floated up toward the stars . . .

The great bells of Bohemia
And the little bells of Thule
Sang the final Hosanna
Of the Queen who died of love.

A vast dark sleep

A vast dark sleep
Falls on my life:
Slumber, all hope,
Slumber, all desire!

I have lost my sight,
All memories fail
Of good and evil . . .
Oh dismal tale!

I am a cradle
Rocked by a hand
In a hollow vault:
Silence, silence!

Sainte

(Stéphane Mallarmé)

À la fenêtre recélant
Le santal vieux qui se dédore
De la viole étincelant
Jadis selon flûte ou mandore

Est la Sainte pâle, étalant
Le livre vieux qui se déplie
Du Magnificat ruisselant
Jadis selon vèpre et complie:

À ce vitrage d'ostensoir
Que frôle une harpe par l'Ange
Formée avec son vol du soir
Pour la délicate phalange

Du doigt que, sans le vieux santal
Ni le vieux livre, elle balance
Sur le plumage instrumental,
Musicienne du silence.

Épigrammes de Clément Marot

(Clément Marot)

1 D'Anne qui me jecta de la neige

Anne par jeu me jecta de la neige,
Que je cuidois froide, certainement:
Mais c'estoit feu, l'expérience en ay je,
Car embrasé, je fus soudainement.

Puis que le feu loge secretement
Dedans la neige, où trouveray je place
Pour n'ardre point? Anne, ta seule grace
Estaindre peult le feu que je sens bien,
Non point par eau, par neige ne par glace,
Mais par sentir un feu pareil au mien.

Saint

At the window that harbours
The old sandalwood of flaking gilt
Of the viol that sparkled
Once to flute or mandola,

Stands the pale saint, displaying
The ancient unfolded book
Of the Magnificat that glistened
Once to vespers and compline:

At this monstrance-glass
Brushed by a harp which the Angel
Forms in his evening flight
For the delicate finger-

Tip that, lacking the old sandalwood
And the ancient book, she poises
On the instrumental plumage,
Musician of silence.

Epigrams of Clément Marot

On Anne who threw snow at me

Anne in play threw snow at me,
Which I certainly thought cold:
But what I felt from it was fire,
For suddenly I was all aflame.

Since fire dwells secretly
In the snow, where shall I find a place
Where I'll not burn? Anne, your favour alone
Can quench the flame I so keenly feel,
Not water nor snow nor ice,
But by feeling a fire which matches mine.

2 D'Anne jouant de l'espinette

Lors que je voy en ordre la brunette,
Jeune, en bon point, de la ligne des dieux,
Et que sa voix, ses doigts et l'espinette
Meinent un bruyet doux et melodieux,
J'ay du plaisir et d'oreilles et d'yeulx
Plus que les saintz en leur gloire immortelle,
Et autant qu'eulx je deviens glorieux
Dès que je pense estre un peu aymé d'elle.

Chanson du rouet

(Charles-Marie-René Leconte de Lisle)

Ô mon cher rouet, ma blanche bobine,
Je vous aime mieux que l'or et l'argent!
Vous me donnez tout, lait, beurre et farine,
Et le gai logis, et le vêtement.
Je vous aime mieux que l'or et l'argent!
Ô mon cher rouet, ma blanche bobine!

Ô mon cher rouet, ma blanche bobine,
Vous chantez dès l'aube avec les oiseaux;
Été comme hiver, chanvre ou laine fine,
Par vous, jusqu'au soir, charge les fuseaux.
Vous chantez dès l'aube avec les oiseaux;
Ô mon cher rouet, ma blanche bobine!

Ô mon cher rouet, ma blanche bobine,
Vous me filerez mon suaire étroit,
Quand, près de mourir et courbant l'échine,
Je ferai mon lit éternel et froid.
Vous me filerez mon suaire étroit,
Ô mon cher rouet, ma blanche bobine!

On Anne playing the spinet

When I see my neat and dark-haired lady,
Young, comely, of divine lineage,
And when her voice, her fingers and the spinet
Make a sweet melodious sound,
My ears and eyes know greater pleasure
Than the saints in their immortal glory:
And I become as glorious as they,
The moment I feel she loves me a little.

Song of the spinning wheel

O my dear spinning wheel, my white bobbin,
I love you more than silver and gold!
You give me all: milk, butter and flour,
A happy home, and clothing too.
I love you more than silver and gold,
O my dear spinning wheel, my white bobbin!

O my dear spinning wheel, my white bobbin,
You sing at daybreak with the birds;
In summer and winter - with hemp or fine wool
You load the spindle till evening falls.
You sing at daybreak with the birds,
O my dear spinning wheel, my white bobbin!

O my dear spinning wheel, my white bobbin,
You shall spin me my narrow shroud,
When, near death and stooping low,
I'll make my eternal and freezing bed.
You shall spin me my narrow shroud,
O my dear spinning wheel, my white bobbin!

Si morne!

(Émile Verhaeren)

Se replier toujours sur soi-même, si morne!
Comme un drap lourd, qu'aucun dessin de fleur n'adonne.

Se replier, s'appesantir et se tasser
Et se toujours, en angles noirs et mats, casser.

Si morne! et se toujours interdire l'envie
De tailler en drapeaux l'étoffe de sa vie.

Tapir entre les plis ses mauvaises fureurs
Et ses rancœurs et ses douleurs et ses erreurs.

Ni les frissons soyeux, ni les moires fondants
Mais les pointes en soi des épingles ardentes.

Oh! le paquet qu'on pousse ou qu'on jette à l'écart,
Si morne et lourd, sur un rayon, dans un bazar.

Déjà sentir la bouche âcre des moisissures
Gluer, et les taches s'étendre en leurs morsures.

Pourrir, immensément emmailotté d'ennui;
Être l'ennui qui se replie en de la nuit.

Tandis que lentement, dans les laines ourdies,
De part en part, mordent les vers des maladies.

Manteau de fleurs

(Paul Gravellet)

Toutes les fleurs de mon jardin sont roses,
Le rose sied à sa beauté.
Les primévères sont les premières écloses,
Puis viennent les tulipes et les jacinthes roses,
Les jolis œillets, les si belles roses,
Toute la variété des fleurs si roses
Du printemps et de l'été!
Le rose sied à sa beauté!

Toutes mes pivoines sont roses,
Roses aussi sont mes glaïeuls,

So bleak!

So bleak to retreat within oneself!
Like a heavy cloth, unadorned by flowers.

To retreat, be weighed down and to cower
And always, in dark and dull corners, to snap.

So bleak! And always to disallow oneself the desire
Of slicing into flags the fabric of one's life.

To crouch between the folds with one's evil rages,
One's bitternesses, griefs and mistakes.

With neither silky shimmers nor melting moire,
But burning pins to pierce one's flesh.

Oh! the package you push or cast aside,
So bleak and heavy, on a shelf in some cheap store.

Already to feel your mouth, acrid with mould,
Gluing up, and the stains spreading in their bites.

To putrefy, hugely swathed in ennui,
To be that ennui retreating into night.

While slowly, in warped wool,
The worms of disease gnaw their way right through.

Cloak of flowers

All the flowers in my garden are pink,
Pink becomes her beauty.
The primroses are the first to bloom,
Then come pink tulips and hyacinths,
Pretty carnations, such lovely roses,
The full variety of the pinkest flowers
Of springtime and of summer!
Pink becomes her beauty!
All my peonies are pink,
My gladioli too are pink,

Roses mes géraniums; seuls
 Dans tout ce rose un peu troublant
 Les lys ont le droit d'être blancs.
 Et quand elle passe au milieu des fleurs
 Emperlées de rosée en pleurs,
 Dans le parfum grisant des roses
 Et sous la caresse des choses,
 Toute grâce, amour, pureté!
 Les fleurs lui font un manteau rose
 Dont elle pare sa beauté.

Shéhérazade/ Scheherazade
 (Tristan Klingsor)

1 Asie

Asie, Asie, Asie,
 Vieux pays merveilleux des contes de nourrice,
 Où dort la fantaisie
 Comme une impératrice
 En sa forêt tout emple de mystères,
 Asie,
 Je voudrais m'en aller avec la goélette
 Qui se berce ce soir dans le port,
 Mystérieuse et solitaire,
 Et qui déploie enfin ses voiles violettes
 Comme un immense oiseau de nuit dans le ciel d'or.

Je voudrais m'en aller vers des îles de fleurs
 En écoutant chanter la mer perverse
 Sur un vieux rythme ensorceleur;
 Je voudrais voir Damas et les villes de Perse
 Avec les minarets légers dans l'air;
 Je voudrais voir de beaux turbans de soie
 Sur des visages noirs aux dents claires;
 Je voudrais voir des yeux sombres d'amour
 Et des prunelles brillantes de joie
 En des peaux jaunes comme des oranges;
 Je voudrais voir des vêtements de velours
 Et des habits à longues franges;

Pink my geraniums; only lilies,
 Amid this rather heady pink,
 Only they have the right to be white.
 And when she walks amid the flowers
 Beaded with weeping dew
 In the reeling fragrance of the roses
 And beneath the caress of nature,
 The embodiment of grace, love and purity,
 The flowers fashion a pink cloak for her
 With which she adorns her beauty.

Asia

Asia, Asia, Asia,
 Ancient wonderland of fairy tales,
 Where fantasy sleeps
 Like an empress
 In her mystery-filled forest,
 Asia,
 I long to set sail with the schooner
 Which rocks this evening in the harbour,
 Mysterious and solitary
 And which spreads at last its violet sails
 Like a huge night-bird in the golden sky.

