

WIGMORE HALL

Thursday 23 November 2023
7.30pm

This concert is supported by The Seguin Fides Charitable Trust

Louise Alder soprano
Joseph Middleton piano

Doric String Quartet

Tim Crawford violin

Ying Xue violin

Hélène Clément viola

John Myerscough cello

Laurène Durantel double bass

Amina Hussain flute

Rachael Clegg oboe

Max Welford clarinet

Guylaine Eckersley bassoon

Mark Alder Bennett horn

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

La bonne chanson Op. 61 (1892-4)

*Une sainte en son auréole • Puisque l'aube grandit •
La lune blanche luit dans les bois • J'allais par des
chemins perfides • J'ai presque peur, en vérité •
Avant que tu ne t'en ailles • Donc, ce sera par un clair
jour d'été • N'est-ce pas? • L'hiver a cessé*

Interval

Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)

Shéhérazade (1903) *arranged by George Strivens for voice, wind
quintet and piano*

Asie • La flûte enchantée • L'indifférent

Joseph Canteloube (1879-1957)

arranged by George Strivens

for voice, wind quintet and piano

Tè, l'co, tè! (1954)

Postouro, sé tu m'aymo (1954)

N'ai pas iéu dè mîo (1923)

Lo calhé (1923)

La delaïssádo (1923)

Hé! Beyla-z-y dau fé! (1954)

Baïlèro (1923)



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'Fauré is completely out of his mind!' Such was the reaction of **Fauré's** former teacher, Saint-Saëns, on hearing *La bonne chanson* in 1894. Marcel Proust, on the other hand, declared the work a masterpiece. Well over a century later, we might wonder what could have been the problem. Fauré's exquisitely nuanced melodies, unfolding over gently flowing accompaniments, are surely a high point of French elegance, charm and subtlety.

A close listening to *La bonne chanson*, however, reveals a sense of emotional restlessness that became a hallmark of Fauré's mature style. Even his admirers complained of the incessant modulation, as the music sidesteps from one key to another within the space of a few bars. But not only is this done with consummate skill, it's always used to enhance the expressive nature of the song.

In 'Une sainte en son auréole', for example, the contradiction between the simplicity of the word setting and the complex harmony tells us early on that things are not quite what they seem. In 'J'allais par des chemins perfides' the chromatic harmony reflects the instability of the lover's emotions, fluctuating between passionate hope and self-doubt. Yet by the last song, 'L'hiver a cessé,' the same quality serves a quite opposite end, capturing the intoxication of love and its dizzy sense of overflow in the plenitude of spring.

If *La bonne chanson* marked a new direction in Fauré's style, we might ask why then and why this work? Fauré turned 47 in 1892 and though biography does not always provide a key, it may do so here. In the summer of that year and the next he was a frequent guest of the Parisian banker Sigismond Bardac and his much younger wife, the soprano Emma Bardac. Not only was she the dedicatee of Fauré's song cycle, she was quite clearly its inspiration.

It's not hard to hear this piece as charting the progress of his falling in love with her, the beginning of a relationship that was to last for several years. A decade later in 1905, Emma Bardac became the second wife of Claude Debussy, an overlap between the lives of the two composers that interweaves singers, lovers, song-writing and poets. Of the latter, none was more important than Paul Verlaine (1844-96).

Verlaine's *La bonne chanson* was written in 1869 for the 16-year old Mathilde Mauté, with whom he was about to enter a disastrous marriage. The idealised world of these poems was in stark contrast with the reality of his own life. Two years after his marriage, Verlaine eloped with fellow poet Arthur Rimbaud. In a lovers' argument Verlaine shot and wounded Rimbaud and ended up in prison. By the 1890s Verlaine was an alcoholic with his reputation marred by scandal. In that context, the wistful evocation of the past in *La bonne chanson* takes on a new resonance.

