

# WIGMORE HALL

Wednesday 20 September 2023  
1.00pm

## Wigmore French Song Exchange

François Le Roux and Dame Felicity Lott are pleased to welcome you this Wednesday to Wigmore Hall for an exceptional programme by the members of our Wigmore French Song Exchange.

After a year of work with two experts in French *mélodie*, the singers present their final recitals on the Wigmore Hall stage, which has long been a home to French song since the Hall's opening in 1901 and where Fauré, Poulenc, Ravel – among others – accompanied their own works.

We wanted to share our love of French song with a new generation of singers, and through the Wigmore French Song Exchange scheme, we are thrilled to have been able to do so.

Today we will hear beautiful young voices in this rich and varied repertoire of well-known and lesser-known songs and duets. Sebastian Wybrew will accompany the young singers.

*I am sure that – like me – you will make some great new discoveries!* – Dame Felicity Lott

Sofia Kirwan-Baez soprano  
Camille Bauer mezzo-soprano  
Matthias Dähling countertenor  
Dafydd Jones tenor  
Sebastian Wybrew piano

### SOFIA KIRWAN-BAEZ SOPRANO

Elsa Barraine (1910-1999)	Pastourelle (pub. 1931)
Claude Debussy (1862-1918)	Pantomime (1883)
	Clair de lune (1882)
	Pierrot (1882)
	Apparition (1884)



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**ARTS COUNCIL  
ENGLAND**



DAFYDD JONES TENOR

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)	Après un rêve Op. 7 No. 1 (1877) Les berceaux Op. 23 No. 1 (1879) Nell Op. 18 No. 1 (1878)
Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)	Bleuet (1939) C from <i>2 poèmes de Louis Aragon</i> (1943)

SOFIA KIRWAN-BAEZ SOPRANO • DAFYDD JONES TENOR

Gabriel Fauré	Pleurs d'or Op. 72 (1896)
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CAMILLE BAUER MEZZO-SOPRANO

Claude Debussy	Le promenoir des deux amants (1904-10) <i>Auprès de cette grotte sombre • Crois mon conseil, chère Climène • Je tremble en voyant ton visage</i>
Francis Poulenc	La fraîcheur et le feu (1950) <i>Rayons des yeux • Le matin les branches attisent • Tout disparut • Dans les ténèbres du jardin • Unis la fraîcheur et le feu • Homme au sourire tendre • La grande rivière qui va</i>

MATTHIAS DÄHLING COUNTERTENOR

Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)	Soupir from <i>3 Poèmes de Stéphane Mallarmé</i> (1913)
Reynaldo Hahn (1874-1947)	A Chloris (1916)
Gabriel Fauré	Nocturne Op. 43 No. 2 (1886)
Francis Poulenc	Priez pour paix (1938)

CAMILLE BAUER MEZZO-SOPRANO • MATTHIAS DÄHLING COUNTERTENOR

Ernest Chausson (1855-1899)	La nuit Op. 11 No. 1 (1883)
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**Fauré's** 'Après un rêve' (on a poem by Romain Bussine) and 'Nell' (on a poem by Leconte de Lisle) were written when he was in his early twenties, a habitué of Pauline Viardot's musical salons where his songs had their first success. But their musical sophistication is seldom in doubt either, whether in the shifting harmonies of 'Après un rêve' or the joyous abandon of 'Nell', its energy coming from a hyper-active piano part over which the singer spins a long-breathed melody. A darker side of Fauré's nature comes through in 'Les berceaux', where the poet Sully-Prudhomme likens the rocking of infants' cradles to the boats of their fathers fishing in treacherous waters far from home – a predicament which Fauré evokes with consummate skill. 'Nocturne' was written in 1886, on a poem by Villiers de l'Isle-Adam. Here the composer captures love and serenity with obsessive single-mindedness, the piano part barely changing over many bars. 'Pleurs d'or' (Jean Richepin) is a duet for mezzo-soprano and baritone composed in 1896, a fine example of the seductive harmonic flexibility of Fauré's music at the time.

Fauré's near-contemporary **Ernest Chausson** was never a prolific composer, but song formed a central part of his output. His duet 'La nuit' is a setting of Théodore de Banville written at a time when Chausson was euphoric from hearing Wagner's *Parsifal* (he had been in Bayreuth for the 1882 première and went back in 1883 during his honeymoon). But 'La nuit', subtitled a 'rondel à 2 voix', is quintessentially French, with echoes of a work like Delibes's *Lakmé* which had its première in 1883.

**Debussy** – younger than either Chausson or Fauré – also composed his settings of 'Pantomime', 'Clair de lune', 'Pierrot' and 'Apparition' in the early 1880s and these songs, on poems by Verlaine, Banville and Mallarmé, were included in Debussy's manuscript collection lovingly assembled for his mistress Marie-Blanche Vasnier. These four songs were first published as the musical supplement to *La revue musicale* in May 1926, devoted to 'La jeunesse de Claude Debussy'; early songs which already reveal his sensitive response to poetry. *Le promenoir des deux amants* dates from later in Debussy's career, setting poems by the 17th-century poet Tristan l'Hermite. The first song, 'Auprès de cette grotte sombre', began life as one of the *3 chansons de France* in 1904, but in 1910 he reused this darkly meditative setting – anchored by obsessive rhythms in the piano – to open this cycle, dedicated by Debussy to his wife Emma. The second and third songs are refined declarations of love: in 'Je tremble en voyant ton visage', piano textures are in a constant state of change, wrapped around the singer's quiet declamation, until the closing bars when delicate tracery in the piano's right hand and rich chords in the left bring the song to an exquisite close.

