

# WIGMORE HALL

Monday 13 December 2021 1.00pm

**Carolyn Sampson** soprano

**Joseph Middleton** piano

BBC  
RADIO



This concert is being broadcast on BBC Radio 3

**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*

**Henri Duparc** (1848-1933)

Romance de Mignon (1869)

**Hugo Wolf** (1860-1903)

Goethe Lieder (1888-90)

*Mignon I • Mignon II • Mignon III • Mignon 'Kennst du das Land?'*

**Arnold Schoenberg** (1874-1951)

4 Lieder Op. 2 (c.1899-1900)

*Erwartung • Jesus bettelt • Erhebung • Waldsonne*

**Francis Poulenc** (1899-1963)

La dame de Monte Carlo (1961)

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## BBC Radio 3 Monday Lunchtime Concerts

**Monday 3 January 2022 01:00 PM**

**Elizabeth Watts soprano; Julius Drake piano**

Imogen & Gustav Holst

**G Holst** Calm is the morn Op. 16 No. 1; Persephone Op. 48 No. 1; Betelgeuse Op. 48 No. 12; The heart worships; The Floral Bandit Op. 48 No. 6

**I Holst** Weathers; From *4 Songs from Tottel's Miscellany*: Shall I thus ever long & As lawrell leaves; From *10 Appalachian Folk Songs (world première)*: My dearest dear, The brisk young lover & I must and I will get married

**G Holst** Hymns from the Rig Veda Op. 24

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**Monday 10 January 2022 01:00 PM**

**Henning Kraggerud violin; Ljubica Stojanovic piano**

**Beach** Romance Op. 23

**Grieg** Violin Sonata No. 3 in C minor Op. 45

**Henning Kraggerud** Romantartica (*UK première*)

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**Monday 17 January 2022 01:00 PM**

**Sandrine Piau soprano; David Kadouch piano**

Journeys: Longing and Leaving

**Schubert** Mignon (Kennst du das Land) D321; From *Gesänge aus Wilhelm Meister* D877: Heiss mich nicht reden & Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt

**C Schumann** Er ist gekommen Op. 12 No. 1; Sie liebten sich beide Op. 13 No. 2; Lorelei

**Schumann** Kennst du das Land? *from Lieder und Gesänge aus Wilhelm Meister Op. 98a*

**Duparc** La vie antérieure; L'invitation au voyage

**Boulanger** From *Clairières dans le ciel*: Si tout ceci n'est qu'un pauvre rêve, Je garde une médaille d'elle & Vous m'avez regardé avec toute votre âme

**Debussy** Les soirs illuminés par l'ardeur du charbon; From *5 poèmes de Baudelaire*: Le jet d'eau, Recueillement & La mort des amants

**Monday 24 January 2022 01:00 PM**

**Elisabeth Brauss piano**

**Scarlatti** Sonatas: in C minor Kk56, in C Kk159 'La caccia', in B minor Kk27, in B minor Kk87 & in G Kk427

**Mozart** Piano Sonata in A minor K310

**Ravel** Sonatine

**Prokofiev** Piano Sonata No. 3 in A minor Op. 28

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**Monday 31 January 2022 01:00 PM**

**Stuart Jackson tenor; Kathryn Stott piano**

**Gurney** Desire in spring; You are my sky; The folly of being comforted; All night under the moon; A cradle song; I will go with my father a-ploughing

**Tosti** Sogno; Malia; Ideale; L'ultima canzone

**Rachmaninov** No prophet, I Op. 21 No. 11; When yesterday we met Op. 26 No. 13; How fair this spot Op. 21 No. 7; They answered Op. 21 No. 4; Beloved, let us fly Op. 26 No. 5; What happiness Op. 34 No. 12

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**Monday 7 February 2022 01:00 PM**

**Barnabás Kelemen violin; Nicolas Altstaedt cello**

**Veress** Sonatina for violin and cello

**Schulhoff** Duo for violin and cello

**Kodály** Duo for violin and cello Op. 7

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**Monday 14 February 2022 01:00 PM**

**Augustin Hadelich violin; Charles Owen piano**

**Beethoven** Violin Sonata No. 5 in F Op. 24 'Spring'

**Perkinson** Louisiana Blues Strut: A Cakewalk; Blue/s Forms for solo violin

**Ravel** Violin Sonata No. 2 in G

## 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.

Ô le frêle et frais murmure!  
Cela gazouille et susurre,  
Cela ressemble au cri doux  
Que l'herbe agitée expire ...  
Tu dirais, sous l'eau qui  
vire,  
Le roulis sourd des cailloux.

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?

