

# WIGMORE HALL

Sunday 24 July 2022 3.00pm

BBC Cardiff Singer Recital



Sooyeon Lee soprano

Simon Lepper piano

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**Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart** (1756-1791) Abendempfindung K523 (1787)  
Dans un bois solitaire K308 (1777-8)  
Ridente la calma K152 *after Josef Mysliveček*  
Das Veilchen K476 (1785)

**Franz Schubert** (1797-1828) Heidenröslein D257 (1815)  
Nacht und Träume D827 (1823)  
Wonne der Wehmut D260 (1815)  
Du bist die Ruh D776 (1823)  
Ganymed D544 (1817)

**Richard Strauss** (1864-1949) Mädchenblumen Op. 22 (1886-8)  
*Kornblumen • Mohnblumen • Epheu • Wasserrose*

**Claude Debussy** (1862-1918) Pantomime (1883)  
Clair de lune (1882)  
Pierrot (1882)  
Apparition (1884)

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**Mozart's** songs are relatively little known compared to much of his music, but most have been in circulation since Breitkopf & Härtel published an early edition in 1799. They constitute a small but formidable corner of Mozart's oeuvre: many offer insight into his handling of both voice and poetry, and many anticipate transformations in Lieder composition as the genre flourished into the 19th Century. The majority of Mozart's songs use German-language texts, but today's group of four contains two exceptions.

'Abendempfindung' is a tranquil and radiant meditation upon death written in 1787. 'Dans un bois solitaire' is one of two known French ariettes written for the Wendling family, with whom Mozart socialised while visiting the Mannheim court in 1777-78. The pastoral text was likely selected by Elisabeth Augusta Wendling, who sang the dramatic, fast-moving miniature to the delight of her family.

We then hear 'Ridente la calma', a soaring canzonetta evocative of arias from Mozart's Italian operas. Mozart had in fact adapted the music from an operatic aria by his friend Josef Mysliveček, and added a new text about the restoration of calm after a period of struggle. 'Das Veilchen' is Mozart's only setting of Goethe. The poem depicts a violet – representing a man's heart – being trampled by an unwitting shepherdess, and it is replete with musical markers of the pastoral and of despair. The short song is packed with drama, not least through changing textures and harmonies, and vocal recitative-like passages. The closing statements of sorrow for the 'poor violet' were added to the poem by Mozart.

The five songs of the **Schubert** sequence were written between 1815 and 1823; three Goethe settings are interspersed with more peaceful settings of Matthäus von Collin and Friedrich Rückert. 'Heidenröslein' – another of Goethe's flower allegories – is deceptively simple in its jaunty rhythm and melody, and disarmingly effective in its dark moralising message. 'Nacht und Träume' lauds the comfort of night: the voice soars above the soft, expressive piano cushion which, part-way through, sinks the listener further into nocturnal bliss with a dreamy modulation from B major to G major. Following the bleak concision of 'Wonne der Wehmut' comes the poised meditation of 'Du bist die Ruh', a song that calls for the performers' physical and emotional restraint as its momentum builds over several stanzas; it is a prime example of Schubert's illuminating use of repetition on small and large scales. The set closes with 'Ganymed', a song just as weighty as 'Du bist die Ruh' but of an entirely different type. After a nonchalant opening, the pace of 'Ganymed' constantly shifts in accordance with the unfolding poem: it is considered by musicologist Suzannah Clark to be a prime example of Schubert's text-led 'harmonic adventure'.

The rest of the programme moves into the later 19th Century, with sets of songs by Strauss and Debussy each written very early in their composers' songwriting careers. While the Mozart and Schubert selections took us through realms of nature, folk, and

myth, those by Strauss and Debussy bring more specific forays into botany, the moon, the *Commedia dell'arte*, and symbolism.

The Felix Dahn poems used for **Strauss's** *Mädchenblumen* present a typology of women expressed through floral analogies: 'blue-eyed' women = cornflowers, 'red-blooded' = poppies, and so on, and these physical attributes go hand-in-hand with supposed character traits. There are inescapably levels of essentialisation and objectification here which may sit uneasily for audiences today. It is, however, tricky to hold 19th-century poems to contemporary standards, and the poems' decorative aesthetic can be understood more sympathetically within the *Jugendstil* that would blossom around the time Strauss added his intricate and delicate music.

The melodic inspiration in the songs is unimpeachable, and strikes immediately as the duo launch together into the opening 'Kornblumen'. As with the upcoming Debussy songs, the tessitura is very high, and the songs demand a lot from both singer and pianist. The many musical highlights of the short cycle include the ascending, chromatically-inflected piano figure in 'Epheu' that clings and creeps like the ivy it depicts (women whose 'destiny depends on their first love-entwining'), and the high rippling piano lines in 'Wasserrose' (water-lily) that eventually lead to a delicate melodic duet between voice and piano.

**Debussy** wrote several songs under the thrall of his first real muse, the amateur soprano Marie-Blanche Vasnier. The vocal lines suggest Vasnier's voice was high and considerably agile – listen out for impressive *vocalises*, runs and leaps – while Debussy's piano parts, written for himself to play, are suitably virtuosic. Most of these early songs remained little-known or unpublished during the composer's lifetime; the four heard today were first published as *4 mélodies de Claude Debussy* in 1926, as a supplement to an issue of the Parisian periodical *La revue musicale* dedicated to 'La jeunesse de Debussy'.

