

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.

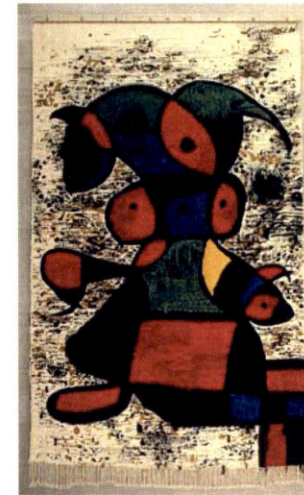
Please note that late entry or reentry of the West Building after 6:30 pm is not permitted.

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: After Joan Miró, woven by Josep Royo, *Woman*, 1977, wool and cotton tapestry, National Gallery of Art, Washington, Gift of the Collectors Committee and George L. Erion



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

National Gallery of Art
2,893rd Concert

Charlotte de Rothschild, soprano
Danielle Perrett, harpist

Presented in honor of the exhibition
Joan Miró: The Ladder of Escape

May 13, 2012
Sunday, 6:30 pm
West Building, West Garden Court

Admission free

Program

Francis Poulenc (1899–1963)

Joan Miró

From *Le Travailleur du peintre*

À sa Guitare

Ned Rorem (b. 1923)

Early in the Morning

Erik Satie (1866–1925)

La Diva de l'Empire

Traditional Melody

Els Segadors, Himne Nacional de Catalunya

Lyrics by Emili Guanyavents

Samuel Barber (1910–1981)

Sure on This Shining Night

Armstrong Gibbs (1889–1960)

Silver

Johann Sebastian Bach (1685–1750)

Aria: *Break in Grief*

From *The Passion According to Saint Matthew*, BWV 244

Suite for Solo Cello, BWV 1007

Prelude

Johannes Brahms (1833–1897)

Die Nachtigall

Gary Higginson (b. 1952)

How Beautiful Is the Rain

Joaquín Rodrigo (1901–1999)

Canticel

Canço del Teuladi

From *Cuatro cançons en llengua catalane*

INTERMISSION

Sir Arthur Sullivan (1842–1900)

The Sun Whose Rays

Edmund Rubbra (1901–1986)

Farewell to a Japanese Buddhist Priest Homeward Bound

Xavier Montsalvatge (1912–2002)

Cancion de cuna para dormir a un negrito

From *Cinco Canciones Negras*

Frédéric Mompou (1893–1987)

Jo et pressentia com la mar (Combat del somni)

Comptines no. 3 (Hevistdins la lluna)

Philip Cannon (b. 1929)

La bien Aimée

La bien Mariée

The Musicians

CHARLOTTE DE ROTHSCHILD

Known for her unique approach in tailoring her recital programs to specific themes, Charlotte de Rothschild has performed throughout the world, singing in eighteen languages and including songs from many different eras and genres. One of her most popular programs is “Family Connections,” in which she sings music by composers who were friends, teachers, or ancestors of her family during the last two hundred years. Her research for this repertoire is based on a musical autograph book, *Livre d’Or*, started in the 1820s by an ancestor who was also named Charlotte. Working with musicologists Philip Gossett and Francesco Izzo, she presented the *Livre d’Or* in 2011 at the American Musicological Society’s conference in San Francisco. Other themes de Rothschild has explored in music are “Flower Songs by the Season,” “Women of the Old Testament,” and “A Woman’s Lot”—a humorous look at the passage of life. The program she has fashioned for tonight’s concert is not her first to focus on art. With harpist Danielle Perrett, she has created a program for an exhibition titled “Making History” at the McMullen Museum of Art in Boston.

After performing in Japan for over twenty years, de Rothschild recorded a CD of classical Japanese songs titled *A Japanese Journey*. Sung in Japanese, the project was the first such recording by a *gai-jin* (foreigner), and received much attention in Japan and Europe. Subsequently, contemporary Japanese composer Yui Kakinuma was commissioned to adapt a cycle of songs by Kohsaku Yamada (1886–1985) for performance by de Rothschild and the English Chamber Orchestra. The song cycle has been heard at the Barbican in London, the Royal Castle Museum in Prague, and in various venues in Japan.