#### Il pleure dans mon cœur

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

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

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

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

#### 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.

O the delicate, fresh murmuring!  
The warbling and whispering,  
it is like the soft cry  
the ruffled grass gives out ...  
you might take it for the muffled  
sound  
of pebbles in the swirling stream.

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?

#### Tears fall in my heart

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

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

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

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

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.

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

#### Chevaux de bois

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

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.

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!

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.

#### The shadow of trees

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

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

#### Merry-go-round

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.

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.

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!

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

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.	Green 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

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

## Henri Duparc (1848-1933)

### Romance de Mignon

(1869)

*Victor Wilder, after Johann  
Wolfgang von Goethe*

Le connais-tu, ce radieux pays Où brille dans les branches d'or des fruits? Un doux zéphir embaume l'air Et le laurier s'unit au myrte vert.	Mignon's romance Do you know it, that radiant land, where fruit gleams among golden branches? A gentle breeze scents the air, laurel and green myrtle intertwine.
Le connais-tu, le connais-tu? Là-bas, mon bien-aimé, Courons, porter nos pas ...	Do you know it? Do you know it? There, my beloved, let us make our way ...
Le connais-tu, ce merveilleux séjour Où tout me parle encor de notre amour? Où chaque objet me dit avec douleur: Qui t'a ravi ta joie et ton bonheur?	Do you know it, that wondrous abode, where everything still speaks of our love, and every object asks me with sorrow: who has stolen your delight and joy?
Le connais-tu, le connais-tu? Là-bas, mon bien-aimé, Courons porter nos pas ...	Do you know it? Do you know it? There, my beloved, let us make our way ...

# Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

## From *Goethe Lieder* (1888-90)

*Johann Wolfgang von Goethe*

### Mignon I

Heiss mich nicht reden, heiss mich schweigen, Denn mein Geheimnis ist mir Pflicht; Ich möchte dir mein ganzes Innre zeigen, Allein das Schicksal will es nicht.	Bid me not speak, bid me be silent, For I am bound to secrecy; I should love to bare my soul to you, But Fate has willed it otherwise.
---	--

Zur rechten Zeit vertreibt der Sonne Lauf Die finstre Nacht, und sie muss sich erhellen; Der harte Fels schliesst seinen Busen auf, Missgönnt der Erde nicht die tiefverborgnen Quellen.	At the appointed time the sun dispels The dark, and night must turn to day; The hard rock opens up its bosom, Without begrudging earth its deeply hidden springs.
---	--

Ein jeder sucht im Arm des Freundes Ruh, Dort kann die Brust in Klagen sich ergiessen; Allein ein Schwur drückt mir die Lippen zu, Und nur ein Gott vermag sie aufzuschliessen.	All humans seek peace in the arms of a friend, There the heart can pour forth its lament; But my lips, alas, are sealed by a vow And only a god can open them.
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### Mignon II

Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt Weiss, was ich leide! Allein und abgetrennt Von aller Freude, Seh' ich an's Firmament Nach jener Seite. Ach! der mich liebt und kennt Ist in der Weite. Es schwindelt mir, es brennt Mein Eingeweide. Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt Weiss, was ich leide!	Only those who know longing Know what I suffer! Alone and cut off From every joy, I search the sky In that direction. Ah! he who loves and knows me Is far away. My head reels, My womb's ablaze. Only those who know longing Know what I suffer!
--	--

### Mignon III

So lasst mich scheinen, bis ich werde; Zieht mir das weisse Kleid nicht aus!	Let me seem an angel till I become one, Do not take off my white dress!
---	--

Ich eile von der schönen Erde Hinab in jenes feste Haus.	I hasten from the beautiful earth Down to that impregnable house.
---	--

Dort ruh ich eine kleine Stille, Dann öffnet sich der frische Blick, Ich lasse dann die reine Hülle, Den Gürtel und den Kranz zurück.	There in brief repose I'll rest, Then new vistas shall I see; My pure raiment then I'll leave, With girdle and rosary, behind.
--	---

Und jene himmlischen Gestalten, Sie fragen nicht nach Mann und Weib, Und keine Kleider, keine Falten Umgeben den verklärten Leib.	And the heavenly beings there, Do not ask who is man or woman, And no garments, no folds Drape the transfigured body.
---	---

Zwar lebt ich ohne Sorg und Mühe, Doch fühlt ich tiefen Schmerz genung. Vor Kummer altert ich zu frühe; Macht mich auf ewig wieder jung!	Though I lived without trouble and toil, I have felt deep pain enough; I grew old with grief before my time – O make me forever young again!
--	--