Fauré and Debussy began their careers in the late 19th Century and continued to refine and to innovate in the 20th. In that sense, they paved the way for younger composers like **Ravel** – a pupil of Fauré and someone who enjoyed an on-off friendship with Debussy. Ravel's *3 poèmes de Stéphane Mallarmé* were composed in 1913. The first of the set, 'Soupir', was composed in Clarens where Stravinsky had just put the finishing touches to *Le sacre du printemps*. Ravel's score is dated 2 April 1913; Stravinsky had completed the orchestration for *Le sacre* three weeks earlier, so Ravel's dedication to Stravinsky could not have been more apt. The Mallarmé songs were originally scored with instrumental ensemble, but Ravel also made a voice and piano version. 'Soupir' is full of rippling right-hand figuration supported by sustained harmonies and the setting demonstrates his respect for Mallarmé's poetry: the music is highly expressive but has no unnecessary flamboyance. **Reynaldo Hahn's** 'A Chloris' was composed in the same year but could hardly be more different. Graham Johnson has described it as 'the summit of Reynaldo Hahn's art as a pasticheur, and it ranks as perhaps the most successful example of musical time-travelling in the French mélodie repertoire ... All the grace of Louis XIII's epoch seems encapsulated here, but there is also an undertone of sadness.'

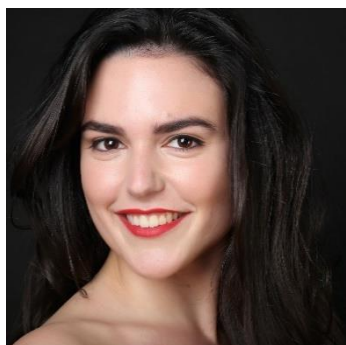
**Poulenc** started composing songs in his teens and wrote them throughout his life. 'Priez pour paix', on a medieval poem by Charles d'Orléans, was written in September 1938, a prophesy of things to come which Poulenc subsequently called 'a prayer at a shrine in time of war.' 'Bleuet', an Apollinaire setting, dates from October 1939 and had poignant echoes for the time: as well as meaning a cornflower, 'un bleu' is an army recruit and according to Poulenc, the poem appealed to him because of its 'human resonance'. But perhaps the most moving of all these wartime songs is 'C', on a poem by Louis Aragon. This is a song of infinite melancholy which laments the Nazi violation of France with some of Poulenc's most inspired music. *Le fraîcheur et le feu* is a set of seven songs on poems by Paul Éluard; written in 1950, Poulenc described them as his most unified set, progressing through the songs to create a single entity. As with Ravel's Mallarmé songs, the dedicatee is once again Stravinsky.

**Elsa Barraine** was a gifted pupil of Dukas, and a life-long friend of her classmate Messiaen. Her 'Pastourelle', setting a poem by Armand Foucher, was published in 1931, just after she had won the Prix de Rome. It is one of several songs she wrote at the time which are now being rediscovered, along with the rest of her remarkable output.

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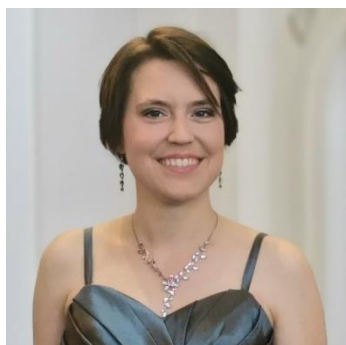
### Sofia Kirwan-Baez (soprano)



Anglo-Venezuelan soprano Sofia Kirwan-Baez is a Kathleen Ferrier semi-finalist, a Josephine Baker Trust artist and a recipient of a Sybil Tutton Award and a Musicians' Company Award. Operatic

roles include Elle in *La voix humaine*, Adina in *L'elisir d'amore*, Papagena in *Die Zauberflöte* and new creations (Marco Galvani, Toby Young). Her concert work ranges from Monteverdi's *Vespers* to Schoenberg's *Pierrot Lunaire*. Sofia read Music at Oxford University. Rotary International supported her Masters (RWCMD). An RCM Concerto Competition winner, Sofia was a Huffner Scholar in the RCM Opera Studio, supported by the Sir Gordon Palmer Scholarship. In 2023/24, she is joining the National Opera Studio.

### Camille Bauer (mezzo-soprano)



Belgian mezzo-soprano Camille Bauer studied in Brussels and Antwerp before graduating from the Conservatoire National Supérieur de Paris in June 2023. Laureate of the 2022 Concours

International de Chant Lyrique de Mâcon, she will sing in the Opera Studio of the Opéra National du Rhin during the 2023/24 season. Camille studied Lieder and French *mélodie* with Inge Spinette, Jeff Cohen and Anne Le Bozec and participated in the Académie Francis Poulenc in 2021. With French pianist Pierre Venissac, in the last two years she has performed in Montfort-L'Amaury for the Journées Ravel and in Paris for the Printemps de la Mélodie.