I long to set sail for the isle of flowers
 As I listen to the song of the wayward sea
 With its old bewitching rhythm;
 I long to see Damascus and Persian towns
 With their airy minarets;
 I long to see beautiful silken turbans
 Above black faces with white teeth;
 I long to see eyes dark with love
 And pupils sparkling with joy
 Sunk in skins as yellow as oranges;
 I long to see velvet raiments
 And long-fringed robes;

Je voudrais voir des calumets entre des bouches
 Tout entourées de barbe blanche;
 Je voudrais voir d'après marchants aux regards louches,
 Et des cadis et des vizirs
 Qui du seul mouvement de leur doigt qui se penche
 Accorde vie ou mort au gré de leur désir.

Je voudrais voir la Perse et l'Inde et puis la Chine,
 Les mandarins ventrus sous les ombrelles,
 Et les princesses aux mains fines
 Et les lettrés qui se querellent
 Sur la poésie et sur la beauté;

Je voudrais m'attarder au palais enchanté
 Et comme un voyageur étranger
 Contempler à loisir des paysages peints
 Sur des étoffes en des cadres de sapin
 Avec un personnage au milieu d'un verger;

Je voudrais voir des assassins souriant
 Du bourreau qui coupe un cou d'innocent
 Avec son grand sabre courbé d'Orient;
 Je voudrais voir des pauvres et des reines;
 Je voudrais voir des roses et du sang;
 Je voudrais voir mourir d'amour ou bien de haine,
 Et puis, m'en revenir plus tard
 Narrer mon aventure aux curieux de rêves,
 En élevant comme Sindbad
 Ma vieille pipe arabe
 De temps en temps entre mes lèvres
 Pour interrompre avec art ...

2 La flûte enchantée

L'ombre est douce et mon maître dort,
 Coiffé d'un bonnet conique de soie,
 Et son long nez jaune en sa barbe blanche.
 Mais moi je suis éveillée encore
 Et j'écoute au-dehors
 Une chanson de flûte où s'épanche

I long to see calumets in mouths
 Fringed about with white beards;
 I long to see grasping merchants with shifty looks,
 And cadis and viziers
 Who with a single crook of the finger
 Dispense life or death on a whim.

I long to see Persia, and India, and then China,
 Portly mandarins beneath their sunshades,
 And princesses with delicate hands,
 And learned men disputing
 About poetry and beauty;

I long to linger in enchanted palaces,
 And like a foreign traveller
 Gaze at leisure on landscapes painted
 On fabrics in pinewood frames,
 With a figure in the midst of an orchard;

I long to see assassins smiling,
 As the executioner cuts off an innocent head
 With his great curved Oriental scimitar;
 I long to see beggars and queens;
 I long to see roses and blood;
 I long to see death for love or else for hate,
 And then to return later
 And recount my adventures to those intrigued by dreams,
 While raising like Sinbad
 My old Arabian pipe
 From time to time to my lips,
 Artfully to interrupt the tale ...

The enchanted flute

The shade is soft and my master sleeps,
 A cone-shaped silken cap on his head,
 And his long yellow nose in his white beard.
 But I am still awake,
 Listening to the song
 Of a flute outside that pours forth

Tour à tour la tristesse ou la joie,
 Un air tour à tour languoureux ou frivole
 Que mon amoureux chéri joue,
 Et quand je m'approche de la croisée,
 Il me semble que chaque note s'envole
 De la flûte envers ma joue
 Comme un mystérieux baiser.

3 L'indifférent

Tes yeux sont doux comme ceux d'une fille,
 Jeune étranger,
 Et la courbe fine
 De ton beau visage de duvet ombragé
 Est plus séduisante encore de ligne.

Ta lèvre chante
 Sur le pas de ma porte
 Une langue inconnue et charmante
 Comme une musique fausse;
 Entre! et que mon vin te réconforte ...

Mais non, tu passes
 Et de mon seuil je te vois t'éloigner
 Me faisant un dernier geste avec grâce
 Et la hanche légèrement ployée
 Par ta démarche féminine et lasse.

Cinq mélodies populaires grecques
 (traditional, trans. M.D. Calvocoressi)

1 Le réveil de la mariée

Réveille-toi, réveille-toi, perdrix mignonne.
 Ouvre au matin tes ailes.
 Trois grains de beauté, mon cœur en est brûlé.
 Vois le ruban, le ruban d'or que je t'apporte
 Pour le nouer autour de tes cheveux.
 Si tu veux, ma belle, viens nous marier;
 Dans nos deux familles, tous sont alliés.

Sadness and joy in turn,
 A tune now languorous now lively,
 Which my dear lover plays.
 And when I draw near the casement,
 Each note seems to fly
 From the flute to my cheek
 Like a mysterious kiss.

The indifferent one

Your eyes are soft like a girl's,
 Young stranger,
 And the delicate curve
 Of your handsome down-shaded face
 Is still more attractively shaped.

Your lips sing
 At my door
 An unknown charming tongue,
 Like discordant music;
 Enter! And let my wine refresh you...

But no, you pass by
 And I see you leaving my threshold,
 Gracefully waving farewell,
 Your hips lightly swaying
 In your languid womanly way.

Five Greek folksongs

The bride's awakening

Wake up, wake up, pretty partridge,
 Spread your wings to the morning.
 Three beauty spots – and my heart's ablaze.
 See the golden ribbon I bring you
 To tie around your tresses.
 If you wish, my beauty, let us marry!
 In our two families all are related.

2 Là-bas, vers l'église

Là-bas, vers l'église,
 Vers l'église Ayio Sidero,
 L'église, ô Vierge sainte,
 L'église, Ayio Costandinio
 Se sont réunis, rassemblés en nombre infini,
 Du monde, ô Vierge sainte!
 Du monde tous les plus braves!

3 Quel galant m'est comparable

Quel galant m'est comparable,
 D'entre ceux qu'on voit passer?
 Dis, dame Vassiliki?
 Vois, pendus, pendus à ma ceinture,
 Pistoles et sabre aigu...
 Et c'est toi que j'aime!

4 Chanson des cueilleuses de lentisques

Ô joie de mon âme,
 Joie de mon cœur, trésor qui m'est si cher;
 Joie de l'âme et du cœur.
 Toi que j'aime ardemment,
 Tu es plus beau qu'un ange.
 Ô lorsque tu parais, ange si doux,
 Devant nos yeux,
 Comme un bel ange blond,
 Sous le clair soleil,
 Hélas, tous nos pauvres cœurs soupirent!

5 Tout gai!

Tout gai,
 Ha, tout gai;
 Belle jambe, tireli qui danse,
 Belle jambe, la vaisselle danse.
 Tra-la-la.

Down there by the church

Down there by the church,
 By the church of Saint Sideros,
 The church, O Holy Virgin,
 The church of Saint Constantine,
 Are gathered together, in infinite numbers,
 The finest people, O Holy Virgin,
 The finest people in the world!

What gallant can compare with me?

What gallant can compare with me
 Among those seen passing by?
 Tell me, Mistress Vassiliki?
 See, hanging at my belt,
 Pistols and sharp sword...
 And it's you I love!

Song of the lentisk gatherers

O joy of my soul, joy of my heart,
 Treasure so dear to me;
 Joy of the soul and of the heart,
 You whom I love with passion,
 You are more beautiful than an angel.
 O when you appear, angel so sweet,
 Before our eyes,
 Like a lovely, blond angel
 Under the bright sun –
 Alas, all our poor hearts sigh!

So merry!

So merry,
 Ah, so merry;
 Lovely leg, tireli, that dances,
 Lovely leg, the crockery dances,
 Tra la la.

Noël des jouets

(Maurice Ravel)

Le troupeau verni des moutons
Roule en tumulte vers la crèche.
Les lapins tambours, brefs et rêches,
Couvrent leurs aïgres mirlitons.
Vierge Marie, en crinoline.
Ses yeux d'émail sans cesse ouverts,
En attendant Bonhomme hiver
Veille Jésus qui se dordine
Car, près de là, sous un sapin,
Furtif, emmitoufflé dans l'ombre
Du bois, Belzébuth, le chien sombre,
Guette l'Enfant de sucre peint.
Mais les beaux anges incassables
Suspendus par des fils d'archal
Du haut de l'arbuste hiémal
Assurent la paix des étables.
Et leur vol de clinquant vermeil
Qui cliquette en bruits symétriques
S'accorde au bétail mécanique
Dont la voix grêle bêle:
"Noël! Noël! Noël!"

Histoires naturelles

(Jules Renard)

1 Le paon

Il va sûrement se marier aujourd'hui.
Ce devait être pour hier. En habit de gala, il était prêt. Il
n'attendait que sa fiancée. Elle n'est pas venue. Elle ne
peut tarder.
Glorieux, il se promène avec une allure de prince indien
et porte sur lui les riches présents d'usage. L'amour avive
l'éclat de ses couleurs et son aigrette tremble comme
une lyre.
La fiancée n'arrive pas.