Recently returned from a recital tour in Japan, de Rothschild’s upcoming appearances include return engagements in Hong Kong, Japan, and Singapore as well as recitals at the Caramoor Center for the Arts and Yale University’s Center for the Study of British Art. A Nimbus Alliance artist, Charlotte de Rothschild maintains a website at www.charlottederthschild.com.

DANIELLE PERRETT

From Buckingham Palace and the Palace of Versailles to the Musikverein in Vienna and Wigmore Hall in London, Danielle Perrett’s recital career has placed her on the world’s most prestigious concert stages. Much in demand in Great Britain, she has played on many occasions for the birthdays of members of Britain’s Royal Family and has performed for the past four prime ministers. Other countries in which she has concertized include Australia, the Czech Republic, Ireland, Japan, New Zealand, Switzerland, the United States, and Zimbabwe. A prizewinner in international competitions, she has received awards from the Arts Council of Great Britain, and the livery of the Worshipful Company of Musicians, a London-based guild that dates back to 1350. A veteran of numerous radio and television broadcasts, Perrett has appeared in the 1995 BBC-TV film adaptation of Jane Austen’s novel *Persuasion* and Simon Schama’s *Rough Crossings*.

Program Notes

Born in Barcelona in 1893, Joan Miró's first introduction to the harshness of political life occurred during his military service in World War I, when his regiment was ordered to suppress a general strike in 1917. The years during and immediately following the war in Spain were rife with strikes and radical labor agitation, and saw the rise of socialism, anarchism, and syndicalism. An outgrowth of the unrest in the Iberian Peninsula was the Catalanian struggle for independence, which Miró supported with a mixture of passion and pessimism. Upon completion of his military service in 1919, he retreated to the countryside around Mont-roig, where he painted landscapes. The peace of that setting was arguably the first rung in his personal "ladder of escape."

But the troubled world around him could not be ignored, and Paris—at the time a hotbed of artistic activity and innovative political thought—beckoned. In 1920 Miró declared himself an international Catalan and moved to the city of lights, where the French art world took an immediate liking to two of the paintings he had brought with him, both completed the year before. *Self-Portrait* and *Mont-roig, the Church and the Village* were first displayed in the Catalan section of the Salon d'Automne and subsequently in an exhibition at the Galeries Dalmau. Presented in honor of the Joan Miró exhibit, *The Ladder of Escape*, on display in the East Building until August 12, this evening's concert features works closely related to Miró's artistic heritage in Catalonia.

Tonight's program begins with Francis Poulenc's "Joan Miró" from the cycle *Le Travail du peintre* (The Work of the Painter). An avid art lover, the poet Paul Eluard was often moved to write poems about the painters whose works affected him most. In 1948 he published a collection titled *Voir* (View) that includes tributes to Georges Braque, Marc Chagall, Juan Gris, Paul Klee, Joan Miró, and Jacques Villon. Inspired both by the poetry and by the cubist and surrealist works of those artists, Francis Poulenc wrote a song cycle, using seven poems from Eluard's collection. Although not from the same cycle, Poulenc's "À sa Guitare" is also appropriate, since Miró included the instrument in a number of his paintings, including *Catalan Peasant with Guitar* (1924) and *Harlequin's Carnival* (1924/1925).

As the 1920s progressed, Miró immersed himself in the rich cultural scene of Paris where he became friends with the circle of writers that frequented the Rue Blomet. In 1924 he went to the Theatre de la Cigale, where he saw the ballet *Mercur*, which featured music by Erik Satie and sets designed by Pablo Picasso. This time in Miró's life is represented by the songs "Early in the Morning"—written by Ned Rorem, an American composer who similarly spent much time in Paris—and "La Diva de l'Empire" (Diva of the Empire) by Erik Satie.