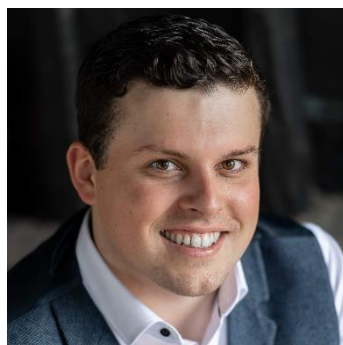
### Matthias Dähling (countertenor)



Matthias Dähling is a German countertenor recently graduated with distinction from his Masters degree at the Royal College of Music with Sally Burgess. He is generously supported in the UK

as an RCM award holder and DAAD scholar. Recent highlights include CD recordings of Telemann cantatas with both the Neumeyer Consort and barockwerk hamburg as well as various solo performances in Germany and the UK. Another recent highlight includes the first performances of two mini-operas, co-produced by the RCM and the opera company Tête-à-Tête. Matthias is passionate about song repertoire and increasing the recognition for the countertenor voice in this area. In the 2023/24 season, Matthias will be a member of the Monteverdi Choir 'Young Apprentices' scheme. In the autumn of 2021 he gave his stage debut in a new production of Shostakovich's *The Nose* at the Bayerische Staatsoper Munich under the baton of Vladimir Jurowski. Matthias has participated in masterclasses given by Michael Chance, Daniel Taylor, Ian Partridge, Lynne Dawson and Philippe Jaroussky. Since 2016 he has been studying privately with German alto Ulla Groenewold, Hamburg.

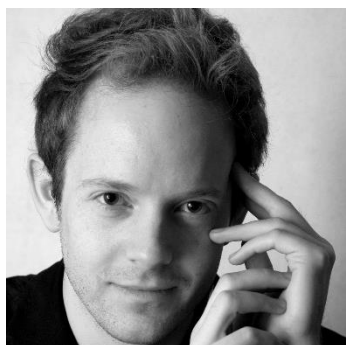
### Dafydd Jones (tenor)



Welsh tenor Dafydd Jones is an Aldama Scholar, supported by the Ivor Llewellyn Foster Scholarship, studying with Nicky Spence at the Royal College of Music International Opera Studio. A recent winner of the Ferrier

Loveday Song Prize, Dafydd made his international opera debut as Clotarco in Haydn's *Armida* at the Bregenzer Festspiele last season. Other operatic credits include Pastore in Monteverdi's *L'Orfeo* (Garsington Opera) and Don Ottavio in *Don Giovanni* (OPRA Cymru). Dafydd is a Samling Artist and is about to cover the role of Earl Tolloller in *Iolanthe* for English National Opera before making his debut in the title role of *Albert Herring* for Opera North in their 2023/24 season.

### Sebastian Wybrew (piano)



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 Meikle Duo Prize at the 2017 Wigmore Hall/Kohn Foundation International 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 and Wigmore Hall's French Song Exchange. He has given masterclasses for the Guildhall School of Music & Drama, the Edward Said Conservatory, Palestine and the Fondation Royaumont, France.

### 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 and 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, and appeared in recital with Graham Johnson and Roger Vignoles, as well as the late Irwin Gage and Noël Lee. François Le Roux teaches at the Lachine International Vocal Academy in Montreal, is Artistic Director of the Académie Francis Poulenc in Tours and has been awarded the title Chevalier dans l'Ordre des Arts et des Lettres.

**Elsa Barraine** (1910-1999)

**Pastourelle** (pub. 1931)  
*Armand Foucher*

Paissez, mes moutons, dans  
la plaine,  
La bonne herbe de la  
Lorraine,  
Mes beaux moutons blancs.

Auprès de moi, selon l'usage,  
Ne craignez loup ni sa  
nuisance,  
Mes chers moutons blancs.

Pastour icy ne connaît  
larmes,  
Non plus que meschiefs  
d'hommes d'armes,  
Mes beaux moutons blancs.

Autre est-il qu'Amour,  
Espérance,  
Sous le bleu ciel de douce  
France?  
Mes chers moutons blancs.

Là, sous l'ombre du vieux  
hêtre, aux loges des  
Dames,  
Il fait si bon m'asseoir  
Jusqu'à l'heure où le vent me  
vient chanter les gammes  
De l'Angelus du  
soir.

File, ma quenouille,  
Pais, mon blanc troupeau,  
File, ma quenouille,  
Dors, mon bel agneau!

**Pastourelle**

Graze, my sheep, on the  
plains,  
the good grass of the  
Lorraine,  
my lovely white sheep.

With me, as always,  
have no fear of the wolf or  
his mischief,  
my dear white sheep.

A shepherd here knows  
no tears,  
nor the misfortunes of  
men-at-arms,  
my lovely white sheep.

Is there anything but Love  
and Hope  
beneath the blue sky of  
balmy France?  
My dear white sheep.