The toys' Christmas

The painted flock of sheep
Trundles towards the Crib.
The rabbit drummers, sharp and harsh,
Drown their shrill hewgags' sound.
The Virgin Mary in crinoline,
Her enamel eyes ever open,
Waits for good old winter to come,
Watching over Jesus who lies abed.
For nearby, skulking beneath a fir tree
And muffled in the forest's shadow,
Beelzebub, the sinister dog,
Lies in wait for the coloured-sugar child.
But the beautiful unbreakable angels,
Hanging by wires of brass
From the top of the Christmas tree
Guarantee the stables' peace.
And their tinselled vermilion flight,
Jingling in symmetrical sounds
Harmonizes with the mechanical cattle,
Whose high-pitched voices bleat:
'Noël! Noël! Noël!'

Natural histories

The peacock

He will surely get married today.
It was to have been yesterday. In full regalia he was
ready. It was only his bride he was waiting for. She has
not come. She cannot be long.
Vaingloriously, he perambulates with the air of an
Indian prince, bearing about his person the customary
lavish gifts. Love burnishes the brilliance of his colours,
and his crest quivers like a lyre.
His bride does not appear.

Il monte au haut du toit et regarde du côté du soleil.
Il jette son cri diabolique:
Léon! Léon!
C'est ainsi qu'il appelle sa fiancée. Il ne voit rien venir
et personne ne répond. Les volailles habituées ne
lèvent même point la tête. Elles sont lasses de l'admirer.
Il redescend dans la cour, si sûr d'être beau qu'il est
incapable de rancune.
Son mariage sera pour demain.
Et, ne sachant que faire du reste de la journée, il se
dirige vers le perron. Il gravit les marches, comme des
marches de temple, d'un pas officiel.
Il relève sa robe à queue toute lourde des yeux qui
n'ont pu se détacher d'elle.
Il répète encore une fois la cérémonie.

2 Le grillon

C'est l'heure où, las d'errer, l'insecte nègre revient
de promenade et répare avec soin le désordre de son
domaine.
D'abord il ratisse ses étroites allées de sable.
Il fait du bran de scie qu'il écarte au seuil de sa retraite.
Il lime la racine de cette grande herbe propre à le
harceler.
Il se repose.
Puis, il remonte sa minuscule montre.
A-t-il fini? Est-elle cassée? Il se repose encore un peu.
Il rentre chez lui et ferme sa porte.
Longtemps il tourne sa clef dans la serrure délicate.
Et il écoute:
Point d'alarme dehors.
Mais il ne se trouve pas en sûreté.
Et comme par une chaînette dont la poulie grince, il
descend jusqu'au fond de la terre.
On n'entend plus rien.
Dans la campagne muette, les peupliers se dressent
comme des doigts en l'air et désignent la lune.

He ascends to the top of the roof and looks towards the sun.
He utters his devilish cry:
Léon! Léon!
It is thus that he summons his bride. He can see nothing
drawing near, and no one replies. The fowls are used to
all this and do not even raise their heads. They are tired of
admiring him. He descends once more to the yard,
so sure of his beauty that he is incapable of bitterness.
His marriage will take place tomorrow.
And, not knowing what to do for the rest of the day, he
heads for the flight of steps. He ascends them, as though
they were the steps of a temple, with a formal tread.
He lifts his train, heavy with the eyes that have been
unable to free themselves from it.
Once more he repeats the ceremony.

The cricket

It is the hour when, weary of wandering, the black insect
returns from his outing and carefully restores order to
his estate.
First he rakes his narrow sandy paths.
He makes sawdust which he scatters outside the door of
his retreat.
He files the root of this tall blade likely to annoy him.
He rests.
Then he winds up his tiny watch.
Has he finished? Is it broken? He rests again for a while.
He goes inside and shuts the door.
For an age he turns his key in the delicate lock.
And he listens:
Nothing untoward outside.
But he does not feel safe.
And as if by a tiny chain on a creaking pulley, he lowers
himself into the bowels of the earth.
Nothing more is heard.
In the silent countryside the poplars rise like fingers in
the air, pointing to the moon.

3 Le cygne

Il glisse sur le bassin, comme un traîneau blanc, de nuage en nuage. Car il n'a faim que des nuages floconneux qu'il voit naître, bouger, et se perdre dans l'eau. C'est l'un d'eux qu'il désire. Il le vise du bec, et il plonge tout à coup son col vêtu de neige.

Puis, tel un bras de femme sort d'une manche, il le retire.

Il n'a rien

Il regarde: les nuages effarouchés ont disparu.

Il ne reste qu'un instant désabusé, car les nuages tardent peu à revenir, et, là-bas, où meurent les ondulations de l'eau, en voici un qui se reforme.

Doucement, sur son léger coussin de plumes, le cygne rame et s'approche...

Il s'épuise à pêcher de vains reflets, et peut-être qu'il mourra, victime de cette illusion, avant d'attraper un seul morceau de nuage.

Mais qu'est-ce que je dis?

Chaque fois qu'il plonge, il fouille du bec la vase nourrissante et ramène un ver.

Il engraisse comme une oie.

4 Le martin-pêcheur

Ça n'a pas mordu, ce soir, mais je rapporte une rare émotion.

Comme je tenais ma perche de ligne tendue, un martin-pêcheur est venu s'y poser.

Nous n'avons pas d'oiseau plus éclatant.

Il semblait une grosse fleur bleue au bout d'une longue tige. La perche pliait sous le poids. Je ne respirais plus, tout fier d'être pris pour un arbre par un martin-pêcheur. Et je suis sûr qu'il ne s'est pas envolé de peur, mais qu'il a cru qu'il ne faisait que passer d'une branche à une autre.

The swan

He glides on the pond like a white sledge, from cloud to cloud. For he is hungry only for the fleecy clouds that he sees forming, moving, dissolving in the water. It is one of these that he wants. He takes aim with his beak and suddenly immerses his snow-clad neck.

Then, like a woman's arm emerging from a sleeve, he draws it back up.

He has caught nothing.

He looks about: the startled clouds have vanished.

Only for a second is he disappointed, for the clouds are not slow to return, and, over there, where the ripples fade, there is one reappearing.

Gently, on his soft cushion of down, the swan paddles and approaches...

He exhausts himself fishing for empty reflections, and perhaps he will die, a victim of that illusion, before catching a single shred of cloud.

But what am I saying?

Each time he dives, he burrows with his beak in the nourishing mud and brings up a worm.

He's getting as fat as a goose.

The kingfisher

Not a bite, this evening, but I had a rare experience.

As I was holding out my fishing rod, a kingfisher came and perched on it.

There is no bird more brilliant.

He was like a great blue flower at the tip of a long stem.

The rod bent beneath the weight. I held my breath, so proud to be taken for a tree by a kingfisher.

And I'm sure he did not fly off from fear, but thought he was simply flitting from one branch to another.

5 La pintade

C'est la bossue de ma cour. Elle ne rêve que plaies à cause de sa bosse.

Les poules ne lui disent rien: brusquement, elle se précipite et les harcèle.

Puis elle baisse sa tête, penche le corps, et, de toute la vitesse de ses pattes maigres, elle court frapper, de son bec dur, juste au centre de la roue d'une dinde.

Cette poseuse l'agaçait.

Ainsi, la tête bleuie, ses barbillons à vif, cocardière, elle rage du matin au soir. Elle se bat sans motif, peut-être parce qu'elle s'imagine toujours qu'on se moque de sa taille, de son crâne chauve et de sa queue basse.

Et elle ne cesse de jeter un cri discordant qui perce l'air comme une pointe.

Parfois elle quitte la cour et disparaît. Elle laisse aux volailles pacifiques un moment de répit. Mais elle revient plus turbulente et plus crierde. Et, frénétique, elle se vautre par terre.

Qu'a-t-elle donc?

La sournoise fait une farce.

Elle est allée pondre son œuf à la campagne.

Je peux le chercher si ça m'amuse.

Elle se roule dans la poussière, comme une bossue.

Vocalise-Etude en forme de Habanera

Les grands vents venus d'outre-mer

(Henri de Régnier)

Les grands vents venus d'outre-mer

Passent par la Ville, l'hiver,

Comme des étrangers amers.

Ils se concertent, graves et pâles,

Sur les places, et leurs sandales

Ensablent le marbre des dalles.

The guinea-fowl

She is the hunchback of my barnyard. She dreams only of wounds, because of her hump.

The hens say nothing to her: suddenly, she swoops and harries them.

Then she lowers her head, leans forward, and, with all the speed of her skinny legs, runs and strikes with her hard beak at the very centre of a turkey's tail.

This poseur was provoking her.

Thus, with her bluish head and raw wattles, pugnaciously she rages from morn to night. She fights for no reason, perhaps because she always thinks they are making fun of her figure, of her bald head and drooping tail.

And she never stops screaming her discordant cry, which pierces the air like a needle.

Sometimes she leaves the yard and vanishes. She gives the peace-loving poultry a moment's respite. But she returns more rowdy and shrill. And in a frenzy she wallows in the earth.

Whatever's wrong with her?

The cunning creature is playing a trick.

She went to lay her egg in the open country.

I can look for it if I like.

And she rolls in the dust, like a hunchback.

The great winds from beyond the seas

The great ultramarine winds

Pass through the City in winter,

Like bitter strangers.

Solemn and pale, they scheme together

In the squares, and their sandals

Strew with sand the marble flagstones.

Comme des crosses à leurs mains fortes
Ils heurtent l'auvent et la porte
Derrière qui l'horloge est morte;

Et les adolescents amers
S'en vont avec eux vers la Mer!

Sur l'herbe (Paul Verlaine)

L'abbé divague.—Et toi, marquis,
Tu mets de travers ta perruque.
—Ce vieux vin de Chypre est exquis
Moins, Camargo, que votre nuque.

