

The use of cameras or recording equipment during the performance is not allowed. Please be sure that cell phones, pagers, and other electronic devices are turned off.

Please note that late entry or reentry of the West Building after 6:30 pm is not permitted.

For the convenience of concertgoers, the Garden Café remains open for light refreshments until 6:00 pm on Sundays.

Music Department
National Gallery of Art
Sixth Street and Constitution Avenue NW
Washington, DC

www.nga.gov

COVER: Edouard Manet, *The Old Musician*, 1862,
National Gallery of Art, Washington, Chester Dale Collection



The Seventieth Season of
The William Nelson Cromwell and F. Lamot Belin
Concerts

National Gallery of Art

**Concerts in Honor of the
Reopening of the
Nineteenth-Century French Galleries**

January 28 and 29, 2012

Admission free

Program Notes

The paintings in the nineteenth-century French galleries at the National Gallery of Art represent a period of culture that was rich in both music and art. Although French music did not enjoy the hegemony and international impact that French painting had in the nineteenth century, there are nonetheless musical works of genius in the nineteenth-century repertoire, most inspired by symbolism, which had its roots in the poetry and essays of Charles Baudelaire (1821–1867). Symbolism influenced French poets, artists, and musicians for more than half a century after his death. Those painters and composers who are commonly referred to as “Impressionist” much preferred to be identified as “symbolist.”

Given the churchlike acoustics of the East Garden Court, this musical celebration of the reopening of the nineteenth-century French Galleries consists primarily of music for choirs and organ, most of which does not reflect the changes that symbolism brought to French artistic expression. Steeped in the French romantic tradition and largely unaffected by symbolism, this music would have been heard by the French Impressionist and Post-impressionist painters in churches — primarily in church concerts, which were very much in vogue at the time — and concert halls of Paris. Among those painters, Frédéric Bazille, Edgar Degas, Edouard Manet, and Auguste Renoir had an especially keen interest in music. Bazille was an active amateur pianist, and Renoir was a star choir boy in the church choir led by Charles Gounod, who is represented in these concerts by two sacred works and a famous chorus from the opera *Faust*.

A considerable number of nineteenth-century composers drew inspiration from the huge body of French Renaissance chansons, dating from the era when northern France and the Low Countries were the wellspring of musical talent and learning for the rest of Europe. Pieces such as Saint-Saëns' *Sérénade d'hiver* and *Hymne au printemps* or Massenet's *Chansons des bois d'Amaranthe* recreate a simple pastoral idyll, perhaps a reaction on the part of the composers to the changes in the pace of life that came with the Industrial Revolution.

Camille Saint-Saëns (1835–1921) and Gabriel Fauré (1845–1924) dominated the French classical music scene during their long parallel careers, which spanned the second half of the nineteenth century and the first quarter of the twentieth. Like the art world, music had its *Académie française*, and the two men dictated the tastes and preferences of the *académie* for two generations. In addition to the serenade and hymn mentioned above, Saint-Saëns is represented in these concerts by *Deux chœurs* (Two Chorales)—unaccompanied part-songs of stunning beauty and delicate, almost naïve charm.

In addition to his widely known *Requiem*, Fauré wrote many other choral works that demonstrate his instinct for engaging melody and smoothly flowing four- or five-part harmony. His *Messe basse*, begun in 1881, appears in at least four versions, three of which are for sopranos and altos. The first version, scored for soprano and alto voices only, was actually a collaboration with his friend André Messager (1853–1929). The two men composed the mass for a benefit performance in the fishing village of Villerville, where they happened to be on holiday.

Noticed even in his student days as an outstanding intellect, Hector Berlioz abandoned his pursuit of a career in medicine to study music. He is one of the most important choral composers of the era—not just in France, but in all of Europe—having produced at least four of the major romantic works for chorus and orchestra: *Grande messe des morts*, *Messe solennelle*, *La Damnation de Faust*, and *l'Enfance du Christ*. From the latter work, a magnificent sacred trilogy, Singers Companye sings the short, strophic choral piece *l'Adieu des bergers à Sainte Famille* (The Farewell of the Shepherds to the Holy Family). This composer's ebullient energy is revealed in the part songs for men performed by Men in Blaque: *Chanson à boire*, *Chant guerrier*, and *Le Chant des Bretons*.

Counted among the greatest nineteenth century composers, César Franck was actually born in Belgium and began his musical studies at the conservatory in Liège. Eventually graduating from the Paris Conservatory, he performed extensively as a piano virtuoso, but was constantly active as a composer. Two of his acknowledged masterpieces for organ solo are included in Alexander Frey's recital. His most famous choral motet is *Panis angelicus*, originally written for solo tenor with harp, cello, bass, and organ accompaniment. It

has been adapted for many combinations of voices including the four-part choral version sung by Singers Companye.

Although he made his mark as one of the iconoclasts of French music, Claude Debussy often turned to the French baroque and Renaissance for inspiration. In the case of his *Trois Chansons*, he chose to set poetry by Charles d'Orleans (1391–1465), one of the last and perhaps the greatest of the fifteenth-century *poètes courtois* (courtly poets). Debussy's songs are clearly influenced by French Renaissance choral part-writing. The first is an ecstatic ebb and flow of vocal color that matches the sensibility of the poet, describing the beauty of a young woman. In the second song, the choir provides the sound of a distant drum, as the text is given to a solo voice. The flurry of sounds in the third *chanson* portrays the harsh chill of winter.

Winner of the Prix de Rome in 1863 and a student of Franz Liszt and Charles Gounod, Jules Massenet was influenced by the declamatory style of Liszt, but he never lost his penchant for lyricism, which earned him the nickname “la fille de Gounod” (“the daughter of Gounod”—meant as a compliment to contrast Massenet with some other composers of his generation—“sons of Gounod”—whose music was seen to be less lyrical than Massenet's). The Singers Companye's program includes *Chères fleurs* and *Chantez!*, two contrasting pieces from Massenet's evocation of nature in the form of a song cycle, *Chansons des bois d'Amaranthe*. “Amaranth,” the Greek word for everlasting, is a flower with blood-red petals that are slow to fade. The cycle includes songs about birds, flowers, springs, and streams. Written for solo voices, it can also be sung effectively by four-part choir. In the case of *Chères fleurs* (Dear Flowers), the choral writing is reflective, a tribute to the still beauty of flowers. *Chantez!* (Sing!), on the other hand, revels in the delights of springtime without any reservations or distractions. The birds of spring are exhorted to sing of love and pleasure and “of the divine work and its beauty.” The effervescent piano part supports the exuberant and high-spirited vocal lines.