### Mignon 'Kennst du das Land?'

Kennst du das Land, wo die Zitronen blühen, Im dunkeln Laub die Goldorangen glühen, Ein sanfter Wind vom blauen Himmel weht, Die Myrte still und hoch der Lorbeer steht, Kennst du es wohl? Dahin! Dahin Möcht ich mit dir, o mein Geliebter, ziehn.	Do you know the land where lemons blossom, Where oranges grow golden among dark leaves, A gentle wind drifts across blue skies, The myrtle stands silent, the laurel tall, Do you know it? It is there, it is there I long to go with you, my love.
---	---

Kennst du das Haus? Auf Säulen ruht sein Dach, Es glänzt der Saal, es schimmert das Gemach, Und Marmorbilder stehn und sehnen mich an: Was hat man dir, du armes Kind, getan? Kennst du es wohl? Dahin! Dahin Möcht ich mit dir, o mein Beschützer, ziehn.	Do you know the house? Columns support its roof, Its hall gleams, its apartments shimmer, And marble statues stand and stare at me: What have they done to you, poor child? Do you know it? It is there, it is there I long to go with you, my protector.
---	--

Kennst du den Berg und seinen Wolkensteg? Das Maultier sucht im Nebel seinen Weg; In Höhlen wohnt der Drachen alte Brut;	Do you know the mountain and its cloud-girt path? The mule seeks its way through the mist, In caverns dwell the dragons' ancient brood;
---	--

Es stürzt der Fels und über ihn  
die Flut,  
Kennst du ihn wohl?  
Dahin! Dahin  
Geht unser Weg! o Vater, lass  
uns ziehn!

The cliff falls sheer, the torrent  
over it,  
Do you know it?  
It is there, it is there  
Our pathway lies! O father, let  
us go!

## Arnold Schoenberg (1874-1951)

### 4 Lieder Op. 2 (c.1899-1900)

#### Erwartung

*Richard Dehmel*

Aus dem meergrünen Teiche  
Neben der roten Villa  
Unter der toten Eiche  
Scheint der Mond.

#### Expectation

From the sea-green pond  
near the red villa  
beneath the dead oak  
the moon is shining.

Wo ihr dunkles Abbild  
Durch das Wasser greift,  
Steht ein Mann und streift  
Einen Ring von seiner Hand.

Where her dark image  
gleams through the water,  
a man stands, and draws  
a ring from his hand.

Drei Opale blinken;  
Durch die bleichen Steine  
Schwimmen rot und grüne  
Funken und versinken.

Three opals glimmer;  
among the pale stones  
float red and green sparks  
and sink.

Und er küsst sie, und  
Seine Augen leuchten  
Wie der meergrüne Grund:  
Ein Fenster tut sich auf.

And he kisses her,  
and his eyes gleam  
like the sea-green depths:  
a window opens.

Aus der roten Villa  
Neben der toten Eiche  
Winkt ihm eine bleiche  
Frauenhand...

From the red villa  
near the dead oak,  
a woman's pale hand  
waves to him...

#### Jesus bittet

*Richard Dehmel*

Schenk mir deinen goldenen Kamm;  
Jeder Morgen soll dich mahnen,  
Dass du mir die Haare küsstest.  
Schenk mir deinen seidenen  
Schwamm;  
Jeden Abend will ich ahnen,  
Wem du dich im Bade  
rüstest,  
O Maria!

#### Jesus begs

Give me your golden comb;  
every morning shall remind you  
that you kissed my hair.  
Give me your silken  
sponge,  
every evening I want to sense  
for whom you prepare yourself  
in the bath –  
oh, Maria!

Schenk mir Alles, was du hast;  
Meine Seele ist nicht eitel,  
Stolz empfang ich deinen Segen.

Give me everything you have;  
my soul is not in vain,  
proudly I receive your blessing.

Schenk mir deine schwerste Last:  
Willst du nicht auf meinen Scheitel  
Auch dein Herz, dein Herz noch  
legen –  
Magdalena?

Give me your heavy burden:  
will you not lay on my head  
your heart too, your heart –  
Magdalena?

#### Erhebung

*Richard Dehmel*

Gib mir nur die Hand,  
Nur den Finger, dann  
Seh ich diesen ganzen Erdkreis  
Als mein Eigen an!

#### Exaltation

Give me your hand only,  
only a finger, then  
I shall see this whole round earth  
as my own!

O, wie blüht mein Land!  
Sieh dir's doch nur an,  
Dass ich mit der über die  
Wolken  
In die Sonne kann!

Oh, how my country blossoms!  
Just look at it,  
ah! to go with you above the  
clouds  
into the sun!

#### Waldsonne

*Johannes Schlaf*

In die braunen, rauschenden Nächte  
Flittert ein Licht herein,  
Grüngolden ein Schein.

