

# WIGMORE HALL

Sunday 17 March 2024  
3.00pm

## The Green Fields of France

Rowan Pierce soprano  
Richard Egarr piano

Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

Chansons de Bilitis (1897-8)

*La flûte de Pan • La chevelure • Le tombeau des naïades*

Trad/Irish

The leprechaun *arranged by Herbert Hughes*

Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)

5 mélodies populaires grecques (1904-6)

*Chanson de la mariée • Là-bas, vers l'église •*

*Quel galant m'est comparable •*

*Chanson des cueilleuses de lentisques • Tout gai!*

Trad/Irish

She moved thro' the fair *arranged by Herbert Hughes*

Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)

Banalités (1940)

*Chanson d'Orkenise • Hôtel • Fagnes de Wallonie •*

*Voyage à Paris • Sanglots*

Trad/Irish

My lagan love *arranged by Hamilton Harty*

Erik Satie (1866-1925)

Ludions (1923)

*Air du rat • Spleen • La grenouille américaine •*

*Air du poète • Chanson du chat*

Trad/Irish

The magpie's nest *arranged by Herbert Hughes*

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

From *Mirages* Op. 113 (1919)

*Cygne sur l'eau • Reflets dans l'eau*

Trad/Irish

The stuttering lovers *arranged by Herbert Hughes*

Leonard Bernstein (1918-1990)

Civet à toute vitesse from *La Bonne Cuisine* (1947)

Trad/Irish

I know where I'm goin' *arranged by Herbert Hughes*

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Interest in folk traditions and ancient civilisations has often gone hand in hand, and both held sway among certain cultural milieux in France, Ireland and Britain in the late-19th and early-20th centuries. This recital intersperses French song sets with arrangements of folksongs by Irish composers who spent most of their careers in England.

Pierre Louÿs's *Chansons de Bilitis* takes us to an extreme of 19th-century literary fascination with antiquity. Louÿs presented his 1895 volume as the first French translation of little-known poems by Bilitis, a near-contemporary of Sappho from Pamphylia. That Bilitis and her poems were actually an elaborate work of fiction by Louÿs only added to their intrigue and ultimate cult status, which was fuelled in part by their explicit sexual content and lesbian eroticism (as the 20th Century progressed, the fictional Bilitis lent her name to various radical lesbian movements). Debussy's three *Chansons de Bilitis* of 1897-8 were immediately celebrated and remain among his best-loved songs, not least for their intricate text-setting and enchanting evocations of antiquity through the use of modes.

Ravel's *5 mélodies populaires grecques* are quite different, and number among many French arrangements of Greek folksongs from a similar time. Hellenism was very much in vogue in musical and musicological circles of *fin-de-siècle* France, and Ravel's arrangements were made in 1904-6 at the request of critic and musicologist MD Calvocoressi for use in his lectures. Four of Ravel's five melodies were collected by Hubert Pernot, who took his phonograph to record music on the island of Chios; the third song has a different origin, from the Epirus region. Ravel's harmonisations are idiosyncratic and give short shrift to contemporaneous tendencies towards aspirational 'authenticity' in the arrangement of foreign traditional songs; instead, he revels in the crunchy chromatic possibilities of the melodies' modes.

Poulenc was of a younger generation, born in 1899. His *Banalités* were written in 1940, to poems by one of his preferred poets, Guillaume Apollinaire. It's a cycle of extreme musical and poetic contrasts, and most of the five songs provide vivid evocations of place or travel in one way or another. 'Chanson d'Orkenise' depicts a town, while 'Hôtel' captures a lazy moment in a smoky room; 'Fagnes de Wallonie' is a restless song of desolate landscape, while the short, exuberant 'Voyage à Paris' speaks of the joy of leaving for Paris. The set closes with unexpected profundity in 'Sanglots', which is surely one of Poulenc's most heart-breaking songs.

The final two groups of French songs, both written very late in their composer's life, present a move from the ridiculous (Satie) to the sublime (Fauré). *Ludions* comprises five absurdist poems by Léon-Paul Fargue which prove a perfect match for Satie's whimsical, playful, and satirical musical aesthetics. The title of the set refers to scientific toys known in English as Cartesian devils (or divers), and the five songs are each

vivid miniature scenes replete with puns, wordplay and nonsense. Satie played the piano part in the first public performance, with the famed singer Jane Bathori, while the version for voice and organ had previously been performed at a private concert with composer Germaine Tailleferre at the organ.