Program notes based on material provided by Samuel Gordon, director of choral studies and coordinator of the vocal and keyboard divisions at the University of Akron.

2,869th Concert

Saturday, January 28, 2012 | 1:00 and 3:00 pm

West Building, East Garden Court

Men in Blaque

Joseph Huszti, conductor

Charles-François Gounod (1818–1893)

From *Deuxième Messe*, op. 1 (1846)

Gloria

Kyrie

Gabriel Fauré (1845–1924)

Tantum ergo, op. 65, no. 2 (1894)

Fauré

Verbe égal au Très Haut

From *Cantique de Jean Racine* (1865)

Arranged for men's voices by D. G. Mason

Camille Saint-Saëns (1835–1921)

Sérénade d'hiver (1867)

Hymne au printemps (1912)

Saltarelle (1885)

Hector Berlioz (1803–1869)

Chanson à boire (Thomas Gounet) (1829)

Chant guerrier (Thomas Gounet) (1829)

Le chant des Bretons (Julien-Auguste-Pélage Brizeux) (1835)

Gounod

Soldiers Chorus from *Faust* (1859)

Gioacchino Rossini (1792–1868)

La danza (C. Pepoli)

From *Les Soirées musicales* (1830–1835)

Arranged for men's voices by James Quitman Mulholland

The Musicians

MEN IN BLAQUE

An internationally acclaimed ensemble in residency at the University of California at Irvine, Men in Blaque was formed in 1997 with the goal of performing music for male voices from all eras and styles. Invited by the Alava Festival to perform in Spain—a memorable concert that took place on September 11, 2001—Men in Blaque also represented the United States at music festivals in Puebla, Mexico (2003) and the first Daegu International Choral Festival (Korea, 2004). In 2006 the choir won two silver medals and a gold certificate at the World Choral Games in Xiamen, China, where more than four hundred choirs competed. In 2010 the ensemble returned to China to participate in the world's largest choral competition in Shoaxing—with more than twenty thousand singers from eighty countries participating—and won a championship trophy and three gold medals. Men in Blaque has recorded four CDs: *I Wonder As I Wander* (2001), *Live in Spain* (2003), *Many Moods* (2004), and *Tenth Anniversary* (2007).

JOSEPH HUSZTI

Professor of music and director of the choral program in the Claire Trevor School of the Arts at the University of California at Irvine, Joseph Huszti has pioneered innovative choral techniques that have been studied and used by choral directors throughout the world. Under his direction, choirs from the university have performed concerts in the cathedrals of Boston, Canterbury, Coventry, Ely, Liverpool, Westminster, and York, as well as St. Paul's Cathedral in London. Huszti has led choral concert tours of Austria, the Czech Republic, England, Hong Kong, Hungary, Japan, Poland, and Taiwan, in addition to presenting concert and choral workshops throughout the United States.

2,870th Concert

Saturday, January 28, 2012 | 2:00 and 4:00 pm

Sunday, January 29, 2012 | 2:00 and 4:00 pm

West Building, East Garden Court

Alexander Frey, organist

Marcel Dupré (1886–1971)

Allegro deciso

From *Évocation-Poème symphonique*, op. 37 (1941)

Charles-Marie Widor (1844–1937)

Andante Sostenuto

From *Symphonie no. 9* (“Gothique”) (1895)

César Franck (1822–1890)

Fantaisie en la mineur (Fantasy in A Minor)

From *Trois Pièces* (1878)

Louis Vierne (1870–1937)

Clair de lune

From *Pièces de fantaisie*, op. 53 (1926)

Alexandre Guilmant (1837–1911)

Fantaisie-Verset

From *Pièces de différents styles pour orgue* (1869–1911)

Franck

Chorale en la mineur (1890)

The Musicians

ALEXANDER FREY

Conductor, organist, pianist, and recording artist Alexander Frey's international career has taken him to the music capitals of Asia, Africa, Europe, and North and South America. He performs with many of the world's leading symphony orchestras, including the Berlin Philharmonic, Hollywood Bowl, Leipzig Gewandhaus, Munich Symphony, and Vienna Radio Symphony orchestras, under conductors Claudio Abbado, John Mauceri, and Michael Tilson Thomas, among others.

Frey was the first organist ever to perform an entire symphony of Gustav Mahler as a solo work for organ. This historic achievement was rated one of "the most important organ-related events of the twentieth century" by *The American Organist* magazine. Heard frequently in recital with the late Grammy Award-winning tenor Jerry Hadley, Frey has performed chamber music with violinist Ruggiero Ricci and the Vermeer Quartet and has appeared on stage in Europe with *Prairie Home Companion* host Garrison Keillor.

With recordings to his credit on the Decca, Deutsche Grammophon, and Koch International Classics labels, Frey has received Germany's highest recording honor, the Deutsche Schallplattenpreis, as well as BBC Critics Choice, Best Recording of the Year (*Fi Magazine*), Best Original Cast Recording of the Year 2005 (*Borders Music*), the Bronze World Medal of the New York Festival, Choice of the French Media Critics, and Favorite Record of the Year 2005 (*ArkivMusic*).

Alexander Frey appears at the National Gallery of Art by arrangement with Diabelli Management, www.diabelli.com.

2,871st Concert

Sunday, January 29, 2012 | 1:00 and 3:00 pm

West Building, East Garden Court

Singers Companye

Samuel Gordon, artistic director

Kim Bakkum, pianist

Robert Mollard, organist

Charles-François Gounod (1818–1893)

Ave verum corpus (1882)

Gabriel Fauré (1845–1924)

Messe basse (1881)

Kyrie

Sanctus

Benedictus

Agnus Dei

Hector Berlioz (1803–1869)

Shepherd's Farewell to the Holy Family

From *L'Enfance du Christ* (1854)

André Charles Prosper Messager (1853–1929)

O salutaris hostia

From *Messe des pêcheurs de Villerville*

César Franck (1822–1890)

Panis angelicus (1888)

Fauré

Madrigal, op. 35 (1883)

Camille Saint-Saëns (1835–1921)

From *Deux choeurs*, op. 68 (1882–1883)

Calme des nuits

Les Fleurs et les arbres

Claude Debussy (1862–1918)

Trois Chansons de Charles d'Orléans

Dieu! Qu'il la fait bon regarder (1898)

Quant j'ai ouy le tambourin (1908)

Soloist: Patricia LaNasa, soprano

Yver, vous n'estes qu'un villain (1898)

Soloists: Rachel Morrison, soprano; Kristina von Held, alto

Kyle Kelvington, tenor; Paul Stewart, baritone

Jules Massenet (1842–1912)

From *Chansons des bois d'Amaranthe*

Chères fleurs

Chantez!