—Ma flamme ... Do, mi, sol, la, si.
L'abbé, ta noirceur se dévoile!
—Que je meure, Mesdames, si
Je ne vous décroche une étoile!

—Je voudrais être petit chien!
—Embrassons nos bergères, l'une
Après l'autre.—Messieurs, eh bien?
—Do, mi, sol.—Hé! bonsoir, la Lune!

Tripatos (Anon)

Kherya pou dhen idhen ilyos
Pss ta pya noun ivatri.
Keenas me ton alo leyi
Poss dhen ineya zoi.
Tralilila lalalala lililili la...

Chants populaires (Anon.)

Chanson espagnole

Adios meu homiño, adios,
Ja qui te marchas pr'a guerra,
Non t'olvides d'aprendina

As though holding crooks in their strong hands,
They ram the porch-roof and the door,
Behind which the clock has died.

And the bitter adolescents
Make off with them toward the Sea!

On the grass

The abbot rambles on.—'And you, Marquis,
You've got your wig on all askew.'
'This old Cyprus wine's exquisite,
But less so, Carmargo, than the nape of your neck.'

'My love ...'—'Do, mi, so, la, ti.
Abbot, you're baring your base soul!
'May I die, ladies, if
I don't detach a spangle from your hair!'

'I'd like to be a little dog!'
'Let's kiss our shepherdesses, one
By one.' 'Well, gentlemen?'
'Do, mi, sol.' 'Hey! Good evening, Moon!'

Tripatos

Those hands the sun saw not –
How the doctors feel them,
Saying one to the other:
'Not long for this life.'
Tralilila lalalala lililili la...

Spanish song

Farewell, be off, my man, farewell,
Since they've taken you for the wars,
Here on earth there is for me

Quiche qued' a can'a terra.
La la la la...

Castellanos de Castilla,
Tratade ben os galegos:
Cando van, van comos rosas,
Cando ven, ven como negros.
La la la la...

Chanson française (chant populaire limousin)

Jeanneton, où irons-nous garder,
Qu'ayons bon une heure?
Lan la!

Là-bas, au pré barré,
Y'a de tant belles ombres!
Lan la!

Le pastour quitte son manteau,
Et fait seoir Jeannette.
Lan la!

Jeannette a tellement joué,
Que s'y est oubliée.
Lan la!

Chanson italienne

M'affaccio la finestra e vedo l'onde,
Vedo le mie miserie che sò granne!
Chiamo l'amòre mio, nun m'arrisponde!
Chiamo l'amòre mio, nun m'arrisponde!

Chanson hébraïque

Mejerke, main Suhn
Oi Mejerke, main Suhn,
Zi weiss tu, var wemen du steihst?
'Lifnei Melech Malchei hamlochim', Tatumju.

Alas! no more laughter, no more play.
La la la la...

Men of Castille,
Take our lads to help your cause triumph:
They depart as gentle as roses,
They return as hard as thistles.
La la la la...

French song (popular song from Limousin)

Jenny, where shall we go to tend the flock,
And enjoy ourselves for an hour?
Hey ho!

Down yonder, down yonder, in the gated meadow,
There are so many lovely shadows there!
Hey ho!

The shepherd takes off his cloak
And makes Jenny sit down.
Hey ho!

Jenny had such a time of it,
That she quite forgot herself.
Hey ho!

Italian song

Leaning from my window, I listen to the sea,
I listen to my overwhelming grief!
I cry my love aloud, no one replies!
I cry my love aloud, no one replies!

Hebrew song

Meyerke, my son,
O Meyerke, my son,
Before whom do you stand there?
'Before Him, the King of Kings', my father.

Mejerke, main Suhn
Oi Mejerke, main Suhn,
Wos ze westu bai lhm bet'n?
'Bonej, chejei, M'sunei', Tatumju.

Mejerke, main Suhn
Oi Mejerke, main Suhn,
Oif wos darfs tu Bonei?
'Bonim eiskim batoiroh', Tatumju.

Mejerke, main Suhn
Oi Mejerke, main Suhn,
Oif wos darfs tu chajei?
'Kol chai joiducho', Tatumju.

Mejerke, main Suhn
Oi Mejerke, main Suhn,
Oif wo darfs tu M'sunei?
'W'ochalto w'sowoto uweirachto', Tatumju.

Chanson écossaise (Robert Burns)

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?
How can ye chaunt, ye little birds,
And I'm sae weary fu' o' care?

Ye'll break my heart, ye warbling bird,
That warbles on the flowry thorn,
Ye mind me o' departed joys,
Departed never to return.

Trois Poèmes de Stéphane Mallarmé

1 Soupir

Mon âme vers ton front où rêve, ô calme sœur,
Un automne jonché de taches de rousseur,
Et vers le ciel errant de ton œil angélique

Meyerke, my son,
O Meyerke, my son,
And what do you ask of Him there?
'Children, a long life and bread', my father.

Meyerke, my son,
O Meyerke, my son,
But why children, tell me?
'To children we teach the Torah', my father.

Meyerke, my son,
O Meyerke, my son,
But why a long life, tell me?
'All that lives sing glory to the Lord', my father.

Meyerke, my son,
O Meyerke, my son,
But still you wish for bread?
'Take this bread, sustain yourself, bless it', my father.

Oft hae I roo'd by bonnie Doon,
By morning and by evening shine
To hear the birds sing o' their loves
As fondly once I sang o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I stretch'd my hand
And pu'd a rosebud from the tree,
But my fause lover stole the rose,
And left the thorn wi' me.

Three poems of Stéphane Mallarmé

Sigh

My soul rises toward your brow where, o calm sister,
An autumn strewn with russet spots is dreaming,
And toward the restless sky of your angelic eye,

Monte, comme dans un jardin mélancholique,
Fidèle, un blanc jet d'eau soupire vers l'Azur! –
Vers l'Azur attendri d'Octobre pâle et pur
Qui mire aux grands bassins sa langueur infinie
Et laisse, sur l'eau morte où la fauve agonie
Des feuilles erre au vent et creuse un froid sillon,
Se traîner le soleil jaune d'un long rayon.

2 Placet futile

Princesse! à jalouser le destin d'une Hébé
Qui poind sur cette tasse au hâiser de vos lèvres,
J'use mes feux mais n'ai rang discret que d'abbée
Et ne figurerai même nu sur le Sèvres.

Comme je ne suis pas ton bichon emparbé,
Ni la pastille ni du rouge, ni jeux mièvres
Et que sur moi je sais ton regard clos tombé,
Blonde dont les coiffeurs divins sont des orfèvres!

Nommez-nous ... toi de qui tant de ris framboisés
Se joignent en troupeau d'agneaux apprivoisés
Chez tous broutant les vœux et bêlant aux délires,

Nommez-nous ... pour qu'Amour ailé d'un éventail
M'y peigne flûte aux doigts endormant ce bercail,
Princesse, nommez-nous berger de vos sourires.

3 Surgi de la croupe et du bond

Surgi de la croupe et du bond
D'une verrerie éphémère
Sans fleurir la veillée amère
Le col ignoré s'interrompt.

Je crois bien que deux bouches n'ont
Bu, ni son amant ni ma mère,
Jamais à la même Chimère,
Moi, sylphe de ce froid plafond!

As in some melancholy garden
A white fountain faithfully sighs toward the Azure!
– Toward the tender Azure of pale and pure October
That mirrors its infinite languor in the vast pools,
And, on the stagnant water where the tawny agony
Of leaves wanders in the wind and digs a cold furrow,
Lets the yellow sun draw itself out in one long ray.

Vain supplication

Princess! In envying the fate of a Hebe
Who appears on this cup at the kiss of your lips,
I expend my ardour but have only the modest rank of abbé
And shall not figure even naked on the Sèvres.

Since I am not your bearded lap-dog,
Nor jujube, nor rouge, nor affected games,
And know you look on me with indifferent eyes,
Blonde, whose divine coiffeurs are goldsmiths –

Appoint me ... you whose many laughs like raspberries
Are gathered among flocks of docile lambs
Grazing through all vows and bleating at all frenzies,

Appoint me ... so that Love winged with a fan
May paint me there, fingering a flute and lulling this fold,
Princess, appoint me shepherd of your smiles.

Risen from the crupper and leap

Risen from the crupper and leap
Of an ephemeral ornament of glass,
Without garlanding the bitter vigil,
The neglected neck stops short.

I truly believe that two mouths never
Drank, neither her lover nor my mother,
From the same Chimera,
I, sylph of this cold ceiling!

Le pur vase d'aucun breuvage
Que l'inexhaustible veuvage
Agonise mais ne consent,

Naïf baiser des plus funèbres!
À rien expirer annonçant
Une rose dans les ténèbres.

Deux Mélodies Hébraïques
(Anon.)

1 Kaddisch

Yithgaddal weyithkaddash scheméh rabba be'olmâ
diverâ 'khire' outhé veyamli'kl mal'khouté'khôn,
ouvezome'khôu ouve' hayyé de'khol beth yisraël
ba'agalâ ouvizman qariw weimrou. Amen. Yithbara'kh
Weyischtaba'h weyith paër weyithroman weyithnassé
weyithhaddar weyith'allé weyithhallal scheméh
dequoudschâ beri'kh'hôu, le'êla ulé'êla min kol
bir'khatha weschi'ratha touschbehatha wene'hamathâ
daamirân ah! be'olma ah! ah! ah! ah! weimrou. Amen.