Events in Spain came to a head with the coup d'état of 1923. In reaction to the repression that followed, Miró went out of his way to stress his Catalan identity, creating a large number of paintings with the word "Catalan" in the title. For his painting for the Spanish Republic Pavilion in the Paris International Exposition of 1937 he chose the title *Le Faucher* (The Reaper), making it a thinly-disguised portrait of the Catalan peasant in revolt. The hymn that the Catalonians had adopted as their national anthem, *Els Segadors*, (The Reapers), calls upon loyal Catalonians to sharpen their sickles in preparation for a great conflict.

No longer able to travel freely due to the civil war in Spain, Miró settled in France between 1936 and 1940. He wrote to Pierre Matisse: "We are living through a terrible drama, everything that is happening in Spain is terrifying in a way you could never imagine." The terror worsened in 1940, when the German Wehrmacht invaded France, and the artist and his family were forced to move again quickly, this time to Palma in Majorca. It was in this period that he began his Constellation Series, with its dream-like representations of outer space—perhaps another ladder of escape. Stars in a deep blue background appear behind his paintings of peasant heads, and even *The Reaper*—now lost, but researchable through photographs—had a starry sky as its background. This aspect of Miró's imagery is represented by the song *Sure on This Shining Night*.

Another favorite Miró image is the moon, often appearing as a crescent in his paintings, among them *Femmes, oiseau au clair de lune* (Women and Bird in the Moonlight) and *Chien aboyant à la lune* (Dog Barking at the Moon). The exhibition catalogue quotes one of Miró's fellow refugees of

1940, André Gide, who wrote in his diary: “Everything swoons and seems to be enraptured in the light of an almost full moon . . . I think of all those for whom this so beautiful night is the last.” The same thoughts are juxtaposed by the song “Silver,” by British composer Armstrong Gibbs, and the aria “Break in Grief,” a lament on the death of Jesus from Johann Sebastian Bach’s great *Passion According to Saint Matthew*.

A lover of the music of Bach, Beethoven, and Mozart, Miró had in his collection of gramophone recordings Bach’s suites for solo cello, as played by Pablo Casals, a fellow Catalanian in exile. Danielle Perrett plays the “Prelude” from the *Suite in G Major*, BWV 1007, adapted as a left-hand exercise for the harp.

Whenever he was in Palma, Miró visited its cathedral most mornings at 10:00. He wrote: “At that hour of the morning, there was nobody about except for the organist, who was rehearsing. I hung around for ages. There was the organ music, sometimes singing, and the light coming in through the stained glass windows (extraordinary, those windows), and the canons dressed all in red in the gloom.” Inspired by his experiences in the cathedral, in 1945 he painted *Femme entendant de la musique* (Woman Listening to Music). He also planned to paint a series called *Musique-Évasion* (Music-Escape), but it was never realized.

Birds are very important to Miró’s iconography, particularly as he comments on the violence of war. Blood drips from the red cockscombs of roosters, and in the series *Le Vol de l’oiseau sur la plaine* (The Flight of a Bird over the Plain) the “birds” are planes dropping bombs, alluding to the bombers that devastated Barcelona, Madrid, and Guernica during the Spanish Civil War. His bronze sculpture *Personnage et oiseau* (Figure and Bird) from 1966 features an airplane, nose down. The eleventh Constellation painting, *Le Chant du rossignol à la minuit et la pluie matinale* (The Nightingale’s Song at Midnight and Morning Rain), completed in Palma in 1940, is the inspiration for including Johannes Brahms’ “Die Nachtigall” (The Nightingale) and Gary Higginson’s “How Beautiful is the Rain.”

Although Joaquín Rodrigo was a native of Valencia, the region just south of Catalonia, he often used Catalan texts, which he set with uncommon sensitivity. Originally composed for soprano and orchestra, his collection *Cinque cançons en llengua catalan* (Five Songs in the Catalan Language) features neoclassical style with modal harmonies. The second of the two songs selected for this recital—*Canço del Teuladi* (Song of the Sparrow)—returns to the imagery of birds.

References to the fierce heat of the sun are frequent in both music and art. Sir Arthur Sullivan’s “The Sun Whose Rays” calls to mind such Miró works as *Sunrise*—the first of the 1940 Constellation paintings; *Femme et fillette devant la soleil* (Woman and Little Girl in Front of the Sun), 1946; and *Le soleil rouge ronge l’araignée* (The Red Sun Gnaws at the Spider), 1948. In response to a 1958 commission from Unesco, Miró created *Wall of the Sun* and *Wall of the Moon* for its headquarters building in Paris.