The Musicians

SINGERS COMPANYE

Founded by Samuel Gordon in 2000, Singers Companye gives singers from northeastern Ohio the opportunity to sing great choral works for chamber choir from virtually every period of musical composition. Named choir-in-residence for Corfest Italia 2008, the ensemble has performed in Assisi, Bologna, Perugia, and Pistoia, Italy as well as at the 2009 International Choral Festival in Tolosa, Spain. In the United States, the ensemble has been heard at the Montana Choral Festival and in Akron, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, and Washington, DC, where it presented concerts at the National Gallery in honor of the exhibition *George de Forest Brush: The Indian Paintings* (2008) and in the festival "Mendelssohn on the Mall" (2009). Dedicated to promoting new choral music, Singers Companye often performs world premieres, most recently works by Linda Rice Beck and Samuel Gordon.

Performing with Singers Companye in this concert are:

Soprano

Merissa Coleman

Alanna Furst

Samantha Garner

Pat Harris

Jill Hornickel

Jennifer Moore

Rachel Morrison

Catherine Neff

Valerie Niese

Kathryn Sees

Marlene Sell

Marie Taylor

Alto

Lauren Anthony

Rebecca Brown

Julissa Faw

Patricia LaNasa

Marissa Leonino Lange

Patricia Moyer

Carissa Patton

Nancy Robinson

Christine Stewart

Kristina von Held

Tenor

Jason Borden
Lawrence Butler
Zachariah Camp
Nathaniel Duvuvuei
Philip Formes
William Hamilton
Gregory Huber
Kyle Kelvington
Jesse Lange

Bass

Robert Carlyon
Spencer Davis
Matthew Dolan
Doug Downie
Robert Grant
Joseph Guy
Sam Kitzler
Troy Mason
Robert Mollard
Roger Sell
Paul Stewart

Instrumentalists

Allison Lint and Lauren Vernice, *violinists*; Jane Berkner, *flutist*;
Brendon Phelps, *cellist*

SAMUEL GORDON

Director of choral studies and coordinator of the vocal and keyboard divisions at the University of Akron, Samuel Gordon has been actively engaged in both singing and conducting careers in this country and abroad. He was the tenor in the National Gallery of Art Vocal Ensemble (then known as the Vocal Arts Ensemble) from 1985 until 2003, during which time he was also conductor-in-consortium with the Maryland Camerata at the Gallery. In Italy, he was a first prize winner in several categories at the prestigious Concorso Polifonico "Guido d'Arezzo," as well as the Fiat Conducting Prize laureate. The first American to win the International Musical Eisteddfod in Wales as well as the Welsh National Eisteddfod, Samuel Gordon's compositions are published by National Music Publishers as the *Samuel Gordon Choral Series*.

KIM BAKKUM

Montana native Kim Bakkum is an active pianist in the Akron-Cleveland area. Holder of a master's degree in piano performance from Western Michigan University, she has done extensive studies in art song and opera in Graz and Vienna, Austria, and has performed with Cleveland Opera on Tour, the Canton Players Guild, the O'Neil Chamber Players, Porthouse Summer Theatre, and Vienna Symphony Percussion and Flute Seminars.

ROBERT MOLLARD

Robert Mollard is principal keyboardist of the Akron Symphony Orchestra and associate director of the Akron Symphony Chorus as well as organist and choirmaster of Faith Lutheran Church of Fairlawn, Ohio. He has also worked with the Summit Choral Society in Akron and with the Cincinnati Symphony and Cincinnati Pops orchestras. Founder and president of Mollard Conducting Batons Inc., Mollard has a bachelor's degree in conducting from the University of Cincinnati College Conservatory of Music and holds an associate certificate with the American Guild of Organists.

2,872nd Concert
Sunday, January 29, 2012 | 6:30 pm
West Building, West Garden Court

National Gallery of Art Vocal Ensemble
Rosa Lamoreaux, artistic director and soprano
Betty Bullock, pianist

Reynaldo Hahn (1874–1947)
Un loyal Coeur (1907)
Vivons, mignarde (1907)
A Phidylé (1896)
Comment se peut-il faire ainsi? (1907)
Les Fourriers d'été (1907)

Claude Debussy (1862–1918)
Trois chansons de Charles d'Orléans (1898–1908)
Dieu! Qu'il la fait bon regarder
Quand j'ai ouï le tambourin
Hiver, vous n'etes qu'un vilain!

Jules Massenet (1842–1912)
Poëme Pastorale (1872)
Voici venir le doux printemps
Musette
Aurore
Paysage
Crépuscule
Adieux à la prairie

INTERMISSION

Debussy
La Damoiselle élue (1888)

Camille Saint-Saëns (1835–1921)
Sérénade d'hiver (1867)

Gabriel Fauré (1845–1924)
Pavane in F-sharp Minor, op. 50 (1887)
Puisqu'ici-bas tout à me (1873)
Pleurs d'or, op. 72 (1895)
Tarantella (1873)
Madrigal (1883)

The Musicians

NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART VOCAL ENSEMBLE

Now in its eighth season as a chamber choir under the leadership of its artistic director, Rosa Lamoreaux, the National Gallery of Art Vocal Ensemble has presented special programs in honor of Gallery exhibitions, including part-songs and anthems by nineteenth-century English composers in honor of *The Artist's Vision: Romantic Traditions in Britain* (2006) and seventeenth-century Dutch music in honor of *Jan Lievens: A Dutch Master Rediscovered* (2008) and *Pride of Place: Dutch Cityscapes of the Golden Age* (2009). In 2008 the singers were guest artists at the Sonora, Mexico, Music Festival, where they sang a program of Spanish and Hispanic choral music. Two years later, members of the Vocal Ensemble joined forces with the early music ensemble ARTEK to perform Claudio Monteverdi's *Vespers of the Blessed Virgin* (1610) on the occasion of its 400th anniversary year.