There, beneath the shade  
of the old beech tree, by  
the church,  
it's so good to sit down  
until the wind comes to  
sing me the scales  
of the evening's Angelus  
bell.

Spin, my distaff,  
graze, my white flock,  
spin, my distaff,  
sleep, my lovely lamb!

**Claude Debussy** (1862-1918)

**Pantomime** (1883)  
*Paul Verlaine*

Pierrot, qui n'a rien d'un  
Clitandre,  
Vide un flacon sans plus  
attendre,  
Et, pratique, entame un  
pâté.

Cassandre, au fond de  
l'avenue,  
Verse une larme méconnue  
Sur son neveu déshérité.

Ce faquin d'Arlequin  
combine  
L'enlèvement de Colombine  
Et pirouette quatre fois.

Colombine rêve, surprise  
De sentir un cœur dans la  
brise  
Et d'entendre en son cœur  
des voix.

**Clair de lune** (1882)  
*Paul Verlaine*

Votre âme est un paysage  
choisi  
Que vont charmant masques  
et bergamasques  
Jouant du luth et dansant et  
quasi  
Tristes sous leurs  
déguisements fantasques.

Tout en chantant sur le mode  
mineur  
L'amour vainqueur et la vie  
opportune,  
Ils n'ont pas l'air de croire à  
leur bonheur  
Et leur chanson se mêle au  
clair de lune,

Au calme clair de lune triste  
et beau,  
Qui fait rêver les oiseaux  
dans les arbres  
Et sangloter d'extase les jets  
d'eau,  
Les grands jets d'eau sveltes  
parmi les marbres.

**Pantomime**

Pierrot, who is no  
Clitandre,  
gulps down a bottle  
without delay  
and, being practical,  
starts on a pie.

Cassandre, at the end of  
the avenue,  
sheds an unnoticed tear  
for his disinherited nephew.

That rogue of a Harlequin  
schemes  
how to abduct Colombine  
and pirouettes four times.

Colombine dreams, amazed  
to sense a heart in the  
breeze  
and hear voices in her  
heart.

**Clair de lune**

Your soul is a chosen  
landscape  
bewitched by masquers  
and bergamaskers,  
playing the lute and  
dancing and almost  
sad beneath their fanciful  
disguises.

Singing as they go in a  
minor key  
of conquering love and  
life's favours,  
they do not seem to  
believe in their fortune  
and their song mingles with  
the light of the moon,

The calm light of the  
moon, sad and fair,  
that sets the birds  
dreaming in the trees  
and the fountains sobbing in  
their rapture,  
tall and svelte amid  
marble statues.

## Pierrot (1882)

*Théodore de Banville*

Le bon Pierrot, que la foule  
contemple,  
Ayant fini les noces  
d'Arlequin,  
Suit en songeant le  
boulevard du Temple.  
Une fillette au souple  
casaquin  
En vain l'agace de son œil  
coquin;  
Et cependant mystérieuse et  
lisse  
Faisant de lui sa plus chère  
délice,  
La blanche Lune aux cornes  
de taureau  
Jette un regard de son œil  
en coulisse  
A son ami Jean Gaspard  
Deburau.

## Pierrot

Good Pierrot, watched by  
the crowd,  
having done with  
Harlequin's wedding,  
wanders dreamily along the  
Boulevard du Temple.  
A girl with a clinging  
blouse  
vainly importunes him with  
her mocking glance;  
and meanwhile, mysterious  
and polished,  
cherishing him above all  
things,  
the white moon with  
horns like a bull  
peers into the  
wings  
at his friend Jean Gaspard  
Deburau.

## Apparition (1884)

*Stéphane Mallarmé*

La lune s'attristait. Des  
séraphins en pleurs  
Rêvant, l'archet aux doigts,  
dans le calme des fleurs  
Vaporeuses, tiraient de  
mourantes violes  
De blanc sanglots glissant  
sur l'azur des corolles.  
– C'était le jour béni de ton  
premier baiser.  
Ma songerie aimant à me  
martyriser  
S'enivrait savamment du  
parfum de tristesse  
Que même sans regret et  
sans déboire laisse  
La cueillaison d'un Rêve  
au cœur qui l'a  
cueilli.  
J'errais donc, l'œil rivé  
sur le pavé  
vieilli  
Quand avec du soleil aux  
cheveux, dans la rue  
Et dans le soir, tu  
m'es en riant  
apparue  
Et j'ai cru voir la fée au  
chapeau de clarté

## Apparition

The moon grew sad.  
Weeping seraphim,  
dreaming, bows in hand,  
in the calm of hazy  
flowers, drew from dying  
viols  
white sobs that glided  
over the corollas' blue.  
– It was the blessed day of  
your first kiss.  
My dreaming, glad to  
torment me  
grew skilfully drunk on the  
perfumed sadness  
that – without regret or  
bitter after-taste –  
the harvest of a Dream  
leaves in the reaper's  
heart.  
And so I wandered, my  
eyes fixed on the old  
paving stones,  
when with sun-flecked  
hair, in the street  
and in the evening, you  
appeared laughing  
before me  
and I thought I glimpsed the  
fairy with her cap of light

Qui jadis sur mes  
beaux sommeils d'enfant  
gâté  
Passait, laissant toujours de  
ses mains mal fermées  
Neiger de blancs bouquets  
d'étoiles parfumées.

who long ago crossed my  
lovely spoilt child's  
slumbers,  
always allowing from her  
half-closed hands  
white bouquets of  
scented stars to snow.

