

WIGMORE HALL

Wednesday 22 March 2023
7.30pm

Supported by the Rick Mather David Scrase Foundation

Stéphane Degout baritone
Simon Lepper piano

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Der Wanderer D493 (1816)
Schäfers Klage lied D121 (1814)
Der Einsame D800 (1825)
An den Mond D193 (1815)
Sei mir gegrüsst D741 (1821-2)
Nacht und Träume D827 (1823)

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

Mirages Op. 113 (1919)
*Cygne sur l'eau • Reflets dans l'eau •
Jardin nocturne • Danseuse*

Interval

Gabriel Fauré

Poème d'un jour Op. 21 (1878)
Rencontre • Toujours • Adieu

Alban Berg (1885-1935)

4 Lieder Op. 2 (?1909-10)
*Schlafen, schlafen • Schlafend trägt man mich •
Nun ich der Riesen Stärksten überwand •
Warm die Lüfte*

Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)

2 mélodies hébraïques (1914)
Kaddisch • L'énigme éternelle

Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

3 chansons de France (1904)
*Rondel: Le temps a laissé son manteau • La grotte •
Rondel: Pour ce que Plaisance est morte*
Le promenoir des deux amants (1904-10)
*Auprès de cette grotte sombre • Crois mon conseil,
chère Climène • Je tremble en voyant ton visage*

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Written in October 1816, **Schubert's** 'Der Wanderer' sets a poem by Georg Philipp Schmidt von Lübeck as a dramatic scene. Pulsing piano triplets introduce the recitative-like opening which gives way to a solemn melody ('Die Sonne dünkt mich hier', later used in Schubert's 'Wanderer' Fantasy), a turbulent faster section, and a poignant return to the opening material. 'Schäfers Klagelied', composed in 1814 and later revised, was the first of Schubert's songs to be performed in public (at a concert on 28 February 1819) – the Viennese press was enthusiastic, one critic describing it as 'a beautiful composition'. 'Der Einsame' dates from 1825, published that same year as a magazine supplement. Karl Lappe's poem describes sitting by the fire at home, relishing one more sweet and peaceful hour' of solitude.

'An den Mond', completed on 17 May 1815 to a poem by Hölty, is marked 'Slow and wistful'. It begins and ends with piano arpeggios supporting a tender vocal line, but the central section moves into a major key, lightening the mood for a fleeting moment. 'Sei mir gegrüsst', written by early 1822, is Schubert's earliest setting of Rückert. The music is in the style of a serenade and as Richard Capell noted in 1928: 'there are serenades playful, frivolous, persuasive, [but] this one is noble.' 'Nacht und Träume', first published in 1825, sets words by Schubert's friend Matthäus von Collin who had died the previous year; this song may have been a memorial to him. The mood of rapt meditation is maintained throughout with an undulating piano part supporting the voice.

Fauré's *Poème d'un jour* is his earliest song cycle, composed in 1878. The three poems by Charles Grandmougin describe a one-day love affair, from the first meeting and initial infatuation in 'Rencontre', to anger and rejection in 'Toujours', and resignation in 'Adieu'. Given that Fauré's five-month engagement to Pauline Viardot's daughter Marianne had ended in November 1877, it is hard not to find autobiographical parallels in these songs. The music moves from the easy lyricism of 'Rencontre' to the rather melodramatic outpouring (and more adventurous harmonies) of 'Toujours', and the serenity of 'Adieu' (with a lovely key-change from major to minor and back again in the middle). *Mirages*, on poems by Renée de Brimont, was composed in July and August 1919, at the other end of Fauré's long career. A miracle of subtlety and understatement, this cycle of four songs shows Fauré at his most sophisticated. In 'Cygne sur l'eau', the shifting half-lights of the harmonies complement a text in which the poet likens her mind to a swan, 'gentle, harmonious', gliding over waters both troubled and serene. 'Reflets dans l'eau' begins the with poet seeing her reflection in a pool which brings back a series of fleeting memories; Fauré's music serves as a mirror to this as the piano ebbs and flows, briefly vanishing into silence. The vocal line of 'Jardin nocturne' unfolds over gentle chords, their rich but ambiguous harmonic shifts always in a state of flux.