Fauré's four-song cycle *Mirages*, from which we hear the first two this afternoon, was written when the composer was 74 and almost completely deaf; he nonetheless played the piano for its première in 1919. It is disarmingly beautiful music: always quiet, always restrained – as is characteristic of Fauré late song-writing style – but the watery scenes are heavily-laden with sensuality. Back to the whimsical for the final French song: a single number from Bernstein's witty set of musical recipes *La Bonne Cuisine*. The fast-paced song provides instructions for a quick hare stew, with a wonderful boiling piano effect at the requisite moment.

Herbert Hughes and (Herbert) Hamilton Harty, the arrangers of the Irish folksongs dotted throughout this recital, were born a few years apart in the North of Ireland: Hughes in Belfast in 1882, and Harty in nearby Hillsborough, County Down, in 1879. There was a great deal of interest in Irish cultural, linguistic and musical heritage around the turn of the 20th Century, and Hughes was a prominent collector of Irish folksongs. Harty was something of a musical all-rounder: while remembered today mostly for his conducting, a *Musical Times* critic surmised in 1920 that 'What all the world knows about Mr Harty is that he is the prince of accompanists; that he is Irish and that he is a composer'. This assessment rings true for his sophisticated arrangement of 'My lagan love', the accompaniment for which is both pianistic and harp-like, subtly framing the expansive traditional melody.

The rest of the folksongs are heard in arrangements by Hughes. The first we hear is 'The leprechaun', a sprightly portrait of the folk character. Hughes had sourced 'The leprechaun' from a volume of songs collected a few decades earlier by Patrick Weston Joyce, while 'She moved thro' the fair' was one he collected himself; he published it in a 1909 volume of folksongs, with an arrangement that emphasises the modality of the haunting melody. 'The magpie's nest' is a mere fragment, framed by Hughes with a jaunty intro and cheeky ending. Across genres there are many musical depictions of stammering, sometimes representing disability and sometimes used as affectation; 'The stuttering lovers' falls firmly in the latter camp in its coy telling of sexual awakening. The origin of the final 'I know where I'm goin'' has long been disputed by its Irish and Scottish fans, but in any case, the lyrical ballad professing love (perhaps ill-fated) has been covered and arranged hundreds of times, and Hughes's version is tender and poignant.

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## Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

### Chansons de Bilitis

(1897-8)

*Pierre Louÿs*

### Songs of Bilitis

#### La flûte de Pan

Pour le jour des Hyacinthies,  
il m'a donné une syrinx  
faite de roseaux bien  
taillés, unis avec la blanche  
cire qui est douce à mes  
lèvres comme le miel.

Il m'apprend à jouer, assise sur  
ses genoux; mais je suis un  
peu tremblante. Il en joue  
après moi, si doucement que  
je l'entends à peine.

Nous n'avons rien à nous dire,  
tant nous sommes près l'un  
de l'autre; mais nos chansons  
veulent se répondre, et tour à  
tour nos bouches s'unissent  
sur la flûte.

Il est tard; voici le chant des  
grenouilles vertes qui  
commence avec la nuit. Ma  
mère ne croira jamais que  
je suis restée si longtemps  
à chercher ma ceinture  
perdue.

#### La chevelure

Il m'a dit: 'Cette nuit, j'ai rêvé.  
J'avais ta chevelure autour  
de mon cou. J'avais tes  
cheveux comme un collier  
noir autour de ma nuque et  
sur ma poitrine.

'Je les caressais, et c'étaient les  
miens; et nous étions liés pour  
toujours ainsi, par la même  
chevelure la bouche sur la  
bouche, ainsi que deux  
lauriers n'ont souvent qu'une  
racine.

'Et peu à peu, il m'a semblé,  
tant nos membres étaient  
confondus, que je devenais  
toi-même ou que tu entras  
en moi comme mon  
songe.'

#### The flute of Pan

For Hyacinthus day he  
gave me a syrinx made  
of carefully cut reeds,  
bonded with white wax  
which tastes sweet to  
my lips like honey.

He teaches me to play, as  
I sit on his lap; but I am  
a little fearful. He plays  
it after me, so gently  
that I scarcely hear him.

We have nothing to say,  
so close are we one to  
another, but our songs  
try to answer each  
other, and our mouths  
join in turn on the flute.

It is late; here is the song  
of the green frogs that  
begins with the night.  
My mother will never  
believe I stayed out so  
long to look for my lost  
sash.

