

WIGMORE HALL

Monday 11 April 2022 7.30pm

Katharina Konradi soprano Malcolm Martineau piano

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Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

Le papillon et la fleur Op. 1 No. 1 (1861)

Mandoline from *5 mélodies 'de Venise'* Op. 58 (1891)

Chanson d'amour Op. 27 No. 1 (1882)

Les berceaux Op. 23 No. 1 (1879)

Notre amour Op. 23 No. 2 (c.1879)

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

Liederkreis Op. 39 (1840)

*In der Fremde • Intermezzo • Waldesgespräch • Die Stille •
Mondnacht • Schöne Fremde • Auf einer Burg • In der Fremde •
Wehmut • Zwielficht • Im Walde • Frühlingsnacht*

Interval

Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

Ariettes oubliées (1885-7 rev. 1903)

*C'est l'extase • Il pleure dans mon cœur • L'ombre des arbres •
Chevaux de bois • Green • Spleen*

Alberto Ginastera (1916-1983)

5 canciones populares argentinas Op. 10 (1943)

Chacarera • Triste • Zamba • Arrorró • Gato

Xavier Montsalvatge (1912-2002)

From *5 canciones negras* (1945-6)

*Punto de habanera • Canción de cuna para dormir un negrito •
Canto negro*

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Gabriel Fauré composed 'Le papillon et la fleur', the first of his Victor Hugo settings, while still a teenager – a wonderful evocation of young, nascent love. The piano part of 'Mandoline' bristles with staccato chords which simulate the plucked instrument that accompanies the flirtations in Verlaine's poem. Armand Silvestre hardly features in histories of French literature, yet this prolific poet inspired Fauré to compose 12 *mélodies*, including the gossamer-light but passionate 'Chanson d'amour' and 'Notre amour' which he set to exuberant music, with a soaring vocal line and a swiftly moving triplet figure in the accompaniment. 'Les berceaux' (Sully Prudhomme) is one of his most sombre songs with a vocal range of a 13th (from low A flat to high F) – greater than that of any other Fauré song.

Although the Eichendorff *Liederkreis* is **Schumann's** only cycle to bear no dedication on the title-page, it's clear that Clara was the inspiration behind this outpouring. Schumann's choice of poems, however, instead of solely mirroring his love for his bride-to-be, reflects the complexity of his Eusebius/Florestan polar personality. The melancholy 'In der Fremde' is followed by 'Intermezzo' which the 23-year-old Eichendorff addressed to Luise von Larisch, whom he married three years later. The hunting horns in the prelude of 'Waldesgespräch' return us to the threatening world of danger and the destructive power of magic. 'Die Stille' (from Eichendorff's novel *Ahnung und Gegenwart*) is a wonderfully tender evocation of a young woman's secret love for a man of higher birth. Schumann's repeated motif of descending fifths in the piano's left hand of 'Mondnacht' reads E-H-E ('marriage') in German notation.

Cryptology was dear to Schumann's heart, and his message must have been crystal clear to Clara, who had already received a letter from him, in which he described 'Ehe' as 'ein sehr musikalisches Wort' – a very musical word. The romantic mood, continued in 'Schöne Fremde', is punctured in 'Auf einer Burg', which describes the legendary old knight Barbarossa sitting inside his mountain retreat, ready to protect his country in time of need; but to Schumann, Barbarossa was surely Friedrich Wieck ('auf der Lauer'/'at his look-out'), protecting his daughter whom he compels to marry a man she does not love.

The second 'In der Fremde' speaks of the impossibility of recapturing a love that has died, and this is followed by the overwhelmingly sad 'Wehmut', sung in *Ahnung und Gegenwart* by Erwine who, having saved the life of young Count Friedrich, falls in love with him, and - disguised as Erwin - follows him on his romantic adventures. She sings arcanelly of her love in 'Die Stille', but when finally convinced she will never win him, she decides to commit suicide by drowning herself in the Rhine – before which she sings 'Wehmut', for which Schumann finds one of his loveliest melodies. The eerie 'Zwielicht', with its augmented fourths and diminished fourths in the vocal line, and the diminished seventh chords in the accompaniment, creates a sinister atmosphere of mistrust and fear – a feeling that is echoed in the ensuing 'Im

Walde'. In the final 'Frühlingsnacht', however, all negative feelings are banished. Eichendorff's poem, ostensibly a nature poem that celebrates the return of spring, becomes a love poem in the final line, and Schumann responds to this postponing of an anticipated resolution by delaying the only full cadence in the entire song to the end of the final verse.