'Danseuse' sets a quietly erotic text with a restraint that makes it all the more effective, its subject both mysterious and unknowable. The first performance was given by Madeleine Grey on 27 December 1919, with Fauré at the piano. By then, Fauré's hearing was severely impaired and this was one of his last public appearances as a performer.

Completed in 1910, **Berg's** 4 *Lieder* Op. 2 set one poem by Friedrich Hebbel and three by Alfred Mombert. They show the composer starting to dissolve conventional harmony and moving towards the atonal language of his mature works, from the relatively straightforward D minor at the start of 'Schlafen, schlafen' to the ardent dissonances of 'Warm die Lüfte'. Hidden in the score is another favourite Berg device: musical cryptography. In the third and fourth songs, the notes A and B flat represent 'Alban' and 'Berg', while B natural (H in German terminology) symbolises his wife, Helene. These cyphers may not be apparent to the listener, but they were an important part of Berg's conception. So, too, was the key of D minor with which the first song opens: he once told Helene she was 'a glorious Symphony in D minor'.

Ravel's 2 *mélodies hébraïques* were written in 1914 in response to a commission from Alvina Alvi, a singer from the St Petersburg Opera. The Kaddish is one of the central prayers in the Jewish liturgy, used in many services, particularly funerals and memorials. Ravel takes the traditional chant melody, adding an accompaniment that is mostly sparse, allowing the vocal melismas to shine through. 'L'énigme éternelle' unfolds over a steady piano part, notable for some uncompromising dissonances.

Debussy composed his 3 *chansons de France* in 1904, dedicating them to 'Madame S Bardac' – Emma Bardac – with whom Debussy was to elope to England the following year (they eventually married in 1908). For this set of songs, Debussy drew on poems by Charles d'Orléans (15th Century) and Tristan l'Hermite (17th Century) that evoked French times past. Framed by two 'Rondels', the central song is darkly meditative, anchored by an obsessive rhythmic figure in the piano. In 1910, Debussy used the same song to open *Le promenoir des deux amants*, a group of three L'Hermite settings, dedicated to 'Emma Claude Debussy by her husband.' The second and third songs are ultra-refined declarations of love: in 'Je tremble en voyant ton visage', the piano textures are in a constant state of change, wrapped around the singer's quiet declamation, until the closing bars, marked 'aussi doux que possible', where delicate tracery in the piano's right hand and rich chords in the left bring the song to an exquisite close.

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Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Der Wanderer D493

(1816)

Georg Philipp Schmidt von
Lübeck

The wanderer

Ich komme vom Gebirge her;	From the mountains I have come,
Es dampft das Tal, es braust das Meer,	the valley steams, the ocean roars,
Ich wandle still, bin wenig froh,	I walk in silence, with little joy,
Und immer fragt der Seufzer – wo?	and my sighs keep asking – Where?
Die Sonne dünkt mich hier so kalt,	Here the sun seems so cold,
Die Blüte welk, das Leben alt; Und, was sie reden, leerer Schall –	blossom faded, life old; what men say – just empty sound:
Ich bin ein Fremdling überall.	I am a stranger everywhere.
Wo bist du, mein geliebtes Land?	Where are you, my beloved land?
Gesucht, geahnt, und nie gekannt,	Sought for, sensed, and never known,
Das Land, das Land, so hoffnungsgrün,	the land, the land, so green with hope,
Das Land, wo meine Rosen blüh'n,	the land where my roses bloom;
Wo meine Freunde wandelnd geh'n,	Where my friends roam,
Wo meine Toten aufersteh'n,	where my dead friends rise again,
Das Land, das meine Sprache spricht,	the land that speaks my tongue,
O Land, wo bist du?	O land, where are you?
Ich wandle still, bin wenig froh,	I walk in silence, with little joy,
Und immer fragt der Seufzer – wo? –	and my sighs keep asking – Where? –
Im Geisterhauch tönt's mir zurück,	A ghostly whisper makes reply,
„Dort, wo du nicht bist, dort ist das Glück!“	'There, where you are not, there fortune lies!'

