

WIGMORE HALL

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Journeys: Longing and Leaving

Sandrine Piau soprano

David Kadouch piano

BBC
RADIO



This concert is being broadcast on BBC Radio 3

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Mignon (Kennst du das Land) D321 (1815)

From *Gesänge aus Wilhelm Meister* D877 (1826)

Heiss mich nicht reden • Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt

Clara Schumann (1819-1896)

Er ist gekommen Op. 12 No. 1 (1841)

Sie liebten sich beide Op. 13 No. 2 (1842)

Lorelei (1843)

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

Kennst du das Land from *Lieder und Gesänge aus Wilhelm Meister* Op. 98a (1849)

Henri Duparc (1848-1933)

La vie antérieure (1884)

L'invitation au voyage (1870)

Lili Boulanger (1893-1918)

From *Clairières dans le ciel* (1913-14)

Si tout ceci n'est qu'un pauvre rêve • Je garde une médaille d'elle •

Vous m'avez regardé avec toute votre âme

Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

Les soirs illuminés par l'ardeur du charbon (1917)

From *5 poèmes de Baudelaire* (1890)

Le jet d'eau • Recueillement • La mort des amants

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Longing and leaving are, alas, endemic to the human condition. From the vast repertory of songs about beloved lands and people longed-for and lost, tonight's performers have fashioned an exquisite programme.

We really must begin with the character who embodies *Sehnsucht*, or longing, above all others: the mysterious adolescent waif Mignon in Goethe's novel *Wilhelm Meisters Lehrjahre* (1795-6). Here, the title character's growth to maturity is moulded by those he encounters on his journeys, including Mignon, the child by incest of the Harper, born Augustin Cipriani, and his sister Sperata; kidnapped when young, she is rescued from life in a circus troupe by Wilhelm. In 'Kennst du das Land', she yearns for her lost Italian homeland. In **Schubert's** 1815 setting, 'a gentle wind' wafts in one of this composer's magical changes of key shortly after the beginning and the refrain, with her excited calls to go '*Dahin, dahin!*' ('There, there!') with Wilhelm, is an excited flurry of musical motion. For 'Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt', we hear Schubert's sixth and final version, a re-working of an earlier song, 'Ins stille Land' D403. A beautifully-shaped melody of lamentation is varied in mid-song by emotional upheaval registered in powerful harmonies. The vow of which Mignon sings in 'Heiss mich nicht reden' was made to the Virgin Mary: she would, she swore, never tell her story and would live and die in expectation of divine intervention. Schubert sets these grave words to the dactylic rhythms that often tell of cosmic matters in his songs, while the last page is a blaze of proto-Wagnerian harmonies. In the Goethe centenary year 1849, **Robert Schumann** also set 'Kennst du das Land', in the wake of his discovery of Wagner's music. Here, Mignon's passion is both Wagner-inflected and filled with familiar Schumann hallmarks.

If only **Clara Schumann** hadn't persuaded herself that women were not meant to compose! Her scant repertory of song is extraordinary (and unlike her husband's): would we had more of it. Clara's setting of the Orientalist Friedrich Rückert's 'Er ist gekommen' is a journey from wild abandon and questioning whether 'his heart is mine, my heart is his' to radiant surety. Whatever paths he takes, he is hers. 'Sie liebten sich beide' is a miniature tale in which the Romantic Muse and post-Romantic poet love one another passionately, refuse to admit it, and are condemned to soul-death and separation. Clara's economical setting is broken into fragments, with funereal chanting at the words 'They died so long ago'. What follows this condensed lament is one of the most ferocious and magnificent songs of the century: 'Lorelei'. For this mythical woman who sits on a rocky promontory by the Rhine at St Goar and lures sailors to their death, Clara devised music that almost bursts the bounds of song.

Charles Baudelaire made of his tortured existence - addiction to laudanum, syphilis, fraught family affairs, erotic complications - pure poetic gold. The sonnet *La vie antérieure* is the poet's attempt

to escape from the horrors of modern life to an imaginary exotic island - but it ends with the darkness of unnamed grief. In this, his last song, **Henri Duparc** tracks every twist-and-turn of the poem; farewells to music seldom come more gorgeous than this anticipated departure from life itself. And Duparc would be immortal if he had composed nothing other than 'L'invitation au voyage'. Here, the poet seduces the beloved with his vision of a realm of perfect beauty, steeped in calm and bathed in a Watteau-like amber glow of sensuality. Over an elemental-hollow low bass (the ocean bed of this song), watery harmonies shift and change.

