

# WIGMORE HALL 125

Friday 12 September 2025  
7.30pm

Véronique Gens soprano  
James Baillieu piano

Charles Gounod (1818-1893)

Où voulez-vous aller? (1839)

Viens, les gazons sont verts (1875)

Reynaldo Hahn (1874-1947)

Le rossignol des lilas (1913)

Trois jours de vendange (1891)

Nèère from *Etudes latines* (1900)

Séraphine (1892)

Camille Saint-Saëns (1835-1921)

Désir de l'orient (1871)

Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)

Là-bas, vers l'église from *5 mélodies populaires grecques*  
(1904-6)

Joseph Guy Ropartz (1864-1955)

Ceux qui, parmi les morts d'amour from *4 poèmes de l'intermezzo* (1899)

Henri Duparc (1848-1933)

Chanson triste (1868)

Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

Fleur des blés (1881)

La belle au bois dormant (1890)

Nuit d'étoiles (1880)

*Interval*

Joseph Canteloube (1879-1957)

La pastoura als camps (c.1923-30)

Obal din lou Limouzi (c.1923-30)

La delaïssádo (c.1923-30)

L'aïo dè rotso (c.1923-30)

Louiguy (1916-1991)

La Vie en rose (1945)

Marguerite Monnot (1903-1961)

Hymne à l'amour (1949)

Kurt Weill (1900-1950)

The Saga of Jenny from *Lady in the Dark* (1940)

Speak Low from *One Touch of Venus* (1943)

Jerome Kern (1885-1945)

All the Things You Are from *Very Warm for May* (1939)

Meredith Willson (1902-1984)

Till There Was You from *The Music Man* (1957)



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What is love? Whatever it is – and this recital gives us several answers to the eternal question – it is as central to the art of music as it is to life. This evening, we celebrate love in all its guises: the joy of love fulfilled, love lost and found, love recalled in regret and pain, love that goes beyond death. Véronique Gens and James Baillieu's wide-ranging programme includes adaptations, songs from folk and popular sources, exotic evocations of the imagined Orient or of the distant past, and good old-fashioned storytelling.

A setting of Théophile Gautier, **Charles Gounod's** *Où voulez-vous aller?* is a student composition with a folk-like simplicity; the same poem was set by Berlioz as *L'île inconnue*. The livelier *Viens, les gazons sont verts* is based on a poem by Jules Barbier, adapted from a Renaissance Portuguese original.

It is easy to imagine **Reynaldo Hahn** singing *Le rossignol des lilas* in a salon and accompanying himself: its ravishing melody is always underpinned by the piano. *Trois jours de vengeance* tells the story of a strange chance encounter with a girl who turns out to be a ghost. It starts in lighthearted vein but quickly turns darker, and there are hints of the *Dies irae* funeral chant in the last verse. 'Néère' is from Hahn's 1900 collection *Etudes latines*, settings of Leconte de Lisle, the leader of the classically-minded Parnassian school of poets. Its artful blend of an austere procession of chords and romantic harmony reflects Leconte de Lisle's 19th-century take on classicism. *Séraphine* is a translation of Heine. The narrator recalls a lover while walking in a forest, seemingly comforted by the rocking piano part.

We move to the opera house for **Saint-Saëns's** 'Désir de l'orient', an aria from his one-act comic opera *La Princesse jaune* with a generic 'Orientalist' text by the composer himself. The insistent accompaniment and modal ornamented vocal line situate the song in late-19th-century exoticist style.

In *5 mélodies populaires grecques*, **Ravel** harmonised Greek folksongs to texts translated by his part-Greek friend Michel-Dimitri Calvocoressi. Perhaps surprisingly for this freethinking composer, 'Là-bas, vers l'église' evokes a church burial ground. We remain in a churchyard for **Ropartz's** 'Ceux qui, parmi les morts d'amour', another translation of Heine. Here, a mourner visits the grave of a lover who committed suicide: a flower grows on the grave of this 'damned soul', though the mood of Ropartz's setting is more resigned than despairing. **Duparc's** *Chanson triste*, a setting of a poem by Jean Lahor, is reflective in mood; the climax of the vocal line hints that the narrator's low mood might be cured.