Members of the ensemble participating in this concert are:

Rosa Lamoreaux, *artistic director and soprano*

Rebecca Kellerman Petretta, *soprano*

Barbara Hollinshead, *mezzo-soprano*

Roger Isaacs, *counter-tenor*

Stephen White, *tenor*

Matthew Heil, *tenor*

Steven Combs, *bass-baritone*

Peter Becker, *bass-baritone*

ROSA LAMOREAUX

Hailed for her versatile musicianship and her engaging and effortless singing, Rosa Lamoreaux has been artistic director of the National Gallery of Art Vocal Ensemble since 2005. An award-winning vocalist with a busy international career, she has been soloist with the Atlanta Symphony, Cincinnati Symphony, National Gallery, and National Philharmonic orchestras. Many of her recordings and performances have been broadcast on NPR, CBC, and the BBC. A graduate of the University of Redlands in California and the Royal College of Music in London, she has sung recitals at Carnegie Hall, the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion, the Kennedy Center, and Royal Albert Hall, among many other prestigious venues.

BETTY BULLOCK

A veteran of many appearances at the National Gallery, Betty Bullock is equally at home in the worlds of classical music and the lighter repertoire of cabaret and music theater. Active as a collaborative pianist in a wide variety of venues, she has recently performed with Rosa Lamoreaux in concerts in New Mexico, Virginia, and Washington, DC, as well as with other instrumentalists at the German Embassy, the Music Center at Strathmore, and the United States Supreme Court. With more than twenty seasons to her credit as coach/accompanist at the Washington Opera, Bullock has taught in Austria at the American Institute of Musical Studies in Graz and at the Summer Institute for Singers and Pianists in Salzburg.

Madrigal

Inhumaines qui, sans merci
 Vous raillez de notre souci
 Aimez quand on vous aime.

Ingrats, qui ne vous doutez-pas
 Des rêves éclos sur vos pas
 Aimez quand on vous aime.

Sachez, ô cruelles Beautés
 Que les jours d'aimer sont comptés.
 Sachez, Amoureux inconstants,
 Que le bien d'aimer n'a qu'un temps!
 Aimez quand on vous aime.

Un même destin nous poursuit
 Et notre folie est la même
 C'est celle d'aimer qui nous fuit;
 C'est celle de fuir qui nous aime.

Poem by Armand Silvestre

Madrigal

Heartless women, without pity,
 You scoff at our attentions.
 Love the one who loves you!

Thankless men, you only discredit
 The hopes which blossom at your feet.
 Love the one who loves you!

Be aware, O merciless fair ones,
 That the time for loving is short.
 Be aware, fickle swains,
 That love's favor is given only once!
 Love the one who loves you!

A similar fate waits for us all.
 And our foolishness is the same:
 We flee from the one who loves us;
 We love the one who flees from us.

Texts and Translations
National Gallery of Art Vocal Ensemble
January 29, 2012, 6:30 pm

MÉLODIES (REYNALDO HAHN)**Un Loyal Cœur**

Le trouverai-je jamais,
 Un loyal cœur joint au mein
 A qui je soye tout sien
 Sans départir désormais?
 A deviser par souhaits,
 Souvent m'y es bas!
 Eh bien le trouverai-je jamais...

Autant vaut si je m'en tais,
 Car, certainement,
 Je tiens qu'il ne s'en fera jà rien;
 En toute chose a ung mais.
 Le trouverai-je jamais un loyale cœur...

Poem by Charles d'Orléans (1394-1465)

Vivons, mignarde (Sur un rythme de Lully)

Vivons, mignarde
 Vivons et suivons
 Les ébats qu'Amour nous donne
 Sans que des vieux rechignés renfrognés,
 Le sot babil nous étonne.
 Les jours qui viennent et vont se refont
 Le soleil more se relève;
 Mais une trop longue nuit,
 Las! Nous suit après
 Une clarté brève!

Tandis que nous la voyons,
 Employons ce beau vivre,
 Ô ma Méline,
 Ça donc, mignonne,
 Viens-t'en et me tends
 Ta bouchette, Coraline!

Poem by Jean-Antoine de Baïf (1532-1589)

À Phidylé

Offre un encens modeste aux Lares familiers,
 Phidylé, fruits récents, bandelettes fleuries,
 Et tu verras ployer tes riches espaliers
 Sous le poids des grappes mûries.

**Poem by Charles-Marie-René Leconte de Lisle
 (1818-1894)**

SONGS**A Loyal Heart**

Will I never find
 a loyal heart joined to mine
 to which I will be all his
 without being torn apart?
 Conversing only through wishes
 often is what I am reduced to.
 Alas! Will I never find...

It's just as well as if I would not say anything
 quiet, certainly,
 I consider that it will never happen;
 Because to everything there is a doubt
 Will I never find a loyal heart...

Let us live, my dearie (Set to a rhythm of Lully)

Let us live, my dearie
 Let us live and follow
 the thing that love gives to us,
 without the old folks, grumpy and fussing,
 or the idiot's babbling to surprise us.
 Days come and go, and remake themselves
 as the dead sun rises again.
 But the night, so long,
 alas! follows after
 the short day!

While we can see it,
 let's use this beautiful way of life,
 O my dearest,
 for then, sweetest,
 you will come here and offer to me
 your little mouth, Coraline!

To Phidylé

Present a bit of incense to the household gods,
 Phidylé, new fruits, flowery garlands,
 And you will see your abundant trellises
 Bow with the heaviness of mellow clusters.

Comment se peut-il faire ainsi?

Comment se peut-il faire ainsi
En une seule créature
Que tant ait des biens de nature
Dont chacun en est ébahi?

Oncques tel chef-d'œuvre ne vy,
Mieux accompli, outre mesure.
Comment se peut-il faire ainsi
En une seule créature?

Mes yeux cuidai qu'eussent menti
Quand apportèrent sa figure
Devers mon cœur un portraiture.
Mais vrai fut, et plus que ne di!
Comment se peut-il faire ainsi?

Poem by Charles d'Orléans

Les fourriers d'Été

Les fourriers d'Été sont venus
Pour appareiller son logis
Et ont fait tendre ses tapis
De fleurs et verdure tissus!
En étendant tapis velus
Et vert d'herbe par le pays.

Cœurs d'ennui pièce morfondus
Dieu merci, sont sains et jolis!
Allez vous-en, prenez pays, Hiver,
Vous ne demeurez plus!

Poem by Charles d'Orléans

TROIS CHANSONS (CLAUDE DEBUSSY)**Dieu! qu'il la fait bon regarder**

Dieu! qu'il la fait bon regarder
La gracieuse bonne et belle;
Pour les grans biens que sont en elle,
Chascun est prest de la loïer.

Qui se pourroit d'elle lasser?
Tousjours sa beauté renouvelle.
Dieu! qu'il la fait bon regarder,
La gracieuse bonne et belle!