In close touch with Japanese culture since 1937, when he collaborated with writer Shuzo Takiguchi in the context of a surrealist exhibition in Japan, Miró was influenced by his readings in Zen Buddhism. He attributed his own considerable powers of concentration to what he had learned about the preparation of Japanese archers, the Yabusame, who use breath control to heighten their concentration. In 1966 Miró was able to fulfill a long-held dream by visiting Japan and presenting exhibitions of his work in Tokyo and Kyoto. Noting this important event in the artist’s life, the musicians include Edmund Rubbra’s “Farewell to a Japanese Buddhist Priest Homeward Bound.”

Turning to the work of composers who, like Miró, identified closely with their Catalan heritage, one finds composer Xavier Montsalvatge exploring the beauty of African music in his *Cinco Canciones Negras* (Five Negro Songs) of 1945, and Miró examining the beauty of African women in his painting *Une Étoile caresse le sein d’une négresse* (A Star Caresses the Breast of a Negress) from 1938.

Childlike innocence and delight in non-sequiturs finds its way into music in the songs selected from the works Catalan composer Frédéric Mompou, including “Jo et pressentia com la mar (Combat del somni)” (I Had a Premonition of You like the Sea (Battle of the Dream) and “Hevesdins la lluna” (Drunken Rabbits on the Moon). Childlike delight in exaggeration can be seen in the gigantic tapestry *Woman*, a collaboration between Miró and weaver Josep Royo, which was commissioned in 1976 for the East Building of the National Gallery of Art. The tapestry, now in storage, is pictured on the cover of this program.

Whatever the implications there might be in his numerous paintings of anonymous female figures, some abstractly represented and others overtly sexual, Miró was in fact a happily married man. He and Pilar Juncosa were married fifty-four years; their daughter, Maria Dolores, was born in 1930. The recital ends with reference to this happy aspect of Miró’s life, with two songs from Philip Cannon’s *Cinq Chansons de Femme* (Five Womanly Songs). *La bien Aimée* tells of a much-loved woman who is convinced she was “born under a lucky star.” *La bien Mariée* is a jolly song sung by a married lady who is just a little tipsy at the moment.

Program notes by Charlotte de Rothschild

Upcoming concerts at the National Gallery of Art

Cuarteto Quiroga

Music by Gerhard, Toldrá,
and Schoenberg

May 20, 2012

Sunday, 6:30 pm

West Building, West Garden Court



Jack String Quartet

Music by Bach, Kurtag, Machaut,
Reynolds, and Xenakis

June 3, 2012

Sunday, 6:30 pm

East Building Auditorium



Rosa Lamoreaux, soprano

William Sharp, baritone

Music by Samuel Barber
and other composers

June 10, 2012

Sunday, 6:30 pm

West Building, West Garden Court

Stairway to Paradise

Texts

Le travail du peintre – Joan Miró

Paul Éluard 1895-1952

Soleil de proie prisonnier de ma tête
Enlève la colline, enlève la forêt,
Le ciel est plus beau que jamais.
Les libellules des raisins
Lui donnent des formes précises
Que je dissipe d'un geste.
Nuages du premier jour,
Nuages insensibles et que rien n'autorise,
Leurs graines brûlent
Dans les feux de paille de mes regards.
À la fin, pour se couvrir d'une aube
Il faudra que le ciel soit aussi pur que la nuit.

The predatory sun is imprisoned in my head
Removing the hill and the forest,
The sky is never more beautiful.
The dragonflies are like grapes
With a precise form that I dispel with a gesture.
Clouds of the first day,
That nothing has authorized,
Their seeds burn like pale fire in my eyes.
Finally, so that one can discover the dawn
The sky should clear and become as pure as the night.

À sa guitare

Pierre de Ronsard 1524-1585

Ma guitare, je te chante,
Par qui seule je déçois,
Je romps, j'enchanter
Les amours que je reçois.