**Debussy** is represented by three early songs which already hint at his individually beguiling musical language. *Fleur des blés* is dedicated to Mme Émile Déguingaud, a member of the singing class he

accompanied. The narrator is gathering wild flowers for a simple bouquet for his lover. *La belle au bois dormant* sets a text by Vincent Hyspa, who was well-known on the Montmartre café scene and an associate of Debussy's friend Érik Satie. There is nothing of the café-concert in this setting, though: this is a narrative song in which a knight searches for and rescues Sleeping Beauty. In the serenade-like *Nuit d'étoiles* – Debussy's first published song – the piano evokes the romantic sonority of the harp.

The Auvergnat composer **Joseph Canteloube** is best-known for his folksong arrangements, which reflect a contemporary interest in regionalism and perhaps also nostalgia for a simpler way of life. In *La pastoura als camps*, subtitled 'Popular song from Quercy, collected in Bagnac', a man comes across a shepherdess in a field: he tries to kiss her, but she pulls away. *Obal din lou Limouzi* is a bourrée 'collected on a religious holiday in Maurs' which praises the young men and women of the Limousin. The name character of *La delaïssado* is an abandoned girl, a shepherdess waiting for her lover; night falls, but he has not come. *L'aïo dè rotso* is another *bourrée*, with a playful warning not to drink the local spring water – wine is a better idea!

There is nothing more French than café-concert songs popularised and co-authored by Edith Piaf. In *La Vie en rose*, she collaborated with Marguerite Monnot and **Louiguy** (born Louis Guglielmi); its optimism gave voice to popular sentiment after the Liberation of Paris. A typically conversational-style verse gives way to the memorable melody of the chorus. *Hymne à l'amour*, by Piaf and **Monnot**, was inspired by the boxer Marcel Cerdan, the love of Piaf's life; his death in a plane crash late in 1949 devastated her.

We move away from the theme of eternal devotion in 'The Saga of Jenny' from *Lady in the Dark*, a 1940 Kurt Weill musical with lyrics by Ira Gershwin: it tells of the eventful life of one who could never make up her mind. The seductive 'Speak Low', from *One Touch of Venus*, has become a standard. Its message that love is all too brief surely struck a chord with listeners in wartime.

**Jerome Kern** and Oscar Hammerstein II's 'All the Things You Are' (1939) is extracted from the musical *Very Warm for May*. The show only had a short run, but this number has become one of the most popular of all standards and influenced Stephen Sondheim, who admired its sophisticated harmonic progression. It also has a wonderful and memorable melody. 'Till There Was You', from *The Music Man*, was based on an earlier song by **Meredith Willson**, 'Till I Met You.' The song has since reached a wide audience, not least when it was covered by the Beatles for their second album.

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Charles Gounod (1818-1893)

Où voulez-vous aller?  
(1839)

*Théophile Gautier*

Dites, la jeune belle,  
Où voulez-vous aller?  
La voile ouvre son aile,  
La brise va souffler!

L'aviron est d'ivoire,  
Le pavillon de moire,  
Le gouvernail d'or fin;  
J'ai pour lest une orange,  
Pour voile une aile d'ange,  
Pour mousse un séraphin.

Dites, la jeune belle,  
Où voulez-vous aller?  
La voile ouvre son aile,  
La brise va souffler!

Est-ce dans la Baltique,  
Dans la mer Pacifique,  
Dans l'île de Java?  
Ou bien est-ce en Norvège,  
Cueillir la fleur de neige  
Ou la fleur d'Angsoka?

Dites, la jeune belle,  
Où voulez-vous aller?

Menez-moi, dit la  
belle,  
À la rive fidèle  
Où l'on aime toujours.  
– Cette rive, ma chère,  
On ne la connaît guère  
Au pays des amours.

La voile ouvre son aile,  
La brise va souffler!

Viens, les gazons sont  
verts (1875)

*Jules Barbier after Gil  
Vicente*

Si tu dors, jeune fille,  
Debout, debout! voici le  
soleil!  
Chasse de tes yeux  
l'indolent sommeil!  
C'est l'heure du réveil!

Where is it you  
would go?

Tell me, pretty young maid,  
where is it you would go?  
The sail is billowing,  
the breeze about to blow!

The oar is of ivory,  
the pennant of watered silk,  
the rudder of finest gold;  
for ballast I've an orange,  
for sail an angel's wing,  
for cabin boy a seraph.

Tell me, pretty young maid,  
where is it you would go?  
The sail is billowing,  
the breeze about to blow!

Perhaps the Baltic,  
or the Pacific,  
or the Isle of Java?  
Or else to Norway,  
to pluck the snow flower  
or the flower of Angsoka?