2 L'énigme éternelle

Frägt die Velt die alte Casche:
Tra la tra la la la la
Tra la tra la la la la
Entfernt men
Tra la la la la la la la
Tra la la la la
Un as men will kenne sagen
Tra la la la tra la la la
Frägt die Velt die alte Casche
Tra la la la la la la
Tra la la la la la la

Trois chansons
(Maurice Ravel)

The vase pure of any draught
Save inexhaustible widowhood
Though dying does not consent –

Naive and most funereal kiss –
To breathe forth any annunciation
Of a rose in the shadows.

Two Hebrew Songs

Kaddisch

May thy glory, O King of Kings, be exalted, O thou who
art to renew the world and resurrect the dead. May thy
reign, Adonai, be proclaimed by us, the sons of Israel,
today, tomorrow, forever. Let us all say: Amen. May thy
radiant name be loved, cherished, praised, glorified. May it
be blessed, sanctified, exalted, thy name which soars above
the heavens, above our praises, above our hymns, above
our benisons. May merciful heaven grant us tranquillity,
peace, happiness. Ah! Let us all say: Amen.

The eternal enigma

World, you question us
Tra la tra la la la la
Tra la tra la la la la
The answer comes
Tra la la la la la la la
Tra la la la la
If you cannot be answered
Tra la la tra la la la
World, you question us
Tra la la la la la la
Tra la la la la la la

1 Nicolette

Nicolette, à la vesprée,
S'allait promener au pré,
Cueillir la pâquerette,
La jonquille et le muguet,
Toute sautillante, toute guillerette,
Lorgnant ci, là de tous les côtés.

Rencontra vieux loup grognant,
Tout hérissé, l'œil brillant;
Hé là! ma Nicolette,
Viens-tu pas chez Mère Grand?
A perte d'haleine, s'enfuit Nicolette,
Laisant là cornette et socques blancs.

Rencontra page joli,
Chausses bleues et pourpoint gris,
“Hé là! ma Nicolette,
Veux-tu pas d'un doux ami?
Sage, s'en retourna, très lentement,
Le cœur bien marri.

Rencontra seigneur chenu,
Tors, laid, puant et ventru.
“Hé là! ma Nicolette,
Veux-tu pas tous ces écus?
Vite fut en ses bras, bonne Nicolette,
Jamais au pré n'est plus revenue.

2 Trois beaux oiseaux du Paradis

Trois beaux oiseaux du Paradis,
(Mon ami z-il est à la guerre),
Trois beaux oiseaux du Paradis
Ont passé par ici.

Le premier était plus bleu que le ciel,
(Mon ami z-il est à la guerre),
Le second était couleur de neige,
Le troisième rouge vermeil.

Nicolette

Nicolette, in the evening,
Went for a walk in the meadow
To gather daisies,
Jonquils and lilies-of-the-valley,
Gaily skipping,
Looking here and there on all sides.

Met a grumpy old wolf,
Bristling and with gleaming eyes;
‘Hey there, Nicolette,
Won't you come to grandmother's house?’
Out of breath, Nicolette fled,
Leaving mob-cap and white clogs behind.

Met a pretty young page,
Blue breeches and grey doublet,
‘Hey there, my Nicolette,
Would you like a sweet friend?’
Wisely, she turned away, very slowly,
With heavy heart.

Met a grey-haired old lord,
Bandy-legged, ugly, stinking and fat.
‘Hey there, my Nicolette,
Wouldn't you like all these crowns?’
Good Nicolette, in a trice, was in his arms,
Never returned to the meadow.

Three beautiful birds from Paradise

Three beautiful birds from Paradise,
(My friend is at the wars),
Three beautiful birds from Paradise
Have passed this way.

The first was bluer than the sky,
(My friend is at the wars),
The second was the colour of snow,
The third vermilion red.

"Beaux oiselets du Paradis,
(Mon ami z-il est à la guerre),
Beaux oiselets du Paradis,
Qu'apportez par ici?"

"J'apporte un regard couleur d'azur,
(Ton ami z-il est à la guerre)"
"Et moi, sur beau front couleur de neige,
Un baiser dois mettre, encore plus pur."

"Oiseau vermeil du Paradis,
(Mon ami z-il est à la guerre),
Oiseau vermeil du Paradis,
Que portez vous ainsi?"

"Un joli cœur tout cramoisi,
(Ton ami z-il est à la guerre)."
"Ha! je sens mon cœur qui froidit ...
Emportez-le aussi."

3 Ronde

Les vieilles:
N'allez pas au bois d'Ormonde,
Jeunes filles, n'allez pas au bois:
Il y a plein de satyres,
De centaures, de malins sorciers,
Des farfadets et des incubes,
Des ogres, des lutins,
Des faunes, des follets, des lamies,
Diables, diabolots, diabolotins,
Des chèvre-pieds, des gnomes,
Des démons,
Des loups-garous, des elfes,
Des myrmidons,
Des enchanteurs et des mages,
Des stryges, des sylphes,
Des moines-bourrus,
Des cyclopes, des djinns,
Gobelins, korrigans,

'Beautiful little birds from Paradise,
(My friend is at the wars),
Beautiful little birds from Paradise,
What are you bringing here?'

'I bring a pair of blue eyes,
(Your friend is at the wars),
I, upon your fair snowy brow,
Must place a still purer kiss.'

'Vermilion bird from Paradise,
(My friend is at the wars),
Vermilion bird from Paradise,
Tell me what you are bringing?'

'A pretty heart, all crimson,
(Your friend is at the wars).'
'Ah, I feel my heart growing cold ...
Bear it away as well.'

Roundelay

The old women:
Do not enter Ormonde Wood,
Young girls, do not enter the wood:
It's full of satyrs,
Centaurs, evil sorcerers,
Sprites and incubi,
Ogres, pixies,
Fauns, hobgoblins, daemons,
Devils, imp, fiends,
Cloven-hoofed beasts, gnomes,
Demons,
Werewolves, elves,
Ferocious ants,
Enchanters and conjurors,
Birds of ill omen, sylphs,
Bugaboos,
Cyclops, jinns,
Goblins, evil sprites,

Nécromants, kobolds ...
Ah!
N'allez pas au bois d'Ormonde,
N'allez pas au bois.

Les vieux:
N'allez pas au bois d'Ormonde,
Jeunes garçons, n'allez pas au bois:
Il y a plein de faunes,
De bacchantes et de males fées,
Garçons, n'allez pas au bois.

Des satyresses,
Des ogresses,
Et des babaïagas,
Des centaures et des diablesses,
Goules sortant du sabbat,
Des farfadettes et des démons,
Des larves, des nymphes,
Des myrmidones,
Il y a plein de démons,
D'hamadryades, dryades,
Naiades,
Ménades, thyades,
Follettes, lémures,
Gnomides, succubes,
Gorgones, gobelins ...
N'allez pas au bois d'Ormonde.

Les filles / Les garçons:
N'irons plus au bois d'Ormonde,
Hélas! plus jamais n'irons au bois.

Il n'y a plus de satyres,
Plus de nymphes ni de males fées.
Plus de farfadets, plus d'incubes,
Plus d'ogres, de lutins,
Plus d'ogresses,
De faunes, de follets, de lamies,
Diables, diabolots, diabolotins,

Necromancers, trolls ...
Ah,
Do not enter Ormonde Wood,
Do not enter the wood.

The old men:
Do not enter Ormonde Wood,
Young boys, do not enter the wood:
It is full of female fauns,
Maenads, evil fairies,
Boys, do not enter the wood.

It is full of female satyrs,
Ogresses
And Baba Jagas,
Female centaurs and female devils,
Ghouls emerging from the sabbath,
Female sprites and demons,
Larvae, nymphs,
Ferocious female ants,
It is full of female demons,
Tree sprites, dryads,
Naiades,
Maenads, thyiads,
Hobgoblins, ghosts,
Gnomes, succubi,
Gorgons, monsters ...
Do not enter Ormonde Wood.

The girls / The boys
We shall enter Ormonde Wood no more,
Alas! We shall enter the wood no more.

There are no more satyrs,
No more nymphs or evil fairies.
No more sprites, no more incubi,
No ogres, no pixies,
No ogresses,
No fauns, hobgoblins or daemons,
Devils, imps, fiends,

De satyresses, non.
 De chèvre-pieds, de gnomes,
 De démons,
 Plus de faunesses, non!
 De loups-garous, ni d'elfes,
 De myrmidons
 Plus d'enchanteurs ni de mages,
 De stryges, de sylphes,
 De moines-bourus,
 De centaures, de naiades,
 De thyades,
 Ni de ménades, d'hamadryades,
 Dryades,
 Follettes, lémures, gnomides, succubes, gorgones,
 gobelins,
 De cyclopes, de djinns, de diabloteaux, d'эфrits,
 d'aegypans,
 De sylvains, gobelins, korrigans, nécromans, kobolds...
 Ah!

N'allez pas au bois d'Ormonde,
 N'allez pas au bois.

Les malavisées vieilles,
 Les malavisés vieux
 Les ont effarouchés. Ah!