#### The tresses of hair

He said to me: 'Last night I  
dreamed. I had your  
tresses around my neck. I  
had your hair like a black  
necklace all round my  
nape and over my breast.

I caressed it and it was  
mine; and we were  
united thus forever by  
the same tresses,  
mouth on mouth, just  
as two laurels often  
share one root.

And gradually it seemed  
to me, so intertwined  
were our limbs, that I  
was becoming you, or  
you were entering into  
me like a dream.'

Quand il eut achevé, il mit  
doucement ses mains sur  
mes épaules, et il me  
regarda d'un regard si  
tendre, que je baissai les  
yeux avec un frisson.

When he had finished, he  
gently set his hands on  
my shoulders and  
gazed at me so  
tenderly that I lowered  
my eyes with a shiver.

#### Le tombeau des naïades

Le long du bois couvert de  
givre, je marchais; mes  
cheveux devant ma bouche  
se fleurissaient de petits  
glaçons, et mes sandales  
étaient lourdes de neige  
fangeuse et tassée.

Il me dit: 'Que cherches-tu?'  
– 'Je suis la trace du satyre.  
Ses petits pas fourchus  
alternent des trous dans  
un manteau blanc.' Il me  
dit: 'Les satyres sont morts.

'Les satyres et les nymphes  
aussi. Depuis trente ans il  
n'a pas fait un hiver aussi  
terrible. La trace que tu  
vois est celle d'un bouc.  
Mais restons ici, où est leur  
tombeau.'

Et avec le fer de sa houe  
il cassa la glace de la  
source où jadis riaient  
les naïades. Il prenait  
de grands morceaux  
froids, et les soulevant vers  
le ciel pâle, il regardait au  
travers.

#### The tomb of the Naiads

Along the frost-bound  
wood I walked; my hair,  
across my mouth,  
blossomed with tiny  
icicles, and my sandals  
were heavy with  
muddy, packed snow.

He said to me: 'What do you  
seek?' 'I follow the satyr's  
track. His little cloven hoof  
marks alternate like holes  
in a white cloak.' He said  
to me: 'The satyrs are  
dead.

The satyrs and the nymphs  
too. For thirty years there  
has not been so harsh a  
winter. The tracks you see  
are those of a goat. But let  
us stay here, where their  
tomb is.'

And with the iron head of his  
hoe he broke the ice of  
the spring where the  
naiads used to laugh. He  
picked up some huge  
cold fragments, and,  
raising them to the pale  
sky, gazed through them.

## Trad/Irish

### The leprechaun

*Traditional*

Arranged by Herbert Hughes

In a shady nook one moonlight night,  
A leprechaun I spied:  
With scarlet cap and coat of green,  
A cruiskeen by his side.  
'Twas tick tack tick, his hammer went,  
Upon a weeny shoe;  
And I laughed to think of a purse of gold;  
But the fairy was laughing too!

With tiptoe step and beating heart,  
Quite softly I drew nigh:  
There was mischief in his merry face;  
A twinkle in his eye.  
He hammered and sang with tiny voice,  
And drank his mountain dew,  
And I laughed to think he was caught at last;  
But the fairy was laughing too!

As quick as thought I seized the elf:  
'Your fairy purse,' I cried.  
'The purse,' he said, 'tis in her hand,  
That lady at your side.'  
I turned to look: the elf was off!  
Then what was I to do?  
O, I laughed to think what a fool I'd been;  
And the fairy was laughing too!

## Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)

### 5 mélodies populaires grecques (1904-6)

*Traditional, trans. Michel-Dimitri Calvocoressi*

#### Chanson de la mariée

#### The bride's awakening

Réveille-toi, réveille-toi,  
perdrix mignonne.  
Ouvre au matin tes  
ailes.  
Trois grains de beauté, mon  
cœur en est brûlé.  
Vois le ruban, le ruban d'or  
que je t'apporte  
Pour le nouer autour de tes  
cheveux.  
Si tu veux, ma belle, viens  
nous marier:  
Dans nos deux familles, tous  
sont alliés.

Wake up, wake up, pretty  
partridge,  
spread your wings to the  
morning.  
Three beauty spots – and  
my heart's ablaze.  
See the golden ribbon I  
bring you  
to tie around your  
tresses.  
If you wish, my beauty, let  
us marry!  
In our two families all are  
related.

## Là-bas, vers l'église

Là-bas, vers l'église,  
Vers l'église Ayio  
Sidero,  
L'église, ô Vierge sainte,  
L'église, Ayio  
Constandino  
Se sont réunis, rassemblés  
en nombre infini,  
Du monde, ô Vierge  
sainte!  
Du monde tous les plus  
braves!