Fauré's most famous pupil, **Ravel**, was 28 when he composed *Shéhérazade* in 1903. The texts are by the poet Tristan Klingsor, whose adopted name signals an

association not only with the *Wagnerisme* of the 1890s, but also the world of Arthurian legend, the medievalism of the pre-Raphaelite painters and the Orientalism that flavours so much French culture of the time. Both poet and composer express the *fin-de-siècle* fascination with dreamlike evocations of far-off places, scenes of vivid colour and sensuality. But these are neither real destinations nor actual journeys: they are flights of the soul, journeys into the imagination.

The 'Asie' of the first song is a land of childhood picture-book images. Klingsor boasted that not only had he never been to Persia, he hadn't even looked at a map. His poem is about the *desire* to be elsewhere (witness the repetition of 'je voudrais'), an attempt to escape the lassitude of European culture. Ravel's music offers a voluptuous response to the rich poetic images, sometimes violent in the first song, often erotic in the second and third.

'La flûte enchantée' captures beautifully how this longing to be elsewhere is realised through the enchantment of music. The prominent use of the flute and the sense of an intimate monologue might recall Debussy's equally erotic Orientalism in *Chansons de Billitis* (1897). 'L'indifférent' offers a vision of a beautiful stranger, 'gentle like a girl', who speaks in a mysterious dialect 'like music out of tune'. The stranger is invited to enter through the open door but walks on into the distance. A scene of seductive sensuality which comes to nothing, it rounds off the cycle with a sense of unconsummated desire.

While Ravel epitomizes a concern for distant, fantastical places, **Canteloube** (1879-1957) exemplifies a later, post-1918 return to the landscapes and folk cultures of regional France. His *Chants d'Auvergne* (1923-54) are not only rooted in the rural and mountainous region of central France where he grew up, but set folksong texts in the local language of Auvergnat, a dialect of the ancient Occitan language.

The perennial delight in Canteloube's collection is surely linked to its wonderful freshness of character as it alternates between lively dances, haunting love songs, lullabies and humorous folk scenes. The recurrent protagonists are shepherds and shepherdesses (as in 'Baïlléro'), and sometimes even their animals (as in 'Hé! Beyla-z-y dau fé!'). The recurrent themes are love and loss, as in the heart-rending lament of 'La delaïssádo'.

Canteloube's setting of 27 songs (in five series) is often described as an 'arrangement' of folksongs but that is no more accurate than to say a master-jeweller has 'arranged' a few gemstones. The raw directness of folk poetry is here framed by a refined sensuality worthy of Ravel, not least through Canteloube's extraordinarily atmospheric orchestration, a quality wonderfully preserved in this version for chamber ensemble by **George Strivens**.

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Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

La bonne chanson Op. 61 (1892-4)

Paul Verlaine

Une sainte en son auréole

Une Sainte en son auréole,
Une Châtelaine en sa tour,
Tout ce que contient la
parole
Humaine de grâce et d'amour;

La note d'or que fait entendre
Un cor dans le lointain des bois,
Mariée à la fierté
tendre
Des nobles Dames
d'autrefois;

Avec cela le charme insigne
D'un frais sourire triomphant
Éclos dans des candeurs de
cygne
Et des rougeurs de femme-
enfant;

Des aspects nacrés, blancs
et roses,
Un doux accord patricien:
Je vois, j'entends toutes ces
choses
Dans son nom Carolingien.

Puisque l'aube grandit

Puisque l'aube grandit,
puisque voici l'aurore,
Puisque, après m'avoir fui
longtemps, l'espoir veut bien
Revoler devers moi qui
l'appelle et l'implore,
Puisque tout ce bonheur
veut bien être le mien,
Je veux, guidé par vous, beaux
yeux aux flammes douces,
Par toi conduit, ô main où
tremblera ma main,
Marcher droit, que ce soit par
des sentiers de mousses
Ou que rocs et cailloux
encombrent le chemin;

Et comme, pour bercer les
lenteurs de la route,
Je chanterai des airs
ingénus, je me dis
Qu'elle m'écouterà sans
déplaisir sans doute;

A Saint in her halo

A Saint in her halo,
a Châtelaine in her tower,
all that human words
contain
of grace and love;

The golden note of a horn
in forests far away,
blended with the tender
pride
of noble Ladies of long
ago;

And then – the rare charm
of a fresh, triumphant smile,
flowering in swan-like
innocence
and the blushes of a
child-bride;

A nacreous sheen of
white and pink,
a sweet patrician harmony –
all these things I see and
hear
in her Carolingian name.