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## DAFYDD JONES TENOR

### Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

#### Après un rêve Op. 7 No. 1 (1877)

*Anon. trans. Romain  
Bussine*

Dans un sommeil que  
charmaient ton image  
Je rêvais le bonheur, ardent  
mirage,  
Tes yeux étaient plus doux,  
ta voix pure et sonore,  
Tu rayonnais comme un ciel  
éclairé par l'aurore;

#### After a dream

In sleep made sweet by a  
vision of you  
I dreamed of happiness,  
fervent illusion,  
your eyes were softer, your  
voice pure and ringing,  
you shone like a sky that  
was lit by the dawn;

Tu m'appelais et je quittais la  
terre  
Pour m'enfuir avec toi vers la  
lumière,  
Les cieux pour nous  
entr'ouvraient leurs nues,  
Splendeurs inconnues,  
lueurs divines entrevues.

You called me and I  
departed the earth  
to flee with you toward  
the light,  
the heavens parted their  
clouds for us,  
we glimpsed unknown  
splendours, celestial fires.

Hélas! hélas, triste réveil des  
songes,  
Je t'appelle, ô nuit, rends-moi  
tes mensonges;  
Reviens, reviens radieuse,  
Reviens, ô nuit mystérieuse!

Alas, alas, sad awakening  
from dreams!  
I summon you, O night, give  
me back your delusions;  
return, return in radiance,  
return, O mysterious night!



## Les berceaux Op. 23

### No. 1 (1879)

*Sully Prudhomme*

Le long du quai les grands  
vaisseaux,  
Que la houle incline en  
silence,  
Ne prennent pas garde aux  
berceaux  
Que la main des femmes  
balance.

Mais viendra le jour des  
adieux,  
Car il faut que les femmes  
pleurent,  
Et que les hommes  
curieux  
Tentent les horizons qui  
leurrent.

Et ce jour-là les grands  
vaisseaux,  
Fuyant le port qui  
diminue,  
Sentent leur masse  
retenue  
Par l'âme des lointains  
berceaux.

## Nell Op. 18 No. 1 (1878)

*Leconte de Lisle*

Ta rose de pourpre, à ton  
clair soleil,  
O Juin, étincelle enivrée;  
Penche aussi vers moi ta  
coupe dorée:  
Mon cœur à ta rose est pareil.

Sous le mol abri de la feuille  
ombreuse  
Monte un soupir de volupté;  
Plus d'un ramier chante au  
bois écarté,  
O mon cœur, sa plainte  
amoureuse.

Que ta perle est douce au  
ciel enflammé,  
Etoile de la nuit pensive!  
Mais combien plus douce est  
la clarté vive  
Qui rayonne en mon cœur  
charmé!

## The cradles

Along the quay the great  
ships,  
listing silently with the  
surge,  
pay no heed to the  
cradles  
rocked by women's  
hands.

But the day of parting will  
come,  
for it is decreed that  
women shall weep,  
and that men with  
questing spirits  
shall seek enticing  
horizons.

And on that day the great  
ships,  
leaving the dwindling  
harbour behind,  
shall feel their hulls held  
back  
by the soul of the distant  
cradles.

## Nell

Your crimson rose in your  
bright sun  
glitters, June, in rapture;  
incline to me also your  
golden cup:  
my heart is like your rose.

From the soft shelter of  
shady leaves  
rises a languorous sigh;  
more than one dove in the  
secluded wood  
sings, O my heart, its love-  
lorn lament.

How sweet is your pearl in  
the blazing sky,  
star of meditative night!  
But sweeter still is the  
vivid light  
that glows in my  
enchanted heart!

La chantante mer, le long du  
rivage,  
Taira son murmure  
éternel,  
Avant qu'en mon cœur,  
chère amour, ô Nell,  
Ne fleurisse plus ton  
image!

The singing sea along the  
shore  
shall cease its eternal  
murmur,  
before in my heart, dear  
love, O Nell,  
your image shall cease to  
bloom!

## Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)

### Bleuet (1939)

*Guillaume Apollinaire*

Jeune homme  
De vingt ans  
Qui as vu des choses si  
affreuses  
Que penses-tu des hommes  
de ton enfance

Tu connais la bravoure et la  
ruse

Tu as vu la mort en face plus  
de cent fois

Tu ne sais pas ce que c'est  
que la vie

Transmets ton  
intrépidité  
A ceux qui viendront  
Après toi

Jeune homme  
Tu es joyeux ta mémoire est  
ensanglantée  
Ton âme est rouge aussi  
De joie  
Tu as absorbé la vie de  
ceux qui sont morts près  
de toi

Tu as de la décision  
Il est 17 heures et tu  
saurais  
Mourir  
Sinon mieux que tes aînés  
Du moins plus pieusement  
Car tu connais mieux  
la mort que la  
vie  
O douceur  
d'autrefois  
Lenteur  
immémoriale

### Rookie

Young man  
of twenty  
you who have seen such  
terrible things  
what do you think of the men  
from your childhood

You know what bravery is  
and cunning

You have faced death more  
than a hundred times

you do not know what life  
is

Hand down your  
fearlessness  
to those who shall come  
after you

Young man  
you are joyous your memory  
is steeped in blood  
your soul is red also  
with joy  
you have absorbed the  
life of those who died  
beside you

You are resolute  
it is 1700 hrs and you  
would know  
how to die  
if not better than your elders  
at least with greater piety  
for you are better  
acquainted with death  
than life  
O sweetness of bygone  
days  
slow-moving beyond all  
memory



**C from 2 poèmes de  
Louis Aragon (1943)**  
*Louis Aragon (1943)*

**C**

J'ai traversé les ponts de Cé C'est là que tout a commencé	I have crossed the bridges of Cé it is there that everything began
Une chanson des temps passés Parle d'un chevalier blessé	a song of bygone days tells of a knight who injured lay
D'une rose sur la chaussée Et d'un corsage délaçé	of a rose upon the carriage-way and a bodice with an unlaced stay
Du château d'un duc insensé Et des cygnes dans les fossés	and the castle of an insane duke and swans in castle moats
De la prairie où vient danser Une éternelle fiancée	and of the meadow where an eternal fiancée comes to dance
Et j'ai bu comme un lait glacé Le long lai des gloires faussées	and I have drunk the long lay of false glories like icy milk
La Loire emporte mes pensées Avec les voitures versées	the Loire bears my thoughts away with the overturned jeeps
Et les armes désamorçées Et les larmes mal effacées	and the unprimed arms and the ill-dried tears
Ô ma France ô ma délaissée J'ai traversé les ponts de Cé	O my France, O my forsaken one I have crossed the bridges of Cé

**SOFIA KIRWAN-BAEZ SOPRANO**  
**DAFYDD JONES TENOR**

**Gabriel Fauré**

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

Larmes aux fleurs suspendues, Larmes aux sources perdues Aux mousses des rochers creux;	Tears clinging to flowers, tears from springs lost in the moss of hollowed rocks;
Larmes d'automne épandues, Larmes de cors entendues	Tears shed by Autumn, tears from horns sounding

Dans les grands bois douloureux;	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, éploement 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!

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**CAMILLE BAUER MEZZO-SOPRANO**

**Claude Debussy**

**Le promenoir des deux amants (1904-10) The two lovers' promenade**  
*Tristan l'Hermite*

**Auprès de cette grotte sombre Close to this dark grotto**

Auprès de cette grotte sombre Où l'on respire un air si doux, L'onde lutte avec les cailloux, Et la lumière avecque l'ombre.	Close to this dark grotto, where the air is so soft, the water contends with pebbles, and light contends with shade.
---	---

Ces flots, lassés de l'exercice Qu'ils ont fait dessus ce gravier, Se reposent dans ce vivier Où mourut autrefois Narcisse...	These waves, tired of moving across the gravel, are reposing in this pond where long ago Narcissus died...
--	---

L'ombre de cette fleur vermeille Et celle de ces joncs pendants Paraissent estre là-dedans Les songes de l'eau qui sommeille.	The shadow of this crimson flower and of those bending reeds seem in the depths to be the dreams of the sleeping water.
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*Please do not turn the page until the song and its accompaniment have ended.*

## Crois mon conseil, chère Climène

Crois mon conseil, chère  
Climène;  
Pour laisser arriver le  
soir,  
Je te prie, allons nous asseoir  
Sur le bord de cette fontaine.

N'ouïs-tu pas soupiner  
Zéphire,  
De merveille et d'amour  
atteint,  
Voyant des roses sur ton  
teint,  
Qui ne sont pas de son  
empire?

Sa bouche d'odeur toute  
pleine,  
A soufflé sur notre  
chemin,  
Mêlant un esprit de jasmin  
A l'ambre de ta douce  
haleine.

## Je tremble en voyant ton visage

Je tremble en voyant ton  
visage  
Flotter avecque mes désirs,  
Tant j'ai de peur que mes  
soupirs  
Ne lui fassent faire  
naufnage.

De crainte de cette aventure  
Ne commets pas si librement  
A cet infidèle élément  
Tous les trésors de la Nature.

Veux-tu, par un doux  
privilège,  
Me mettre au-dessus des  
humains?  
Fais-moi boire aux creux de  
tes mains,  
Si l'eau n'en dissout point la  
neige.

## Trust my counsel, dear Climène

Trust my counsel, dear  
Climène;  
while waiting for evening  
to fall,  
I beg you, let us sit  
at this fountain's edge.

Can you not hear  
Zephyrus sigh,  
stricken with wonder and  
love  
at the sight of roses on  
your cheeks,  
over which he has no  
power?

His mouth, so full of  
fragrance,  
has breathed across our  
path,  
mingling jasmine essence  
with the amber of your  
sweet breath.