'C'est l'extase langoureuse', the opening song of **Debussy's** *Ariettes oubliées*, conveys its voluptuous message through sliding chords of the ninth and a vocal line that has the freedom of natural speech; 'Il pleure dans mon cœur', a poem written in London where Rimbaud and Verlaine spent several turbulent months together from September 1872 until April 1873, reflects with its throbbing assonance Verlaine's sadness and uncertainty – a mood perfectly captured by Debussy's obsessive and soft-pedalled semiquavers that he instructs the pianist to play sadly and monotonously; 'L'ombre des arbres' displays some striking modulations that illustrate the disparity between illusion and reality in the poem. 'Chevaux de bois' depicts the wooden horses of the funfair, and Debussy suggests their circular motion by using the round-like tunes of old-fashioned carousels and whirling arpeggios – until the final bars, that is, when the noisy trills cease and twilight asserts itself in an extraordinarily impressionistic way. Debussy sets 'Green' as a passionate and successful declaration of love, and indicates that the song should be performed in a mood that is *joyusement animé*. The cycle ends with 'Spleen': the obstinately recurring theme of the accompaniment mirrors the despondency of the poem which describes how the poet has grown tired of everything, 'alas, but you!'

Ginastera's *5 canciones populares argentinas* date from 1943. The Argentinian composer had the highest regard for the folk idiom, and considered it 'a natural phenomenon which has in its individual parts [...] a perfection in miniature forms which [...] is equal to the perfection of a musical masterpiece of the largest proportions'. An interesting characteristic of this delightful set is the way in which Ginastera uses traditional fast dances to frame two lyrical songs, thus contrasting instrumental virtuosity ('Chacarera' and 'Gato') with intimate songs such as 'Arrorró' and 'Triste'.

The recital ends with three songs from **Xavier Montsalvatge's** *5 canciones negras*. 'Punto de habanera's dance rhythms, which alternate between 6/8 and 3/4 time, convey the alluring gait of Néstor Luján's Creole girl as she saunters down the street to the delight of watching sailors; Ildefonso Pereda Valdés's 'Canción de cuna para dormir a un negrito' inspired Montsalvatge to write one of the most beguiling lullabies in the entire art song repertoire; and the set ends with Nicolás Guillén's brilliant 'Canto negro' which brims with Yoruba words and African rhythms.

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Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

Le papillon et la fleur

Op. 1 No. 1 (1861)

Victor Hugo

La pauvre fleur disait au
papillon céleste:
Ne fuis pas!
Vois comme nos destins sont
différents. Je reste,
Tu t'en vas!

Pourtant nous nous aimons,
nous vivons sans les hommes
Et loin d'eux,
Et nous nous ressemblons, et
l'on dit que nous sommes
Fleurs tous deux!

Mais, hélas! l'air t'emporte et la
terre m'enchaîne.
Sort cruel!
Je voudrais embaumer ton vol
de mon haleine
Dans le ciel!

Mais non, tu vas trop loin! –
Parmi des fleurs sans nombre
Vous fuyez,
Et moi je reste seule à voir
tourner mon ombre
À mes pieds.

Tu fuis, puis tu reviens; puis tu
t'en vas encore
Luire ailleurs.
Aussi me trouves-tu toujours à
chaque aurore
Toute en pleurs!

Oh! pour que notre amour coule
des jours fidèles,
Ô mon roi,
Prends comme moi racine, ou
donne-moi des ailes
Comme à toi!

Mandoline from

5 mélodies 'de Venise'

Op. 58 (1891)

Paul Verlaine

Les donneurs de sérénades
Et les belles écouteuses

The butterfly and the flower

The humble flower said to the
heavenly butterfly:
do not flee!
See how our destinies differ.
Fixed to earth am I,
you fly away!

Yet we love each other, we live
without men
and far from them,
and we are so alike, it is said
that both of us
are flowers!

But alas! The breeze bears you
away, the earth holds me fast.
Cruel fate!
I would perfume your flight with
my fragrant breath
in the sky!

But no, you flit too far! Among
countless flowers
you fly away,
while I remain alone, and watch
my shadow circle
round my feet.

You fly away, then return; then
take flight again
to shimmer elsewhere.
And so you always find me at
each dawn
bathed in tears!

Ah, that our love might flow
through faithful days,
O my king,
take root like me, or give me
wings
like yours!

Mandolin

Echangent des propos fades
Sous les ramures chanteuses.

C'est Tircis et c'est Aminte,
Et c'est l'éternel Clitandre,
Et c'est Damis qui pour
mainte
Cruelle fait maint vers tendre.

Leurs courtes vestes de soie,
Leurs longues robes à queues,
Leur élégance, leur joie
Et leurs molles ombres bleues

Tourbillonnent dans l'extase
D'une lune rose et grise,
Et la mandoline jase
Parmi les frissons de brise.

Chanson d'amour

Op. 27 No. 1 (1882)

Armand Silvestre

J'aime tes yeux, j'aime ton
front,
Ô ma rebelle, ô ma farouche,
J'aime tes yeux, j'aime ta
bouche
Où mes baisers s'épuiseront.

