

WIGMORE HALL

Friday 18 October 2024
1.00pm

Wigmore French Song Exchange at Wigmore Hall

The fourth, 'expanded' year of the Wigmore French Song Exchange returns with two Wigmore Hall lunchtime recitals

Devised by **Dame Felicity Lott** and **François Le Roux**, two great champions of the 'mélodie', the Wigmore French Song Exchange offers gifted singers – and for the first time pianists, guided by the celebrated **Sebastian Wybrew** – a year of coaching from their mentors and guest teachers, culminating in these showcase performances.

'We wanted to share our love of French song with a new generation of singers. Come and hear beautiful young voices in this rich and varied repertoire, with well-known and lesser-known songs, plus duets. I hope that - like me - you will make some great discoveries!' – Dame Felicity Lott

TAMARA BOUNAZOU SOPRANO

CAMILLA SEALE MEZZO-SOPRANO

GABRIELLA NOBLE MEZZO-SOPRANO

OLIVIER BERGERON BARITONE

ARCHIE BONHAM PIANO

CHRISTINA KOTI PIANO

JONGSUN WOO PIANO



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OLIVIER BERGERON BARITONE • CHRISTINA KOTI PIANO

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

Mirages Op. 113 (1919)

Cygne sur l'eau • Reflets dans l'eau • Jardin nocturne • Danseuse

CAMILLA SEALE MEZZO-SOPRANO • JONGSUN WOO PIANO

Olivier Messiaen (1908-1992)

3 mélodies (1930)

Pourquoi? • Le sourire • La fiancée perdue

Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)

D'Anne jouant de l'espinette from 2 épigrammes de Clément Marot (1895-9)

George Enescu (1881-1955)

Languir me fais Op. 15 No. 2 (1908)

Léo Delibes (1836-1891)

Les filles de Cadix (?1874)

OLIVIER BERGERON BARITONE • CAMILLA SEALE MEZZO-SOPRANO • JONGSUN WOO PIANO

Gabriel Fauré

Pleurs d'or Op. 72 (1896)

GABRIELLA NOBLE MEZZO-SOPRANO • ARCHIE BONHAM PIANO

Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

La flûte de Pan from Chansons de Bilitis (1897-8)

Maurice Ravel

Sainte (1896)

Camille Saint-Saëns (1835-1921)

Guitares et mandolines (1890)

Erik Satie (1866-1925)

Elégie (1887)

La diva de l'Empire (1904)

TAMARA BOUNAZOU SOPRANO • CHRISTINA KOTI PIANO

Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)

Sanglots from Banalités (1940)

La dame de Monte Carlo (1961)

Camille Saint-Saëns

Danse macabre (1872)

Renée de Brimont published her *Mirages* in 1918 and the poems immediately appealed to **Fauré**, who completed his cycle in 1919. 'Cygne sur l'eau' demonstrates the refinement of his late musical style to evoke a swan gliding over 'rivers of ennui'; 'Reflets dans l'eau' reveals Fauré's harmonies at their most subtle, while 'Jardin nocturne' is based on an exquisite series of rising sequences, the mood serene and radiant. In 'Danseuse', the music is pared down and angular, its modal harmonies and sharply-etched rhythms conjuring up impressions of ancient Greek dancers. Fauré and Madeleine Grey gave the first private performance of *Mirages* on 28 November 1919.

Messiaen's 3 *mélodies* were composed in 1930. The first and third set poems by the composer, but the second – 'Le sourire' – is Messiaen's only setting of words by his mother, Cécile Sauvage, who had died in 1927, and these songs constitute a kind of memorial triptych to her. In 'Pourquoi?' the question 'Why?' is posed repeatedly, and this world-weary song is the ideal preface to the 'Le sourire', in which a lover's murmured words are likened to lingering kisses. 'La fiancée perdue' combines human passion with religious piety: in the animated first section, the fiancée is an 'angel of kindness', but the music becomes prayerful as the composer-poet asks for Christ to 'bestow peace upon her.'