Ronsard à son âme (Pierre de Ronsard)

Amelette Ronsardelette,
 Mignonnette doucelette,
 Treschere hostesse de mon corps,
 Tu descends là bas foiblelette,
 Pasle, maigrelette, seulette,
 Dans le froid Royaume des mors :

No females satyrs, no.
 No cloven-hoofed beasts, no gnomes,
 No demons,
 No more female fauns, no!
 No werewolves, no elves,
 No ferocious ants,
 No enchanters nor conjurors,
 No birds of ill omen nor sylphs,
 No bugaboos,
 No female centaurs, no naiads,
 No thyiads,
 No maenads, no dryads,
 No wood nymphs,
 No hobgoblins, no lemurs, no gnomides, no succubi, no
 gorgons, no imps,
 No cyclops, no jinns, no devils, no fire genies, no aegipans,
 No genii of the woods, no gobelins, no trolls, no
 necromancers, no kobolds...
 Ah!

Do not enter Ormonde Wood,
 Do not enter the wood.

The misguided old women,
 The misguided old men
 Have frightened them all away. Ah!

Ronsard to his soul

Dear little bit of Ronsard,
 Little sweet one, little soft one,
 Dearest hostess of my body,
 You descend below, so weakly,
 So pale, so meagre, so lonely,
 To the cold kingdom of the dead;

Toutefois simple, sans remors
 De meurtre, poison et rancune,
 Mesprisant faveurs et trésors
 Tant envie par la commune.

Passant, j'ay dit, suy ta fortune
 Ne trouble mon repos, je dors.

Chansons madécasses (Évariste Parry)

1 Nahandove

Nahandove, ô belle Nahandove! L'oiseau nocturne a
 commencé ses cris, la pleine lune brille sur ma tête, et
 la rosée naissante humecte mes cheveux. Voici l'heure;
 qui peut t'arrêter, Nahandove, ô belle Nahandove!

Le lit de feuilles est préparé; je l'ai parsemé de fleurs
 et d'herbes odoriférantes; il est digne de tes charmes,
 Nahandove, ô belle Nahandove!

Elle vient. J'ai reconnu la respiration précipitée que
 donne une marche rapide; j'entends le froissement de
 la pagne qui l'enveloppe; c'est elle, c'est Nahandove,
 la belle Nahandove!

Reprends haleine, ma jeune amie; repose-toi sur
 mes genoux. Que ton regard est enchanteur! Que
 le mouvement de ton sein est vif et délicieux sous
 la main qui le presse! Tu souris, Nahandove, ô belle
 Nahandove!

Tes baisers pénètrent jusqu'à l'âme; tes caresses brûlent
 tous mes sens; arrête, ou je vais mourir. Meurt-on de
 volupté, Nahandove, ô belle Nahandove!

Le plaisir passe comme un éclair. Ta douce haleine
 s'affaiblit, tes yeux humides se referment, ta tête se
 penche mollement, et tes transports s'éteignent dans la
 langueur. Jamais tu ne fus si belle, Nahandove, ô belle
 Nahandove!

However simple, without remorse
 For murder, poison, and bitterness,
 Scorning favors and treasures,
 So envied by the common man.

Passer-by, as I said: follow your fortune,
 Don't disturb my rest, I'm sleeping.

Madagascan songs

1 Nahandove, o lovely Nahandove

Nahandove, o lovely Nahandove! The nocturnal bird has
 begun its cries, the full moon shines overhead, and the
 new-born dew moistens my hair. Now is the hour; who
 can be delaying you, Nahandove, O lovely Nahandove!

The bed of leaves is prepared; I have strewn it with
 flowers and sweet-smelling herbs; it is worthy of your
 charms, Nahandove, o lovely Nahandove!

She comes. I recognized her breathing, quickened by
 her rapid walk; I hear the rustle of the loin-cloth
 wrapped around her; it is she, it is Nahandove,
 lovely Nahandove!

Take breath, my little love; rest on my lap. How
 bewitching your gaze is! How quick and delightful is
 the motion of your breast beneath a caressing hand!
 You smile; Nahandove, o lovely Nahandove!

Your kisses reach right into my soul; your caresses
 set all my senses ablaze: stop, or I shall die.
 Can one die of delight, Nahandove, o lovely
 Nahandove?

Pleasure passes like lightning. Your sweet breath
 falters, your moist eyes close, your head
 falls gently forwards, and your ecstasy
 dies, giving way to languor. Never were you so lovely,
 Nahandove, o lovely Nahandove!

Tu pars, et je vais languir dans les regrets et les désirs. Je languirai jusqu'au soir. Tu reviendras ce soir, Nahandove, ô belle Nahandove!

2 Aoua!

Aoua! Aoua! Méfiez-vous des blancs, habitants du rivage. Du tems de nos pères, des blancs descendirent dans cette île. On leur dit: Voilà des terres, que vos femmes les cultivent; soyez justes, soyez bons, et devenez nos frères.

Les blancs promirent, et cependant ils faisoient des retranchements. Un fort menaçant s'éleva; le tonnerre fut renfermé dans des bouches d'airain; leurs prêtres voulurent nous donner un Dieu Que nous ne connaissons pas; ils parlèrent enfin d'obéissance et d'esclavage. Plûtôt la mort! Le carnage fut long et terrible; mais malgré la foudre qu'ils vomissoient et qui écrasait des armées entières, ils furent tous exterminés. Aoua! Aoua! Méfiez-vous des blancs.

Nous avons vu de nouveaux tyrans, plus forts et plus nombreux, planter leur pavillon sur le rivage. Le ciel a combattu pour nous. Il a fait tomber sur eux les pluies, les tempêtes et les vents empoisonnés. Ils ne sont plus, et nous vivons, et nous vivons libres. Aoua! Aoua! Méfiez-vous des blancs, habitants du rivage.

3 Il est doux...

Il est doux de se coucher, durant la chaleur, sous un arbre touffu, et d'attendre que le vent du soir amène la fraîcheur.

'Femmes, approchez. Tandis que je me repose ici sous un arbre touffu, occupez mon oreille par vos accens prolongés. Répétez la chanson de la jeune fille, lorsque ses doigts tressent la natte, ou lorsqu'assise auprès du riz, elle chasse les oiseaux avides.

You leave, and I shall languish in sorrow and desire. I shall languish until evening. You will return tonight, Nahandove, o lovely Nahandove!

Aoua!

Aoua! Aoua! Beware of white men, dwellers of the shore. In our fathers' time, white men landed on this island; they were told: here are lands, let your women work them; be just, be kind and become our brothers.

The white men made promises, and yet they made entrenchments too. A menacing fort was built; thunder was stored in muzzles of cannon; their priests pressed on us a God we did not know; they spoke finally of obedience and slavery. Sooner death! The carnage was long and terrible; but despite the thunder they spewed and which crushed whole armies, they were all wiped out. Aoua! Aoua! Beware of white men.

We have seen new tyrants, stronger and more numerous, setting their tents on the shore: heaven has fought on our behalf; has hurled rains upon them, storms and poisoned winds. They are no more, and we live, and live in freedom. Aoua! Beware of white men, dwellers of the shore.

3 It is sweet...

It is sweet to lie in the heat beneath a leafy tree, and wait for the coolness of the evening wind.

'Women, draw near! While I rest here beneath a leafy tree, fill my ear with your long-drawn tones. Sing the song of the young girl who, when her fingers braid her plaits, or when she sits beside the rice, chases off the greedy birds.

Le chant plaît à mon âme. La danse est pour moi presque aussi douce qu'un baiser. Que vos pas soient lents; qu'ils imitent les attitudes du plaisir et l'abandon de la volupté.

Le vent du soir se lève; la lune commence à briller au travers des arbres de la montagne. Allez, et préparez le repas.'

Rêves

(Léon-Paul Fargues)

Un enfant court
Autour des marbres...
Une voix sourd
Des hauts parages...

Les yeux si graves
De ceux qui t'aiment
Songent et passent
Entre les arbres...

Aux grandes orgues
De quelque gare
Gronde la vague
Des vieux départs...

Dans un vieux rêve
Au pays vague
Des choses brèves
Qui meurent sages...

Don Quichotte à Dulcinée

(Paul Morand)

1 Chanson romanesque

Si vous me disiez que la terre
A tant tourner vous offensa,
Je lui dépêcherais Pança:
Vous la verriez fixe et se taire.

Song pleases my soul; dance is for me almost as sweet as a kiss. Let your steps be slow; let them mime the gestures of pleasure and the abandon of passion.

The evening breeze begins to stir; the moon begins to gleam through trees on the mountinside. Go, prepare the feast.'

Dreams

A child running
Round marble statues...
A voice floating over
High places...

The oh so tender eyes
Of those who love you
Dream and flit past
Between the trees...

In the mighty blare
Of some station
Roars the wave
Of great departures...

All this in an old dream,
In the indistinct land
Of ephemeral things
That die discreetly.

Don Quixote to Dulcinea

Romantic song

Were you to tell me that the earth
Offended you with so much turning,
I'd dispatch Panza to deal with it:
You'd see it still and silenced.

Si vous me disiez que l'ennui
Vous vient du ciel trop fleuri d'astres,
Déchirant les divins cadastres,
Je faucherais d'un coup la nuit.

Si vous me disiez que l'espace
Ainsi vidé ne vous plaît point,
Chevalier dieu, la lance au poing,
J'étoilerais le vent qui passe.

Mais si vous disiez que mon sang
Est plus à moi qu'à vous, ma Dame,
Je blêmiraï dessous le blâme
Et je mourrais, vous bénissant.
O Dulcinée.

2 Chanson épique

Bon Saint Michel qui me donnez loisir
De voir ma Dame et de l'entendre,
Bon Saint Michel qui me daignez choisir
Pour lui complaire et la défendre,
Bon Saint Michel, veuillez descendre
Avec Saint Georges sur l'autel
De la Madone au bleu mantel.