J'aime ta voix, j'aime l'étrange
Grâce de tout ce que tu dis,
Ô ma rebelle, ô mon cher ange,
Mon enfer et mon paradis!

J'aime tes yeux, j'aime ton
front ...

J'aime tout ce qui te fait belle,
De tes pieds jusqu'à tes cheveux,
Ô toi vers qui montent mes vœux,
Ô ma farouche, ô ma rebelle!

J'aime tes yeux, j'aime ton
front ...

Les berceaux

Op. 23 No. 1 (1879)

Sully Prudhomme

Le long du quai les grands
vaisseaux,
Que la houle incline en silence,
Ne prennent pas garde aux
berceaux
Que la main des femmes balance.

exchange sweet nothings
beneath singing boughs.

Tircis is there, Aminte is there,
and tedious Clitandre too,
and Damis, who for many a
cruel maid
writes many a tender song.

Their short silken doublets,
their long trailing gowns,
their elegance, their joy,
and their soft blue shadows

Whirl madly in the rapture
of a grey and roseate moon,
and the mandolin jangles on
in the shivering breeze.

Love song

I love your eyes, I love your
brow,
O my rebel, O my wild one,
I love your eyes, I love your
mouth
where my kisses shall dissolve.

I love your voice, I love the strange
charm of all you say,
O my rebel, O my dear angel,
my inferno and my paradise.

I love your eyes, I love your
brow ...

I love all that makes you beautiful,
from your feet to your hair,
O you the object of all my vows,
O my wild one, O my rebel.

I love your eyes, I love your
brow ...

The cradles

Along the quay the great
ships,
listing silently with the surge,
pay no heed to the
cradles
rocked by women's hands.

Mais viendra le jour des adieux,
Car il faut que les femmes
pleurent,
Et que les hommes curieux
Tentent les horizons qui leurrent.

But the day of parting will come,
for it is decreed that women
shall weep,
and that men with questing spirits
shall seek enticing horizons.

Et ce jour-là les grands vaisseaux,
Fuyant le port qui
diminue,
Sentent leur masse retenue
Par l'âme des lointains
berceaux.

And on that day the great ships,
leaving the dwindling harbour
behind,
shall feel their hulls held back
by the soul of the distant
cradles.

Notre amour

Op. 23 No. 2 (c.1879)

Armand Silvestre

Notre amour est chose légère,
Comme les parfums que le vent
Prend aux cimes de la fougère
Pour qu'on les respire en
rêvant.

Our love is light and gentle,
like fragrance fetched by the breeze
from the tips of ferns
for us to breathe while
dreaming.

Notre amour est chose légère.

– Our love is light and gentle.

Notre amour est chose charmante,
Comme les chansons du matin
Où nul regret ne se lamente,
Où vibre un espoir incertain.
– Notre amour est chose
charmante.

Our love is enchanting,
like morning songs,
where no regret is voiced,
quivering with uncertain hopes.
– Our love is
enchanting.

Notre amour est chose sacrée,
Comme les mystères des bois
Où tressaille une âme ignorée,
Où les silences ont des voix.
– Notre amour est chose sacrée.

Our love is sacred,
like woodland mysteries,
where an unknown soul throbs
and silences are eloquent.
– Our love is sacred.

Notre amour est chose infinie,
Comme les chemins des couchants
Où la mer, aux cieux
réunie,
S'endort sous les soleils
penchants.

Our love is infinite,
like sunset paths
where the sea, joined with the
skies,
falls asleep beneath slanting
suns.

Notre amour est chose éternelle,
Comme tout ce qu'un Dieu
vainqueur
A touché du feu de son aile,
Comme tout ce qui vient du
coeur,
Notre amour est chose éternelle.

Our love is eternal,
like all that a victorious
God
has brushed with his fiery wing,
like all that comes from the
heart,
– Our love is eternal.

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

Liederkreis Op. 39 (1840)

Joseph, Freiherr von Eichendorff

In der Fremde

Aus der Heimat hinter den
Blitzen rot
Da kommen die Wolken her,
Aber Vater und Mutter sind
lange tot,
Es kennt mich dort keiner mehr.

In a foreign land

From my homeland, beyond the
red lightning,
the clouds come drifting in,
but father and mother have long
been dead,
now no one knows me there.

Wie bald, ach wie bald kommt
die stille Zeit,
Da ruhe ich auch, und über mir
Rauscht die schöne
Waldeinsamkeit,
Und keiner kennt mich mehr hier.

How soon, ah! how soon till that
quiet time
when I too shall rest
beneath the sweet murmur of
lonely woods,
forgotten here as well.

Intermezzo

Dein Bildnis wunderselig
Hab' ich im Herzensgrund,
Das sieht so frisch und fröhlich
Mich an zu jeder Stund'.