Since day is breaking

Since day is breaking,
since dawn is here,
since hope, having long
eluded me, would now
return to me and my
imploring,
since all this happiness
will truly be mine,
I shall, guided by your fair
eyes' gentle glow,
led by your hand in which I
place my trembling hand,
walk straight ahead, on
mossy paths
or boulder-strewn and
stony tracks;

And while, to ease the
journey's languid pace,
I shall sing some simple
airs, I tell myself
that she will surely hear me
without displeasure;

Et vraiment je ne veux pas
d'autre Paradis.

and truly I crave no other
paradise.

**La lune blanche luit
dans les bois**

La lune blanche
Luit dans les bois;
De chaque branche
Part une voix
Sous la ramée ...

Ô bien-aimée.

L'étang reflète,
Profond miroir,
La silhouette
Du saule noir
Où le vent pleure ...

Rêvons, c'est l'heure.

Un vaste et tendre
Apaisement
Semble descendre
Du firmament
Que l'astre irise ...

C'est l'heure exquise.

The white moon

The white moon
gleams in the woods;
from every branch
there comes a voice
beneath the boughs ...

O my beloved.

The pool reflects,
deep mirror,
the silhouette
of the black willow
where the wind is weeping ...

Let us dream, it is the hour.

A vast and tender
consolation
seems to fall
from the sky
the moon illumines ...

Exquisite hour.

**J'allais par des
chemins perfides**

J'allais par des chemins
perfides,
Douloureusement incertain.
Vos chères mains furent mes
guides.

Si pâle à l'horizon lointain
Luisait un faible espoir
d'aurore;
Votre regard fut le matin.

Nul bruit, sinon son pas
sonore,
N'encourageait le voyageur.
Votre voix me dit: 'Marche
encore!'

Mon cœur craintif, mon
sombre cœur
Pleurait, seul, sur la triste
voie;
L'amour, délicieux
vainqueur,
Nous a réunis dans la joie.

**I walked along
treacherous ways**

I walked along
treacherous ways,
painfully uncertain.
Your dear hands guided
me.

So pale on the far horizon
a faint hope of dawn was
gleaming;
your gaze was the morning.

No sound, save his own
footfall,
encouraged the traveller.
Your voice said: 'Walk
on!'

My fearful heart, my
heavy heart,
wept, lonely along the sad
road;
Love, that charming
conqueror,
has united us in joy.

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

J'ai presque peur, en vérité

J'ai presque peur, en vérité,
Tant je sens ma vie
 enlacée
À la radieuse pensée
Qui m'a pris l'âme l'autre
 été,

Tant votre image, à jamais
 chère,
Habite en ce cœur tout à
 vous,
Ce cœur uniquement jaloux
De vous aimer et de vous
 plaire;

Et je tremble, pardonnez-moi
D'aussi franchement vous le
 dire,
À penser qu'un mot, qu'un
 sourire
De vous est désormais ma
 loi,

Et qu'il vous suffirait d'un
 geste,
D'une parole ou d'un clin
 d'œil,
Pour mettre tout mon être en
 deuil
De son illusion céleste.

Mais plutôt je ne veux vous
 voir,
L'avenir dût-il m'être
 sombre
Et fécond en peines sans
 nombre,
Qu'à travers un immense
 espoir,

Plongé dans ce bonheur
 suprême
De me dire encore et
 toujours,
En dépit des mornes retours,
Que je vous aime, que je t'aime!