D'un rayon du ciel bénissez ma lame
Et son égale en pureté
Et son égale en piété
Comme en pudeur et chasteté:
Ma Dame.

(O grands Saint Georges et Saint Michel)
L'ange qui veille sur ma veille,
Ma douce Dame si pareille
A Vous, Madone au bleu mantel!
Amen.

Were you to tell me that you are wearied
By a sky too studded with stars –
Tearing the divine order asunder,
I'd scythe the night with a single blow.

Were you to tell me that space itself,
Thus denuded was not to your taste –
As a god-like knight, with lance in hand,
I'd sow the fleeting wind with stars.

But were you to tell me that my blood
Is more mine, my Lady, than your own,
I'd pale at the admonishment
And, blessing you, would die.
O Dulcinea.

Epic song

Good Saint Michael who gives me leave
To behold and hear my Lady,
Good Saint Michael who deigns to elect me
To please her and defend her,
Good Saint Michael, descend, I pray,
With Saint George onto the altar
Of the Madonna robed in blue.

With a heavenly beam bless my blade
And its equal in purity
And its equal in piety
As in modesty and chastity:
My Lady.

(O great Saint George and great Saint Michael)
Bless the angel watching over my vigil,
My sweet Lady, so like unto Thee,
O Madonna robed in blue!
Amen.

3 Chanson à boire

Foin du bâtard, illustre Dame,
Qui pour me perdre à vos yeux
Dit que l'amour et le vin vieux
Mettent en deuil mon cœur, mon âme!

Je bois
A la joie!
La joie est le seul but
Où je vais droit ... lorsque j'ai ... bu!

Foin du jaloux, brune maîtresse,
Qui geind, qui pleure et fait serment
D'être toujours ce pâle amant
Qui met de l'eau dans son ivresse!

Je bois
A la joie!
La joie est le seul but
Où je vais droit ... lorsque j'ai ... bu!

Drinking song

A pox on the bastard, illustrious Lady,
Who to discredit me in your sweet eyes,
Says that love and old wine
Are saddening my heart and soul!

I drink
To joy!
Joy is the only goal
To which I go straight ... when I'm ... drunk!

A pox on the jealous wretch, O dusky mistress,
Who whines and weeps and vows
Always to be this lily-livered lover
Who dilutes his drunkenness!

I drink
To joy!
Joy is the only goal
To which I go straight ... when I'm ... drunk!

**Translations © Richard Stokes, co-author of
A French Song Companion (OUP, 2000)**

Richard Stokes's parallel text edition of Jules Renard's
complete *Histoires naturelles* is published in paperback
by Alma Books.

LORNA ANDERSON

Glasgow-born Lorna Anderson studied initially at the RSAMD with Patricia MacMahon before winning a postgraduate scholarship to the RCM. While still a student, she won a number of awards and competitions and has gone on to enjoy a busy and varied career, appearing in opera, concert and as a recitalist all over the world.

As a renowned performer of the baroque and classical repertoire in particular, she has sung as a soloist with all the major orchestras and ensembles, large and small, in the field including The Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment, Les Arts Florissants, The Sixteen, The English Concert, The King's Consort, The London Classical Players, La Chapelle Royale and the Academy of Ancient Music under conductors which include William Christie, Harry Christophers, Robert King, Trevor Pinnock, Phillippe Herrweghe, Richard Egarr and Christopher Hogwood. Her contemporary music credits include first performances of works by composers such as John Tavener, Hugh Wood and James MacMillan as well as the role of 'Joanna', a modern-day Sheriff of Nottingham, in The Opera Story's 2019 production of Dani Howard's *Robin Hood*.

Her numerous recordings span musical genres from Handel to Britten and most recently include Debussy, Poulenc and Faure songs with Malcolm Martineau to critical acclaim.

JULIE BOULIANNE

French-Canadian mezzo-soprano Julie Boulianne is acclaimed for the vocal agility and expressive power of her dark-hued tone, focusing on the works of Berlioz, Mozart, and Rossini. *The Independent* recently said, "Julie Boulianne's Marguerite is gloriously sung, her sound replete with grace and power." In the 24/25 season Ms. Boulianne returns to the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden for Nicklausse in *Les contes d'Hoffmann*, Marguerite in Berlioz' *La damnation de Faust* with Opéra Royal Wallonie-Liège and Juliette in Berlioz's *Roméo et Juliette* with the Chamber Orchestra of Europe with Robin Ticciati. In concert, she will return to the Montréal Symphony Orchestra for Mozart's *Requiem* with Rafael Payare, and Beethoven's Symphony No. 9 with the Québec Symphony Orchestra. This season is also the beginning of Ms. Boulianne's residency with



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L'Orchestre national de Bretagne, which consists of several appearances throughout the season, including concerts with the orchestra in Rennes, performing Ravel's *Mémoires populaires grecques*, selections from Canteloube's *Chants d'Auvergne*, Mahler's *Kindertotenlieder*, Wagner's *Wesendonck-Lieder* and de Falla's *El Amor brujo*, as well as recitals with pianists Malcolm Martineau and Nicolas Ellis.

Naxos Records released a recording of *Shéhérazade* and *L'enfant et les sortilèges* featuring Julie Boulianne and the Nashville Symphony, which was nominated for the Grammy® Award for Best Classical Album. Ms. Boulianne can also be heard on an ATMA Classique release of Mahler's *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen* and *Kindertotenlieder*. She recorded *L'Aiglon* by Ibert and Honegger under the baton of Kent Nagano released by Decca in 2016, and two CDs with Luc Beauséjour released by Analekta: "Handel & Porpora – The London Years," and recently, "Alma Oprezza, Vivaldi – Handel: Arias".

A graduate of McGill University's Schulich School of Music, Julie Boulianne won the First Prize in both the Canadian Music Competition and the Joy of Singing Competition in New York. She has been awarded the International Vocal Arts Institute's Silverman Prize, and in 2007, the Prix de la Chambre des Directeurs for Most Promising Career at the Concours International de Chant de Montréal. She splits her time between Montréal and London, England.

JOHN CHEST

John Chest's "caramel baritone seduces audiences both live... and on record" (Bachtrack). Highlights of his illustrious operatic career include: the title role in *Billy Budd* at Deutsche Oper Berlin and San Francisco Opera; Pelléas Pelléas et Mélisande at Glyndebourne; Nick Carraway *The Great Gatsby* for Staatsoper Dresden; Valentin Faust for Théâtre du Capitole Toulouse and Teatro Real Madrid; title role in *Don Giovanni* for Angers-Nantes Opéra; Figaro *Il barbiere di Siviglia* at Teatro Regio Torino and Deutsche Oper Berlin; Guglielmo *Così fan tutte* at the Bayerische Staatsoper, Hamburg Staatsoper and Deutsche Oper Berlin; Il Conte d'Almaviva *Le nozze di Figaro* for Opéra National de Lyon, Grand Theatre de la Ville de Luxembourg, Opera Philadelphia and Zurich Opera; Marcello *La Bohème* at Washington National Opera and Semperoper Dresden; as well as Demetrius *A Midsummer Night's Dream* for Festival d'Aix-en-Provence and Teatro Carlo Felice. He has appeared in recital and concert at Wigmore Hall, Carnegie Hall, Festival d'Aix-en-Provence, Philharmonie de Paris, Théâtre des Champs-Élysées, Auditorio Nacional de Música in Madrid, Berliner Philharmonie and Philharmonie Essen. In 2017



© Gerard Collart

Chest represented the United States at the BBC Cardiff Singer of the World Competition. The same year he was awarded a Career Grant by the Richard Tucker Music Foundation. He was a member of the ensemble of the Deutsche Oper Berlin from 2013-2017 and is a graduate of the Bayerische Staatsoper Opernstudio. He has held apprenticeships with Santa Fe Opera and Chicago Opera Theater, and took part in the esteemed Merola Opera Program in San Francisco. His professional recordings include Handel's *Theodora* and *Apollo e Dafne* with Il Pomo d'Oro, *Libertà!* with Pygmalion, and song recordings with Marcelo Amaral and Sholto Kynoch. Chest can also be heard on all four volumes of Malcolm Martineau's "The Complete Songs of Fauré" from Signum Classics.

SARAH DEFRESNE

Canadian soprano Sarah Dufresne was a member of the Jette Parker Artists Programme at the Royal Opera House in London from 2022-2024. She was also as Associate Artist with The Mozartists for the 2023-2024 season.

In 2022 Sarah was awarded the Second Prize (Aria division) in the Concours Musical International de Montréal praised for her "tremendous dramatic presence," and "astonishing clarity and vocal dexterity." (Opera Canada) She was also awarded a prestigious grant for Canadian Musicians by the Sylva Gelber Foundation and was also named one of Canada's 'Top 30 Classical Musicians Under 30'.

Sarah was awarded the top prize of Stingray Music Rising Star in the 2019 l'Opéra de Montréal talent gala. That same year, Sarah was an award winner at the Metropolitan Opera National Council Auditions (Buffalo/Toronto District) and earned the prestigious Jacqueline Desmarais Grant for Young Canadian Opera Singers.