Intermezzo

I bear your beautiful likeness
deep within my heart,
it gazes at me every hour
so freshly and happily.

Mein Herz still in sich singet
Ein altes, schönes Lied,
Das in die Luft sich schwinget
Und zu dir eilig zieht.

My heart sings softly to itself
an old and beautiful song
that soars into the sky
and swiftly wings its way to you.

Waldesgespräch

Es ist schon spät, es ist schon kalt,
Was reit'st du einsam durch den
Wald?
Der Wald ist lang, du bist allein,
Du schöne Braut! Ich führ dich
heim!

A forest dialogue

It is already late, already cold,
why ride lonely through the
forest?
The forest is long, you are alone,
you lovely bride! I'll lead you
home!

„Gross ist der Männer Trug und
List,
Vor Schmerz mein Herz
gebrochen ist,
Wohl irrt das Waldhorn her und
hin,
O flieh! Du weisst nicht, wer ich
bin.“

'Great is the deceit and cunning
of men,
my heart is broken with
grief,
the hunting horn echoes here
and there,
O flee! You do not know who I
am.'

So reich geschmückt ist Ross
und Weib,
So wunderschön der junge Leib,

So richly adorned are steed and
lady,
so wondrous fair her youthful form,

Jetzt kenn ich dich – Gott steh
mir bei!
Du bist die Hexe Loreley.

now I know you – may God
protect me!
You are the enchantress Lorelei.

„Du kennst mich wohl – von
hohem Stein
Schaut still mein Schloss tief in
den Rhein.
Es ist schon spät, es ist schon kalt
Kommst nimmermehr aus
diesem Wald!“

'You know me well – from its
towering rock
my castle looks deep and silent
down into the Rhine.
It is already late, already cold,
you shall never leave this forest
again!'

Die Stille

Es weiss und rät es doch
Keiner,
Wie mir so wohl ist, so wohl!
Ach, wüsst' es nur Einer, nur Einer,
Kein Mensch es sonst wissen soll!

So still ist's nicht draussen im
Schnee,
So stumm und verschwiegen sind
Die Sterne nicht in der Höh',
Als meine Gedanken sind.

Ich wünscht', ich wär' ein Vöglein
Und zöge über das Meer,
Wohl über das Meer und weiter,
Bis dass ich im Himmel wär'!

Mondnacht

Es war, als hätt' der Himmel
Die Erde still geküsst,
Dass sie im Blütenschimmer
Von ihm nur träumen müsst'.

Die Luft ging durch die
Felder,
Die Ähren wogten sacht,
Es rauschten leis die Wälder,
So sternklar war die Nacht.

Und meine Seele spannte
Weit ihre Flügel aus,
Flog durch die stillen Lande,
Als flöge sie nach Haus.

Schöne Fremde

Es rauschen die Wipfel und
schauern,
Als machten zu dieser Stund'

Silence

No one knows and no one can
guess
how happy I am, how happy!
If only one, just one man knew,
no one else ever should!

The snow outside is not so
silent,
nor are the stars on high
so still and silent
as my own thoughts.

I wish I were a little bird,
and could fly across the sea,
across the sea and further,
until I were in heaven!

Moonlit night

It was as though Heaven
had softly kissed the Earth,
so that she in a gleam of blossom
had now to dream of him.

The breeze passed through the
fields,
the corn swayed gently to and fro,
the forests murmured softly,
the night was so clear with stars.

And my soul spread
its wings out wide,
flew across the silent land,
as though flying home.

A beautiful foreign land

The tree-tops rustle and
shudder
as if at this very hour

Um die halb versunkenen Mauern
Die alten Götter die Rund'.

the ancient gods were pacing
these half-sunken walls.

Hier hinter den Myrtenbäumen
In heimlich dämmernder Pracht,
Was sprichst du wirr, wie in
Träumen,
Zu mir, phantastische Nacht?

Here beyond the myrtle trees
in secret twilight splendour,
what are you telling me,
fantastic night,
obscurely, as in a dream?

Es funkeln auf mich alle
Sterne
Mit glühendem Liebesblick,
Es redet trunken die
Ferne
Wie von künftigem grossen
Glück!

The glittering stars gaze down
on me,
fierily and full of love,
the distant horizon speaks with
rapture
of some great happiness to
come!

Auf einer Burg

Eingeschlafen auf der Lauer
Oben ist der alte Ritter;
Drüber gehen Regenschauer,
Und der Wald rauscht durch das
Gitter.

Eingewachsen Bart und Haare,
Und versteinert Brust und Krause,
Sitzt er viele hundert Jahre
Oben in der stillen Klausen.

Draussen ist es still und friedlich,
Alle sind in's Tal gezogen,
Waldesvögel einsam singen
In den leeren Fensterbogen.