Avant que tu ne t'en ailles

Avant que tu ne t'en ailles,
Pâle étoile du matin,
– Mille cailles
Chantent, chantent dans le
 thym. –

In truth, I am almost afraid

In truth, I am almost afraid,
so much do I feel my life
 bound up
with the radiant thoughts
that captured my soul
 last summer,

So deeply does your
 ever-dear image
inhabit this heart that is
 wholly yours,
this heart, whose sole desire
is to love you and please
 you;

And I tremble, forgive me
for telling you so
 frankly,
to think that one word,
 one smile
from you is henceforth
 law to me,

And that one gesture
 would suffice,
one word, one single
 glance,
to plunge my whole being
 in mourning
from its heavenly illusion.

But I would sooner not
 see you –
however dark the future
 might be
and full of untold
 grief –
could I not, through an
 immense hope,

Immersed in this
 supreme happiness,
repeat to myself again
 and again,
despite bleak reversals,
that I love you, I love thee!

Before you fade

Before you fade,
pale morning star,
– a thousand quail
are singing, singing in the
 thyme. –

Tourne devers le poète,
Dont les yeux sont pleins
 d'amour,
– L'alouette
Monte au ciel avec le
 jour. –

Tourne ton regard que noie
L'aurore dans son azur;
– Quelle joie
Parmi les champs de blé
 mûr! –

Puis fais luire ma
 pensée
Là-bas, – bien loin, oh! bien loin!
– La rosée
Gaîment brille sur le foin. –

Dans le doux rêve où
 s'agite
Ma mie endormie encor ...
– Vite, vite,
Car voici le soleil d'or. –

Donc, ce sera par un clair jour d'été

Donc, ce sera par un clair
 jour d'été:
Le grand soleil, complice de
 ma joie,
Fera, parmi le satin et la
 soie,
Plus belle encor votre chère
 beauté;

Le ciel tout bleu, comme une
 haute tente,
Frissonnera somptueux à
 longs plis
Sur nos deux fronts
 qu'auront pâlis
L'émotion du bonheur et
 l'attente;

Et quand le soir viendra, l'air
 sera doux
Qui se jouera, caressant,
 dans vos voiles,
Et les regards paisibles des
 étoiles
Bienveillamment souriront
 aux époux.

Turn to the poet
whose eyes are full of
 love,
– the lark
soars heavenward with
 the day. –

Turn your gaze drowned
in the blue of dawn;
– what delight
among the fields of
 ripened corn! –

And make my thoughts
 gleam
yonder, far, ah far away!
– The dew
glints brightly on the hay. –

Into the sweet dream
 where still asleep
my love is stirring ...
– Make haste, make haste,
for here's the golden sun. –

So, on a bright summer day it shall be

So, on a bright summer
 day it shall be:
the glorious sun, my
 partner in joy,
shall make, amid the satin
 and the silk,
your dear beauty lovelier
 still;

The sky, all blue, like a tall
 canopy,
shall quiver sumptuously
 in long folds
above our two brows,
 grown pale
with pleasure and
 expectancy;

And when evening comes,
 the breeze shall be soft
and play caressingly
 about your veils,
and the peaceful stars
 looking down
shall smile benevolently
 on man and wife.

N'est-ce pas?

N'est-ce pas? nous irons,
gais et lents, dans la voie
Modeste que nous
montre en souriant
l'Espoir,
Peu soucieux qu'on nous
ignore ou qu'on nous voie

Isolés dans l'amour ainsi
qu'en un bois noir,
Nos deux cœurs, exhalant
leur tendresse paisible,
Seront deux rossignols qui
chantent dans le soir.

Sans nous préoccuper de ce
que nous destine
Le Sort, nous marcherons
pourtant du même pas,
Et la main dans la main, avec
l'âme enfantine

De ceux qui s'aiment sans
mélange, n'est-ce pas?