## I tremble when I see your face

I tremble when I see your  
face  
floating with my desires,  
so frightened am I that my  
sighs  
might cause your face to  
drown.

For fear of this misfortune,  
do not endow too freely  
that untrustworthy element  
with all of Nature's treasures.

Will you, as a sweet  
privilege,  
raise me above human  
kind?  
Let me drink from your  
cupped hands,  
if the water melt not their  
snow.

## Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)

### La fraîcheur et le feu (1950) *Paul Éluard*

#### Rayons des yeux

Rayons des yeux et des soleils  
Des ramures et des fontaines  
Lumière du sol et du ciel  
De l'homme et de l'oubli de  
l'homme  
Un nuage couvre le sol  
Un nuage couvre le ciel  
Soudain la lumière  
m'oublie  
La mort seule demeure  
entière  
Je suis une ombre je ne vois  
plus  
Le soleil jaune le soleil rouge  
Le soleil blanc le ciel  
changeant  
Je ne sais plus  
La place du bonheur vivant  
Au bord de l'ombre sans ciel  
ni terre.

#### Le matin les branches attisent

Le matin les branches  
attisent  
Le bouillonnement des oiseaux  
Le soir les arbres sont  
tranquilles  
Le jour frémissant se repose.

#### Tout disparut

Tout disparut même les toits  
même le ciel  
Même l'ombre tombée des  
branches  
Sur les cimes des mousses  
tendres  
Même les mots et les regards  
bien accordés  
Sœurs miroitières de mes  
larmes  
Les étoiles brillaient autour  
de ma fenêtre  
Et mes yeux refermant  
leurs ailes pour la  
nuit  
Vivaient d'un univers sans  
bornes.

### The coolness and the fire

#### Beams of eyes

Beams of eyes and suns  
of branches and of fountains  
light of earth and sky  
of man and man's  
oblivion  
a cloud covers the earth  
a cloud covers the sky  
suddenly the light forgets  
me  
death alone remains  
entire  
I am a shadow I no longer  
see  
the yellow sun the red sun  
the white sun the  
changing sky  
I no longer know  
where living joy abides  
at the shadow's edge with  
neither earth nor sky.

#### The branches fan each morning

The branches fan each  
morning  
the flurry of the birds  
each evening the trees  
are tranquil  
the quivering day's at rest.

#### All vanished

All vanished even the  
roofs even the sky  
even the shade fallen  
from the branches  
onto the tips of soft  
mosses  
even the words and  
harmonious glances  
Sisters mirroring my  
tears  
stars shone round my  
window  
and my eyes closing once  
more their wings for the  
night  
lived in a limitless  
universe.

## Dans les ténèbres du jardin

Dans les ténèbres du jardin  
Viennent des filles invisibles  
Plus fines qu'à midi l'ondée  
Mon sommeil les a pour amies  
Elles m'enivrent en secret  
De leurs complaisances aveugles.

## Unis la fraîcheur et le feu

Unis la fraîcheur et le feu  
Unis tes lèvres et tes yeux  
De ta folie attends sagesse  
Fais image de femme et d'homme.

## Homme au sourire tendre

Homme au sourire tendre  
Femme aux tendres paupières  
Homme aux joues rafraîchies  
Femme aux bras doux et frais  
Homme aux prunelles calmes  
Femme aux lèvres ardentes  
Homme aux paroles pleines  
Femme aux yeux partagés  
Homme aux deux mains utiles  
Femme aux mains de raison  
Homme aux astres constants  
Femme aux seins de durée  
Il n'est rien qui vous retient  
Mes maîtres de m'éprouver.

## Into the darkness of the garden

Into the darkness of the garden  
some invisible maidens enter  
more delicate than the midday shower  
my sleep has them for friends  
they intoxicate me secretly with their blind complaisance.

## Unite the coolness and the fire

Unite the coolness and the fire  
unite your lips and your eyes from your folly await wisdom  
make an image of woman and man.

## Man with the tender smile

Man with the tender smile  
woman with the tender eyelids  
man with the freshened cheeks  
woman with the sweet fresh arms  
man with the calm eyes  
woman with the ardent lips  
man with abundant words  
woman with the shared eyes  
man with the useful hands  
woman with the hands of reason  
man with the steadfast stars  
woman with the enduring breasts  
There is nothing that prevents you  
my masters from testing me.

## La grande rivière qui va

La grande rivière qui va  
Grande au soleil et petite à la lune  
Par tous chemins à l'aventure  
Ne m'aura pas pour la montrer du doigt

Je sais le sort de la lumière  
J'en ai assez pour jouer son éclat  
Pour me parfaire au dos de mes paupières  
Pour que rien ne vive sans moi.

## The great river that flows

The great river that flows vast beneath the sun and small beneath the moon  
in all directions randomly  
will not have me to point it out

I know the spell of the light  
I've enough of it to play with its lustre  
to perfect myself behind my eyelids  
to ensure that nothing lives without me.