Eine Hochzeit fährt da unten
Auf dem Rhein im Sonnenscheine,
Musikanten spielen munter,
Und die schöne Braut, die weinet.

In der Fremde

Ich hör' die Bächlein rauschen
Im Walde her und hin,
Im Walde, in dem Rauschen
Ich weiss nicht, wo ich bin.

Die Nachtigallen schlagen
Hier in der Einsamkeit,
Als wollten sie was sagen
Von der alten, schönen Zeit.

Die Mondesschimmer fliege
Als säh' ich unter mir
Das Schloss im Tale liegen,
Und ist doch so weit von hier!

In a castle

Up there at his look-out
the old knight has fallen asleep;
rain-storms pass overhead,
and the wood stirs through the
portcullis.

Beard and hair matted together,
ruff and breast turned to stone,
for centuries he's sat up there
in his silent cell.

Outside it's quiet and peaceful,
all have gone down to the valley,
forest birds sing lonely songs
in the empty window-arches.

Down there on the sunlit Rhine
a wedding-party's sailing by,
musicians strike up merrily,
and the lovely bride – weeps.

In a foreign land

I hear the brooklets murmuring
through the forest, here and there,
in the forest, in the murmuring
I do not know where I am.

Nightingales are singing
here in the solitude,
as though they wished to tell
of lovely days now past.

The moonlight flickers,
as though I saw below me
the castle in the valley,
yet it lies so far from here!

Als müsste in dem Garten
Voll Rosen weiss und rot,
Meine Liebste auf mich warten,
Und ist doch so lange tot.

As though in the garden,
full of roses, white and red,
my love were waiting for me,
yet she died so long ago.

Wehmut

Ich kann wohl manchmal singen,
Als ob ich fröhlich sei,
Doch heimlich Tränen dringen,
Da wird das Herz mir frei.

Sadness

True, I can sometimes sing
as though I were content;
but secretly tears well up,
and my heart is set free.

Es lassen Nachtigallen,
Spielt draussen Frühlingsluft,
Der Sehnsucht Lied erschallen
Aus ihres Kerkers Gruft.

Nightingales, when spring
breezes play outside, sing
their song of longing
from their dungeon cell.

Da lauschen alle Herzen,
Und alles ist erfreut,
Doch keiner fühlt die Schmerzen,
Im Lied das tiefe Leid.

Then all hearts listen
and everyone rejoices,
yet no one feels the pain,
the deep sorrow in the song.

Zwielicht

Dämmerung will die Flügel
spreiten,
Schaurig rühren sich die Bäume,
Wolken ziehn wie schwere
Träume –
Was will dieses Graun
bedeuten?

Twilight

Dusk is about to spread its
wings,
the trees now shudder and stir,
clouds drift by like oppressive
dreams –
what can this dusk and dread
imply?

Hast ein Reh du lieb vor andern,
Lass es nicht alleine grasen,
Jäger ziehn im Wald und
blasen,
Stimmen hin und wieder wandern.

If you have a fawn you favour,
do not let her graze alone,
hunters sound their horns
through the forest,
voices wander to and fro.

Hast du einen Freund hienieden,
Trau ihm nicht zu dieser Stunde,
Freundlich wohl mit Aug' und
Munde,
Sinnt er Krieg im tück'schen
Frieden.

If here on earth you have a friend,
do not trust him at this hour,
though his eyes and lips be
smiling,
in treacherous peace he's
scheming war.

Was heut gehet müde unter,
Hebt sich morgen neugeboren.
Manches geht in Nacht verloren –
Hüte dich, sei wach und munter!

That which wearily sets today,
will rise tomorrow, newly born.
Much can go lost in the night –
be wary, watchful, on your guard!

Im Walde

Es zog eine Hochzeit den Berg
entlang,

In the forest

A wedding procession wound
across the mountain,

Ich hörte die Vögel schlagen,
Da blitzten viel Reiter, das
Waldhorn klang,
Das war ein lustiges Jagen!

I heard the warbling of birds,
riders flashed by, hunting horns
blared,
that was a merry chase!

Und eh' ich's gedacht, war alles
verhallt,
Die Nacht bedeckt die Runde;
Nur von den Bergen noch
rauscht der Wald
Und mich schauert's im
Herzengrunde.

And before I knew, all had
faded,
darkness covers the land;
only the forest still sighs from
the mountain,
and deep in my heart I quiver
with fear.

Frühlingsnacht

Überm Garten durch die Lüfte
Hört' ich Wandervögel zieh'n,
Das bedeutet Frühlingsdüfte,
Unten fängt's schon an zu blüh'n.

Spring night

Over the garden, through the air
I heard birds of passage fly,
a sign that spring is in the air,
flowers already bloom below.