Ravel's 'D'Anne jouant de l'espinette' was composed in 1896 and is one of his first pieces to reveal an individual creative voice (it was only the following year that Ravel began serious composition studies with Fauré and André Gedalge). The text, by the Renaissance poet Clément Marot, depicts a beautiful young woman playing her spinet, and Ravel indicated that the accompaniment could be played by either a piano or harpsichord, revealing his fascination with French Baroque music. But the elegantly lopsided time signature (5/4) and some ear-catching harmonies are firmly of Ravel's own time. 'Sainte', on a poem by Stéphane Mallarmé, also dates from 1896. The saint in question is Cecilia (Mallarmé's original title was 'Saint Cecilia playing on the wing of a cherub'). Ravel's setting is predominantly quiet, notable for its use of steady, implacable chords, some of them coloured by deliciously surprising dissonances.

Enescu's 'Languir me fais' is another Marot setting, the second of his 7 *chansons de Clément Marot*, published in 1909. It demonstrates some of the composer's characteristic fingerprints: flourishes and melismas from Romanian music blended effortlessly with a more Francophile aesthetic.

Subtitled 'Boléro' and based on a poem by Alfred de Musset, **Delibes's** 'Les filles de Cadix' is a dance-song with strong echoes of Bizet's *Carmen* – a parallel emphasised by the poem which describes a group of

girls leaving a bullfight. Delibes was a successful opera and ballet composer, and some of his theatrical instincts shine through in this delightful combination of vocal virtuosity and local colour.

'Pleurs d'or', on a poem by Jean Richepin, is a duet composed in 1896, which is a fine demonstration of the seductive flexibility of Fauré's music at the time. **Debussy** composed the *Chansons de Bilitis* in 1897-8, on erotic poems which Pierre Louÿs fabricated to resemble 'ancient Sapphic texts'. Edward Lockspeiser described Debussy's settings as 'moving revelations of his hedonistic, pagan art', and that art is at its most mysterious in 'La flûte de Pan', where piano arabesques support the voice to evoke a secret world of shifting half-lights. 'Guitares et mandolines' (1890) sets a poem by **Saint-Saëns** himself evoking the sights and sounds of Spain – something of an *idée fixe* for French composers.

Satie's 'Elégie' was one of three songs composed in 1887 – among his earliest works (written a couple of years before the *Gymnopédies* and *Gnossiennes*) – and its atmosphere of chaste beauty was one to which Satie would often return in later music. 'La diva de l'Empire' is a swaggering cabaret song from 1904 in the style of a cakewalk, written for the singer Paulette Darty. Snatches of English in the text – and mention of Piccadilly – reveal that the 'Empire' in question was the music hall in Leicester Square.

'La dame de Monte Carlo' is one of **Poulenc's** last works, completed in April 1961. For the composer, it brought back memories of living in Monte Carlo in the 1920s working on his ballet *Les biches* 'under the imperial shadow of Diaghilev'. It sets words by Jean Cocteau in which an aging woman, addicted to gambling, contemplates a wasted life. In this 'monologue' for soprano, Cocteau and Poulenc reveal the innermost thoughts and feelings of a woman at the end of her tether. Poulenc dedicated this remarkable *scena* to his friend Denise Duval.

Poulenc was a teenager when he met Guillaume Apollinaire (who died in 1918), and he went on to set his poems on numerous occasions. *Banalités* was a group of Apollinaire songs composed in October-November 1940, in the early months of the Nazi Occupation of Paris. 'Sanglots' is the last song, a meditation on the human condition, described by Graham Johnson as 'one of Poulenc's most complex songs ... a masterpiece by any reckoning.'

In its orchestral reworking, 'Danse macabre' is one of Saint-Saëns's best-known pieces, but the original song, composed in 1872, is much less familiar. Setting a poem by 'Jean Lahor' (pseudonym for Henri Cazalis), it depicts a gruesome but none-too-serious scene in which ghouls and skeletons dance until dawn.

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TAMARA BOUNAZOU SOPRANO

Tamara Bounazou is a French-Algerian lyric soprano known for her dual talent as a singer and actress. She has performed as Anne Trulove in Stravinsky's *The Rake's Progress*, conducted by Barbara Hannigan, and as Eurydice in *Orphée aux Enfers* under Marc Minkowski. At the Opéra National de Paris, she has portrayed Papagena in Mozart's *Die Zauberflöte* and L'amour in Rameau's *Platée*. Passionate about poetry and chamber music, she collaborates with pianist Anna Giorgi as Duo Moine ou Voyou, and has won several competitions, including the First Prize at the 2019 Concours International de Musique de Chambre de Lyon. In 2025, Tamara will perform Iphigénie in Gluck's *Iphigénie en Tauride* at the Opéra-Comique de Paris.