Sarah has performed roles such as Frasquita in Bizet's *Carmen*, Giannetta in Donizetti's *L'elisir d'amore*, and Dew Fairy in Humperdinck's *Hänsel und Gretel*, Papagena in Mozart's *Die Zauberflöte*, Lucia in Britten's *The Rape of Lucretia*, Der Hirt in Wagner's *Tannhäuser*, Voce dal Cielo in Verdi's *Don Carlo* and Barbarina in Mozart's *Le nozze di Figaro* at the ROH. She also made her debut with the Orchestre Symphonique de Montréal for Orff's *Carmina Burana* with Rafael Payare.

She had the great pleasure of working under the batons of Sir Antonio Pappano, Joana Mallwitz, Bertrand de Billy, Maxim Emelyanychev, Cristian Măcelaru, and Sebastian Weigle, and the direction of Sir David McVicar, Oliver Mears, and Tim Albery.



© Camilla Greenwell

DAFYDD JONES

Welsh tenor Dafydd Jones has just graduated from the Royal College of Music International Opera Studio where he studied with Nicky Spence and Caroline Dowdle. He is a current member of the Bayerische Staatsoper Opera Studio. He previously graduated with a Masters degree at the Royal College of Music, where he was awarded the Queen Mother Rose Bowl.

Operatic successes include his debut in the title role of *Albert Herring* for Opera North and Fenton, *Falstaff* at the Verbier Festival. Dafydd made his international debut as Clotario in *Armida* for the Brezenger Festspiele and his role and festival debut as Pastore in John Caird's production of Monteverdi's *L'Orfeo* for Garsington Opera as an Alvarez Young Artist. Other operatic roles include Don Ottavio *Don Giovanni* (OPRA Cymru); Earl Tolloller *Iolanthe* (cover, English National Opera); title role in *Orpheus in the Underworld* (Royal College of Music International Opera Studio).

In 2024, Dafydd won the Gold Medal in the final of the Royal Overseas League Music Competition at the Wigmore Hall and the Lies Askonas competition at the Royal College of Music. He was awarded the Ferrier Loveday Song Prize in the finals of the 2023 Kathleen Ferrier Competition with pianist Caroline Dowdle. In the summer of 2021, Dafydd won the Prix Thierry Mermod at the Verbier Festival as a member of the Academy Atelier Lyrique.



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SIMON KEENLYSIDE

British baritone Simon Keenlyside was born in London and studied at the Royal Northern College of Music in Manchester. Since his debut at the Staatsoper Hamburg, where he portrayed Count Almaviva in *Le nozze di Figaro*, Keenlyside has graced the stages of leading opera houses internationally. His close affiliations include the Metropolitan Opera New York, the Royal Opera House Covent Garden, and the Bavarian and Vienna State Operas.

His extensive repertoire encompasses a diverse array of roles, from Prospero in *The Tempest* to Posa in *Don Carlo*, Giorgio Germont in *La Traviata*, and Papageno in *Die Zauberflöte*. Keenlyside has demonstrated his mastery of characters like Amfortas in *Parsifal*, Wolfram



© Robert Workman

in *Tannhäuser*, and Golaud in *Pelléas et Mélisande*. Notable among his portrayals are the title roles in *Don Giovanni*, *Eugene Onegin*, *Wozzeck*, *Billy Budd*, *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, and *Rigoletto*.

Simon Keenlyside's discography is a testament to his musical prowess, featuring recordings of Schumann Lieder with Graham Johnson, four recital albums with Malcolm Martineau showcasing Schubert, Strauss, Brahms Lieder, and a collection of English songs titled *Songs of War*, which earned the Solo Vocal Award at the 2012 Gramophone Awards. His vocal-symphonic recordings include Britten's *War Requiem* with the LSO under Gianandrea Noseda, Mendelssohn's *Elijah* with Paul McCreech, and *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* with Sir Simon Rattle, as well as *Carmina Burana* with Christian Thielemann.

Sir Simon was appointed Commander of the British Empire (CBE) in 2003, and in June 2018, Queen Elizabeth II bestowed a knighthood upon him.

PAULA MURRIHY

Irish mezzo-soprano Paula Murrihy enjoys a busy career working at the highest level in both Europe and the US. Previously a member of the ensemble at the Oper Frankfurt, Paula's roles have included creating the title role *Carmen* in Barrie Kosky's iconic production, Octavian *Der Rosenkavalier*, Dido *Dido and Aeneas*, title role *Pénélope* and Polissena *Radamisto*. Highlights have also included *Stéphano Roméo et Juliette* at the Metropolitan Opera, Ruggiero *Alcina* for Santa Fe Opera, *Concepción L'heure espagnole* for Opernhaus Zürich, Donna Elvira at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden and Idamante *Idomeneo* for the Salzburg Festival.

Paula has toured extensively on the concert platform, notable appearances including Didon for a European tour of Berlioz' *Les Troyens* alongside the Monteverdi Choir and Orchestre Révolutionnaire et Romantique, conducted by Dinis Sousa, closing with a performance at the BBC Proms. Other recent highlights include Mozart's *Requiem* in Chicago with Music of the Baroque conducted by Jane Glover and Marguerite in a concert performance of *Le Dammation de Faust* with the Netherlands Radio Philharmonic Orchestra. Paula collaborates regularly with Harry Bicket and The English Concert Orchestra, recently performing Micah in Handel's *Samson* in London, Ruggiero *Alcina* in Los Angeles and San Francisco, and Arsamene *Serse* on tour to Spain and the US, in venues including New York's Carnegie Hall.



© Barbara Ammiller

NICKY SPENCE

Nicky Spence is one of Scotland's proudest sons and his unique skills as a singing actor and the rare honesty of his musicianship have earned him a place at the top of the classical music profession. He was made an OBE in the 2023 King's Birthday Honours. Nicky won a record contract with Decca records while still studying at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama and then took a place as an inaugural Harewood Artist at the ENO. Since that time, he has gone on to sing operatic roles at London's Royal Opera, the Metropolitan Opera, Deutsche Staatsoper, Opéra national de Paris, Madrid's Teatro Real, La Monnaie and the Glyndebourne Festival. In demand on the recital platform, Nicky enjoys collaborations with leading accompanists such as Malcolm Martineau, Julius Drake, Roger Vignoles, Graham Johnson, Dylan Perez, Iain Burnside, Simon Lepper and Joseph Middleton which have seen him appear at leading recital and chamber music venues the world over. Nicky has recorded prolifically and won both the BBC Music Magazine Vocal Award and Gramophone's Solo Vocal Award for his recording of Janáček's 'The Diary of One Who Disappeared' with Julius Drake. Other solo recordings include recital albums with Malcolm Martineau for Chandos and Resonus, and Strauss lieder with Roger Vignoles for Hyperion and his extensive discography ranges from Handel and Mozart to Wagner, Brahms, Britten, Dove and Turnage.



© Ki Price

WILLIAM THOMAS

William Thomas is a graduate of the Opera Course at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama, and a former ENO Harewood Artist and BBC New Generation Artist. He is the recipient of a number of major awards, most notably the 2018 Kathleen Ferrier Competition, the 2018 John Christie Award and the 2019 Veronica Dunne International Singing Competition. In opera he has performed at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden; La Scala, Milan, the Opéra national de Paris; the Wiener Staatsoper and Bayerische Staatsoper and the Glyndebourne and Seiji Ozawa Matsumoto Festivals. On the concert platform he has sung at the BBC Proms and the Berlin, Edinburgh and Salzburg Festivals.



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MALCOLM MARTINEAU

Recognised at the highest international level as one of the UK's leading accompanists, Malcolm Martineau has performed worldwide alongside the world's greatest singers including Sir Thomas Allen, Dame Janet Baker, Florian Boesch, Elina Garanča, Dame Sarah Connolly, Angela Gheorghiu, Susan Graham, Thomas Hampson, Sir Simon Keenlyside, Angelika Kirchschlager, Dame Felicity Lott, Anne Sofie von Otter, Günther Groissböck and Sonya Yoncheva.

He has appeared at the world's principal venues including Alice Tully Hall, Barbican Centre, Berlin State Opera, Carnegie Hall, Concertgebouw, Gran Theatre del Liceu, Mariinsky Theatre, Metropolitan Opera, Munich Opera, Paris Opera and Salle Gaveau, Royal Opera House, La Scala, Sydney Opera House, Teatro Real, Salzburg Mozarteum, Suntory Hall Tokyo, Vienna's Konzerthaus, Musikverein and State Opera, Walt Disney Hall, Wigmore Hall, and Zurich Opera amongst others. Malcolm has also appeared at the Aix-en-Provence, Vienna, and Salzburg Festivals. He has presented his own series at the Wigmore Hall and at the Edinburgh Festival.

As a prolific recording artist, Martineau's discography of over 100 albums includes the following Award-winning recordings: 'The Vagabond' with Sir Bryn Terfel (Gramophone Award), 'Songs of War' with Sir Simon Keenlyside (Grammy and Gramophone Awards), Schumann and Mahler Lieder with Florian Boesch (BBC Music Magazine Award), Mahler Lieder with Christiane Karg (Diapason d'or), and 'El Nour' with Fatma Said (Gramophone Award).

Malcolm was given an honorary doctorate at the Royal Scottish Academy of Music and Drama in 2004 and appointed International Fellow of Accompaniment in 2009. He was the Artistic Director of the 2011 Leeds Lieder Festival and is a Professor of piano accompaniment at the Royal Academy of Music and an Honorary Doctor and International Fellow of Accompaniment at the Royal Conservatoire of Scotland. He was made an OBE in the 2016 New Year's Honours for his services to music and young singers.



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Assistant Engineer – Oscar Farrell

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