Schäfers Klage lied

D121 (1814)

Johann Wolfgang von
Goethe

Shepherd's lament

Da droben auf jenem Berge Da steh' ich tausendmal An meinem Stabe hingebo gen Und sehe hinab in das Tal.	On that mountain over there I've stood a thousand times, leaning on my shepherd's staff gazing into the valley below.
Dann folg' ich der weidenden Herde, Mein Hündchen bewahret mir sie. Ich bin herunter gekommen Und weiss doch selber nicht wie.	I follow then the grazing flock my sheepdog guards for me. I've come down to the valley and do not myself know how.
Da steht von schönen Blumen Die ganze Wiese so voll. Ich breche sie, ohne zu wissen, Wem ich sie geben soll.	The whole meadow is blooming, thronged with beautiful flowers. I pick them without knowing who to give them to.
Und Regen, Sturm und Gewitter Verpass ich unter dem Baum. Die Türe dort bleibt verschlossen; Und alles ist leider ein Traum.	In rain and storm and tempest I shelter beneath the tree. The door over there stays locked; and all, alas, is a dream.
Es stehet ein Regenbogen Wohl über jenem Haus! Sie aber ist fortgezogen, Gar weit in das Land hinaus.	A rainbow arches over the house! But she has gone away, far away to distant parts.
Hinaus in das Land und weiter, Vielleicht gar über die See. Vorüber, ihr Schafe, nur vorüber! Dem Schäfer ist gar so weh.	To distant parts and further, perhaps even over the sea. Move on, O sheep, move on! Your shepherd feels so sad.

Der Einsame D800

(1825)

Karl Gottlieb Lappe

Wenn meine Grillen
schwirren,
Bei Nacht, am spät
erwärmten Herd,
Dann sitz' ich, mit
vergnügtem Sinn,
Vertraulich zu der Flamme hin,
So leicht, so
unbeschwert.

Ein trautes stilles
Stündchen
Bleibt man noch gern am
Feuer wach.
Man schürt, wenn sich die
Lohe senkt,
Die Funken auf, und sinnt
und denkt:
Nun abermal ein Tag!

Was Liebes oder Leides
Sein Lauf für uns daher
gebracht,
Es geht noch einmal durch
den Sinn;
Allein das Böse wirft man hin.
Es störe nicht die Nacht.

Zu einem frohen
Traume
Bereitet man gemach sich zu.
Wenn sorgelos ein holdes
Bild
Mit sanfter Lust die Seele füllt,
Ergibt man sich der Ruh.

O wie ich mir gefalle
In meiner stillen Ländlichkeit!
Was in dem Schwarm der
lauten Welt
Das irre Herz gefesselt hält,
Gibt nicht Zufriedenheit.

Zirpt immer, liebe Heimchen,
In meiner Klause, eng und klein.
Ich duld' euch gern: ihr stört
mich nicht.
Wann euer Lied das
Schweigen bricht,
Bin ich nicht ganz allein.

The recluse

When my crickets chirrup
at night
by the late-burning
hearth,
I sit contentedly in my
chair,
confiding to the flame,
so light-heartedly, so at
ease.

For one more sweet and
peaceful hour
it's good to linger by the
fire,
stirring the embers when
the blaze dies down,
musing and
thinking:
Well, that's another day!

Whatever joy or sorrow
it has brought
us,
runs once more through
the mind;
but the bad is cast aside,
so as not to spoil the night.

We gently prepare
ourselves
for pleasant dreams.
When a lovely image fills
the soul
with carefree, tender joy,
we succumb to sleep.

Oh, how I love
my quiet rustic life!
What holds the wayward
heart captive in the bustle
of the noisy world,
cannot bring contentment.

Chirp away, friendly
house crickets
in my narrow little room.
I gladly put up with you:
you're no trouble.
When your song breaks
the silence,
I'm no longer all alone.

An den Mond D193

(1815)

*Ludwig Christoph Heinrich
Hölty*

Geuss, lieber Mond, geuss
deine Silberflimmer
Durch dieses
Buchengrün,
Wo Phantasien und
Traumgestalten immer
Vor mir vorüber fliehn!