## Down there by the church

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!

## Quel galant m'est comparable

Quel galant m'est  
comparable,  
D'entre ceux qu'on voit  
passer?  
Dis, dame Vassiliki?  
Vois, pendus, pendus à ma  
ceinture,  
Pistolets et sabre aigu...  
Et c'est toi que j'aime!

## What gallant can compare with me?

What gallant can  
compare with me  
among those seen  
passing by?  
Tell me, Mistress Vassiliki?  
See, hanging at my  
belt,  
pistols and sharp sword...  
and it's you I love!

## Chanson des cueilleuses de lentisques

O joie de mon âme,  
Joie de mon cœur, trésor qui  
m'est si cher;  
Joie de l'âme et du  
cœur.  
Toi que j'aime  
ardemment,  
Tu es plus beau qu'un  
ange.  
O lorsque tu parais, ange si  
doux,  
Devant nos yeux,  
Comme un bel ange blond,  
Sous le clair soleil,  
Hélas, tous nos pauvres  
cœurs soupirent!

## Song of the lentisk gatherers

O joy of my soul,  
joy of my heart, treasure  
so dear to me;  
joy of the soul and of the  
heart,  
you whom I love with  
passion,  
you are more beautiful  
than an angel.  
O when you appear, angel  
so sweet,  
before our eyes,  
like a lovely, blond angel  
under the bright sun –  
alas, all our poor hearts  
sigh!

## Tout gai!

Tout gai,  
Ha, tout gai;  
Belle jambe, tireli, qui danse,  
Belle jambe, la vaisselle  
danse.  
Tra-la-la.

## So merry!

So merry,  
ah, so merry;  
lovely leg, tireli, that dances,  
lovely leg, the crockery  
dances,  
tra la la.

## Trad/Irish

### She moved thro' the fair

*Traditional, Padraic Colum*  
Arranged by Herbert Hughes

My young love said to me,  
'My mother won't mind,  
And my father won't slight you  
For your lack of kind.'  
And she stepped away from me  
And this she did say,  
'It will not be long, love,  
Till our wedding day.'

She stepped away from me  
And she went through the fair,  
And fondly I watched her  
Move here and move there,  
And then she went homeward  
With one star awake,  
As the swan in the evening  
Moves over the lake.

Last night she came to me,  
She came softly in;  
So softly she came  
That her feet made no din,  
And she laid her hand on me,  
And this she did say,  
'It will not be long, love,  
Till our wedding day.'

## Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)

### Banalités (1940)

*Guillaume Apollinaire*

### Chanson d'Orkenise

Par les portes  
d'Orkenise  
Veut entrer un charretier.  
Par les portes  
d'Orkenise  
Veut sortir un va-nu-pieds.

### Song of Orkenise

Through the gates of  
Orkenise  
a waggoner wants to enter.  
Through the gates of  
Orkenise  
a vagabond wants to leave.

Et les gardes de la  
ville  
Courant sus au va-nu-pieds:  
' – Qu'emportes-tu de la  
ville?'  
' – J'y laisse mon cœur  
entier.'

Et les gardes de la  
ville  
Courant sus au charretier:  
' – Qu'apportes-tu dans la  
ville?'  
' – Mon cœur pour me  
marier.'

Que de cœurs dans  
Orkenise!  
Les gardes riaient,  
riaient,  
Va-nu-pieds la route est  
grise,  
L'amour grise, ô  
charretier.

Les beaux gardes de la  
ville,  
Tricotaient superbement;  
Puis, les portes de la ville,  
Se fermèrent lentement.

## Hôtel

Ma chambre a la forme d'une  
cage  
Le soleil passe son bras par  
la fenêtre  
Mais moi qui veux fumer  
pour faire des mirages  
J'allume au feu du jour ma  
cigarette  
Je ne veux pas travailler je  
veux fumer

And the sentries  
guarding the town  
rush up to the vagabond:  
'What are you taking from  
the town?'  
'I'm leaving my whole  
heart behind.'

And the sentries  
guarding the town  
rush up to the waggoner:  
'What are you carrying  
into the town?'  
'My heart in order to  
marry.'

So many hearts in  
Orkenise!  
The sentries laughed and  
laughed:  
vagabond, the road's not  
merry,  
love makes you merry, O  
waggoner!