Tell me, pretty young maid,  
where is it you would go?

Take me, said the pretty  
maid,  
to the shore of faithfulness  
where love endures forever.  
– That shore, my sweet,  
is scarce known  
in the realm of love.

The sail is billowing,  
the breeze about to blow!

Come, the lawns are  
green

If you are sleeping, my girl,  
rise up, rise up, the sun is  
here!  
Brush idle sleep from  
your eyes,  
it is time to awake!

Suis moi, vive et  
gentille!  
Pieds nus, viens! Les gazons  
sont verts!  
Les ruisseaux jaseurs par les  
bois déserts  
Promènent leurs flots clairs!

Follow me quickly and  
sweetly,  
barefoot, come, the lawns  
are green!  
The babbling brooks in  
the empty woods  
flow with limpid water!

Reynaldo Hahn (1874-1947)

Le rossignol des lilas  
(1913)

*Léopold Dauphin*

O premier rossignol qui  
viens  
Dans les lilas, sous ma  
fenêtre,  
Ta voix m'est douce à  
reconnaître!  
Nul accent n'est semblable  
au tien!

Fidèle aux amoureux liens,  
Trille encore, divin petit être!  
O premier rossignol qui  
viens  
Dans les lilas, sous ma  
fenêtre!

Nocturne ou matinal, combine  
Ton hymne à l'amour me  
pénètre!  
Tant d'ardeur fait en moi  
renaître  
L'écho de mes avrils anciens,  
O premier rossignol qui  
viens!

The nightingale  
among the lilac

O first nightingale to  
appear  
among the lilac beneath  
my window,  
how sweet to recognise  
your voice!  
There is no song like  
yours!

Faithful to the bonds of love,  
trill away, divine little being!  
O first nightingale to  
appear  
among the lilac beneath  
my window!

Night or morning – O how  
your hymn to love strikes  
at my heart!  
Such ardour reawakens in  
me  
echoes of my Aprils past,  
O first nightingale to  
appear!

**Trois jours de vendange** (1891)

*Alphonse Daudet*

Je l'ai rencontrée un jour de vendange,  
La jupe troussée et le pied mignon;  
Point de guimpe jaune et point de chignon:  
L'air d'une bacchante et les yeux d'un ange.  
Suspendue au bras d'un doux compagnon,  
Je l'ai rencontrée aux champs d'Avignon,  
Un jour de vendange.

Je l'ai rencontrée un jour de vendange.  
La plaine était morne et le ciel brûlant;  
Elle marchait seule et d'un pas tremblant,  
Son regard brillait d'une flamme étrange.  
Je frissonne encore en me rappelant  
Comme je te vis, cher fantôme blanc,  
Un jour de vendange!

Je l'ai rencontrée un jour de vendange,  
Et j'en rêve encor presque tous les jours.  
Le cercueil était couvert en velours,  
Le drap noir portait une double frange.  
Les sœurs d'Avignon pleuraient tout autour ...  
La vigne avait trop de raisin;  
L'Amour avait fait la vendange.

**Three days of vintage**

During the vintage I met her one day,  
skirt tucked in and dainty feet;  
no yellow veil and no coiled-up hair;  
a maenad with an angel's eyes.  
She was leaning on a sweet friend's arm,  
when I met her at Avignon in the fields,  
during the vintage one day.

During the vintage I met her one day.  
The plain was bleak and the sky ablaze;  
she was walking alone, with faltering steps,  
her face was lit by a curious glow.  
I still shudder as I remember  
how I saw you, dear white spectre,  
during the vintage one day!

During the vintage I met her one day,  
and still almost daily I dream of it.  
The coffin was draped in velvet,  
the black shroud had a double fringe.  
The Avignon nuns wept all around it ...  
The vine had too many grapes;  
Love had gathered its harvest.

**Néère from *Etudes latines*** (1900)

*Leconte de Lisle*

Il me faut retourner aux anciennes amours:  
L'Immortel qui naquit de la Vierge Thébaine,  
Et les Jeunes Désirs et leur Mère inhumaine  
Me commandent d'aimer toujours.

Blanche comme un beau marbre, avec ses roses joues,  
Je brûle pour Néère aux yeux pleins de langueur;  
Venus se précipite et consume mon cœur:  
Tu ris, ô Néère, et te joues!

Pour apaiser les Dieux et pour finir mes maux,  
D'un vin mûri deux ans versez vos coupes pleines;  
Et sur l'autel rougi du sang pur des agneaux  
Posez l'encens et les verveines.