CAMILLA SEALE MEZZO-SOPRANO

Praised for her 'unaffected simplicity' (*Classical Source*) and 'velvety mezzo' timbres (*The Daily Telegraph*), mezzo-soprano Camilla Seale made her operatic debut at Buxton International Festival before joining the Glyndebourne Festival Chorus the following season. In 2023/24, she was a Young Artist at the National Opera Studio and a Britten Pears Artist. Recent concert highlights include Emily Howard's *Threnos* at Wigmore Hall and Schumann's *Liederkreis* Op. 39 at the Manchester Song Festival, alongside appearances with choral societies across the UK. She adores Baroque repertoire, performing regularly with Musica Antica, and in 2023 won third prize at the Froville competition.

GABRIELLA NOBLE MEZZO-SOPRANO

Gabriella Noble is a mezzo-soprano from London and will soon begin the Opera Course at Guildhall School of Music & Drama. Alongside song, Gabriella loves performing Early Music and was recently the recipient of a Young Artist's Scholarship from Fundaciòn Salvat and the 2023 Rodney Gibson prize for Early Music by the Association of English Singers and Speakers. Gabriella is a 2024 Alvarez Young Artist at Garsington Opera and was generously supported by Gillian Laidlaw and the Knight Family Foundation in her Master's. She is passionate about interdisciplinary arts and her singing is influenced by her love of poetry and theatre.

OLIVIER BERGERON BARITONE

Canadian baritone Olivier Bergeron made his professional debut in 2018 in *Dido and Aeneas* with Les Talens Lyriques. A member of the Verbier Festival's Atelier Lyrique in 2022, his recent projects include productions at Opéra Grand Avignon, Opéra de Reims, the Philharmonie de Paris and the Festival d'Opéra de Québec, the Fauré *Requiem* with the McGill Choral Society, Poulenc's *Le Bal Masqué* in Verbier, *Die schöne Müllerin* at the Musée d'art de Joliette, and recitals in Paris and Montréal. His début album, *Nuits Blanches*, will be released in 2024, followed by a new full recording of Reynaldo Hahn's songs.

ARCHIE BONHAM PIANO

Archie Bonham is the Adami Award for Collaborative Piano Fellow at the Royal College of Music in London. Equally at home in vocal and instrumental chamber music, Archie received pianist prizes at the Maureen Lehane Vocal Awards at Wigmore Hall and the Ashburnham English Song Competition. He is a Britten Pears and Shipston Song Young Artist, and in 2024 was a Fellow in Vocal Collaborative Piano at the Aspen Music Festival and School working in the vocal studio of Renée Fleming.

CHRISTINA KOTI PIANO

Greek pianist Christina Maria Koti is a musician-in-residence at the Fondation Hellénique in Paris, where she studies with Susan Manoff as well as pursuing an artist diploma at École Normale de Musique de Paris with Pascal Rogé and François Le Roux. Together with her duo partner, Jared Andrew Michaud, she has won first prize in the 2022 Federation of Art Song Fellowship Competition (New York City), and the 4th International SGSM Lieder Duo competition (Slovenia). She was a Young Artist in the 2024 Toronto Art of Song music festival, as well as in the 2023/24 Young Europe Sings Academy.

JONGSUN WOO PIANO

JongSun Woo is a pianist, praised for her 'poetic and characterful' (*The Guardian*) playing. JongSun received the Gerald Moore Award from the Royal Philharmonic Society and the Pianist's Prize at the Maureen Lehane Vocal Awards. With her duo partner Giacomo Schmidt, she has recently won prizes at International Schubert Competition in Dortmund, IVC in 's Hertogenbosch and

International Student Lied Duo Competition in Groningen. She accompanied Felix Gygli when he won the Ferrier Awards 2023 at Wigmore Hall. JongSun was a scholar of Lied Akademie 2021/22 Liedzentrum Heidelberger Frühling, and she is also a Samling Artist and Britten Pears Young Artist.