Au son de ton harmonie
Je rafraîchis ma chaleur,
Ma chaleur, flamme infinie,
Naissante d'un beau malheur.

I sing to the sound of my guitar with which I deceive or enchant my loves. As I hear the harmonies it re-awakens my passion with warmth born of a beautiful sorrow.

Early in the morning

Robert Silliman Hillyer 1895-1961

Early in the morning
Of a lovely summer day,
As they lowered the bright awning
At the outdoor café,
I was breakfasting on croissants
And café au lait
Under greenery like scenery,
Rue François Premier.
They were hosing the hot pavement
With a dash of flashing spray
And a smell of summer showers
When the dust is drenched away.

Under greenery like scenery,
Rue François Premier.
I was twenty and a lover
And in Paradise to stay,
Very early in the morning
Of a lovely summer day.

La Diva de l'Empire

Dominique Bonnaud 1864-1943 and Numa Blès 1871-1917

Sous le grand chapeau Greenaway,
Mettant l'éclat d'un sourire,
D'un rire charmant et frais
De baby étonné qui soupire,
Little girl aux yeux veloutés,
C'est la Diva de l'Empire.
C'est la rein' dont s'éprennent
Les gentlemen
Et tous les dandys
De Piccadilly.

Dans un seul "yes" elle met tant de douceur
Que tous les snobs en gilet à coeur,
L'accueillant de hurrahs frénétiques,
Sur la scène lancent des gerbes de fleurs,
Sans remarquer le rire narquois
De son joli minois.

Elle danse presque automatiquement
Et soulève, oh très pudiquement,
Ses jolis dessous de fanfreluches,
De ses jambes montrant le frétillement.
C'est à la fois très très innocent
Et très très excitant.

Under her "Greenaway" hat, the Diva de l'Empire has a velvety, wide-eyed innocent sort-of smile, full of sweetness and laughter. She's the Queen with whom all the dandies of Piccadilly fall in love. These snobs welcome her with frantic "hurrahs" and throw bouquets on to the stage without noticing the rather mocking and ironical expression on her pretty little face. She dances automatically, raising her frilly petticoats and showing her legs just enough to make it still innocent but very exciting.

Els Segadors, Himne Nacional de Catalunya

Catalunya, triomfant
tornerà a ser rica i plena!
Endarrer a questa gent
tant ufana i tant soperba!
Bon cop de falç!
Bon cop de falç quan vulguin moure brega!
Bon cop de falç!

Ara es hora, segadors!
Ara es hora d'està alerta!
Per quan vingui un altre Juny
esmolem ben bé les eines!
Bon cop de falç!
Bon cop de falç si'l blat ens volen pendre!
Bon cop de falç!

Que tremoli l'enemic

en veient la nostra ensenya
com fem caure espigues d'or,
quan convé seguem cadenes.
Bon cop de falç!
Bon cop de falç, defensors de la terra!
Bon cop de falç!

Triumphant Catalonia, you will rise again to become rich and powerful, give a good stroke of the sickle,
defenders of the land ! Now is the time, ye reapers, to be on your guard and make sure your tools are sharp. Let
the enemy tremble upon seeing our flag; for just as we make the golden ears of corn fall to our scythe, when it is
necessary we will cut the chains of slavery!

Sure on this shining night
James Agee 1905-1955

Sure on this shining night
Of star-made shadows round,
Kindness must watch for me
This side the ground.
The late year lies down the north.
All is healed, all is health.
High summer holds the earth.
Hearts all whole.
Sure on this shining night
I weep for wonder wand'ring far alone
Of shadows on the stars.

Silver
Walter de la Mare 1873-1956

Slowly, silently, now the moon
Walks the night in her silver shoon;
This way, and that, she peers and sees
Silver fruit upon silver trees;

One by one the casements catch
Her beams beneath the silvery thatch;
Couched in his kennel, like a log,
With paws of silver sleeps the dog;

A harvest mouse goes scampering by,
With silver claws, and silver eye;
And moveless fish in the water gleam,
By silver reeds in a silver stream.