Lili Boulanger, sister of Nadia Boulanger, studied composition with Gabriel Fauré (among others) but died at age 24 of intestinal tuberculosis. *Clairières dans le ciel*, on poems by Francis Jammes, is the most important work completed during her Prix de Rome year in 1914. Her death-haunted music is darkly intense: 'Si tout ceci n'est qu'un pauvre rêve' begins with what seems like a 20th-century Frenchified version of the utmost yearning at the start of *Tristan und Isolde* - yet again, Wagner. In 'Vous m'avez regardé avec toute votre âme', we hear the sort of measured harmonic trills one also finds in Debussy, with the pianist alternating back and forth between two chords or two different voicings of the same chord. And yet, Boulanger is no copyist aping her elders but has her own voice.

In the 1880s, **Debussy** himself was under Richard Wagner's spell, but he soon began searching for a personal style *beyond* Wagner. 'I am finding it very difficult to avoid the ghost of old Klingsor alias Richard Wagner, at the turning of a measure,' he wrote to Ernest Chausson. The *5 Poems of Baudelaire* are among those transitional works which blend Wagnerian traces with Debussy's own voice.

Les soirs illuminés par l'ardeur du charbon, with its epigraph from Baudelaire's *Le Balcon* (which Debussy included in the *5 Poems*) is this composer's last work for solo piano; born of gratitude to his coal merchant in the bitter cold of March 1917, these two pages are a miniature lexicon of Debussyan fingerprints: the different spatial registers, the parallel thirds and chords, and more. In 'Le jet d'eau', the beauty and melancholy of desire are symbolized by a fountain, its waters leaping upwards and then descending in a dying cascade. 'Recueillement' is a dialogue-poem between the poet and his Sorrow, both salved by the approach of night. Debussy is too subtle to quote Wagner openly, but this song begins as a 'fascinated doodling round the Tristan-chord', according to Robin Holloway. From the final section of *Les fleurs du mal*, the singer of 'La mort des amants' envisions an exquisite death, culminating in the vision of an afterlife where all that was tarnished on earth will be reborn in consummate beauty.

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Journeys: Longing and Leaving

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Mignon (Kennst du das Land) D321 (1815)

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

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.

Mignon (Do you know the land)

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's there, it's 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
sehn 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 apartment
shimmers,
and marble statues stand and
stare at me:
what have they done to you,
poor child?
Do you know it?
It's there, it's 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;
Es stürzt der Fels und über ihn
die Flut,
Kennst du ihn wohl?
Dahin! Dahin
Geht unser Weg! o Vater, lass
uns ziehn!

Do you know the mountain and
its cloudy path?
The mule seeks its way through
the mist,
in caverns dwell the dragons'
ancient brood,
the cliff falls sheer, the torrent
over it,
do you know it?
It's there, it's there
our pathway lies! O father, let
us go!

From *Gesänge aus Wilhelm Meister* D877 (1826)

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Heiss mich nicht reden

Bid me not speak

Heiss mich nicht reden, heiss
mich schweigen,

Bid me not speak, bid me be
silent,

Denn mein Geheimnis ist mir
Pflicht;
Ich möchte dir mein ganzes
Innre zeigen,
Allein das Schicksal will es nicht.

for I am bound to
secrecy;
I should love to bare you my
soul,
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,
does not begrudge 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 out its
sorrow;
but my lips, alas, are sealed by a
vow,
and only a god can open
them.

Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

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

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 body blazes,
Only those who know longing
know what I suffer!

Clara Schumann (1819-1896)

Er ist gekommen Op. 12 No. 1 (1841)

Friedrich Rückert

Er ist gekommen
In Sturm und Regen,
Ihm schlug beklommen
Mein Herz entgegen.
Wie konnt ich ahnen,
Dass seine Bahnen
Sich einen sollten meinen Wegen?

He came in storm and rain

He came
in storm and rain,
my anxious heart
beat against his.
How could I have known
that his path
should unite itself with mine?