**Séraphine** (1892)

*Anonymous, after Heinrich Heine*

Quand je chemine, le soir,  
Dans la forêt rêveuse,  
Toujours chemine à mon côté  
Ta tendre image.

N'est-ce pas là ton voile blanc?  
N'est-ce pas ton doux visage?  
Ou bien, ne serait-ce que le clair de lune  
Qui brille à travers les sombres sapins?

Est-ce mes propres larmes  
Que j'entends couler doucement?  
Ou se peut-il, réellement,  
Que tu viennes, pleurant à mes côtés?

**Neaera**

I must return to the loves of old:  
the Immortal One, born of the Theban Virgin,  
and youthful Desires and their cruel Mother  
command me to love anew.

White as beautiful marble, with her pink cheeks,  
it is Neaera I burn for with her languishing look;  
Venus rushes up and consumes my heart:  
you laugh, O Neaera, and frolic!

To appease the gods and end my woes,  
fill your goblets with two-year-old wine;  
and on the altar, stained with lambs' pure blood,  
set the incense and vervena.

**Seraphine**

When at evening I walk through the dreamy forest,  
always at my side your sweet image walks too.

Is that not your white veil?  
Is that not your gentle face?  
Or might it be but the moonlight  
gleaming through the dark pines?

Are these my own tears that I hear gently flowing?  
Or might it really be you, coming to weep by my side?

## Camille Saint-Saëns (1835-1921)

### Désir de l'orient (1871) Longing for the East

Camille Saint-Saëns

Là-bas, dans un ciel de turquoise, Brille un soleil d'or; Là-bas, sur la terre chinoise, L'art fleurit encor. Là-bas, dans la brise embaumée, Les chants amoureux S'éteignent, comme d'une almée Les yeux langoureux.	There, in a turquoise sky, shines a golden sun; there, on Chinese soil, art flourishes still. There, in the perfumed breeze songs of love drift away, like a lover's heavy-lidded eyes.
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Dans les eaux du Bosphore Les blancs minarets Regardent leurs longs cous d'amphore Parmi les cyprès. Là-bas, la sultane enivrée De parfums amers Mêle à sa chevelure ambrée La perle des mers.	In the waters of the Bosphorus white minarets behold their long necks, amphora-like among the cypresses. There, the sultana, intoxicated with bitter perfumes, mixes with her ambergris-scented hair the pearl of the sea.
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Mais, ici, ciel morose Et nuit sans réveil! Sur sa tige languit la rose Rêvant du soleil! Ah! que ne puis-je à tire- d'aile, Orient sacré, Atteindre ton azur fidèle, Ton beau ciel nacré!	But here, leaden skies and night without end! On its stem the rose languishes dreaming of the sun! Ah! that I might with all speed, divine Orient, reach your true azure, your beautiful pearlised sky!
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## Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)

### Là-bas, vers l'église from 5 mélodies populaires grecques Down there by the church from 5 Greek Folksongs

(1904-6)

*Traditional, trans. Michel-  
Dimitri Calvocoressi*

Là-bas, vers l'église, Vers l'église Ayio Sidero, L'église, ô Vierge sainte, L'église, Ayio Constannidino Se sont réunis, rassemblés en nombre infini, Du monde, ô Vierge sainte! Du monde tous les plus braves!	Down there by the church, by the church of Saint Sideros, the church, O Holy Virgin, the church of Saint Constantine, are gathered together, in infinite numbers, the bravest people, O Holy Virgin, the bravest people in the world!
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## Joseph Guy Ropartz (1864-1955)

### Ceux qui, parmi les morts d'amour from 4 poèmes de l'intermezzo Those who, among love's dead

(1899)

*Pierre-René Hirsch, after  
Heinrich Heine*

Ceux qui, parmi les morts d'amour, Ont péri par le suicide Sont enterrés au carrefour Là s'épanouit et réside	Those who, among love's dead, perished by their own hand are buried at the crossroads; there blooms and lives
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Une fleur bleue étranger fleur Aussi rare que sa couleur Aucun nom ne l'a désignée C'est la fleur de l'âme damnée!	A blue flower, a strange flower as rare as its colour; nobody has named it - it is the flower of the damned soul!
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Pendant la nuit au carrefour Je soupire dans le silence Au clair de lune se balance La fleur des damnés de l'amour!	By night at the crossroads I sigh in the silence; in the moonlight sways the flower of those damned by love!
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*Please do not turn the page until the song and its  
accompaniment have ended.*