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## MATTHIAS DÄHLING COUNTERTENOR

### Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)

#### Soupir from 3 Poèmes de Stéphane Mallarmé

(1913)

*Stéphane Mallarmé*

Mon âme vers ton front où rêve, ô calme sœur,  
Un automne jonché de taches de rousseur,  
Et vers le ciel errant de ton œil angélique  
Monte, comme dans un jardin mélancolique,  
Fidèle, un blanc jet d'eau soupire vers l'Azur!  
– Vers l'Azur attendri d'Octobre pâle et pur  
Qui mire aux grands bassins sa langueur infinie  
Et laisse, sur l'eau morte où la fauve agonie  
Des feuilles erre au vent et creuse un froid sillon,  
Se traîner le soleil jaune d'un long rayon.

#### Sigh

My soul rises toward your brow where, calm sister,  
an autumn strewn with russet spots is dreaming,  
and toward the restless sky of your angelic eye,  
as in some melancholy garden  
a white fountain faithfully sighs toward the Azure!  
– Toward the tender Azure of pale and pure October  
that mirrors its infinite languor in the vast pools,  
and, on the stagnant water where the tawny agony  
of leaves wanders in the wind and digs a cold furrow,  
lets the yellow sun draw itself out in one long ray.

## Reynaldo Hahn (1874-1947)

### A Chloris (1916)

*Théophile de Viau*

S'il est vrai, Chloris, que tu m'aimes,	If it be true, Chloris, that you love me,
Mais j'entends, que tu m'aimes bien,	(and I'm told you love me dearly),
Je ne crois pas que les rois mêmes	I do not believe that even kings
Aient un bonheur pareil au mien.	can match the happiness I know.
Que la mort serait importune	Even death would be powerless
A venir changer ma fortune	to alter my fortune
Pour la félicité des cieux!	with the promise of heavenly bliss!
Tout ce qu'on dit de l'ambrosie	All that they say of ambrosia
Ne touche point ma fantaisie	does not stir my imagination
Au prix des grâces de tes yeux.	like the favour of your eyes!

### To Chloris

## Francis Poulenc

### Priez pour paix (1938)

*Charles d'Orléans*

Priez pour paix, douce Vierge Marie,	Pray for peace, sweet Virgin Mary,
Reyne des cieux et du monde maîtresse,	Queen of heaven and Mistress of this world,
Faictes prier, par vostre courtoisie,	cause, by your courtesy, all the saints
Saints et Saintes et prenez vostre adresse	to pray, and address
Vers vostre fils, requérant sa haultesse	your Son, beseeching his high Majesty
Qu'il Lui plaise son peuple regarder,	to deign to look upon his people,
Que de son sang a voulu racheter,	whom he wished to redeem with his blood,
En déboutant guerre qui tout desvoye;	banishing war which disrupts all;
De prières ne vous vueillez lasser:	pray untiringly, we beg of you:
Priez pour paix, le vrai trésor de joye!	pray for peace, the true treasure of joy!

### Pray for peace

## Gabriel Fauré

### Nocturne Op. 43 No. 2

(1886)

*Auguste Villiers de l'Isle-Adam*

La nuit sur le grand mystère	Onto a landscape of great mystery
Entr'ouvre ses écrins bleus;	Night half-opens its blue caskets;
Autant de fleurs sur la terre	As many flowers on earth
Que d'étoiles dans les cieux!	As stars in the sky!
On voit ses ombres dormantes	Its sleeping shadows are seen
S'éclairer à tous moments	Brightening every moment
Autant par les fleurs charmantes	As much by charming flowers
Que par les astres charmants.	As by charming stars.
Moi, ma nuit au sombre voile	My own darkly veiled night
N'a pour charme et pour clarté	Has for charm and light
Qu'une fleur et qu'une étoile,	But one flower and one star –
Mon amour et ta beauté!	My love and your beauty!

### Nocturne

CAMILLE BAUER MEZZO-SOPRANO

MATTHIAS DÄHLING COUNTERTENOR

## Ernest Chausson (1855-1899)

### La nuit Op. 11 No. 1

(1883)

*Théodore de Banville*

Nous bénissons la douce Nuit	We bless the sweet night,
Dont le frais baiser nous délivre.	whose cool kiss sets us free.
Sous ses voiles on se sent vivre	Beneath its veils we feel we live
Sans inquiétude et sans bruit.	without noise or anxiety.
Le souci dévorant s'enfuit,	Devouring care slips away,
Le parfum de l'air nous enivre;	the fragrant air enraptures us;
Nous bénissons la douce Nuit,	we bless the sweet night,
Dont le frais baiser nous délivre.	whose cool kiss sets us free.
Pâle songeur qu'un Dieu poursuit,	Pale dreamer whom a god pursues,
Repose-toi, ferme ton livre.	rest, and close your book.
Dans les cieux blancs comme du givre	In the heavens as white as rime
Un flot d'astres frissonne et luit.	a stream of stars quivers and shines.
Nous bénissons la douce Nuit.	We bless the sweet night.

### The night

*All translations except Barraine, Chausson and 'Nocturne' by Richard Stokes from A French Song Companion (Johnson/Stokes) published by OUP. Barraine by Jean du Monde. Chausson by Roland Smithers. 'Nocturne' by Richard Stokes.*