Par de ça, ne de là la mer
Ne scay dame ni damoiselle
Qui soit en tous bien parfaits telle.
C'est ung songe que d'i penser:
Dieu! qu'il la fait bon regarder!

How can this be so?

How can this be so
that a sole creature
can be so gifted from nature
that everyone is amazed?

Never such a masterpiece has been seen,
so well accomplished, beyond measure.
How can this be so
in a sole creature?

My eyes thought this could not be true,
when her image was brought
to my heart like a portrait.
But it was real, and more than was told.
How can this be so?

The designers of summer

The designers of summer have come
to decorate summer's house
and put down a soft carpet
of flowers and green fibers,
spreading velvety rugs
of green grass through the country.

The heavy hearts so dark and sad,
thank God, are now sane and jolly!
Go, take yourself away, Winter!
Do not stay any longer!

THREE SONGS**God, how good it is to look upon her**

God, how good it is to look upon her,
so graceful, good, and beautiful!
For the great goodness that is hers,
everyone is ready to praise her.

Who could grow tired of her?
Her beauty constantly renews itself.
God, how good it is to look upon her,
so graceful, good, and beautiful!

On neither side of the ocean
do I know any woman or girl
who is in all virtues so perfect;
it is a dream just to think of her.
God, how good it is to look upon her!

Quant j'ai ouy le tambourin

Quant j'ai ouy le tambourin
Sonner pour s'en aller au may,
En mon lit n'en ay fait affray
Ne levé mon chief du coissin.

En disant: il est trop matin,
Ung peu je me rendormiray:
Quand j'ai ouy le tambourin
Sonner pour s'en aller au may.

Jeunes gens partent leur butin;
De non chaloir m'acointeray,
A lui je m'abutineray;
Trouvé l'ay plus prochain voisin.

Yver, vous n'êtes qu'un vilain!

Yver, vous n'êtes qu'un vilain!
Été est plaisant et gentil,
En témoing de may et d'avril
Qui l'accompagnent soir et main.

Esté revet champs, bois et fleurs
De sa livrée de verdure
Et de main tes autres couleurs
Par l'ordonnance de nature.

Mais vous, Yver, trop êtes plein
De nège, vent, pluie et grézil:
On vous deust banir en éxil.
Sans point flater, je parle plein,
Yver, vous n'êtes qu'un vilain!
Poems by Charles d'Orléans

POÈME PASTORAL (JULES MASSENET)**Pastorale avec Chœur**

Voici venir le doux printemps,
Allons danser sur la coudrette;
La nature a marqué ce temps
Pour que le plaisir eut sa fête! la, la!

Ah! craignons de perdre un seul jour
De la belle saison d'amour! la, la, la, la!

De l'eau qui court sur les cailloux,
L'agréable et tendre murmure
Le bruit si léger et si doux
Du zéphyr et de la verdure; la, la, la!

When I hear the tambourine

When I hear the tambourine
sound to call us to May,
in my bed I am not frightened,
nor do I lift my head from the pillow.

Saying: "It is too early in the morning,
I'll go back to sleep for a little while,"
when I hear the tambourine
sound to call us to May.

Young folk divide their spoils:
I will make a friend of lethargy,
I will plunder it;
I have found it to be my closest neighbor.

Winter, you're nothing but a villain!

Winter, you're nothing but a villain!
Summer is pleasant and amiable,
bearing witness to May and April
which are its morning and evening companions.

Summer dresses the fields, woods and flowers
in her clothing of green
and the many other colors
at Nature's command.

But you, winter, are too full
of snow, wind, rain, and hail:
You should be banished to exile.
Without exaggerating, I say plainly,
Winter, you're nothing but a villain!

PASTORAL POEM**Shepherds' Chorus**

Sweet springtime has arrived!
Let's dance among the trees;
Nature has ordained this season
For celebration of pleasure! la, la!

Ah! Fear to miss even one day
Of love's sublime season!

The stream which courses over little stones,
The sweet and soft ripple;
The sound, so gentle and benign,
Of the zephyr and the green woodlands; la, la, la!

Musette

L'autre jour sous l'ombrage
Un jeune et beau pasteur
Racontait ainsi sa douleur
À l'écho plaintif du bocage!

Bonheur d'être aimé tendrement
Que de chagrin marche à ta suite
Et pourquoi viens-tu si lentement
Et t'en retournes-tu si vite?
Bonheur d'être aimé tendrement,
Pourquoi, pourquoi t'en retournes-tu si vite?

Ma bergère m'oublie
Amour fais-moi mourir
Quand on cesse de nous chérir
Quel cruel fardeau que la vie!...
Ma bergère hélas m'oublie!...

Bonheur d'être aimé tendrement
Que de chagrin marche à ta suite
Et pourquoi viens-tu si lentement
Et t'en retournes-tu si vite?
Bonheur d'être aimé tendrement,
Pourquoi, pourquoi t'en retournes-tu si vite?

Poem by Jean Pierre Claris de Florian (1755–1794)

Aurore

Cocorico, le coq chante:
C'est le clairon du matin.
Il monte une odeur de thym
Des grands près où tout s'enchantent.
Cocorico, le coq chante!

Cocorico, le coq chante:
Bêtes et gens vont manger.
De la maison du berger
Monte une odeur alléchante!
Cocorico, le coq chante!

Cocorico, le coq chante:
Entr'ouvrant ses jolis yeux
Myrto me dit, l'air joyeux,
Qu'elle me hait,
La méchante!
Cocorico, le coq chante!!

Poem by Armand Silvestre

Musette

The other day, beneath the shade,
A shepherd young and handsome
Lamented thus his heartache,
Echoed sorrowfully through the copse:

It is joy to be loved fondly,
But what anguish comes afterwards!
And why do you come to me so slowly,
And leave me again so soon?
It is joy to be loved fondly,
Why, why do you leave again so soon?

My shepherdess has forgotten me,
Love, let me perish!
When one is no longer held dear,
What a heartless affliction life becomes!
Alas! My shepherdess has abandoned me!

It is joy to be loved fondly,
But what anguish comes afterwards!
And why do you come to me so slowly,
And leave me again so soon?
It is joy to be loved fondly,
Why, why do you leave again so soon?

Dawn

Cock-a-doodle-doo! The rooster crows:
It is morning's clarion call.
The scent of thyme arises
From broad pastures where all is entranced.
Cock-a-doodle-doo! The rooster crows!

Cock-a-doodle-doo! The rooster crows:
Animals and people are going to eat.
A tempting aroma rises
From the shepherd's cottage!
Cock-a-doodle-doo! The rooster crows!