Henri Duparc (1848-1933)

Chanson triste (1868)      Song of sadness

Jean Lahor

Dans ton cœur dort un clair de lune, Un doux clair de lune d'été, Et pour fuir la vie importune, Je me noierai dans ta clarté.	Moonlight slumbers in your heart, a gentle summer moonlight, and to escape the cares of life I shall drown myself in your light.
J'oublierai les douleurs passées, Mon amour, quand tu berceras Mon triste cœur et mes pensées Dans le calme aimant de tes bras.	I shall forget past sorrows, my sweet, when you cradle my sad heart and my thoughts in the loving calm of your arms.
Tu prendras ma tête malade, Oh! quelquefois, sur tes genoux, Et lui diras une ballade Qui semblera parler de nous;	You will rest my poor head, ah! sometimes on your lap, and recite to it a ballad that will seem to speak of us;
Et dans tes yeux pleins de tristesses, Dans tes yeux alors je boirai Tant de baisers et de tendresses Que peut-être je guérirai.	And from your eyes full of sorrow, from your eyes I shall then drink so many kisses and so much love that perhaps I shall be healed.

Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

Fleur des blés (1881)      Flower of wheat

André Giron

Le long des blés que la brise Fait onduler puis défrise En un désordre coquet, J'ai trouvé de bonne prise De t'y cueillir un bouquet.	From the tall corn that ripples and undulates under the breeze in coquettish disarray, I have found the good idea to gather a bouquet for you.
Mets-le vite à ton corsage; Il est fait à ton image En même temps que pour toi ... Ton petit doigt, je le gage, T'a déjà soufflé pourquoi:	Place it on your bosom, quickly; it was not only gathered for you, but also created in your image, and I'll warrant your little finger has already told you why:

Ces épis dorés, c'est l'onde De ta chevelure blonde Toute d'or et de soleil; Ce coquelicot qui fronde C'est ta bouche au sang vermeil.	These golden ears of corn are like the waves of your own fair tresses, spun from gold and sunlight; this insolent poppy is the red blood of your lips.
Et ces bluets, beau mystère! Points d'azur que rien n'altère, Ces bluets ce sont tes yeux Si bleus qu'on dirait, sur terre, Deux éclats tombés des cieux.	And these cornflowers, (you'll never guess!), these azure dots that nothing can change, these cornflowers are your eyes, so blue that they look like two pieces of heaven fallen down upon this earth.

La belle au bois  
dormant (1890)

Vincent Hyspa

Des trous à son pourpoint vermeil, Un chevalier va par la brune, Les cheveux tout pleins de soleil, Sous un casque couleur de lune. Dormez toujours, dormez au bois, L'anneau, la Belle, à votre doigt.	A knight with holes in his bright red doublet Travels through the dusk, With his hair gleaming with sunlight Beneath a moon- coloured helmet. Sleep on, sleep in the wood, Beauteous One, the ring on your finger.
Dans la poussière des batailles Il a tué loyal et droit, En frappant d'estoc et de taille, Ainsi que frapperait un roi. Dormez au bois, où la verveine, Fleurit avec la marjolaine.	In the dust of battles He has killed, loyal and steadfast, Laying about him with might and main, Like a king. Sleep in the wood, where vervena Flowers with marjoram.
Et par les monts et par la plaine, Monté sur son grand destrier, Il court, il court à perdre haleine, Et tout droit sur ses étriers. Dormez la Belle au Bois, rêvez Qu'un prince vous épouserez.	And over mountains and across plains, Mounted on his great charger, He gallops, gallops breathlessly, Standing upright in his stirrups. Sleep, Sleeping Beauty, dream That a prince will wed you.

Dans la forêt des lilas blancs,  
Sous l'éperon d'or qui l'excite,  
Son destrier perle de sang  
Les lilas blancs, et va plus vite.  
Dormez au bois, dormez la Belle  
Sous vos courtines de dentelle.

In the forest of white lilac,  
Goaded by golden spurs,  
His charger spatters the white lilac  
With drops of blood, and gallops more swiftly.  
Sleep in the wood, sleep, O Beauteous One,  
Beneath your curtains of lace.

Mais il a pris l'anneau vermeil,  
Le chevalier qui par la brune,  
A des cheveux pleins de soleil,  
Sous un casque couleur de lune.  
Ne dormez plus, la Belle au Bois,  
L'anneau n'est plus à votre doigt.