DAME FELICITY LOTT

Dame Felicity Lott studied French at Royal Holloway, University of London, and singing at the Royal Academy of Music. She has played leading roles in all the major opera houses of the world and with the greatest conductors and directors. She is particularly associated with the operas of Mozart and Strauss but also with the operettas of Jacques Offenbach. She has given recitals all over the world and is a founder member of Graham Johnson's Songmakers' Almanac. Her many recordings include operas by Mozart and Britten, as well as settings of poems by Victor Hugo and Baudelaire and mélodies by Fauré, Duparc, Poulenc, Chabrier, Gounod and Hahn. She is a Dame Commander of the British Empire, a Bayerische Kammersängerin and has been awarded the titles Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur and Officier dans l'Ordre des Arts et des Lettres by the French Government. She has also received the Wigmore Medal marking her significant contribution to the Hall.

FRANÇOIS LE ROUX

Baritone François Le Roux studied with François Loup. He began his career as a member of Opéra National de Lyon and has since appeared at many major opera houses and festivals, including Glyndebourne, the Royal Opera House, Paris Opera and Opernhaus Zurich. He has received critical

acclaim for his interpretation of Pelléas in Debussy's *Pelléas et Mélisande*, a role which he has performed throughout the world and recorded for Deutsche Grammophon, and he sang the role of Golaud in the same opera at the centenary performance at the Opéra Comique in Paris and for the Russian staged première. In addition to his work in opera, he has released several recordings of French *mélodie* and written books about its interpretation, appearing in recital with Graham Johnson and Roger Vignoles, as well as the late Irwin Gage and Noël Lee. François Le Roux teaches at the Académie Internationale de Musique Maurice Ravel in Ciboure, is Artistic Director of the Académie Francis Poulenc in Tours and has been awarded Chevalier in the *Ordre des Arts et Lettres*.

SEBASTIAN WYBREW

Sebastian Wybrew gives recitals with many of the UK's most eminent performers, making his debut at Het Concertgebouw Amsterdam with Ian Bostridge, and at Wigmore Hall with Sophie Bevan. He was awarded the Accompanist Prize at the John Kerr English Song Competition and the Jean Meickle Duo Prize at the 2017 Wigmore Hall Song Competition with soprano Gemma Summerfield. He has been broadcast live on BBC radio and television and his debut recording with Sophie Bevan, 'Songs of Vain Glory' was released by Wigmore Hall Live in 2018 to unanimous critical acclaim. He is a member of the faculties of the Royal College of Music, Trinity Laban Conservatoire of Music and Dance. He has given masterclasses for the Guildhall School of Music and Drama, the Edward Said Conservatory, Palestine and the Fondation Royaumont, France.

OLIVIER BERGERON BARITONE
CHRISTINA KOTI PIANO

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

Mirages Op. 113 (1919)

Renée 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;

Les golfes embaumés, les
îles immortelles
Ont pour vous, cygne
noir, des récifs
périlleux;
Demeurez sur les lacs où se
mirent, fidèles,

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;

The scented gulfs, the
immortal isles
await you, black swan,
with their perilous
reefs;
remain on the lakes which
faithfully reflect

Ces nuages, ces fleurs,
ces astres, et ces
yeux.'

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 cyprès
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;

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;

Song continues overleaf. Please turn the page as quietly as possible.

Et le galop des
aegyptiens,
Et la fontaine qui s'épand
cascading
in saltless tears ...
Par les bois secrets et
divins
J'écoutais frissonner sans fin
L'hamadryade.

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

Jardin nocturne

Nocturnal garden

Nocturne jardin tout empli de
silence,
Voici que la lune ouverte se
balance
En des voiles d'or fluides et
légers;
Elle semble proche et
cependant lointaine ...
Son visage rit au cœur de la
fontaine
Et l'ombre pâlit
sous les noirs
orangers.

Nocturnal garden
brimming with silence,
now the full moon is
swaying
in light and liquid veils of
gold;
close she seems, yet far
away ...
her face is laughing in the
heart of the fountain
and shadows pale
beneath dark orange-
trees.

Nul bruit, si ce n'est le faible
bruit de l'onde
Fuyant goutte à goutte au
bord des vasques rondes,
Ou le bleu frisson d'une
brise d'été,
Furtive parmi des palmes
invisibles ...
Je sais, ô jardin, vos caresses
sensibles

No sound, save perhaps
the whispering wave
trickling drop by drop
from round basins,
or the blue quiver of a
summer breeze,
furtive among invisible
palms ...
I know, O garden, your
keen caresses

Et votre languide et
chaude volupté!

and your languid, torrid
voluptuousness!