Cock-a-doodle-doo! The rooster crows:
Half-opening her beautiful eyes,
Myrto teasingly says
That she detests me.
Mischievous girl!
Cock-a-doodle-doo! The rooster crows!!

Paysage

Arbre charmant qui me rappelle
Ceux où ma main grava son nom;
Ruisseau limpide, beau vallon,
En vous voyant je cherche Estelle,
O souvenir cruel et doux,
Laissez-moi! Que me voulez-vous?

Si quelque fois sous cet ombrage
Mes yeux succombent au sommeil...
Je la vois!... mais le réveil, hélas

Tout nous dit: craignez de perdre un jour
De la belle saison d'amour!

Craignons de perdre un seul jour
De la belle saison d'amour!
M'enlève une si chère image!
O souvenir cruel et doux,
Laissez-moi! Que me voulez-vous?

Insensé quel est mon délire...
Je ne vis que par mes regrets...
Ah! Si je les perdais jamais
Que mon cœur serait prompt à dire:
O souvenir cruel et doux
Revenez, pourquoi fuyez-vous?

Poem by Jean Pierre Claris de Florian (1755-1794)

Crépuscule

Comme un rideau sous la blancheur
De leurs pétales rapprochées,
Les lys ont enfermé leur cœur,
Les coccinelles sont couchées.

Et jusqu'au rayon matinal
Au cœur même des lys cachées
Comme en un rêve virginal,
Les coccinelles sont couchées.

Les lys ne dorment qu'un moment
Veux-tu pas que têtes penchées,
Nous causions amoureusement?
Les coccinelles sont couchées.

Poem by Armand Silvestre

Scene

Lovely tree, which reminds me
Of those on which my hand carved her name;
Limpid brook, beautiful valley,
In gazing at you, I am seeking Estelle.
O cruel, sweet memory,
Release me! What do you want of me?

If sometimes under this shade
My eyes give in to sleep...
I see her!... but the wakening, alas

It all says to us: fear to miss one day
Of love's sublime season!

Fear to miss even one day
Of love's sublime season!
Takes from me that beloved image!
O cruel, sweet memory,
Release me! What do you want of me?

Insane as my delirium is,
I can see only through my regrets...
Ah! If ever I lost them,
My heart would be swift to say:
O cruel, sweet memory
Return! Why do you flee?

Twilight

As with a veil, under the paleness
Of their sheltering petals,
The lilies have enclosed their hearts,
The ladybugs have gone to sleep.

And until the light of dawn,
Concealed in those same lilies' hearts,
As in an innocent dream,
The ladybugs have gone to sleep.

The lilies sleep only for a little while;
Let us speak of love,
Our heads inclined together.
The ladybugs have gone to sleep.

Adieux à la Prairie*Le Berger:*

Adieu! adieu! bergère chérie, adieu!
Adieu! mes seules amours, adieu bergère!

Je vais quitter la prairie,
Quitter la prairie où tu venais tous les jours!
Adieu! adieu! bergère chérie, adieu!
Adieu! mes seules amours, adieu bergère!

Ne pleure pas mon amie, ne pleure pas,
J'ai peu de temps à souffrir,
Tout mal cesse avec la vie,
Et qui te fuit va mourir!

Adieu! adieu! bergère chérie, adieu!
Adieu! mes seules amours, adieu, bergère!

Chœur des Bergères:

Hélas! Hélas! ce beau printemps
Qui quelques jours à peine dure,
Ne revient point pour las amours,
Comme il revient pour la nature! la, la, la!
Tout nous dit: craignez de perdre un jour
De la belle saison d'amour!
Craignons de perdre un seul jour
De la belle saison d'amour!

Poem by Jean Pierre Claris de Florian**LA DAMOISELLE ÉLUE (DEBUSSY)***Chœur:*

La Damselle élue s'appuyait
Sur la barrière d'or du Ciel,
Ses yeux étaient plus profonds que l'abîme
Des eaux calmes au soir.
Elle avait trois lys à la main
Et sept étoiles dans les cheveux.

Une Récitante:

Sa robe flottante,
N'était point ornée de fleurs brodées,
Mais d'une rose blanche, présent de Marie,
Pour le divin service justement portée;
Ses cheveux qui tombaient le long de ses épaules,
Étaient jaunes comme le blé mûr.

Farewell to the Meadow*The Shepherd:*

Farewell, dear shepherdess, farewell!
Farewell, my only love, farewell, shepherdess!

I am leaving the meadow,
Leaving the meadow where you came every day!
Farewell, dear shepherdess, farewell!
Farewell, my only love, farewell, shepherdess!

Don't cry, my dear, don't cry.
I won't suffer for long;
All misfortune, with life, will end,
And he who leaves you must die.

Farewell, dear shepherdess, farewell!
Farewell, my only love, farewell, shepherdess!

Shepherd's Chorus:

Alas, this beautiful springtime
Which has lasted but a few days,
Returns not at all for lovers,
As it returns for nature! la, la, la!
It all says to us: fear to miss one day
Of love's sublime season!
Fear to miss even one day
Of love's sublime season!

THE BLESSED DAMSEL*Chorus:*

The blessed damsel leaned out
from the gold bar of Heaven;
her eyes were deeper than the depth
of waters still at even;
she had three lilies in her hand,
and the stars in her hair were seven.

Narrator:

Her robe, ungirt from clasp to hem,
no wrought flowers did adorn,
but a white rose of Mary's gift,
for service meetly worn;
her hair that lay along her back
was yellow like ripe corn.

Chœur:

Autour d'elle des amants
Nouvellement réunis,
Répétaient pour toujours, entre eux,
Leurs nouveaux noms d'extase;
Et les âmes, qui montaient à Dieu,
Passaient près d'elle comme de fines flammes.

Une Récitante:

Alors, elle s'inclina de nouveau et se pencha
En dehors du charme encerclant,
Jusqu'à ce que son sein eut échauffé
La barrière sur laquelle elle s'appuyait,
Et que les lys gisent comme endormis
Le long de son bras étendu.

La Damselle Éluë:

"Je voudrais qu'il fût déjà près de moi,
Car il viendra.
N'ai-je pas prié dans le ciel? Sur terre,
Seigneur, Seigneur, n'a-t-il pas prié,
Deux prières ne sont-elles pas une force parfaite?
Et pourquoi m'effraierais-je?"

Chœur:

Le soleil avait disparu, la lune annelée
Était comme une petite plume
Flottant au loin dans l'espace; et voilà
Qu'elle parla à travers l'air calme,
Sa voix était pareille à celle des étoiles
Lorsqu'elles chantent en chœur.