But he has taken the bright red ring,  
The knight with his sun-flecked hair,  
Riding through the dusk  
In his moon-coloured helmet.  
Sleep no longer, Sleeping Beauty,  
The ring is gone from your finger.

Nuit d'étoiles (1880)  
Théodore de Banville

Nuit d'étoiles,  
Sous tes voiles,  
Sous ta brise et tes parfums,  
Triste lyre  
Qui soupire,  
Je rêve aux amours défunts.

Night of stars,  
beneath your veils,  
your breeze and your fragrance,  
sad lyre  
that sighs,  
I dream of bygone loves.

La sereine mélancolie  
Vient éclore au fond de mon cœur  
Et j'entends l'âme de ma mie  
Tressaillir dans le bois rêveur.

Serene melancholy  
now blooms deep in my heart,  
and I hear the soul of my love  
quiver in the dreaming woods.

Nuit d'étoiles,  
Sous tes voiles,  
Sous ta brise et tes parfums,  
Triste lyre  
Qui soupire,  
Je rêve aux amours défunts.

Night of stars,  
beneath your veils,  
your breeze and your fragrance,  
sad lyre  
that sighs,  
I dream of bygone loves.

Je revois à notre fontaine  
Tes regards bleus comme les cieux;  
Cette rose, c'est ton haleine,  
Et ces étoiles sont tes yeux.

Once more at our fountain I see  
your eyes as blue as the sky;  
this rose is your breath,  
and these stars are your eyes.

Nuit d'étoiles,  
Sous tes voiles,  
Sous ta brise et tes parfums,  
Triste lyre  
Qui soupire,  
Je rêve aux amours défunts.

Night of stars,  
beneath your veils,  
your breeze and your fragrance,  
sad lyre  
that sighs,  
I dream of bygone loves.

Interval

Joseph Canteloube (1879-1957)

La pastoura als camps (c.1923-30)  
Traditional

The shepherdess in the fields

Quon lo pastouro s'en bo os cams,  
Gardo sèi moutounadoï,  
Tidera la la la la la loï!  
Gardo sèi moutounadoï!

When the shepherdess went to the fields,  
to tend her little ewes,  
tra la la,  
to tend her little ewes,

Guèlo rèscountre' un moussurèt;  
Lou moussu l'ogatsavo,  
Tidera la la la la la loï!  
Lou moussu l'ogatsavo.

A fine gentleman came by,  
and looked at her,  
tra la la,  
and looked at her.

'Ah! Daïssa mè bous ogatsa!  
Sès ton poulido filho!  
Tidera la la la la la loï!  
Sès ton poulido filho!

'Ah! Let me look at you!  
You are so pretty!  
Tra la la,  
you are so pretty!

'Estaco buostré cabalet,  
O lo cambo d'un' aôbré,  
Tidera la la la la la loï!  
O lo cambo d'un' aôbré!

'Then tie up your horse,  
tie your horse to this tree,  
tra la la,  
tie your horse to this tree!

È lo perdri, quon lo ténio,  
Guèlo s'en ès onado,  
Tidera la la la la la loï!  
Guèlo s'en ès onado!

But just when he thought the maid was his,  
she ran away,  
tra la la,  
she ran away!

Obal din lou Limouzi  
(c.1923-30)  
*Traditional*

Obal din lou Limouzi,  
pitchoun' obal din lou  
Limouzi,  
Sé l'io dè dzèntoï drolloï, o  
bé, o bé,  
Sé l'io dè dzèntoï drolloï, oïçi,  
o bé!

Golon, ton bèlo què  
siascou lèï drolloï dè toun  
pois,  
Lous nostrès fringairès èn  
Limouzi,  
Saboun miliour counta  
flourèt' o bé!

Obal, din lou Limouzi,  
pitchouno, sé soun  
gonon,  
Oïçi en Aoubèrgno, d'în  
moun poïs,  
Lous omès bous aïmoun è  
soun fidèls!

La delaïssádo (c.1923-30)  
*Traditional*

Uno pastourèlo, èsper'  
olaï al capt del  
bouès  
Lou galan doguélo, mé né  
bén pas!

'Ay! souï délaïssado!  
Qué n'āï pas vist lou mio galant;  
Crésio qué m'aïmábo, è ton  
l'aïmé ièu!