L'hiver a cessé

L'hiver a cessé: la lumière est
tiède
Et danse, du sol au
firmament clair.
Il faut que le cœur le plus
triste cède
À l'immense joie éparsé dans
l'air.

J'ai depuis un an le
printemps dans l'âme
Et le vert retour du doux
floral,
Ainsi qu'une flamme entoure
une flamme,
Met de l'idéal sur mon idéal.

Le ciel bleu prolonge,
exhausse et couronne
L'immuable azur où rit mon
amour.
La saison est belle et ma part
est bonne
Et tous mes espoirs ont enfin
leur tour.

Is it not so?

Is it not so? Happy and
unhurried we'll follow
the modest path where
Hope directs us with a
smile,
little caring if we are neither
known nor seen.

Isolated in love as in a
dark wood,
our two hearts, breathing
gentle love,
shall be two nightingales
singing at evening.

With no thought of what
Destiny
has in store, we shall walk
along together,
hand in hand, our souls
like those of children

Whose love is unalloyed,
is that not so?

Winter is over

Winter is over, the light is
soft
and dances up from the
earth to the clear sky.
The saddest heart must
surrender
to the great joy that fills
the air.

For a year I have had
spring in my soul,
and the green return of
sweet May,
like flame encircling
flame,
adds an ideal to my ideal.

The blue sky prolongs,
heightens, and crowns
the steadfast azure where
my love smiles.
The season is fair and my
lot is happy
and all my hopes are at
last fulfilled.

Que vienne l'été! Que
viennent encore
L'automne et l'hiver! Et
chaque saison
Me sera charmante, ô Toi
que décore
Cette fantaisie et cette
raison!

Let summer come! Let
autumn
and winter come too!
Each season
will delight me, O you
graced with
imagination and good
sense!

Interval

Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)

Shéhérazade (1903)
arranged by George Strivens
Tristan Klingsor

Asie

Asie, Asie, Asie,
Vieux pays merveilleux des
contes de nourrice,
Où dort la fantaisie
Comme une impératrice
En sa forêt tout emplie de
mystères, Asie,
Je voudrais m'en aller avec la
goélette
Qui se berce ce soir dans le
port,
Mystérieuse et solitaire,
Et qui déploie enfin ses
voiles violettes
Comme un immense oiseau
de nuit dans le ciel d'or.
Je voudrais m'en aller vers
des îles de fleurs
En écoutant chanter la mer
perverse
Sur un vieux rythme
ensorceleur;
Je voudrais voir Damas et les
villes de Perse
Avec les minarets légers
dans l'air;
Je voudrais voir de beaux
turbans de soie
Sur des visages noirs aux
dents claires;
Je voudrais voir des yeux
sombres d'amour
Et des prunelles brillantes de
joie
En des peaux jaunes comme
des oranges;

Asia

Asia, Asia, Asia,
ancient wonderland of
fairy tales,
where fantasy sleeps
like an empress
in her mystery-filled
forest, Asia,
I long to set sail with the
schooner
which rocks this evening
in the harbour,
mysterious and solitary,
and which spreads at last
its violet sails
like a huge night-bird in
the golden sky.
I long to set sail for isles
of flowers
as I listen to the song of
the wayward sea
with its old bewitching
rhythm;
I long to see Damascus
and the cities of Persia
with their airy
minarets;
I long to see beautiful
silken turbans
above black faces with
white teeth;
I long to see eyes dark
with love
and pupils sparkling with
joy
sunk in skins as yellow as
oranges;