"Lorsqu'autour de sa tête s'attache l'aurole,
Et qu'il aura revêtu sa robe blanche,
Je le prendrai par la main et j'irai avec lui
Aux sources de lumière
Nous y entrerons comme dans un courant,
Et nous y baignerons à la face de Dieu.

"Nous nous reposerons tous deux à l'ombre
De ce vivant et mystique arbre,
Dans le feuillage secret duquel on sent parfois
La présence de la colombe,
Pendant que chaque feuille, touchée par ses plumes,
Dit son nom distinctement.

"Tous deux nous chercherons les bosquets
Où trône Dame Marie
Avec ses cinq servantes, dont les noms
Sont cinq douces symphonies:
Cécile, Blanchelys, Madeleine,
Marguerite et Roselys.

Chorus:

Around her, lovers, newly met
'mid deathless love's acclaims,
spoke evermore among themselves
their rapturous new names;
and the souls mounting up to God
went by her like thin flames.

Narrator:

And still she bowed herself and stooped
out of the circling charm;
until her bosom must have made
the bar she leaned on warm,
and the lilies lay as if asleep
along her bended arm.

The Blessed Damsel:

"I wish that he were come to me,
for he will come," she said.
"Have I not prayed in Heaven? - On earth,
Lord, Lord, has he not pray'd?
Are not two prayers a perfect strength?
And shall I feel afraid?"

Chorus:

The sun was gone now; the curled moon
was like a little feather
fluttering far down the gulf; and now
she spoke through the still weather.
Her voice was like the voice the stars
had when they sang together.

"When round his head the aureole clings,
and he is clothed in white,
I'll take his hand and go with him
to the deep wells of light;
we will step down as to a stream,
and bathe there in God's sight.

"We two will lie in the shadow of
that living mystic tree
within whose secret growth the Dove
is sometimes felt to be,
while every leaf that His plumes touch
saith His Name audibly.

"We two," she said, "will seek the groves
where the Lady Mary is,
with her five handmaidens, whose names
are five sweet symphonies,
Cecily, Gertrude, Magdalen,
Margaret and Rosalys.

"Il craindra peut-être, et restera muet,
Alors, je poserai ma joue
Contre la sienne; et lui parlerai de notre amour,
Sans confusion ni faiblesse,
Et la chère Mère approuvera
Mon orgueil, et me laissera parler.

"Elle-même nous amènera la main dans la main
A celui autour duquel toutes les âmes
S'agenouillent, les innombrables têtes clair rangées
Inclinées, avec leurs auréoles,
Et les anges venus à notre rencontre chanteront,
S'accompagnant de leurs guitares et de leurs citoles.

"Alors, je demanderai au Christ Notre Seigneur,
Cette grande faveur, pour lui et moi,
Seulement de vivre comme autrefois sur terre;
Dans l'Amour; et d'être pour toujours,
Comme alors pour un temps,
Ensemble, moi et lui."

Choeur:

Elle regarda, prêta l'oreille et dit,
D'une voix moins triste que douce:

La Damoiselle Éluë:

"Tout ceci sera quand il viendra."

Choeur:

Elle se tut;
La lumière tressaillit de son côté, remplie
D'un fort vol d'anges horizontal.
Ses yeux prièrent, elle sourit;

Main bientôt leur sentier
Devint vague dans les sphères distantes.

Une Récitante:

Alors, elle jeta ses bras le long
Des barrières d'or.
Et posant son visage entre ses mains,
Pleura.

Poem by Dante Gabriel Rossetti (1828-1882)

"He shall fear, haply, and be dumb:
then I will lay my cheek
to his, and tell about our love,
not once abashed or weak:
and the dear Mother will approve
my pride, and let me speak.

"Herself shall bring us, hand in hand,
to him round whom all souls
kneel, the clear-ranged unnumbered heads
bowed with their aureoles:
and angels meeting us shall sing
to their citherns and citoles.

"There will I ask of Christ the Lord
thus much for him and me: -
only to live as once on earth
with Love, - only to be,
as then awhile, for ever now
together, I and he."

Chorus:

She gazed and listened and then said,
less sad of speech than mild,

The Blessed Damozel:

"All this is when he comes."

Chorus:

She ceased.
The light thrilled towards her, fill'd
with angels in strong level flight.
Her eyes prayed, and she smil'd.

I saw her smile. But soon their path
was vague in distant spheres:

Narrator:

And then she cast her arms along
the golden barriers,
and laid her face between her hands,
and wept.

Translation by Gabriel Sarrazin

SÉRÉNADE D'HIVER (CAMILLE SAINT-SAËNS)

Nous venons pour chanter, Madame,
La Sérénade en votre honneur:
Pussions-nous avoir le bonheur
Que la chanson plaise à votre âme.

Toutes les portes nous sont closes,
Que l'âme du moins s'ouvre à nous,
Qui ne demandons à genoux
Qu'un sourire à vos lèvres roses.

Il vente, il fait froid, mais qu'importe
Si votre visage vermeil
Nous jette un rayon de soleil
Qui nous réchauffe à votre porte.

Du printemps la lumière aimante
Rit chez vous en toute saison,
Et, Madame, en votre maison
Tous les jours le rossignol chante. Ah!

Maintenant voulez-vous connaître
Qui sont ces gens masqués de noir
Vous venant dire le bonsoir
Et chanter sous votre fenêtre?

Daignez apprendre qui nous sommes:
Nos yeux sont cachés sous des loups,
C'est pour mieux rire des jaloux.
Mais nous sommes des gentils hommes,
Pleins d'honneur et de courtoisie,
Gardant deux amours en nos cœurs,
Les Dames et la poésie. La, la, la...!
Poem by Henri Cazalis (1840-1909)

CHANTS À PLUSIEURS VOIX (GABRIEL FAURÉ)

Pavane

C'est Lindor! c'est Tircis!
et c'est tous nos vainqueurs!
C'est Myrtil! c'est Lydé!
Les reines de nos cœurs.
Comme ils sont provocants!
Comme ils sont fiers toujours!
Comme on ose régner sur nos sorts et nos jours!

Faites attention! Observez la mesure!

WINTER SERENADE

Madame, we are here to sing
This serenade to honor you.
It will make us glad
If the song gives you pleasure.

To us all doors are shut;
May your soul, at least, be open to us
Who, on our knees, beg only
For a smile on your rosy lips.