Enthülle dich, dass ich die
Stätte finde,
Wo oft mein Mädchen
sass,
Und oft, im Wehn des
Buchbaums und der Linde,
Der goldnen Stadt
vergass!

Enthülle dich, dass
ich des Strauchs mich
freue,
Der Kühlung ihr gerauscht,
Und einen Kranz auf jeden
Anger streue,
Wo sie den Bach
belauscht!

Dann, lieber Mond, dann
nimm den Schleier wieder,
Und traur' um deinen Freund,
Und weine durch den
Wolkenflor hernieder,
Wie dein Verlassner weint.

To the moon

Shed your silver light,
dear moon,
through these green
beeches,
where fancies and
dream-like visions
forever flit by me!

Unveil yourself, that I
might find the place
where my sweetheart
often sat,
and where, to the rustle of
beech and lime,
I often forgot the gilded
town!

Unveil yourself, that I
might enjoy the
murmuring bushes
that cooled her,
and lay a wreath on every
meadow,
where she once listened
to the brook!

Then, dear moon, veil
yourself once more
and mourn your friend,
and weep through hazy
clouds,
just like I, forsaken, weep.

Sei mir gegrüsst D741

(1821-2)

Friedrich Rückert

O du Entriss'ne mir und
meinem Kusse!

Sei mir gegrüsst!

Sei mir geküsst!

Erreichbar nur meinem
Sehnsuchtgrusse!

Sei mir gegrüsst!

Sei mir geküsst!

Du von der Hand der Liebe
diesem Herzen

Gegeb'ne! du

Von dieser Brust

Genomm'ne mir! mit diesem
Tränengusse

Sei mir gegrüsst!

Sei mir geküsst!

Zum Trotz der Ferne, die
sich, feindlich trennend,

Hat zwischen mich

Und dich gestellt;

Dem Neid der

Schicksalsmächte zum
Verdrusse

Sei mir gegrüsst!

Sei mir geküsst!

Wie du mir je im schönsten
Lenz der Liebe

Mit Gruss und Kuss

Entgegen kamst,

Mit meiner Seele
glühndstem Ergusse

Sei mir gegrüsst!

Sei mir geküsst!

Ein Hauch der Liebe tilget
Räum' und Zeiten,

Ich bin bei dir,

Du bist bei mir,

Ich halte dich in dieses Arms
Umschlusse,

Sei mir gegrüsst!

Sei mir geküsst!

I greet you

O you who were snatched
from me and my kiss!

I greet you!

I kiss you!

O you reached only by my
longing greeting!

I greet you!

I kiss you!

You who were given this
heart by the hand

of love! You

who were taken

from this heart! – in a
flood of tears

I greet you!

I kiss you!

To defy the distance that,
hostile and dividing,

has come

between you and me;

to spite envious

powers of
fate,

I greet you!

I kiss you!

As in love's fairest
spring

you once came to me

with kisses and greetings,

so with my soul's most
ardent outpouring

I greet you!

I kiss you!

One breath of love
effaces time and space,

I am with you,

you are with me,

I hold you closely in my
arms,

I greet you!

I kiss you!

Nacht und Träume

D827 (1823)

Matthäus von Collin

Heil'ge Nacht, du sinkest
nieder;

Nieder wallen auch die Träume,

Wie dein Mondlicht durch die
Räume,

Durch der Menschen stille
Brust.

Night and dreams

Holy night, you float
down;

dreams too drift down,

like your moonlight
through space,

through the silent hearts
of men.

Die belauschen sie mit
Lust,

Rufen, wenn der Tag erwacht:

Kehre wieder, heil'ge Nacht!

Holde Träume, kehret
wieder!

They listen to them with
delight,

cry out when day awakes:

come back, holy night!

Sweet dreams, come
back again!

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

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.

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.

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;

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.'

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

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
aegyptiens,
Et la fontaine qui s'épand
En larmes fades ...
Par les bois secrets et
divins
J'écoutais frissonner sans fin
L'hamadryade.

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
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! ...

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.

Jardin nocturne

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.

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
Et votre languide et chaude
volupté!