Je voudrais voir des vêtements de velours	I long to see velvet raiments
Et des habits à longues franges;	and long-fringed robes;
Je voudrais voir des calumets entre des bouches	I long to see calumets in mouths
Tout entourées de barbe blanche;	fringed about with white beards;
Je voudrais voir d'âpres marchands aux regards louches,	I long to see grasping merchants with shifty looks,
Et des cadis, et des vizirs	and cadis and viziers
Qui du seul mouvement de leur doigt qui se penche	who with a single crook of the finger
Accordent vie ou mort au gré de leur désir.	dispense life or death on a whim.
Je voudrais voir la Perse, et l'Inde, et puis la Chine,	I long to see Persia, and India, and then China,
Les mandarins ventrus sous les ombrelles,	portly mandarins beneath their sunshades,
Et les princesses aux mains fines,	and princesses with delicate hands,
Et les lettrés qui se querellent	and learned men disputing
Sur la poésie et sur la beauté;	about poetry and beauty;
Je voudrais m'attarder au palais enchanté	I long to linger in enchanted palaces,
Et comme un voyageur étranger	and like a foreign traveller
Contempler à loisir des paysages peints	gaze at leisure on landscapes painted
Sur des étoffes en des cadres de sapin	on fabrics in pinewood frames,
Avec un personnage au milieu d'un verger;	with a figure in the midst of an orchard;
Je voudrais voir des assassins souriant	I long to see assassins smiling,
Du bourreau qui coupe un cou d'innocent	as the executioner cuts off an innocent head
Avec son grand sabre courbé d'Orient;	with his great curved Oriental scimitar;
Je voudrais voir des pauvres et des reines;	I long to see beggars and queens;
Je voudrais voir des roses et du sang;	I long to see roses and blood;
Je voudrais voir mourir d'amour ou bien de haine,	I long to see death for love or else for hate,
Et puis, m'en revenir plus tard	and then to return later
Narrer mon aventure aux curieux de rêves,	and recount my adventures to those intrigued by dreams,
En élevant comme Sindbad	while raising like Sinbad
Ma vieille pipe arabe	my old Arabian pipe
Du temps en temps jusqu'à mes lèvres	from time to time to my lips,
Pour interrompre le conte avec art...	artfully to interrupt the tale...

La flûte enchantée

L'ombre est douce et mon maître dort,
 Coiffé d'un bonnet conique de soie,
 Et son long nez jaune en sa barbe blanche.
 Mais moi je suis éveillée encore
 Et j'écoute au dehors
 Une chanson de flûte où s'épanche
 Tour à tour la tristesse ou la joie,
 Un air tour à tour languoureux ou frivole
 Que mon amoureux chéri joue,
 Et quand je m'approche de la croisée,
 Il me semble que chaque note s'envole
 De la flûte vers ma joue
 Comme un mystérieux baiser.

The enchanted flute

The shade is soft and my master sleeps,
 a cone-shaped silken cap on his head,
 and his long yellow nose in his white beard.
 But I am still awake,
 listening to the song of a flute outside that pours forth
 sadness and joy in turn,
 a tune now languorous now lively,
 which my dear lover plays,
 and when I draw near the casement,
 each note seems to fly
 from the flute to my cheek
 like a mysterious kiss.

L'indifférent

Tes yeux sont doux comme ceux d'une fille,
 Jeune étranger,
 Et la courbe fine
 De ton beau visage de duvet ombragé
 Est plus séduisante encore de ligne.

The indifferent one

Your eyes are soft like a girl's,
 young stranger,
 and the delicate curve of your handsome downshaded face
 is still more attractively shaped.

Ta lèvre chante
 Sur le pas de ma porte
 Une langue inconnue et charmante
 Comme une musique fausse;
 Entre! et que mon vin te reconforte...

Your lips sing
 at my door
 an unknown charming tongue,
 like music off-pitch;
 enter! and let my wine refresh you...

Mais non, tu passes
 Et de mon seuil je te vois t'éloigner
 Me faisant un dernier geste avec grâce
 Et la hanche légèrement ployée
 Par ta démarche féminine et lasse.

But no, you pass by
 and I see you leaving my threshold,
 gracefully waving farewell,
 your hips lightly swaying
 in your languid feminine way.