It is windy and cold, but that won't matter
If your glowing face
Sends us a sunny ray,
Warming us here at your doorway.

The gracious light of springtime
Smiles on your home in every season,
And within your house, Madame,
The nightingale sings each day. Ah!

Now, would you like to know
Who are these black-masked people
Who come to say good evening to you,
And sing under your window?

Consent to learning who we are:
We hide our eyes behind masks
To make better fun of the envious
But we are thoughtful men,
Abounding in honor and gallantry,
Carrying in our hearts two passions:
Ladies and poetry. La, la, la!

PART-SONGS

Pavane

Here is Lindor! here is Tircis!
and here are all our conquerors!
Here is Myrtille! here is Lydé!
The rulers of our hearts.
How provocative they are!
And always so haughty!
How they presume to rule over our fortunes and our
lives!
Take care! Mind the beat!

Ô la mortelle injure!
La cadence est moins lente,
Et la chute plus sûre.
Nous rabattons bien leur caquets!
Nous serons bientôt leurs laquais!
Qu'ils sont laids! Chers minois!
Qu'ils sont fols! Airs coquets!

Et c'est toujours de même,
et c'est ainsi toujours!
On s'adore! On se hait!
On maudit ses amours!
Adieu Myrtille, Eglé, Chloé,
démons moqueurs!
Adieu donc et bons jours
aux tyrans de nos cœurs! Et bons jours!
Poem by Robert de Montesquiou (1855-1921)

Puis qu'ici-bas toute âme
Puis qu'ici-bas toute âme/ Donne à quelqu'un
Sa musique, sa flamme,/ Ou son parfum;

Puis qu'ici toute chose/ Donne toujours
Son épine ou sa rose/ À ses amours;

Puis qu'Avril donne aux chênes/ Un bruit charmant;
Que la nuit donne aux peines/ L'oubli dormant.

Puisque lorsqu'elle arrive,/ S'y reposer,
L'onde amère à la rive/ Donne un baiser;

Je te donne à cette heure,/ Penché sur toi
La chose la meilleure/ Que j'ai en moi.

Reçois donc ma pensée,/ Triste d'ailleurs,
Qui comme une rosée/ T'arrive en pleurs!

Reçois mes vœux sans nombre,/ O mes amours!
Reçois la flamme ou l'ombre/ De tous mes jours!

Mes transports pleins d'ivresses,/ Pur de soupçons,
Et toutes les caresses/ De mes chansons!

Mon esprit qui sans voile/ Vogue au hasard,
Et qui n'a pour étoile/ Que ton regard!

Reçois, mon bien céleste,/ Ô ma beauté,
Mon cœur dont rien ne reste,/ L'amour ôté!
Poem by Victor Hugo (1802-1885)

O the brutal insult!
The tempo is less relaxed,
and a stumble more sure.
We will silence them for good!
Soon, we will be their minions!
How unsightly they are! Dear, sweet faces!
What fools they are! Flirtatious looks!

It is always like that,
and it will always be so!
They adore each other! They despise each other!
They curse their lovers!
Goodbye, Myrtille, Eglé, Chloé,
sneering devils!
So goodbye and good day
to the rulers of our hearts! Good day!

Since here on earth
Since here on earth every soul gives to another
Its song, its fervor, or its fragrance;

Since here on earth each being always bestows
Its thorn, or its rose, on the one it loves;

Just as April endows the oak trees
With alluring sound; As night gives to pain

The oblivion of sleep; Just as a wave,
Coming to rest on land, leaves a kiss upon the shore;

I give to you, at this very moment,
Bending over you, the best of all that is in me.

Receive, therefore, my thoughts, despite their sorrow,
Which, like the dew, fall as tears upon you.

O my love, accept my endless vows!
Embrace the light and the shadow of all my life!

My passions, full of ecstasy, free of distrust,
And all the sweet endearments of my songs!

My spirit, without a sail, drifts at random,
Guided only by its lodestar: The sight of you!

O, my beautiful creature, My celestial one,
Accept my heart, in which nothing will remain
if love is taken away.

Pleurs d'Or

Larmes aux fleurs suspendues,
Larmes aux sources perdues
Aux mousses des rochers creux.
Larmes d'Automne épandues.
Larmes de cor entendues
Dans les grands bois douloureux.
Larmes des cloches latines,/ Carmélite, Feuillantines...
Voix des beffrois en ferveur;/ Larmes des nuits étoilées,
Larmes des flûtes voilées/ Au bleu du parc endormi;
Larmes aux grandes cils perlées,
Larmes d'amantes coulées/ Jusqu'à l'âme de l'ami;
Larmes d'extase, éplorement délicieux,
Tombez des nuits, tombez des fleurs,
Tombez des yeux!

Poem by Albert Samain (1858-1900)

La Tarentelle

Aux cieux la lune monte et luit.
Il fait grand jour en plein minuit.
Viens avec moi, me disait-elle,
Viens sur le sable grésillant
Où saute et brille en frétilant/ La Tarentelle!

Sus! sus! les danseurs! En voici deux;
Foule sur l'eau, foule autour d'eux!
L'homme est bien fait, la fille est belle;
Mais gare à vous! Sans y penser,
C'est jeu d'amour que de danser/ La Tarentelle!

Doux est le bruit du tambourin!
"Si j'étais fille de marin
Et toi pêcheur," me disait-elle,
"Toutes les nuits joyusement
Nous danserions en nous aimant
La Tarentelle..."

Poem by Marc Monnier (1827-1885)

Golden Tears

Tears suspended from flowers,
Tears washed by springs
Into rocky hollows;
Tears of autumn flowing,
Tears of the hunting horn, heard
In the great mournful woods;
Tears of convent bells, Carmelites, Feuillantines...
Fervent voices of the church towers; tears of star-filled
nights, tears of muffled flutes
In a slumbering night-blue park;
Teardrops pearling long eyelashes, lovers' tears
streaming toward the loved one's soul;
Tears of rapture, sweet tears; fall in the nighttime, fall
from the flowers, fall from my eyes!

Tarantella

The moon rises and glows in the sky.
Midnight becomes broad daylight!
She said to me, "Come with me,
Come onto the scorching sand,
Where leaps and blazes the tarantella!

Keep it up, dancers! Look, there are two;
People surrounding them, on the water, too;
The man is muscular, the girl is lovely;
But beware! Heedless,
This dance is a love-game! The tarantella!

The tambourine's sound is enticing;
She said, "If I were a seafarer's daughter,
And you were a fisherman,
We would joyfully fall in love
While, every night, we dance
The tarantella!"