The handsome sentries  
guarding the town  
knitted vaingloriously;  
the gates of the town then  
slowly closed.

## Hotel

My room is shaped like a  
cage  
the sun slips its arm  
through the window  
but I who want to smoke  
to make mirages  
I light my cigarette on  
daylight's fire  
I do not want to work I  
want to smoke

## Fagnes de Wallonie

## Walloon moss-hags

Tant de tristesses plénières  
Prirent mon cœur  
aux fagnes  
désolées  
Quand las j'ai reposé dans  
les sapinières  
Le poids des kilomètres  
pendant que râlait  
Le vent d'ouest  
J'avais quitté le joli bois  
Les écureuils y sont restés  
Ma pipe essayait de faire des  
nuages au ciel  
Qui restait pur  
obstinément

Je n'ai confié aucun secret  
sinon une chanson  
énigmatique  
Aux tourbières humides

Les bruyères fleurant le miel  
Attiraient les abeilles  
Et mes pieds endoloris  
Foulaient les myrtilles et les  
airelles  
Tendrement mariée  
Nord  
Nord  
La vie s'y tord  
En arbres forts  
Et tors  
La vie y mord  
La mort  
À belles dents  
Quand bruit le vent

So much utter sadness  
seized my heart in the  
desolate upland moss-  
hags  
when weary I set down in  
the fir plantation  
the weight of kilometres  
to the roar  
of the west wind  
I had left the pretty wood  
the squirrels stayed there  
my pipe tried to make  
clouds in the sky  
which stubbornly stayed  
clear

I confided no secret  
but an enigmatic  
song  
to the dank peat-bogs

The honey-fragrant heather  
attracted the bees  
and my sore feet  
crushed bilberries and  
whortleberries  
tenderly united  
north  
north  
life is gnarled there  
in strong trees  
and twisted  
life there bites  
death  
voraciously  
when the wind howls

## Voyage à Paris

## Trip to Paris

Ah! la charmante chose  
Quitter un pays morose  
Pour Paris  
Paris joli  
Qu'un jour  
Dut créer l'Amour  
Ah! la charmante chose  
Quitter un pays morose  
Pour Paris

Oh! how delightful  
to leave a dismal place  
for Paris  
charming Paris  
that one day  
love must have made  
oh! how delightful  
to leave a dismal place  
for Paris

## Sanglots

## Sobs

Notre amour est réglé par les  
calmes étoiles  
Or nous savons qu'en nous  
beaucoup d'hommes  
respirent  
Qui vinrent de très loin et  
sont un sous nos fronts  
C'est la chanson des  
rêveurs  
Qui s'étaient arraché le cœur  
Et le portaient dans la main  
droite  
Souviens-t'en cher orgueil de  
tous ces souvenirs

Des marins qui chantaient  
comme des conquérants  
Des gouffres de Thulé des  
tendres cieux d'Ophir  
Des malades maudits de  
ceux qui fuient leur ombre  
Et du retour joyeux des  
heureux émigrants  
De ce cœur il coulait du sang  
Et le rêveur allait  
pensant  
A sa blessure délicate  
Tu ne briseras pas la chaîne  
de ces causes  
Et douloureuse et nous  
disait  
Qui sont les effets d'autres  
causes  
Mon pauvre cœur mon cœur  
brisé  
Pareil au cœur de tous les  
hommes  
Voici voici nos mains que la  
vie fit esclaves  
Est mort d'amour ou c'est  
tout comme  
Est mort d'amour et le  
voici ...  
Ainsi vont toutes choses  
Arrachez donc le vôtre aussi  
Et rien ne sera libre jusqu'à la  
fin des temps  
Laissons tout aux morts  
Et cachons nos sanglots

Our love is governed by  
the calm stars  
now we know that in us  
many men have their  
being  
who came from afar and are  
one beneath our brows  
it is the song of the  
dreamers  
who tore out their hearts  
and carried them in their  
right hands  
remember dear pride all  
these memories

The sailors who sang like  
conquerors  
the chasms of Thule the  
gentle Ophir skies  
the accursed sick those  
who flee their shadows  
and the joyous return of  
happy emigrants  
this heart ran with blood  
and the dreamer kept  
thinking  
of his delicate wound  
you shall not break the  
chain of these causes  
of his painful wound and  
said to us  
which are the effects of  
other causes  
my poor heart my broken  
heart  
like the hearts of all  
men  
here here are our hands  
that life enslaved  
has died of love or so it  
seems  
has died of love and here  
it is ...  
such is the fate of all things  
so tear out yours too  
nothing will be free till the  
end of time  
let us leave all to the dead  
and conceal our sobs

## Trad/Irish

### My lagan love

Joseph Campbell

Arranged by Hamilton Harty

Where Lagan stream sings lullaby  
There blows a lily fair  
The twilight gleam is in her eye  
The night is on her hair  
And like a love-sick lennan-shee  
She has my heart in thrall  
Nor life I owe nor liberty  
For love is lord of all.