Jauchzen möcht' ich, möchte
weinen,
Ist mir's doch, als könnt's nicht
sein!
Alte Wunder wieder
scheinen
Mit dem Mondesglanz herein.

I could shout for joy, could
weep,
for it seems to me it cannot
be!
All the old wonders come
flooding back,
gleaming in the moonlight.

Und der Mond, die Sterne sagen's,
Und im Traume rauscht's der
Hain
Und die Nachtigallen schlagen's:
Sie ist Deine, sie ist Dein!

And the moon and stars say it,
and the dreaming forest
whispers it,
and the nightingales sing it:
She is yours, is yours!

Interval

Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

Ariettes oubliées (1885-7 rev. 1903)

Paul Verlaine

C'est l'extase

C'est l'extase langoureuse,
C'est la fatigue amoureuse,
C'est tous les frissons des bois
Parmi l'étreinte des brises,
C'est, vers les ramures grises,
Le chœur des petites voix.

It is languorous rapture

It is languorous rapture,
It is amorous fatigue,
It is all the tremors of the forest
In the breezes' embrace,
It is, around the grey branches,
The choir of tiny voices.

Ô le frêle et frais murmure!
Cela gazouille et susurre,
Cela ressemble au cri doux
Que l'herbe agitée expire ...

O the delicate, fresh murmuring!
The warbling and whispering,
It is like the soft cry
The ruffled grass gives out ...

Tu dirais, sous l'eau qui
vire,
Le roulis sourd des cailloux.

You might take it for the muffled
sound
Of pebbles in the swirling stream.

Cette âme qui se lamente
En cette plainte dormante
C'est la nôtre, n'est-ce pas?
La mienne, dis, et la tienne,
Dont s'exhale l'humble antienne
Par ce tiède soir, tout
bas?

This soul which grieves
In this subdued lament,
It is ours, is it not?
Mine, and yours too,
Breathing out our humble hymn
On this warm evening, soft and
low?

Il pleure dans mon cœur

Tears fall in my heart

Il pleure dans mon cœur
Comme il pleut sur la ville;
Quelle est cette langueur
Qui pénètre mon cœur?

Tears fall in my heart
as rain falls on the town;
what is this torpor
pervading my heart?

Ô bruit doux de la pluie
Par terre et sur les toits!
Pour un cœur qui s'ennuie,
Ô le bruit de la pluie!

Ah, the soft sound of rain
on the ground and roofs!
For a listless heart,
ah, the sound of the rain!

Il pleure sans raison
Dans se cœur qui s'écœure.
Quoi! nulle trahison? ...
Ce deuil est sans raison.

Tears fall without reason
in this disheartened heart.
What! Was there no treason? ...
This grief is without reason.

C'est bien la pire peine
De ne savoir pourquoi
Sans amour et sans haine,
Mon cœur a tant de peine.

And the worst pain of all
must be not to know why,
without love and without hate
my heart feels such pain.

L'ombre des arbres

The shadow of trees

L'ombre des arbres dans la
rivière embrumée
Meurt comme de la fumée
Tandis qu'en l'air, parmi les
ramures réelles,
Se plaignent les tourterelles.

The shadow of trees in the
misty stream
dies like smoke,
while up above, in the real
branches,
the turtle-doves lament.

Combien, ô voyageur, ce
paysage blême
Te mira blême toi-même,
Et que tristes pleuraient dans
les hautes feuillées
Tes espérances
noyées!

How this faded landscape, O
traveller,
watched you yourself fade,
and how sadly in the lofty
leaves
your drowned hopes were
weeping!

Chevaux de bois

Merry-go-round

Tournez, tournez, bons chevaux
de bois,
Tournez cent tours, tournez
mille tours,
Tournez souvent et tournez
toujours,
Tournez, tournez au son des
hautbois.

Turn, turn, you fine wooden
horses,
turn a hundred, turn a thousand
times,
turn often and turn for
evermore,
turn and turn to the oboes'
sound.

L'enfant tout rouge et la mère
blanche,
Le gars en noir et la fille en
rose,
L'une à la chose et l'autre à la
pose,
Chacun se paie un sou de
dimanche.

The red-faced child and the pale
mother,
the lad in black and the girl in
pink,
one down-to-earth, the other
showing off,
each buying a treat with their
Sunday sou.

Tournez, tournez, chevaux de
leur cœur,
Tandis qu'autour de tous vos
tournois
Clignote l'œil du filou
sournois,
Tournez au son du piston
vainqueur!

Turn, turn, horses of their
hearts,
while the furtive pickpocket's
eye is flashing
as you whirl about and whirl
around,
turn to the sound of the
conquering cornet!

C'est étonnant comme ça vous
soûle
D'aller ainsi dans ce cirque
bête:
Rien dans le ventre et mal dans
la tête,
Du mal en masse et du bien en
foule.