Er ist gekommen In Sturm und Regen, Er hat genommen Mein Herz verwegen. Nahm er das meine? Nahm ich das seine? Die beiden kamen sich entgegen.	He came in storm and rain, audaciously he took my heart. Did he take mine? Did I take his? Both drew near to each other.
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Er ist gekommen In Sturm und Regen. Nun ist gekommen Des Frühlings Segen. Der Freund zieht weiter, Ich seh es heiter, Denn er bleibt mein auf allen Wegen.	He came in storm and rain. Now spring's blessing has come. My friend journeys on, I watch with good cheer, for he shall be mine wherever he goes.
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Sie liebten sich beide Op. 13 No. 2 (1842)	They loved one another
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Heinrich Heine

Sie liebten sich beide, doch keiner Wollt' es dem andern gestehn; Sie sahen sich an so feindlich, Und wollten vor Liebe vergehn.	They loved one another, but neither wished to tell the other; they gave each other such hostile looks, yet nearly died of love.
Sie trennten sich endlich und sah'n sich Nur noch zuweilen im Traum; Sie waren längst gestorben Und wussten es selber kaum.	In the end they parted and saw each other but rarely in dreams. They died so long ago and hardly knew it themselves.

Lorelei (1843)	The Loreley
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Heinrich Heine

Ich weiss nicht, was soll es bedeuten, Dass ich so traurig bin; Ein Märchen aus alten Zeiten, Das kommt mir nicht aus dem Sinn.	I do not know what it means that I should feel so sad; there is a tale from olden times I cannot get out of my mind.
Die Luft is kühl und es dunkelt, Und ruhig fliesst der Rhein; Der Gipfel des Berges funkelt Im Abendsonnenschein.	The air is cool, and twilight falls, and the Rhine flows quietly by; the summit of the mountain glitters in the evening sun.
Die schönste Jungfrau sitzet Dort oben wunderbar, Ihr goldnes Geschmeide blitzet, Sie kämmt ihr goldenes Haar.	The fairest maiden is sitting in wondrous beauty up there, her golden jewels are sparkling, she combs her golden hair.

Sie kämmt es mit goldenem Kamme Und singt ein Lied dabei; Das hat eine wundersame, Gewaltige Melodei.	She combs it with a golden comb and sings a song the while; it has an awe-inspiring, powerful melody.
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Den Schiffer im kleinen Schiffe Ergreift es mit wildem Weh; Er schaut nicht die Felsenriffe, Er schaut nur hinauf in die Höh'.	It seizes the boatman in his skiff with wildly aching pain; he does not see the rocky reefs, he only looks up to the heights.
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Ich glaube, die Wellen verschlingen Am Ende Schiffer und Kahn; Und das hat mit ihrem Singen Die Lorelei getan.	I think at last the waves swallow the boatman and his boat and that, with her singing, the Loreley has done.
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Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

Kennst du das Land from Lieder und Gesänge aus Wilhelm Meister Op. 98a	Do you know the land?
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(1849)

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Kennst du das Land, wo die Zitronen blühn, Im dunkeln Laub die Goldorangen glühn, 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's there, it's there I long to go with you, my love.
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Kennst du das Haus? Auf Säulen ruht sein Dach, Es glänzt der Saal, es schimmert das Gemach, Und Marmorbilder stehn und seh'n 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 apartment shimmers, and marble statues stand and stare at me: what have they done to you, poor child? Do you know it? It's there, it's there I long to go with you, my protector.
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Kennst du den Berg und seinen Wolkensteg? Das Maultier sucht im Nebel seinen Weg;	Do you know the mountain and its cloudy path? The mule seeks its way through the mist,
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In Höhlen wohnt der Drachen alte Brut; Es stürzt der Fels und über ihn die Flut, Kennst du ihn wohl? Dahin! Dahin Geht unser Weg! o Vater, lass uns ziehn!	in caverns dwell the dragons' ancient brood; the cliff falls sheer, the torrent over it, do you know it? It's there, it's there our pathway lies! O father, let us go!
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Henri Duparc (1848-1933)

La vie antérieure (1884)

Charles Baudelaire

J'ai longtemps habité sous de vastes portiques Que les soleils marins teignaient de mille feux, Et que leurs grands piliers, droits et majestueux, Rendaient pareils, le soir, aux grottes basaltiques.	For long I lived beneath vast colonnades tinged with a thousand fires by ocean suns, whose giant pillars, straight and majestic, made them look, at evening, like basalt caves.
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Les houles, en roulant les images des cieux, Mêlaient d'une façon solennelle et mystique Les tout-puissants accords de leur riche musique Aux couleurs du couchant reflété par mes yeux.	The sea-swells, mingling the mirrored skies, solemnly and mystically interwove the mighty chords of their mellow music with the colours of sunset reflected in my eyes.
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C'est là que j'ai vécu dans les voluptés calmes, Au milieu de l'azur, des vagues, des splendeurs Et des esclaves nus, tout imprégnés d'odeurs,	It is there that I have lived in sensuous repose, with blue sky about me and brightness and waves and naked slaves all drenched in perfume,
---	--