And often when the beetle's horn  
Hath lulled the eve to sleep  
I steal unto her shieling lorn  
And thru the dooring peep.  
There on the cricket's singing stone,  
She spares the bogwood fire,  
And hums in sad sweet undertone  
The songs of heart's desire

### Erik Satie (1866-1925)

#### Ludions (1923)

Léon-Paul Fargue

*\*\*\*These are nonsense poems that defy translation.*

#### Air du rat

Abi Abirounère  
Qui que tu n'étais don?  
Une blanche monère  
Un jo  
Un joli goulifon  
Un oeil  
Un oeil à son  
pépère  
Un jo  
Un joli goulifon.

#### Spleen

Dans un vieux square où  
l'océan  
Du mauvais temps met son  
séant  
Sur un banc triste aux yeux  
de pluie  
C'est d'une blonde  
Rosse et gironde  
Que je m'ennuie  
Dans ce cabaret du  
Néant  
Qu'est notre vie.

#### Bottle-Imps\*

#### The rat's air

Abi Abirounère  
Who are you then?  
A primitive white creature  
A pret  
A pretty glutton  
An apple  
An apple of the old boy's  
eye  
A pret  
A pretty glutton.

#### Spleen

In an old square where  
the ocean  
Of bad weather deposits  
its derrière  
On a sad bench with eyes  
of rain  
Sits a blonde  
Bitchy and buxom  
How bored I feel  
In this cabaret of  
nothingness  
That is our life.

## La grenouille américaine

La grenouille américaine  
Me regarde par-dessus  
Ses bésicles du futaine.  
Ses yeux sont des gros  
massus  
Dépourvus de jolitaine.  
Je pense à Casadesus  
Qui n'a pas fait de musique  
Sur cette scène d'amour  
Dont le parfum nostalgique  
Sort d'une boîte d'Armour.

Argus de table tu gardes  
L'âme du crapaud Vanglor  
Ô bouillon qui me regardes  
Avec tes lunettes  
d'or.

#### Air du poète

Au pays de Papouasie  
J'ai caressé la Pouasie...  
La grâce que je vous souhaite  
C'est de n'être pas  
Papouète.

#### Chanson du chat

Il est une bebête  
Ti Li petit nenfant  
Tirelan  
C'est une byronette  
La beste à sa moman  
Tirelan  
Le peu Tinan faon  
C'est un ti blanc-blanc  
Un petit potasson?  
C'est mon goret  
C'est mon pourçon  
Mon petit potasson.

Il saut' sur la fenêtre  
Et groume du museau  
Pasqu'il voit sur la crête  
S'découper les oiseaux  
Tirelo  
Le petit n'en faut  
C'est un ti bloblo  
Un petit Potação  
C'est mon goret  
C'est mon pourceau  
Mon petit potasseau.

## The American frog

The American frog  
Peers at me over  
His fustian spectacles.  
His eyeballs are  
highballs  
Stripped of pretty silvering.  
I think of Casadesus  
Who has not made music  
For this scene of love  
Whose nostalgic perfume  
Rises from a tin of Armour.

Argus of the table you retain  
The soul of Vanglor the toad  
O bouillon watching me  
With your golden  
spectacles.

#### The poet's air

In the land of Papua  
I embraced Papoetry...  
I do not desiderate  
That you become a  
Papuot.

#### Song of the cat

'Tis a baby creature  
Ti Li little enfant  
Tirelan  
A byronette  
Mummy's best  
Tirelan  
The little en fawn  
Is a ti blanc-blanc  
A little potasson?  
'Tis my piglet  
My porker  
My little potasson.

He jumps on the window sill  
And grooms his snout  
Cos he sees on the roof  
The clear outline of birds  
Tirelo  
The little n'en faut  
'Tis a ti blo-blo  
A little Potação  
'Tis my piglet  
My porker  
My little potasseau.