Astonishing how drunk it makes
you,
riding like this in this foolish
fair:
with an empty stomach and an
aching head,
discomfort in plenty, and
masses of fun!

Tournez, dadas, sans qu'il soit
besoin
D'user jamais de nuls éperons
Pour commander à vos galops
ronds:
Tournez, tournez, sans espoir
de foin.

Gee-gees, turn, you'll never
need
the help of any spur
to make your horses gallop
round:
turn, turn, without hope of
hay.

Et dépêchez, chevaux de leur
âme,
Déjà voici que sonne à la
soupe
La nuit qui tombe et chasse la
troupe
De gais buveurs que leur soif
affame.

And hurry on, horses of their
souls:
nightfall already calls them to
supper
and disperses the crowd of
happy revellers,
ravenous with
thirst.

Tournez, tournez! Le ciel en
velours
D'astres en or se vêt lentement.
L'église tinte un glas
tristement.
Tournez au son joyeux des
tambours!

Turn, turn! The velvet
sky
is slowly decked with golden stars.
The church bell tolls a mournful
knell –
turn to the joyful sound of
drums!

Green

Green

Voici des fruits, des fleurs, des
feuilles et des branches
Et puis voici mon cœur qui ne
bat que pour vous.
Ne le déchirez pas avec vos
deux mains blanches
Et qu'à vos yeux si beaux
l'humble présent soit doux.

Here are flowers, branches,
fruit, and fronds,
and here too is my heart that
beats just for you.
Do not tear it with your two
white hands
and may the humble gift please
your lovely eyes.

J'arrive tout couvert encore de
rosée
Que le vent du matin vient
glacer à mon front.
Souffrez que ma fatigue à vos
pieds reposée
Rêve des chers instants qui la
délasseront.

I come all covered still with the
dew
frozen to my brow by the
morning breeze.
Let my fatigue, finding rest at
your feet,
dream of dear moments that will
soothe it.

Sur votre jeune sein laissez
rouler ma tête
Toute sonore encore de vos
derniers baisers;
Laissez-la s'apaiser de la bonne
tempête,
Et que je dorme un peu puisque
vous reposez.

On your young breast let me
cradle my head
still ringing with your recent
kisses;
after love's sweet tumult grant
it peace,
and let me sleep a while, since
you rest.

Spleen

Spleen

Les roses étaient toutes rouges
Et les lierres étaient tout noirs.

All the roses were red
and the ivy was all black.

Chère, pour peu que tu te bouges,
Renaissent tous mes désespoirs.

Dear, at your slightest move,
all my despair revives.

Le ciel était trop bleu, trop
tendre,
La mer trop verte et l'air trop
doux.

The sky was too blue, too
tender,
the sea too green, the air too
mild.

Je crains toujours, – ce qu'est
d'attendre! –
Quelque fuite atroce de vous!

I always fear – oh to wait and
wonder! –
one of your agonizing departures.

Du houx à la feuille vernie
Et du luisant buis je suis las,

I am weary of the glossy holly,
of the gleaming box-tree too,

Et de la campagne infinie
Et de tout, fors de vous, hélas!

And the boundless countryside
and everything, alas, but you!

Alberto Ginastera (1916-1983)

5 canciones populares argentinas Op. 10 (1943)

Traditional

Chacarera

Chacarera

A mí me gustan las ñatas
Y una ñata me ha
tocado.

I love girls with little snub noses
and a snub-nose girl is what I've
got.

Ñato será el casamiento
Y más ñato el
resultado.

Ours will be a snub-nose wedding
and snub-nosed children will be
our lot.

Quando canto chacareras
Me dan ganas de llorar
Porque se me representa
Catamarca y Tuoumán.

Whenever I sing a chacarera
it makes me want to cry,
because it takes me back to
Catamarca and Tuoumán.

Triste

Sad

Ah!
Debajo de un limón verde
Donde el agua no corría
Entregué mi corazón
A quien no lo merecía.

Ah!
Beneath a lime tree
where no water flowed
I gave up my heart
to one who did not deserve it.

Ah!
Triste es el día sin sol
Triste es la noche sin luna
Pero más triste es querer
Sin esperanza ninguna.

Ah!
Sad is the sunless day.
Sad is the moonless night.
But sadder still is to love
with no hope at all.

Ah!

Ah!

Zamba

Zamba

Hasta las piedras del cerro
Y las arenas del mar
Me dicen que no te quiera
Y no te puedo olvidar.
Si el corazón me has robado
El tuyo me lo has de dar
El que lleva cosa ajena
Con lo suyo ha de pagar
Ay!

Even the stones on the hillside
and the sand in the sea
tell me not to love you.
But I cannot forget you.
If you have stolen my heart
then you must give me yours.
He who takes what is not his
must return it in kind.
Ay!