Luziguèt l'estélo, aquèlo qué  
marco lo nuèt,  
È lo pauro  
pastourelletto  
Démouret à ploura ...

Down there in  
Limousin  
  
Down there in Limousin,  
my lass, down there in  
Limousin,  
there are lots of pretty  
girls, ah yes, ah yes!  
There are lots of pretty  
girls here too, ah yes!

Young man, however  
beautiful girls are in  
your country,  
our men in  
Limousin  
talk much better about  
love, ah yes!

Down there in Limousin,  
my lass, the young men  
are gallant,  
here, in the Auvergne, in  
my country,  
men love you and are  
faithful.

The forsaken girl

A shepherdess is waiting  
over there at the top of  
the wood  
for the one she loves, but  
he does not come!

'Alas, I'm forsaken!  
I do not see my lover!  
I thought he loved me,  
and I love him so!

The star comes out, the star  
announcing the night,  
and the poor little  
shepherdess  
stays alone to weep ...

L'aïo dè rotso (c.1923-30) Spring water  
*Traditional*

L'aïo dè rotso té foro mourir,  
filhoto!  
Nè té cal pas bèïr' oquèl', aïo,  
quèl' aïo,  
Mès cal prèndr'un couot  
d'oquèl' aïo dè bi!  
S'uno filhoto sè bouol  
morida, pitchouno,  
Li cal pas douna d'oquèl' aïo  
dè rotso,  
Aïmaro miliour oquèl' aïo dè  
bi!

Spring water will kill you,  
my little one!  
You should not drink pure  
water  
but should take a swig of  
wine,  
when a girl wants to  
marry, little girl,  
she shouldn't be given  
spring water!  
She'd rather have a good  
swig of wine!

Louiguy (1916-1991)

Due to copyright reasons we are unable to print the  
original text of the two song below.

La Vie en rose (1945) Life in the pink  
*Édith Piaf*

Des yeux qui font baisser les  
miens ... A gaze that makes me  
lower mine,

a laugh that fades on his lips,  
that is the unadorned portrait  
of the man to whom I belong.

When he takes me in his arms,  
he speaks to me very softly –  
I see life in the pink,  
he speaks words of love to me,  
everyday words,  
but that does something to me.

A little bit of happiness  
has entered my heart,  
and I know the reason why.  
It's him for me,  
me for him in life,  
he has told me so, vowed to be mine for ever.  
and as soon as I see him,  
I feel my heart  
beat inside me.

Never-ending nights of love,  
a great happiness comes over me,  
troubles and heartache vanish.  
I could die with happiness.

La-la-la, la-la-la,  
la-la-la, la-la-la,  
la, la, la-la,  
I feel my heart beat.



Marguerite Monnot (1903-1961)

Hymne à l'amour (1949) Hymn to love  
Édith Piaf

Le ciel bleu sur nous peut s'effondrer Et la terre peut bien s'écrouler, Peu m'importe si tu m'aimes, Je me fous du monde entier.	The blue sky can fall in on me, and the earth can crumble, I don't care as long as you love me, I don't care a fig for the rest of the world.
Tant qu'il'amour inond'ra mes matins, Tant que mon corps frémissait sous tes mains, Peu m'importent les problèmes, Mon amour, puisque tu m'aimes.	As long as love fills my mornings, as long as my body trembles at your touch, I don't care about problems, my sweet, as long as you love me.
J'irais jusqu'au bout du monde, Je me ferais teindre en blonde, Si tu me le demandais; J'irais décrocher la lune, J'irais voler la fortune, Si tu me le demandais.	I'll go to the end of the world, I'll dye my hair blonde, if you ask me to; I'll dismantle the moon, I'll steal a fortune, if you ask me to.
Je renierais ma patrie, Je renierais mes amis, Si tu me le demandais; On peut bien rire de moi, Je ferais n'importe quoi, Si tu me le demandais.	I would betray my country, I would betray my friends, if you asked me to; they can laugh at me, but I'll do anything, if you asked me to.
Si un jour, la vie t'arrache à moi, Si tu meurs, que tu sois loin de moi, Peu m'importe, si tu m'aimes, Car moi, je mourrai aussi.	If one day, life tears you from me, if you die, if you're far away from me, I don't care, as long as you love me, for I, I shall also die.

Kurt Weill (1900-1950)

The Saga of Jenny from *Lady in the Dark* (1940)  
Ira Gershwin

There once was a girl named Jenny  
Whose virtues were varied and many,  
Exceptin' that she was inclined  
Always to make up her mind,  
And Jenny points a moral  
With which you cannot quarrel,  
As you will find!