Joseph Canteloube (1879-1957)

arranged by George Strivens

Tè, l'co, tè! (1954)

Traditional

Tè, l'co, tè!
Arresto lo baco!
Atsolo qué s'èn
bo!
Dió! Dió!
Camino, camino, ... pe cayré!
Tè! Biro lo roudzo! Tè!
Prrr!
Es aquo!
Dayssolo!
Bèni, bèni, bèni, tè!

Run, dog, run!

Run, dog, run!
Stop the cow!
Don't you see her
straying off?
Hey! Hey!
Quick, quick!
Round up the red one!
Prrr!
That's it!
Now let her alone!
Heel, heel, heel!

Postouro, sé tu m'aymo (1954)

Traditional

Postouro, sé tu
m'aymo
Souladjé lou mió
mal!
Croumporès uno raubo,
Un poulit dobontal;
E lèys autrès
postourélos
N'auron pas un oytal!
Ti ouli ouli ouli ouli oula
la!

Shepherdess, if you love me

Shepherdess, if you love
me,
then console my
wretchedness!
You shall have a dress,
a pretty apron,
and the other
shepherdesses
won't have anything like it!
Ti ouli ouli ouli ouli oula
la!

Postouro, sé tu
m'aymo
Souladjé lou mió
mal!
Toutoï ley flours noubèlos,
T'en foray un romèl,
E lèys autros
postourélos
N'auron pas un ton bell!
Ti ouli ouli ouli ouli oula
la!

Shepherdess, if you love
me,
then console my
wretchedness!
With all fresh flowers,
I will make a garland,
and the other
shepherdesses
won't have anything so nice!
Ti ouli ouli ouli ouli oula
la!

Lèys ogassos t'èn
cridoun:
'Mio, rébilhoté!
E! daysso leys ogassos,
Omay les ogassos!
E tenèn nostré
proumesso:
Nous cal ayma tony dous!
Ti ouli ouli ouli ouli oula
la!

Hear the magpies
chattering:
'My dear one, awake!
Hey! Forget the magpies,
never mind the magpies!
And let us keep our
promise:
let us love each other!
Ti ouli ouli ouli ouli oula
la!

N'aï pas iéu dè mîo

(1923)

Traditional

N'aï pas iéu dè mîo, soui
qu'un' pastoure!
Mè sé n'obio-z-uno li sério
fidèl;
S'obio 'no mio qué
m'aïmèssé plo,
Dé poutous, dé flours iéu lo
coubirrio!

Mè sul pount d'Enraygo n'io
dous ázelous,
Né fa què canta pel lous
amouros;
S'ès plo bertat cantarèn plo
lèu
Pel lo gento mio qu'es olprès
dé iéu!

Pel lous camps d'Endoun' io
dé gèntoï flours;
Soun blugoï, roujoï, è dé
touts coulours;
Li cal ana qué n'èn culiarái,
O lo méouno mio lès pourtorái!

Lo calhé (1923)

Traditional

È, dio mè tu, lo calhé, ound
as toun nîou?
Sul puèt dé lo Bostido dellaï
lou rîou!

È, dio mè tu, lo calhé, qué l'o
bastit?
Ès dé bourro dè lèbré è dé
lopi!

È, dio mè tu, lo calhé, qué l'io
dédins?
Dès iôus coumo lès áutrès
més plus poulists!

I have no one of my own

I have no one of my own, I
am only a shepherd;
if I had one, I would be
faithful to her;
if I had one that loved
me,
I would cover her with
kisses, with flowers!

On the bridge of the
Enraygo are two birds
that only sing for
lovers;
if this is true, they will
soon sing
for the girl that is with me!

In the fields of Endoun
there are fair flowers;
they are blue, red and all
colours;
I will pick them
and bring them to my girl!

The quail

Tell me, quail, where is
your nest?
By the well of the
farmhouse by the river!

Tell me, quail, what is it
made of?
It is made of hare and
rabbit fur!

Tell me, quail, what is in
your nest?
Eggs, like others, but
much prettier!