Je sais votre paix délectable
et morose,
Vos parfums d'iris, de
jasmins 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.

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! ...

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.

Nocturnal garden

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.

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
and your languid, torrid
voluptuousness!

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

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

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

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!

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!

Dancer

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

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

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

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

Interval

Gabriel Fauré

Poème d'un jour Op. 21 (1878)

Charles Grandmougin

Rencontre

J'étais triste et pensif quand
je t'ai rencontrée,
Je sens moins aujourd'hui
mon obstiné tourment,
O dis-moi, serais-tu la
femme inespérée
Et le rêve idéal poursuivi
vainement?

O passante aux doux
yeux, serais-tu donc
l'amie
Qui rendrait le bonheur au
poète isolé,
Et vas-tu rayonner sur mon
âme affermie

Meeting

I was sad and pensive
when I met you,
today I feel less my
persistent pain;
O tell me, could you be the
long hoped-for woman,
and the ideal dream
pursued in vain?

O passer-by with gentle
eyes, could you be the
friend
to restore the lonely
poet's happiness,
and will you shine on my
steadfast soul

Comme le ciel natal sur un
cœur d'exilé?

Ta tristesse sauvage, à la
mienne pareille,
Aime à voir le soleil décliner
sur la mer!
Devant l'immensité ton
extase s'éveille
Et le charme des soirs à ta
belle âme est cher.

Une mystérieuse et douce
sympathie
Déjà m'enchaîne à toi
comme un vivant lien,
Et mon âme frémit, par
l'amour envahie
Et mon cœur te chérit
sans te connaître
bien.

Toujours

Vous me demandez de me
taire,
De fuir loin de vous pour
jamais
Et de m'en aller, solitaire,
Sans me rappeler qui j'aimais!

Demandez plutôt aux étoiles
De tomber dans l'immensité,
A la nuit de perdre ses voiles,
Au jour de perdre sa clarté!

Demandez à la mer immense
De dessécher ses vastes flots
Et quand les vents sont en
démence,
D'apaiser ses sombres
sanglots!

Mais n'espérez pas que mon
âme
S'arrache à ses âpres
douleurs
Et se dépouille de sa flamme
Comme le printemps de ses
fleurs!

like native sky on an
exiled heart?

Your timid sadness, like
my own,
loves to watch the sun set
on the sea!
Such boundless space
awakes your rapture,
and your fair soul prizes
the evenings' charm.

A mysterious and gentle
sympathy
already binds me to you
like a living bond,
and my soul quivers,
overcome by love,
and my heart, without
knowing you well,
adores you.

Forever

You ask me to be
silent,
to flee far from you
forever
and to go my way alone,
forgetting whom I loved!

Rather ask the stars
to fall into infinity,
the night to lose its veils,
the day to lose its light!

Ask the boundless sea
to drain its mighty waves,
and the raging
winds
to calm their dismal
sobbing!

But do not expect my
soul
to tear itself from bitter
sorrow,
nor to shed its passion
as springtime sheds its
flowers!

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

Adieu

Comme tout meurt vite, la
rose
Décloze,
Et les frais manteaux
diaprés
Des prés;
Les longs soupirs, les bien-
aimées,
Fumées!

On voit dans ce monde léger
Changer
Plus vite que les flots des
grèves,
Nos rêves,
Plus vite que le givre en
fleurs,
Nos cœurs!

A vous l'on se croyait
fidèle,
Cruelle,
Mais hélas! les plus longs
amours
Sont courts!

Et je dis en quittant vos
charmes,
Sans larmes,
Presqu'au moment de mon
aveu,
Adieu!

Farewell

How swiftly all things die,
the rose
in bloom,
and the cool dappled
mantle
of the meadows;
long-drawn sighs, loved
ones,
all smoke!

In this fickle world we see
our dreams
change more swiftly than
waves
on the shore,
our hearts change more
swiftly than patterns
of frosted flowers!

To you I thought I would
be faithful,
cruel one,
but alas! the longest loves
are short!

And I say, taking leave of
your charms,
without tears,
almost at the moment of
my avowal,
farewell!