Aria from St Matthew Passion; Break in grief

Break in grief, Thou loving heart;
For a son whom Thou has cherished,
Gathers cruel foes around Thee,
And will like a serpent wound Thee.
For a son whom Thou has nourished,
Yea, a friend whom Thou hast cherished,
Gathers cruel foes around Thee,
And will like a serpent wound Thee.

Prelude from Cello Suite BWV 1107

Die Nachtigall

Christian Reinhold 1813-1856

O Nachtigall,
dein süßer Schall,
er dringet mir durch Mark und Bein.
Nein, trauter Vogel, nein!
was in mir schafft so süße Pein,
das ist nicht dein,
das ist von andern, himmelschönen,
nun längst für mich verklungenen Tönen
in deinem Lied ein leiser Widerhall!

O nightingale, your sweet song
penetrates my very being and bones.
No, beloved bird, no! It is not your fault
That I should suffer such sweet pain,
It is something else:
Some other heavenly, beautiful long forgotten notes
That find a soft echo in your song.

How beautiful is the rain

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow 1807-1882

How beautiful is the rain!
After the dust and heat,
In the narrow lane,
How beautiful is the rain!

Canticel

Josep Carner 1884-1971

Per una vela en el mar blau
Daria un ceptre,
Per una vela en el mar blau
Ceptre i palau.

Per l'ala lleu d'una virtut
Mon goig daria
Y el tros que em resta,
Mig romput, de juventut.

Per una flor' de romani
L'amor daria
Per una flor' de romani
l'amor doni.

I would give a sceptre and a palace to be able to sail on the blue sea. I would give up my happiness and the last remaining fragment of my youth just so that I could see a virtuous face. I would give my love just as I once gave my love, for a flower of rosemary.

Canço del Teuladi (Cuatre cançons en llengua catalane)

Teodoro Llorente Olivares 1836-1911

Joyos cassador, passa ;
Busca mes brava cassa
I deixam quiet a mí,
Jo soch l'amich de casa,
Jo soch lo teuladí.

Jo no tinch la ploma de la cadenera
Que d'or i de grana tiny la primavera ;
No tinch la veu dolça que te 'l rossinyol ;
Ni de l'oroneta joliva i lleugera
Les ales que creuen la mar d'un sol vol.
De parda estamenya, sens flors, sense llistes,
Vestit pobre duch ;
Mes penes i glories, alegres o tristes,
Les cante com puch.

Les aligues niuen damunt de la roca
Del gorch qu'entre timbes aizampla la boca ;
En branca fullosa lo viu passarell ;
La tórtora en l'arbre que ja obrí la soca,
La gralla en els runes d'enfonsat castell.
Jo al home confie la meua niuada,
I pobre i panruch,
Entre la familia, baix de la teulada,
M'ampare com puch.

Joyful hunter, go on past; find a better prey and leave me alone,
I am the friend of the house, I am the sparrow.

I do not have the bright gold and scarlet plumage of the goldfinch,
Nor do I have the gentle voice of the nightingale or the wings of the swift swallow
Who is able to cross the ocean in a single flight.
I am dressed poorly in grey serge, with no colour or stripes,
And I sing about my sorrow and joy, as best as I can.

Eagles nest on the rocks between cliffs, in the gorge that widens its mouth;
The linnet lives among leafy branches; the turtledove lives in the split tree trunk,
The crows live in a crumbling castle ruin.
But I live under the roof, humbly and simply I shelter as best as I can, since it is to man I entrust my brood.

INTERVAL

The Sun whose rays
Sir William Schwenck Gilbert 1836-1911

The sun, whose rays
Are all ablaze
With ever living glory,
Does not deny His majesty
He scorns to tell a story!
He don't exclaim "I blush for shame,
So kindly be indulgent!"
But, fierce and bold, in fiery gold,
He glories all effulgent!
I mean to rule the earth,
As he the sky
We really know our worth,
The sun and I!