#### Forest sun

Into the brown rustling nights  
there flutters a light,  
a green-golden gleam.

Blumen blinken auf und Gräser  
Und die singenden, springenden  
Waldwässerlein,  
Und Erinnerungen.

Glinting flowers gaze up  
and the singing, leaping forest  
brooklets,  
and memories.

Die längst verklungenen:  
Golden erwachen sie wieder,  
All deine fröhlichen Lieder.

The long silent ones:  
golden, they awaken again,  
all your joyous songs.

Und ich sehe deine goldenen  
Haare glänzen,  
Und ich sehe deine goldenen  
Augen glänzen  
Aus den grünen, raunenden  
Nächten.

And I see your golden hair  
glitter,  
and I see your golden eyes  
gleam  
out of the green murmuring  
nights.

Und mir ist, ich läge neben dir  
auf dem Rasen  
Und hörte dich wieder auf der  
glitzblanken Syrinx  
In die blauen Himmelslufte blasen.

And I feel as though I were lying  
on the lawn by your side  
and heard you once more blow  
on your brightly glinting pipes  
into the blue air of heaven.

In die braunen, wühlenden Nächte  
Flittert ein Licht,  
Ein goldener Schein.

Into the brown, turbulent nights  
there flutters a light,  
a golden gleam.

## Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)

### La dame de Monte Carlo    The lady from Monte Carlo

(1961)

*Jean Cocteau*

Quand on est morte entre les  
mortes,  
Qu'on se traîne chez les vivants  
...

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When you're dead amongst the  
dead,  
when you're withering in the  
land of the living,  
when everything kicks you out  
and the wind slams the door  
shut,  
when you're no longer young  
and loved ...  
When behind a closed door,  
there's nothing left but to drown  
or buy a pistol –  
Yes, gentlemen, that's what's  
left  
for cowards and bastards.  
But if the thought of suicide  
makes you tremble like a leaf,  
if you balk at slashing your  
veins,  
you can always take the gamble  
of a trip to Monte Carlo,

Monte Carlo! Monte Carlo!  
I've done with life.  
I want to sleep on the bed of the  
Med.

Having sold your soul  
and pawned your jewellery  
once and for all,  
roulette is a pretty plaything.  
It's fun to say: 'I gamble'.  
It makes your cheeks flush  
and lights up your eyes.  
Beneath your fine widow's veil  
you've a fine widow's name.  
Such a title gives you pride!  
Crazy, prepared, and wholly  
restored,  
you take out your card at the  
casino.  
Just look at my feathers and my  
veils.  
behold the bejewelled star  
leading to Monte Carlo.

Luck is a woman.  
She's jealous  
of these solemn widows.

She no doubt took me for the  
wife  
of a real colonel.

I won, won on the twelve.  
Dresses then become  
unstitched,  
fur loses its hair.  
Say as one may: 'I want',  
once fortune hates you,  
once you're highly strung,  
you can no longer make a move,  
push a coin on the board,  
without luck beating a retreat  
and changing numbers and  
cards  
on the tables at Monte Carlo.

The scoundrels! The fools! The  
scabs!  
They threw me out ... threw me  
out ...  
They accuse me of being dirty,  
of bringing misfortune to their  
saloons,  
to their dirty stucco saloons –  
I, who would have told my trick  
for free, to the Prince, the  
Princess,  
the Duke of Westminster,  
yes, Sir, the Duke himself.  
This must stop,  
they screamed at me, this  
business of yours!  
This business? ...

My discovery –  
I'll deprive the green tables of it.  
Serves Monte Carlo right.  
Monte Carlo.  
And now, I who am talking to  
you,  
I shan't admit how many kilos  
I've lost,  
I've lost at Monte Carlo,  
Monte Carlo, or Monte Carlo.  
I am a shadow of myself ...  
The martingales, the systems  
and the croupiers who have the  
right  
to rap your knuckles,  
when you're about to pinch the  
stake.  
And the money you owe at your  
digs,  
and always the same wet night-  
shirt

drenched with anguish.  
Let them pursue me. I'm not  
that stupid.  
Tonight I'll hurl myself head first  
into the sea at Monte Carlo,  
Monte Carlo ...

*Translations of Debussy and Duparc by Richard Stokes from A French Song Companion (Johnson/Stokes) published by OUP. Wolf by Richard Stokes © from The Complete Songs of Hugo Wolf: Life, Letters, Lieder (Faber, 2021). Schoenberg by Richard Stokes from The Book of Lieder published by Faber & Faber, with thanks to George Bird, co-author of The Fischer-Dieskau Book of Lieder, published by Victor Gollancz Ltd. Poulenc by Richard Stokes.*