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

## Trad/Irish

### The magpie's nest

*Traditional*

Arranged by Herbert Hughes

If I were a king I would make you my queen  
And I'd rowl you in my arums as the meadows they are  
green,  
I'd rowl you in my arums and sit you down to rest,  
And it's there I'd lay you down in the magpie's nest.

### Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

#### From *Mirages Op. 113* (1919)

*Renée Bonnière, Baron Antoine de Brimont*

#### Cygne sur l'eau

Ma pensée est un cygne  
harmonieux et sage  
Qui glisse lentement aux  
rivages d'ennui  
Sur les ondes sans fond du  
rêve, du mirage,  
De l'écho, du brouillard, de  
l'ombre, de la nuit.

Il glisse, roi hautain fendant  
un libre espace,  
Poursuit un reflet vain,  
précieux et changeant,  
Et les roseaux nombreux  
s'inclinent quand il passe,  
Sombre et muet, au seuil  
d'une lune d'argent;

Et des blancs nénuphars  
chaque corolle ronde  
Tour à tour a fleuri de désir  
ou d'espoir ...  
Mais plus avant toujours, sur  
la brume et sur l'onde,  
Vers l'inconnu fuyant  
glisse le cygne  
noir.

Or j'ai dit: 'Renoncez,  
beau cygne  
chimérique,  
A ce voyage lent vers de  
troubles destins;  
Nul miracle chinois, nulle  
étrange Amérique  
Ne vous accueilleront en des  
havres certains;

#### Swan on the water

My mind is a gentle,  
harmonious swan  
gliding slowly along the  
shores of ennui  
on the fathomless waters of  
dreams and delusion,  
of echo, of mist, of  
shadow, of night.

He glides, a haughty  
monarch cleaving a path,  
pursuing a vain reflection,  
precious and fleeting,  
and the countless reeds  
bow as he passes,  
dark and silent before a  
silver moon;

And each round corolla of  
the white water-lilies  
has blossomed by turn  
with desire or hope ...  
but ever forward on the  
mists and the waves,  
the black swan glides  
toward the receding  
unknown.

And I said: 'Renounce,  
beautiful chimera of a  
swan,  
this slow voyage to  
troubled destinies;  
no Chinese miracle, no  
exotic America  
will welcome you in safe  
havens;

Les golfes embaumés, les  
îles immortelles  
Ont pour vous, cygne noir,  
des récifs périlleux;  
Demeurez sur les lacs où se  
mirent, fidèles,  
Ces nuages, ces fleurs,  
ces astres, et ces  
yeux.'

The scented gulfs, the  
immortal isles  
await you, black swan, with  
their perilous reefs;  
remain on the lakes which  
faithfully reflect  
these clouds, these  
flowers, these stars,  
and these eyes.'

#### Reflets dans l'eau

Etendue au seuil du bassin,  
Dans l'eau plus froide que le  
sein  
Des vierges sages,  
J'ai reflété mon vague  
ennui,  
Mes yeux profonds couleur  
de nuit  
Et mon visage.

Et dans ce miroir incertain  
J'ai vu de merveilleux  
matins ...  
J'ai vu des choses  
Pâles comme des souvenirs,  
Sur l'eau que ne saurait  
ternir  
Nul vent morose.

Alors – au fond du Passé  
bleu –  
Mon corps mince n'était  
qu'un peu  
D'ombre mouvante;  
Sous les lauriers et les  
cypres  
J'aimais la brise au souffle  
frais  
Qui nous évente ...

J'aimais vos caresses de  
sœur,  
Vos nuances, votre  
douceur,  
Aube opportune;  
Et votre pas souple et  
rythmé,  
Nymphes au rire  
parfumé,  
Au teint de lune;

Et le galop des  
aegyfans,  
Et la fontaine qui s'épand  
En larmes fades ...  
Par les bois secrets et  
divins

#### Reflections on the water

Lying at the pool's edge,  
in water more cold than  
the breasts  
of wise virgins,  
I saw reflected my vague  
ennui,  
my deep and night-dark  
eyes  
and my face.

And in this uncertain mirror  
I have seen wondrous  
mornings ...  
I have seen things  
as pale as memories  
on the water that no  
morose  
wind could mist.

Then on the bed of the  
blue Past  
my slight body was but a  
shred  
of moving shadow;  
beneath the laurel and  
cypress  
I loved the cool breath of  
wind  
that fanned us ...