Alban Berg (1885-1935)

4 Lieder Op. 2 (?1909-10)

Schlafen, schlafen

Christian Friedrich Hebbel

Schlafen, Schlafen, nichts als
Schlafen!
Kein Erwachen, keinen Traum!
Jener Wehen, die mich trafen,
Leisestes Erinnern
kaum,
Dass ich, wenn des Lebens
Fülle
Nieder klingt in meine
Ruh',
Nur noch tiefer mich
verhülle,
Fester zu die Augen
tu'!

Sleep, sleep

Sleep, sleep, nothing but
sleep!
No awakening, no dream!
Of the pains I had to bear
scarce the faintest
memory –
so that when life's
plenitude
echoes down to where I
rest,
I enshroud myself more
deeply still,
press my eyes more
tightly shut!

Schlafend trägt man mich

Alfred Mombert

Schlafend trägt man mich
In mein Heimatland.
Ferne komm' ich her,
Über Gipfel, über Schlünde,
Über ein dunkles Meer
In mein Heimatland.

I am borne in sleep

I am borne in sleep
to my homeland.
I come from afar,
over peaks, over gorges,
over a dark sea
to my homeland.

Nun ich der Riesen Stärksten überwand

Alfred Mombert

Nun ich der Riesen Stärksten
überwand,
Mich aus dem dunkelsten
Land
Heimfand
An einer weissen
Märchenhand –
Hallen schwer die Glocken.
Und ich wanke durch die
Gassen
Schlafbefangen.

Now I've conquered the strongest of giants

Now I've conquered the
strongest of giants,
and from the darkest land
have found my way home
guided by a white faerie
hand –
the bells sound heavily.
And I stagger through the
streets,
drunk with sleep.

Warm die Lüfte

Alfred Mombert

Warm die Lüfte,
Es spriesst Gras auf
sonnigen Wiesen. Horch! –
Horch, es flötet die
Nachtigall ...
Ich will singen:

Warm the breezes

Warm the breezes,
grass grows on sunlit
meadows. Listen! –
Listen, the nightingale is
singing ...
I shall sing:

Droben hoch im düstern
Bergforst,
Es schmilzt und glitzert
kalter Schnee,
Ein Mädchen in grauem Kleide
Lehnt an feuchtem
Eichstamm,
Krank sind ihre zarten
Wangen,
Die grauen Augen
fiebern
Durch
Düsterriesenstämme.
'Er kommt noch nicht. Er
lässt mich warten' ...

High in the gloomy
mountain forest,
cold snow melts and
glitters,
a girl dressed in grey
leans against the damp
trunk of an oak,
her tender cheeks are
sick,
her grey eyes stare
feverishly
through the gloom of
giant trunks.
'Still he does not come.
He keeps me waiting' ...

Stirb!
Der Eine stirbt, daneben der
Andere lebt:
Das macht die Welt so
tiefschön.

Die!
One dies, while another
lives:
that makes the world so
profoundly beautiful.

Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)

2 mélodies hébraïques 2 Hebrew melodies (1914)

Kaddisch

Yithgaddal
weyithkaddash
scheméh rabba be'olmâ
Diverâ 'khire' outhé
veyamlî'kh
mal'khouté behayyé'khôn,
Ouvezome'khôu ouve'hayyé
de'khol beth yisraël
Ba'agalâ ouvizman qariw
weimrou:
Amen.
Yithbara'kh
Weyischtaba'h
weyith paêr
weyithromam
Weyithnassé
weyithhaddar
weyith'allé
weyithhallal
Scheméh dequoudschâ
beri'kh
hou, l'êla ule'êla
Min kol bir'khatha
weschiratha
touschbehatha
Wene'hamathâ daamirân
ah!
Be'olma ah!
We imrou: Amen.

Kaddisch

May thy glory, O King of
Kings,
be exalted, O thou
who art to renew the
world and
resurrect the dead.
May thy reign, Adonai, be
proclaimed by us, the sons
of Israel, today, tomorrow,
forever. Let us all say:
Amen.
May thy radiant name be
loved,
cherished, praised,
glorified.
May it be blessed,
sanctified,
exalted, thy name which
soars
above the heavens,
above our
praises, above our hymns,
above all our benisons.
May
merciful heaven grant us
tranquillity, peace,
happiness.
Ah! Let us all say:
Amen.