Observe his flame,
That placid dame,
The moon's celestial highness;
There's not a trace
Upon her face
Of diffidence or shyness:
She borrows light,

That thro' the night,
Mankind may all acclaim her,
And truth to tell,
She lights up well,
So I for one, don't blame her.
Ah, pray make no mistake,
We are not shy;
We're very wide awake!
The moon and I!

Farewell to a Japanese Buddhist Priest Bound Homeward
Translated from the Chinese by Witter Bynner 1881-1968

You were fore-ordained to find the source,
Now, tracing your way as in a dream
There where the sea floats up the sky,
You wane from the world in your fragile boat
The water and the moon are as calm as your faith,
Fishes and dragons follow your chanting,
And the eye still watches beyond the horizon
The holy light of your single lantern.

Cancion de cuna para dormir a un negrito
Ildefonso Pereda Valdés 1899-1996

Ninghe, ninghe, ninghe tan chiquitito,
El negrito que no quiere dormir.
Cabeza de coco, grano de café.
Con lindas motitas,
Con ojos grandotes como dos ventanas que miran al mar.

Cierra los ojitos,
Negrito asustado,
El mandinga blanco te puede comer.
¡Ya no eres esclavo!
Y si duermes mucho
El señor de casa promete complar traje con botones
Para ser un "groom".
Ninghe, ninghe, ninghe duérmete negrito,
Cabeza de coco, grano de café

Go to sleep little black child, your head looks like a small coconut or a grain of coffee. Your eyes are wide open like two windows overlooking the sea. Close your eyes and don't be afraid, you are no longer are slave! If you go to sleep you will get a fine suit with buttons so you can be a "groom".

Jo et pressentia com la mar (Combat del somni)
Josep Janés 1913-1959

Jo et pressentia com la mar i com el vent immensa lliure,
Alta damunt de tot atzar i tot destí.
I en el meu viure com el respir.
I ara que et tinc veig com el somni et limitava.
Tu no ets un nom ni un gest.
No vinc a tu com à l'imatge blava d'un somni humà.
Tu no ets la mar que es presonera dins de platges,
Tu no ets el vent, pres en l'espai.
Tu no tens limits ; no hi ha, en car,
Mots per a dirte, ni paisatges per sê el teu món ni seran mai.

I sense you are immense like the sea and the wind, free and tall above everything.
I can now see how small you were in my imagination but how different in real life.
You are not simply a name or a gesture. I come to you as the blue image of a human dream.
You are not a prisoner by the seashore, you are not captured by the wind,
You have no limits and there are no words to describe you nor enough landscapes to hold your image.

Comptines No 3 (Hevistdins la lluna)

Hevistdins la lluna très petits conills
Que m'enjaven prunes com uns tres desvergonyits
Tot dient
Mestressa po seu nos un got bén plé de vi.

I saw three little rabbits on the moon. The three rascals were eating prunes. They each had a pipe in their mouth and a glass in their hands which they raised, saying; "Mistress, please give us a big glass of wine!"

La bien aimée (A girl whose love shines fair)

Anon

Suis sous bonne étoile née,
Car j'ai bel ami.

J'aime bien et suis aimée,
Et j'ai mon amour donnée
À celui qui beaucoup m'agrée,
Je lui dois merci.

Toujours m'a sa foi portée
Et servie et honorée ;
Et bien sais que folle pensée
N'a jamais nourri.

Sauve mon honneur gardée,
Lui sera abondonnée
Mon amour, qu'il a désirée ;
Mon cœur est a lui.

I was born under Fortune's star. I love and am loved by one who has given me great happiness and for that I give him many thanks. He's always faithful and courteous, and never thinks anything bad about me. For all that, I will continue to guard my honour while giving him my whole heart!

La bien mariée (The merry wife)

Olivier Basselin 15th Century

Mon mary a, que je crois,
Par ma foi,
Le gosier de chair salée,
Car il ne peut respirer,
Ni durer,
Si sa gorge n'est pas moillée.

Lorsqu'il est un grand courroux,
Voulez-vous
Lui adoucir le courage,
Faites-lui tant seulement
Promptement
Boire quelque bon breuvage.

Pourvu qu'il ne vende rien
De son bien,