Je sais votre paix délectable
et morose,
Vos parfums d'iris, de
jasmains et de roses,
Vos charmes troublés de
désir et d'ennui ...
O jardin muet! – L'eau des
vasques s'égoutte
Avec un bruit faible et
magique ... J'écoute
Ce baiser qui chante aux
lèvres de la Nuit.

I know your delicious and
sullen peace,
your scents of iris, of
jasmine, of rose,
your beauty ruffled by
desire and ennui ...
O silent garden! The
waters in the basin drip
with a faint and magical
sound ... I listen
to this kiss which sings on
the lips of Night.

Danseuse

Dancer

Sœur des Sœurs tisseuses
de violettes,
Une ardente veille blémit tes
joues ...
Danse! Et que les rythmes
aigus dénouent
Tes bandelettes.

Sister of violet-weaving
sisters,
a scorching vigil pales
your cheeks ...
Dance! And let the shrill
rhythms unfurl
your sashes.

Vase svelte, fresque
mouvante et souple,
Danse, danse, paumes vers
nous tendues,
Pieds étroits fuyant, tels des
ailes nues
Qu'Eros découple ...

Svelte vase, supple and
moving fresco,
dance with palms
outstretched before us,
slender feet flying like the
naked wings
which Eros unbinds ...

Sois la fleur multiple un peu
balancée,
Sois l'écharpe offerte au désir
qui change,
Sois la lampe chaste, la
flamme étrange,
Sois la pensée!

Be the multiple flower
swaying a little,
be the scarf proffered to
fickle desire,
be the chaste lamp, the
strange flame,
be thought!

Danse, danse au chant de ma
flûte creuse,
Sœur des Sœurs divines. –
La moiteur glisse,
Baiser vain, le long de ta
hanche lisse ...
Vaine danseuse!

Dance, dance to the song
of my hollow flute,
sister of sacred sisters.
Moisture trickles,
a vain kiss, along your
lithe hip ...
Vain dancer!

CAMILLA SEALE MEZZO-SOPRANO
JONGSUN WOO PIANO

Olivier Messiaen (1908-1992)

3 mélodies (1930)

Pourquoi?

Olivier Messiaen

Pourquoi les oiseaux de l'air,	Why are the birds of the air,
Pourquoi les reflets de l'eau,	why are the gleaming waters,
Pourquoi les nuages du ciel,	why are the clouds of heaven,
Pourquoi?	why?
Pourquoi les feuilles de l'Automne,	Why are the leaves of autumn,
Pourquoi les roses de l'Eté,	why are the roses of summer,
Pourquoi les chansons du Printemps,	why are the songs of spring,
Pourquoi?	why?
Pourquoi n'ont-ils pour moi de charmes,	Why for me are they devoid of charm,
Pourquoi?	why?
Pourquoi, Ah! Pourquoi?	Why? Ah, why?

Why?

Le sourire

Cécile Sauvage

Certain mot murmuré Par vous est un baiser Intime et prolongé Comme un baiser sur l'âme. Ma bouche veut sourire Et mon sourire tremble.	A certain word whispered by you is a kiss, intimate and lingering, like a kiss on the soul. My mouth wishes to smile and my smile flickers.
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The smile

La fiancée perdue

Olivier Messiaen

C'est la douce fiancée, C'est l'ange de la bonté, C'est un après-midi ensoleillé, C'est le vent sur les fleurs. C'est un sourire pur comme un cœur d'enfant, C'est un grand lys blanc comme une aile, très haut dans une coupe d'or!	She is the gentle fiancée, she is the angel of kindness, she is a sun-drenched afternoon, she is the wind on the flowers. She is a smile as pure as a child's heart, she is a tall lily, white as a wing, towering in a gold vase!
---	---

The lost fiancée

O Jésus, bénissez-la!

Elle!

Donnez-lui votre Grâce puissante!

Qu'elle ignore la souffrance, les larmes!

Donnez-lui le repos, Jésus!

O Jesus, bless her!

Her!

Bestow on her your powerful Grace!

May she never know pain and tears!

Bestow peace of mind on her, O Jesus!

Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)

D'Anne jouant de l'epinette from 2

épigrammes de

Clément Marot (1895-9)

Clément Marot

Lors que je voy en ordre la
brunette,
Jeune, en bon point, de la
ligne des dieux,
Et que sa voix, ses doigts et
l'epinette
Meinent un bruyct doux et
mélodieux,
J'ay du plaisir et d'oreilles et
d'yeulx
Plus que les saintz en leur
gloire immortelle,
Et autant qu'eulx je deviens
glorieux
Dès que je pense estre un
peu aymé d'elle.