Qui me rafraîchissaient le front avec des palmes, Et dont l'unique soin était d'approfondir Le secret douloureux qui me faisait languir.	Who fanned my brow with fronds of palm, and whose only care was to fathom the secret grief which made me languish.
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L'invitation au voyage

(1870)

Charles Baudelaire

Mon enfant, ma sœur, Songe à la douceur D'aller là-bas vivre ensemble! Aimer à loisir, Aimer et mourir	My child, my sister, think how sweet to journey there and live together! To love as we please, to love and die
--	--

Au pays qui te ressemble! Les soleils mouillés De ces ciels brouillés Pour mon esprit ont les charmes Si mystérieux De tes traîtres yeux, Brillant à travers leurs larmes.	in the land that is like you! The watery suns of those hazy skies hold for my spirit the same mysterious charms as your treacherous eyes shining through their tears.
--	---

Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté, Luxe, calme et volupté.	There – nothing but order and beauty dwell, abundance, calm and sensuous delight.
---	--

Vois sur ces canaux Dormir ces vaisseaux Dont l'humeur est vagabonde; C'est pour assouvir Ton moindre désir Qu'ils viennent du bout du monde. – Les soleils couchants Revêtent les champs, Les canaux, la ville entière, D'hyacinthe et d'or; Le monde s'endort Dans une chaude lumière.	See on those canals those vessels sleeping, vessels with a restless soul; to satisfy your slightest desire they come from the ends of the earth. The setting suns clothe the fields, canals and all the town with hyacinth and gold; the world falls asleep in a warm light.
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Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté, Luxe, calme et volupté.	There – nothing but order and beauty dwell, abundance, calm and sensuous delight.
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Lili Boulanger (1893-1918)

From *Clairières dans le ciel* (1913-14)

Francis Jammes

Si tout ceci n'est qu'un pauvre rêve	If all this is but a poor dream
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Si tout ceci n'est qu'un pauvre rêve, et s'il faut Que j'ajoute, dans ma vie, une fois encore, La désillusion aux désillusions; Et, si je dois encore, par ma sombre folie, Chercher dans la douceur du vent et de la pluie Les seules vaines voix qui m'aient en passion: Je ne sais si je guérirai, ô mon amie...	If all this is but a poor dream, and if I must, once more in my life, add disillusion to disillusion; and, if I must once more, in my dark distraction, seek in the sweetness of the wind and rain the only voices - unreal ones - that adore me: I do not know, my friend, if I shall recover...
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Je garde une médaille d'elle

Je garde une médaille d'elle où
sont gravés
Une date et les mots: prier,
croire, espérer.
Mai mois, je vois surtout que la
médaille est sombre:
Son argent a noirci sur son col
de colombe.

Vous m'avez regardé avec toute votre âme

Vous m'avez regardé avec toute
votre âme.
Vous m'avez regardé longtemps
comme un ciel bleu.
J'ai mis votre regard à l'ombre
de mes yeux ...
Que ce regard était passionné et
calme ...

Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

Les soirs illuminés par l'ardeur du charbon (1917)

From *5 poèmes de Baudelaire* (1890)

Charles Baudelaire

Le jet d'eau

Tes beaux yeux sont las, pauvre
amante!
Reste longtemps, sans les
ouvrir,
Dans cette pose nonchalante
Où t'a surprise le plaisir.
Dans la cour le jet d'eau qui
jase
Et ne se tait ni nuit ni jour,
Entretient doucement l'extase
Où ce soir m'a plongé
l'amour.

La gerbe d'eau qui berce
Ses mille fleurs,
Que la lune traverse
De ses pâleurs,
Tombe comme une averse
De larges pleurs.

I keep a medallion of her

I keep a medallion of her,
engraved
with a date and the words: pray,
believe, hope.
But above all I see the medallion
lacks lustre:
the silver has darkened on her
dove-like neck.

You gazed at me with all your soul

You gazed at me with all your
soul.
You gazed at me long like a blue
sky.
I set your gaze in the shade of
my eyes...
How this gaze was passionate
and calm...

The fountain

Your beautiful eyes are
fatigued, poor lover!
Rest awhile, without opening
them anew,
in this careless pose,
where pleasure surprised you.
The babbling fountain in the
courtyard,
never silent night or day,
sweetly prolongs the ecstasy
where love this evening
plunged me.

The sheaf of water
swaying its thousand flowers,
through which the moon gleams
with its pallid light,
falls like a shower
of great tears.