La delaïssádo (1923)

Traditional

Uno pastourèlo, èsper'
olaï al capt del
bouès
Lou galan doguélo, mé né
bén pas!

'Ay! souï délaïssado!
Qué n'āi pas vist lou mio galant;
Crésio qué m'āimábo, è ton
l'āimé ièu!

Luziguèt l'estélo, aquèlo qué
marco lo nuèt,
È lo pauro
pastourelletto
Démouret à ploura ...

Hé! Beyla-z-y dau fé!

(1954)

Traditional

Hé! beyla-z-y dau fé, an
aquèl azé!

Hé! beyla-z-y dau fé,
mandjara bé!

Lou paubré, par trabalha,
Embé par viauré,
Faut bé mandja!

La vedza pas véni, la miéna
drolla,

La vedza pas véni, de vé
Mouli.

Couradgé, paubré garçon!
Embé 'na drolla
Nous danserons!

Fatcha peta lous pèys,
La montagnarda!

Fatcha peta lous pèys,
Sur le pavey!

Pachenço, paubré garçon,
La jeuna drolla
Elli a razon!

The forsaken girl

A shepherdess is waiting
over there at the top of
the wood
for the one she loves, but
he does not come!

'Alas, I'm forsaken!
I do not see my lover!
I thought he loved me,
and I love him so!

The star comes out, the star
announcing the night,
and the poor little
shepherdess
stays alone to weep ...

Hey! Give him some hay!

Hey! Give this poor
donkey some hay!

Hey! Give him some hay,
he'll eat it up!

Poor thing, to work,
just to live,
he must eat well!

I don't see her coming,
my dear girl,

I don't see her coming
towards the Mill.

Courage, poor lad!
With a girl
we will dance!

She sets the feet stamping,
the mountain girl!

She sets the feet stamping
on the paving stones.

Patience, poor boy,
the young girl
is quite right!

Baïlèro (1923)

Traditional

Pastré, dè delāï
l'aïo,
A gaïré dé boun tèn,
Dio lou baïlèro lèrô, lèrô, lèrô,
lèrô, baïlèrô, lô!
È n'āi pa gaïré, è dio, tu,
Baïlèro lèrô.
Lèrô, lèrô, lèrô, lèrô, baïlèrô,
lô!

Pastré, lou prat faï
flour,
Li cal gorda toun troupèl,
Dio lou baïlèro lèrô, lèrô, lèrô,
lèrô, baïlèrô, lô!
L'erb' es pu fin' ol prat
d'oiçi,
Baïlèro lèrô.
Lèrô, lèrô, lèrô, lèrô, baïlèrô,
lô!

Pastré, couçi
forāï,
Èn obal io lou bèl rïou,
Dio lou baïlèro lèrô, lèrô, lèrô,
lèrô, baïlèrô, lô!
Espèromè, té baô
çirca,
Baïlèro lèrô.
Lèrô, lèrô, lèrô, lèrô, baïlèrô,
lô!

Baïlèro

Shepherd, from across
the river,
you're not looking so good,
sing the baïlèro lèrô, lèrô,
lèrô, lèrô, baïlèrô, lô!
Not hardly - and you, sing
baïlèro lèrô.
Lèrô, lèrô, lèrô, lèrô,
baïlèrô, lô!

Shepherd, the field is in
flower,
bring your flock over here,
sing the baïlèro lèrô, lèrô,
lèrô, lèrô, baïlèrô, lô!
The grass is finer in the
field here,
baïlèro lèrô.
Lèrô, lèrô, lèrô, lèrô,
baïlèrô, lô!

Shepherd, the stream is
between us,
I cannot cross,
sing the baïlèro lèrô, lèrô,
lèrô, lèrô, baïlèrô, lô!
Wait, I will meet you
downstream,
baïlèro lèrô.
Lèrô, lèrô, lèrô, lèrô,
baïlèrô, lô!