On Anne playing the spinet

When I see my neat and
dark-haired lady,
young, comely, of divine
lineage,
and when her voice, her
fingers, and the spinet
make a sweet melodious
sound,
my ears and eyes know
greater pleasure
than the saints in their
immortal glory:
and I become as glorious
as they,
the moment I feel she
loves me a little.

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

George Enescu (1881-1955)

Languir me fais Op. 15 You make me pine

No. 2 (1908)

Clément Marot

Languir me fais sans t'avoir offensée:	You make me pine, though I've not offended you;
Plus ne m'escriz, plus de moy ne t'enquiers;	you neither write nor enquire of me;
Mais non obstant, autre Dame ne quiers:	and yet I desire no other lady:
Plus tost mourir que changer ma pensée.	I'd sooner die than change my mind.
Je ne dy pas t'amour estre effacée,	I do not say your love has died,
Mais je me plains de l'ennuy que j'acquiers,	but I complain of the grief I suffer,
Et loing de toy humblement te requiers	and far from you, I humbly ask
Que loing de moy, de moy ne sois fâchée.	you, far from me, not to be angry with me.

Léo Delibes (1836-1891)

Les filles de Cadix The girls of Cadiz

(?1874)

Alfred de Musset

Nous venions de voir le taureau,	We'd just left the bullfight,
Trois garçons, trois fillettes,	three boys, three girls,
Sur la pelouse il faisait beau	the sun shone on the grass
Et nous dansions un boléro Au son des castagnettes.	and we danced a bolero to the sound of castanets.
'Dites-moi, voisin, Si j'ai bonne mine, Et si ma basquine Va bien, ce matin.	'Tell me, neighbour, am I looking good, and does my skirt suit me, this morning?
Vous me trouvez la taille fine?...	Have I a slender waist?...
Ah! ah! Les filles de Cadix aiment assez cela.'	Ah! ah! The girls of Cadiz are rather fond of that.'
Et nous dansions un boléro,	And we were dancing a bolero,
Au pied de la colline.	at the foot of the hill.
Sur le chemin passait Diégo, Qui pour tout bien n'a qu'un manteau	Diego was passing by, who has no other clothes but a coat
Et qu'une mandoline:	and a mandolin:
'La belle aux doux yeux, Je suis jaloux, Jaloux, jaloux, Jaloux! Jaloux! quelle sottise!	'Fair, gentle-eyed lady, I am jealous, jealous, jealous, jealous! Jealous! What folly!

Ah! ah! Les filles de Cadix craignent ce défaut-là?'	Ah! ah! The girls of Cadiz fear that flaw.'
--	---

OLIVIER BERGERON BARITONE
CAMILLA SEALE MEZZO-SOPRANO
JONGSUN WOO PIANO

Gabriel Fauré

Pleurs d'or Op. 72 (1896) Tears of gold

Albert Samain

Larmes aux fleurs suspendues,	Tears clinging to flowers,
Larmes aux sources perdues Aux mousses des rochers creux;	tears from springs lost in the moss of hollowed rocks;
Larmes d'automne épandues, Larmes de cors entendues Dans les grands bois douloureux;	Tears shed by Autumn, tears from horns sounding in great doleful forests;
Larmes des cloches latines, Carmélites, Feuillantines ... Voix des beffrois en ferveur;	Tears of church bells, of Carmel and Feuillant convents ... devout belfry voices;
Larmes des nuits étoilées, Larmes des flûtes voilées Au bleu du parc endormi;	Tears of starlit nights, tears of muffled flutes in the blue of the sleeping park;
Larmes aux grands cils perlées, Larmes d'amantes coulées Jusqu'à l'âme de l'ami;	Pearly tears on long lashes, a beloved's tears flowing to her friend's soul;
Larmes d'extase, éplatement délicieux, Tombez des nuits! Tombez des fleurs! Tombez des yeux!	Tears of rapture, delicious weeping, fall at night! Fall from the flowers! Fall from these eyes!

Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

La flûte de Pan from The flute of Pan

Chansons de Bilitis

(1897-8)

Pierre Louÿs

Pour le jour des Hyacinthies, il m'a donné une syrinx faite de roseaux bien taillés, unis avec la blanche	For Hyacinthus day he gave me a syrinx made of carefully cut reeds, bonded with white wax
--	--

cire qui est douce à mes
lèvres comme le miel.

which tastes sweet to
my lips like honey.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

Maurice Ravel

Sainte (1896)

Stéphane Mallarmé

Saint

A la fenêtre
recélant
Le santal vieux qui
se dédore
De la viole étincelant
Jadis selon flûte ou mandore,

At the window that
harbours
the old sandalwood of
flaking guilt
of the viol that sparkled
once to flute or
mandola,

Est la Sainte pâle,
étalant
Le livre vieux qui se
déplie
Du Magnificat
ruisselant
Jadis selon vêpre et
complie:

Stands the pale saint,
displaying
the ancient unfolded
book
of the Magnificat that
glistened
once to vespers and
compline:

A ce vitrage d'ostensoir
Que frôle une harpe par
l'Ange
Formée avec son vol du soir
Pour la délicate phalange

At this monstrance-glass
brushed by a harp the
Angel
forms in his evening flight
for the delicate finger-

Du doigt que, sans le vieux
santal
Ni le vieux livre, elle
balance
Sur le plumage
instrumental,
Musicienne du silence.

-tip that, lacking the old
sandalwood
and the ancient book, she
poises
on the instrumental
plumage,
musician of silence.

Camille Saint-Saëns (1835-1921)

Guitares et mandolines (1890)

Camille Saint-Saëns

Guitar and mandoline

Guitares et mandolines
Ont des sons qui font aimer.
Tout en croquant des
pralines
Pépa se laisse
charmer
Quand, jetant dièses,
bécarres,
Mandolines et guitares
Vibrent pour la désarmer.

Guitar and mandoline
cause you to fall in love.
While crunching
pralines,
Pepa lets herself be
charmed
when, scattering sharps
and flats,
mandoline and guitar
resound to disarm her.

Mandoline avec guitare
Accompagnent de leur
bruit
Les amants suivant le
phare
De la beauté dans la nuit.
Et Juana montre, féline,
(Guitare avec mandoline)
Sa bouche et son œil qui
luit.

Mandoline and guitar
accompany with their
sound
lovers who follow the
beacon
of beauty in the night;
and feline Juana reveals
(guitar and mandoline)
her mouth and gleaming
eyes.

Erik Satie (1866-1925)

Elégie (1887)

*Patrice Contamine de
Latour*

Eulogy

J'ai vu décliner comme un
songe,
Cruel mensonge,
Tout mon bonheur.
Au lieu de la douce
espérance,
J'ai la souffrance
Et la douleur.

I have seen fade as in a
dream,
(cruel lie!)
all my happiness.
In place of sweet
hope,
I have suffering
and sadness.

Autrefois ma folle jeunesse
Chantait sans cesse
L'hymne d'amour.
Mais la chimère caressée
S'est effacée
En un seul jour.

In the folly of my youth,
I sang unceasingly
the song of love.
But the cherished dream
vanished
in a single day.

Song continues overleaf. Please turn the page as quietly as possible.

J'ai dû souffrir mon long
martyre,
Sans le maudire,
Sans soupiner.
Le seul remède sur la terre
A ma misère
Est de pleurer.

I have had to suffer my
long martyrdom,
without cursing it,
without sighing.
The only remedy on earth
for my misery
is to weep.

La diva de l'Empire

(1904)

*Dominique Bonnaud and
Numa Blès*

Sous le grand chapeau
Greenaway,
Mettant l'éclat d'un
sourire,
D'un rire charmant et
frais
De baby étonné qui
soupire,
Little girl aux yeux veloutés,

The Diva of the Empire

Beneath her large
Greenaway hat,
putting on her dazzling
smile,
the fresh and charming
laugh
of a wide-eyed sighing
babe,
a little girl with velvet
eyes –
she's the Diva of the
Empire,
she's the queen they're
smitten with,
the gentlemen
and all the dandies
of Piccadilly.

Dans un seul 'yes', elle met
tant de douceur
Que tous les snobs en gilet à
cœur,
L'accueillant de hourras
frénétiques,
Sur la scène lancent des
gerbes de fleurs,
Sans remarquer le rire
narquois
De son joli minois.