I loved your sisterly  
caresses,  
your light and shade, your  
softness,  
timely dawn;  
and your supple rhythmic  
step,  
you nymphs pale as the  
moon  
with scented laughter;

And the gallop of the  
Aegipans,  
and the fountain cascading  
in saltless tears ...  
in the secret and sacred  
woods



J'écoutais frissonner sans fin  
L'hamadryade. I heard the hamadryad's  
endless quivering.

O cher Passé mystérieux  
Qui vous reflétez dans mes  
yeux  
Comme un nuage,  
Il me serait plaisant et  
doux,  
Passé, d'essayer avec vous  
Le long voyage! ... Cherished, mysterious Past,  
reflected in my  
eyes  
like a cloud,  
it would be pleasant and  
sweet for me  
to embark with you, O Past,  
on the long voyage! ...

Si je glisse, les eaux feront  
Un rond fluide ... un autre rond ...  
Un autre à peine ...  
Et puis le miroir  
enchanté  
Reprendra sa limpidité  
Froide et sereine. If I slip, the waters will ripple  
in rings ... in rings ...  
in rin ...  
And then the enchanted  
mirror  
will grow limpid once more,  
cold and serene.

## Trad/Irish

### The stuttering lovers

*Traditional*

Arranged by Herbert Hughes

A wee bit over the lea, my lads,  
A wee bit over the green,  
The birds went into the poor man's corn,  
I fear they'll never be s-s-s-seen, my lads,  
I fear they'll never be seen.

So out comes the bonny wee lass,  
And she was one so fair,  
And she went into the poor man's corn  
To see if the birds were th-th-th-there, my lads,  
To see if the birds were there.

So out comes the bonny wee lad,  
And he was a fisherman's son,  
And he went into the poor man's corn  
To see if the lass was th-th-th-there, my lads,  
To see if the lass was there.

He put his arms around her waist,  
And kiss'd her cheek and chin.  
Out spoke the bonny wee lass,  
'I fear it is a s-s-s-sin, my lad,  
I fear it is a sin.'

He kissed her once and he kissed her twice,  
He kissed her ten times o'er.  
'Oh it's nice to be kissing the bonny wee lass  
That's never been kissed bef-f-f-fore, my lads,  
That's never been kissed before.'

Then out comes the poor old man  
And he was tattered and torn.  
'If that's the way you're minding the birds  
I'll mind them myself in the m-m-m-morn, my lads,  
I'll mind them myself in the morn.'

## Leonard Bernstein (1918-1990)

### Civet à toute vitesse from *La Bonne Cuisine*

(1947)

*Émile Dumont*

Lorsque on sera très pressé, Voici un' manière de confectionner Un civet de lièvre que je recommande! Dépecez le lièvre comme pour le civet ordinaire: Mettez-le dans une casserole ou chaudron Avec son sang et son foie écrasé! Un'demi-livre de poitrine de porc (Coupée en morceaux); Une vingtaine de petits oignons (Un peu de sel et poivr'); Un litre e demi de vin rouge. Fait' bouillir à tout' vitesse. Au bout de quinze minutes environ, Lorsque la sauce est réduite de moitié, Approchez un papier enflammé, De manière à mettre le feu au ragoût. Lorsqu'il sera éteint, liez la sauc(e) Avec un' demi-livre de beurre manié de farine. Servez.	Hare in a hurry  When one is in a rush, this is my recommended way to prepare a jugged hare! Joint the hare as for a regular stew: place it in a pan or cooking pot with its blood and liver mashed up! Half a pound of pork belly (cut into pieces); about twenty small onions (a pinch of salt and pepper); a litre and a half of red wine. Bring it to a rapid boil. After around fifteen minutes, when the sauce has reduced by half, bring a lit piece of paper to it so that it sets the stew on fire. Once it has burned out, bind the sauce with half a pound of butter and flour combined. Serve.
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Please do not turn the page until the song and its accompaniment have ended.

## Trad/Irish

### I know where I'm goin'

*Traditional*

Arranged by Herbert Hughes

I know where I'm goin'  
And I know who's goin' with me  
I know who I love  
But the dear knows who I'll marry!

I have stockings of silk,  
Shoes of fine green leather  
Combs to buckle my hair  
And a ring for every finger

Some say he's black,  
But I say he's bonny,  
The fairest of them all,  
My handsome, winsome Johnny.

Feather beds are soft  
And painted rooms are bonny,  
But I would leave them all,  
To go with my love Johnny.

*All translations except Bernstein by Richard Stokes from A French Song Companion (Johnson/Stokes) published by OUP. Bernstein by Jean du Monde.*