Arrorró

Arrorró mi nene,
Arrorró mi sol,
Arrorró pedazo
De mi corazón.
Este nene lindo
Se quiere dormir
Y el pícaro sueño
No quiere venir.

Gato

El gato de mi casa
Es muy gauchito
Pero cuando lo bailan
Zapateadito.
Guitarrita de pino
Cuerdas de alambre.
Tanto quiero a las chicas,
Digo, como a las grandes.
Esa moza que baila
Mucho la quiero
Pero no para hermana
Que hermana tengo.
Que hermana tengo
Si, pónte al frente
Aunque no sea tu dueño,
Digo, me gusta verte.

Xavier Montsalvatge (1912-2002)

From *5 canciones negras* (1945-6)

Punto de habanera

Néstor Luján

La niña criolla pasa con su
miriñaque
blanco
¡Qué blanco!
Hola crespón de tu
espuma;
¡marineros contempladla!
Va mojadita de
lunas
que le hacen su piel mulata.
Niña, no te quejes,
tan solo por esta tarde.
Quisiera mandar al agua
que no se escape de pronto
de la cárcel de tu falda,
tu cuerpo encierra esta tarde
rumor de abrirse de
dalia.

Lullaby

Lullaby my baby,
lullaby my sunshine,
lullaby part
of my heart.
This pretty baby
wants to sleep
and that fickle sleep
won't come.

Cat

The cat of the house
is most mischievous,
but when they dance,
they stamp their feet.
With pine guitars
and wire strings.
I like the small girls
as much as the big ones.
That girl dancing
is the one for me.
Not as a sister
I have one already.
I have a sister
Yes, come to the front
I may not be your master
but I like to see you.

Habanera rhythm

The Creole girl goes by in her
white
crinoline.
How white!
The billowing spray of your
crepe skirt!
Sailors, look at her!
She passes gleaming in the
moonlight
which darkens her skin.
Young girl, do not complain,
only for tonight
do I wish the water
not to suddenly escape
the prison of your skirt.
In your body this evening
dwells the sound of opening
dahlias.

Niña, no te quejes,
tu cuerpo de fruta está
dormido en fresco brocado.
Tu cintura vibra fina
con la nobleza de un látigo,
toda tu piel huele
a limonal y a naranjo.
Los marineros te miran
y se te quedan mirando.
¡Qué blanco!
La niña criolla pasa
con su miriñaque blanco.
¡Qué blanco!

Canción de cuna para dormir un negrito

Ildefonso Pereda Valdés

Ninghe, ninghe, ninghe,
tan chiquito,
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 esos ojitos,
negrito asustado;
el mandinga blanco
te puede comer.
¡Ya no eres esclavo!

Y si duermes mucho,
el señor de casa
promete comprar
traje con botones
para ser un 'groom'.

Ninghe, ninghe, ninghe,
duérmete, negrito,
cabeza de coco,
grano de café.

Canto negro

Nicolás Guillén

¡Yambambó, yambambé!
Repica el congo solongo,
repica el negro bien
negro;
congo solongo del Songo
baila yambó sobre un pie.

Young girl, do not complain,
your ripe body
sleeps in fresh brocade,
your waist quivers
as proud as a whip,
every inch of your skin is gloriously
with orange- and lemon trees.
The sailors look at you
and feast their eyes on you.
How white!
The Creole girl goes by
in her white crinoline.
How white!

Lullaby for a little black boy

Lullay, lullay, lullay,
tiny little child,
little black boy
who won't go to sleep.

Head like a coconut,
head like a coffee bean,
with pretty freckles
and wide eyes
like two windows
looking out to sea.

Close your tiny eyes,
frightened little boy,
or the white devil
will eat you up.
You're no longer a slave!

And if you sleep soundly,
the master of the house
promises to buy
a suit with buttons
to make you a 'groom'.

Lullay, lullay, lullay,
sleep, little black boy,
head like a coconut,
head like a coffee bean.

Negro song

Yambambó, yambambé!
The congo solongo is ringing,
the black man, the real black man is
ringing;
congo salongo from the Songo
is dancing the yambó on one foot.

Mamatomba,
serembe cuserembá.

Mamatomba,
serembe cuserembá.

El negro canta y se
ajuma,
el negro se ajuma y canta,
el negro canta y se va.

The black man sings and gets
drunk,
the black man gets drunk and sings,
the black man sings and goes away.

Acuememe serembó,
aé;
yambó,
aé.

Acuememe serembó
aé;
yambó,
aé.

Tamba, tamba, tamba, tamba,
tamba del negro que tumba;
tumba del negro, caramba,
caramba, que el negro
tumba:
¡Yamba, yambó, yambambé!

Bam, bam, bam, bam,
bam of the black man who tumbles;
drum of the black man, wow,
wow, how the black man's
tumbling!
Yamba, yambó, yambambé!

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