L'énigme éternelle

Frägt die Welt die alte Casche
Tra la tra la la la la
Ent fernt men
Tra la la ...
Un as men will kennen sagen
Tra la la ...
Frägt die Welt die alte Casche
Tra la la ...

The eternal enigma

World, you question us:
tra la tra la la la la
the answer comes:
tra la la ...
If you cannot be answered:
tra la la ...
World, you question us:
tra la la ...

Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

3 chansons de France (1904)

Rondel: Le temps a laissé son manteau

Charles d'Orléans

Le temps a laissé son
manteau
De vent, de froidure et de pluye,
Et s'est vestu de
broderye,
De soleil raiant, cler et
beau.

Il n'y a beste ne oiseau
Qui en son jargon ne chante
ou crye:
Le temps a laissé son
manteau.

Rivière, fontaine et ruisseau
Portent, en livrée jolye,
Goultes d'argent d'orfaverie.
Chascun s'abille de nouveau,
Le temps a laissé son
manteau.

La grotte

Tristan l'Hermite

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.

Ces flots, lassés de
l'exercice
Qu'ils ont fait dessus ce gravier,
Se reposent dans ce vivier
Où mourut autrefois
Narcisse...

L'ombre de cette fleur
vermeille
Et celle de ces joncs
pendants
Paraissent estre là-dedans
Les songes de l'eau qui
sommeille.

Rondel: The season has shed its cloak

The season has shed its
cloak
of wind and cold and rain
and donned embroidered
garments
of radiant sunshine, clear
and fair.

There is no beast nor bird
that in its own tongue
does not sing or cry:
the season has shed its
cloak.

River, fountain and brook
wear, as pretty livery,
drops of silver jewellery.
Each thing clads itself anew,
the season has shed its
cloak.

The grotto

Close to this dark grotto,
where the air is so soft,
the water contends with
pebbles,
and light contends with
shade.

These waves, tired of
moving
across this gravel,
are reposing in this pond
where long ago Narcissus
died...

The shadow of this
crimson flower
and of those bending
reeds
seem in the depths to be
the dreams of the
sleeping water.

**Rondel: Pour ce que
Plaisance est morte**

Charles d'Orléans

Pour ce que Plaisance est
morte
Ce may, suis vestu de
noir;
C'est grand pitié de véoir
Mon cœur qui s'en desconforte.

Je m'abille de la sorte
Que doy, pour faire devoir;
Pour ce que Plaisance est
morte
Ce may, suis vestu de
noir.

Le temps ces nouvelles
porte
Qui ne veut déduit avoir;
Mais par force du plouvoir
Fais des champs clore la
porte,
Pour ce que Plaisance est
morte.

**Le promenoir des deux
amants (1904-10)**

Tristan l'Hermite

**Auprès de cette grotte
sombre**

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.

Ces flots, lassés de
l'exercice
Qu'ils ont fait dessus ce gravier,
Se reposent dans ce vivier
Où mourut autrefois
Narcisse...

L'ombre de cette fleur
vermeille
Et celle de ces joncs
pendants
Paraissent estre là-dedans
Les songes de l'eau qui
sommeille.

**Rondel: Because
Plaisance is dead**

Because Plaisance is
dead
this May, I am attired in
black;
it is so pitiful to see
my heart distressed.

I dress in the manner
that is becoming;
because Plaisance is
dead
this May, I am attired in
black.

The elements proclaim
the news
and will brook no diversion;
instead, by means of rain,
they make the meadows
close their door,
because Plaisance is
dead.

**The two lovers'
promenade**

**Close to this dark
grotto**

Close to this dark grotto,
where the air is so soft,
the water contends with
pebbles,
and light contends with
shade.

These waves, tired of
moving
across the gravel,
are reposing in this pond
where long ago Narcissus
died...

The shadow of this
crimson flower
and of those bending
reeds
seem in the depths to be
the dreams of the
sleeping water.

**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 soupirer
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
souples
Ne lui fassent faire
nauffrage.

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.

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