She invests a single 'Yes'
with such sweetness,
that all the fancy-
waistcoated snobs,
welcoming her with
frenzied cheers,
hurl bouquets on the
stage,
without observing the
wily smile
on her pretty face.

Elle danse presque
automatiquement
Et soulève, oh très
pudiquement,
Ses jolis dessous de
fanfreluches,
De ses jambes montrant le
frétillement.
C'est à la fois très très
innocent
Et très très
excitant.

She dances almost
mechanically
and lifts – oh! so modestly
–
her pretty petticoat
edged with flounces,
to reveal her wriggling
legs,
it is very, very
innocent
and very, very exciting
too.

TAMARA BOUNAZOU SOPRANO
CHRISTINA KOTI PIANO

Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)

Sanglots from *Banalités* Sobs

(1940)

Guillaume Apollinaire

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

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

Des marins qui chantaient
comme des conquérants
Des gouffres de Thulé des
tendres cieus 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

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

Laissons tout aux
morts
Et cachons nos sanglots

La dame de Monte Carlo (1961)

Jean Cocteau

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

let us leave all to the dead
and conceal our sobs

The lady from Monte Carlo

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
 Carle,
 Monte Carle, 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 ...

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Camille Saint-Saëns (1835-1921)

Danse macabre (1872)

Henri Cazalis

Zig et zig et zig, la mort en
 cadence
 Frappant une tombe avec
 son talon,
 La mort à minuit joue un air
 de danse,
 Zig et zig et zag, sur son
 violon.

Le vent d'hiver souffle, et la
 nuit est sombre,
 Des gémissements sortent
 des tilleuls;
 Les squelettes blancs vont à
 travers l'ombre
 Courant et sautant sous leurs
 grands
 linceuls,

Danse macabre

Zig-a-zig-a-zig, death, in
 strict time
 beating on a tomb with
 his heel;
 death plays a dance tune
 at midnight,
 zig-a-zig-a-zig, on his
 violin.

The winter wind blows,
 and the night is dark;
 moans rise from the
 linden trees;
 pale skeletons come
 through the shadows
 running and leaping
 beneath their great
 shrouds,

Zig et zig et zig, chacun se
 trémousse,
 On entend claquer les os des
 danseurs,
 Un couple lascif s'assoit sur
 la mousse
 Comme pour goûter
 d'anciennes douceurs.

Zig et zig et zag, la mort
 continue
 De racler sans fin son aigre
 instrument.
 Un voile est tombé! La
 danseuse est nue!
 Son danseur la serre
 amoureuxment.

La dame est, dit-on,
 marquise ou
 baronne.
 Et le vert galant un pauvre
 charron -
 Horreur! Et voilà qu'elle
 s'abandonne
 Comme si le rustre était un
 baron!

Zig et zig et zig, quelle
 sarabande!
 Quels cercles de morts se
 donnant la main!
 Zig et zig et zag, on voit dans
 la bande
 Le roi gambader auprès
 du vilain!

Mais psit! tout à coup on
 quitte la ronde,
 On se pousse, on fuit, le coq a
 chanté
 Oh! La belle nuit pour le
 pauvre monde!
 Et vive la mort et
 l'égalité!

Zig-a-zig-a-zig, each
 judders and twitches,
 you hear the dancers'
 bones rattling;
 a wanton couple sits
 down on the moss
 as if to taste bygone
 pleasures.

Zig-a-zig-a-zig, death
 carries on
 endlessly scraping at his
 shrill instrument.
 A veil has fallen! The
 dancer is naked!
 Her dance partner
 embraces her ardently.

They say the woman is a
 marquise or a
 baroness.
 And the dashing suitor a
 poor wheelwright -
 unthinkable! And now she
 gives herself away
 as though the swain were
 a baron!

Zig-a-zig-a-zig, what a
 song and dance!
 What circles of the dead
 holding hands!
 Zig-a-zig-a-zig, you can
 see among the pack
 the king capering along
 beside the peasant!

But hush! all at once they
 all cease the dance,
 they fly, they flee, the
 cock has crowed -
 oh! A fine night for
 the poor!
 And long live death and
 equality!

Translations of Fauré, Messiaen, Ravel, Delibes, Debussy, 'La diva de l'Empire' and 'Sanglots' by Richard Stokes from A French Song Companion (Johnson/Stokes) published by OUP. Saint-Saëns and 'La dame de Monte Carlo' by Richard Stokes.