Jenny made her mind up when she was three,  
She herself was gonna trim the Christmas tree!  
Christmas Eve she lit the candles, tossed the tapers  
away;

Little Jenny was an orphan on Christmas Day!

Jenny made her mind up when she was twelve,  
That into foreign languages she would delve,  
But at seventeen to Vassar; it was quite a blow  
That in twenty seven languages she couldn't say no!

Oh poor poor Jenny,  
Hot as a penny,  
Her equal would be hard to find!  
To Jenny I'm beholden,  
Her heart was big and golden,  
But she would make up her mind!

Jenny made her mind up at twenty two,  
To get herself a husband was the thing to do!  
She got herself all dolled up in her satins and furs,  
And she got herself a husband, but he wasn't hers!

Jenny made her mind up at thirty nine,  
She would take a trip to the Argentine;  
She was only on vacation but the Latins agree,  
Jenny was the one who started the good neighbour  
policy!

Jenny made her mind up at fifty one,  
She would write her memoirs before she was done.  
The very day her book was published, history relates,  
There were wives who shot their husbands in thirty three  
states!

Poor poor Jenny,  
Bright as a penny,  
Her equal would be hard to find!  
She could give cards and spades  
To many other ladies,  
But she would make up her mind!

Jenny made her mind up at seventy five,  
She would live to be the oldest woman alive!  
Gin and rum and destiny play funny tricks,  
And poor Jenny kicked the bucket at seventy six!

Jenny points a moral  
With which you cannot quarrel,  
Makes a lot of common sense!  
Jenny and her saga  
Proves that you are gaga  
If you don't keep sittin' on the fence!

Jenny and her story  
Point the way to glory  
To all man and woman kind.  
Anyone with vision  
Comes this decision,  
Don't make up,  
You shouldn't make up,  
You mustn't make up,  
Never make up!  
Anyone with vision  
Comes this decision,  
Don't make up your mind!

Please do not turn the page until the song and its  
accompaniment have ended.

## Speak Low from *One Touch of Venus* (1943)

Ogden Nash

Speak low when you speak, love  
Our summer day withers away too soon, too soon  
Speak low when you speak, love  
Our moment is swift, like ships adrift, we 're swept apart,  
too soon

Speak low, darling, speak low  
Love is a spark, lost in the dark too soon, too soon  
I feel wherever I go that tomorrow is  
Near, tomorrow is here and always too soon

Time is so old and love so brief  
Love is pure gold and time a thief  
We're late, darling, we're late  
The curtain descends, everything ends too soon, too soon

I wait, darling, I wait  
Will you speak low to me, speak love to me and soon.

*Due to copyright reasons we are unable to print the texts of the two songs below.*

## Jerome Kern (1885-1945)

### All the Things You Are from *Very Warm for May*

(1939)

Oscar Hammerstein II

Time and again I've longed for adventure,  
Something to make my heart beat the faster ...

## Meredith Willson (1902-1984)

### Till There Was You from *The Music Man* (1957)

Meredith Wilson

There were bells on a hill  
But I never heard them ringing ...

*Translations of Gounod, Hahn except 'Séraphine', Ravel, Duparc and Debussy except 'Fleur des blés' by Richard Stokes from A French Song Companion (Johnson/Stokes), published by OUP (2002). 'Séraphine', 'Fleur des blés', Canteloube, Louiguy and Monnot by © Richard Stokes. Saint-Saëns and Ropartz by © Jean du Monde. 'Hymne à l'amour' Lyrics by Edith Piaf, Music by Marguerite Monnot, © Editions Raoul Breton. 'The Saga of Jenny' Music by KURT WEILL Lyrics by IRA GERSHWIN © 1941 (Renewed) IRA GERSHWIN MUSIC (GMR). All Rights on behalf of IRA GERSHWIN MUSIC Administered by WARNER GEO MET RIC MUSIC. All Rights Reserved. Used by Permission of ALFRED MUSIC. 'Speak Low' Words by OGDEN NASH, Music by KURT WEILL © 1943 (Renewed) OGDEN NASH MUSIC PUBLISHING (ASCAP). All Rights on behalf of OGDEN NASH MUSIC PUBLISHING Administered by WC MUSIC CORP. All Rights Reserved. Used by Permission of ALFRED MUSIC.*