Ainsi ton âme qu'incendie
L'éclair brûlant des voluptés
S'élançait, rapide et hardie,
Vers les vastes cieux enchantés.
Puis, elle s'épanche, mourante,
En un flot de triste langueur,
Qui par une invisible pente
Descend jusqu'au fond de mon
cœur.

La gerbe d'eau qui berce
Ses mille fleurs,
Que la lune traverse
De ses pâleurs,
Tombe comme une averse
De larges pleurs.

O toi, que la nuit rend si
belle,
Qu'il m'est doux, penché vers
tes seins,
D'écouter la plainte éternelle
Qui sanglote dans les bassins!
Lune, eau sonore, nuit
bénie,
Arbres qui frissonnez autour,
Votre pure mélancolie
Est le miroir de mon amour.

La gerbe d'eau qui berce
Ses mille fleurs,
Que la lune traverse
De ses pâleurs,
Tombe comme une averse
De larges pleurs.

Recueillement

Sois sage, ô ma Douleur,
et tiens-toi plus tranquille.
Tu réclamais le Soir ;
il descend ; le voici :
Une atmosphère obscure
enveloppe la ville,
Aux uns portant la paix,
aux autres le souci.

Pendant que des mortels
la multitude vile,
Sous le fouet du Plaisir,
ce bourreau sans merci,
Va cueillir des remords
dans la fête servile,
Ma Douleur, donne-moi la main ;
viens par ici,

And so your soul, lit
by the searing flash of ecstasy,
leaps swift and bold
to vast enchanted skies.
And then, dying, spills over
in a wave of sad listlessness,
down some invisible incline
into the depths of my
heart.

The sheaf of water
swaying its thousand flowers,
through which the moon gleams
with its pallid light,
falls like a shower
of great tears.

O you, whom night renders so
beautiful,
how sweet, as I lean toward
your breasts,
to listen to the eternal lament
sobbing in the fountain's basin!
O moon, lapping water, blessed
night,
trees that quiver all around,
your sheer melancholy
is the mirror of my love.

The sheaf of water
swaying its thousand flowers,
through which the moon gleams
with its pallid light,
falls like a shower
of great tears.

Meditation

Be good, O my Sorrow,
and keep more calm.
You longed for Evening;
it is falling; now:
A dusky atmosphere
enfolds the town,
Bringing peace to some,
to others care.

While the vile
multitude of mortals,
Lashed by Pleasure,
that pitiless tormentor,
Goes gathering remorse
in abject revels,
Give me your hand, my Sorrow;
come this way.

Loin d'eux. Vois se pencher
les défuntes Années,
Sur les balcons du ciel,
en robes surannées ;
Surgir du fond des eaux
le Regret souriant ;

Far from them. See
the departed Years leaning,
In outmoded dress,
from the heavens' balustrades;
See smiling Regret
well up from the water's depths;

Le Soleil moribond
s'endormir sous une arche,
Et, comme un long linceul
traînant à l'Orient,
Entends, ma chère, entends
la douce Nuit qui marche.

The dying sun fall asleep
beneath an arch,
And like a long shroud
trailing in the East,
Listen, my love, listen
to the tread of gentle Night.

La mort des amants

Nous aurons des lits pleins
d'odeurs légères,
Des divans profonds comme des
tombeaux,
Et d'étranges fleurs sur des
étagères,
Écluses pour nous sous des
cieux plus beaux.

We shall have beds drenched in
light scents,
divans as deep as
tombs,
and displays of exotic
flowers
that bloomed for us beneath
fairer skies.

Usant à l'envi leurs chaleurs
dernières,
Nos deux coeurs seront deux
vastes flambeaux,
Qui réfléchiront leurs doubles
lumières
Dans nos deux esprits, ces
miroirs jumeaux.

Outdoing even their most recent
passions
our two hearts will be two
mighty torches,
reflecting their twin
lights
in our two twin-mirrored
souls.

Un soir fait de rose et de bleu
mystique,
Nous échangerons un éclair
unique,
Comme un long sanglot tout
chargé d'adieux ;

On an evening of pink and
mystic blue,
we shall exchange a single
radiant glance,
like a long sob laden with
farewells;

Et plus tard un Ange,
entr'ouvrant les portes,
Viendra ranimer, fidèle et
joyeux,
Les miroirs ternis et les
flammes mortes.

And later an Angel, pushing the
portals ajar,
will come, faithful and joyous, to
revive
the tarnished mirrors and
lifeless flames.