Many people turn to composers' early works for insights into the development of style, technique, and aesthetic. This set includes the first of Debussy's two early song settings of Paul Verlaine's 'Clair de lune', which would go on to inspire one of the most famous piano pieces ever written. 'Pantomime' (also Verlaine) and 'Pierrot' (Théodore de Banville) present early examples of Debussy's long-standing interest in *Commedia dell'arte* figures and their later cultural manifestations. The musical material for 'Pierrot' is based firmly around the folksong 'Au clair de la lune', which is omnipresent in the piano part and used selectively in the vocal line to enhance particular lines in the poem. Last comes 'Apparition', an exquisite musical vision of Stéphane Mallarmé's enigmatic symbols: invocations of dreams, the moon, flowers, and past romance bring the recital to a fitting close.

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## Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)

### Abendempfindung K523 Evening thoughts

(1787)

Joachim Heinrich Campe

Abend ist's, die Sonne ist  
verschwunden,  
Und der Mond strahlt  
Silberglanz;  
So entflieh'n des Lebens  
schönste Stunden  
Flieh'n vorüber wie im Tanz!

It is evening, the sun has  
vanished,  
and the moon sheds its silver  
light;  
so life's sweetest hours speed  
by,  
flit by as in a dance!

Bald entflieht des Lebens bunte  
Szene,  
Und der Vorhang rollt herab.  
Aus ist unser Spiel! Des  
Freundes Träne  
Fliesset schon auf unser Grab.

Soon life's bright pageant will  
be over,  
and the curtain will fall.  
Our play is ended! Tears wept  
by a friend  
flow already on our grave.

Bald vielleicht mir weht, wie  
Westwind leise,  
Eine stille Ahnung zu –  
Schliess' ich dieses Lebens  
Pilgerreise,  
Fliege in das Land der Ruh'.

Soon perhaps, like a gentle  
zephyr,  
a silent presentiment will reach me,  
and I shall end this earthly  
pilgrimage,  
fly to the land of rest.

Werdet ihr dann an meinem  
Grabe weinen,  
Trauernd meine Asche seh'n,  
Dann, o Freunde, will ich euch  
erscheinen  
Und will Himmel auf euch weh'n.

If you then weep by my  
grave  
and gaze mourning on my ashes,  
then, dear friends, I shall appear  
to you  
bringing a breath of heaven.

Schenk' auch du ein Tränchen  
mir  
Und pflücke mir ein Veilchen auf  
mein Grab;  
Und mit deinem seelenvollen  
Blicke  
Sieh' dann sanft auf mich herab.

May you too shed a tear for me  
and pluck a violet for my  
grave;  
and let your compassionate  
gaze  
look tenderly down on me.

Weih' mir eine Träne und ach!  
Schäme dich nur nicht, sie mir  
zu weih'n,  
O sie wird in meinem Diademe  
Dann die schönste Perle sein.

Consecrate a tear to me and ah!  
Be not ashamed to do  
so;  
in my diadem it shall become  
the fairest pearl of all.

## Dans un bois solitaire

K308 (1777-8)

Antoine Houdar de La Motte

Dans un bois solitaire et sombre  
Je me promenais l'autr' jour,  
Un enfant y dormait à l'ombre,  
C'était le redoutable Amour.  
J'approche, sa beauté me  
flatte,  
Mais je devais m'en défier;  
J'y vis tous les traits d'une  
ingrate,  
Que j'avais juré d'oublier.

Il avait la bouche vermeille,  
Le teint aussi beau que le sien,  
Un soupir m'échappe, il s'éveille;  
L'Amour se réveille de rien.

Aussitôt déployant ses ailes et  
saisissant  
Son arc vengeur,  
D'une de ses fleches cruelles,  
en partant,  
Il me blesse au cœur.

Va! va, dit-il, aux pieds de Sylvie,  
De nouveau languir et brûler!  
Tu l'aimeras toute ta vie,  
Pour avoir osé m'éveiller.

## Ridente la calma K152

after Josef Mysliveček

Anonymous

Ridente la calma nell'alma si desti;  
Ne resti un segno di sdegno e  
timor.  
Tu vieni frattanto a stringer mio  
bene,  
Le dolce catene si grate al mio  
cor.

## In a lonely wood

In a dark and lonely wood  
I walked a while ago,  
a child was sleeping in its shade –  
it was fearsome Cupid himself.  
I drew near, his beauty charmed  
me,  
but I had to be on my guard;  
I saw all the looks of a faithless  
maid  
whom I had sworn to forget.

His lips were bright red,  
his complexion as beautiful as hers,  
a sigh escapes me, he awakes  
Cupid wakes at anything.

Spreading at once his wings and  
seizing  
his vengeful bow,  
unleashing one of his cruel  
shafts  
he wounds me to the heart.

'Go!' he said, 'at Sylvie's feet  
to languish and to burn anew!  
You shall love her all your life  
for having dared to wake me.'

## Tranquillity fills my soul

Tranquillity fills my soul,  
no trace is left of fear or  
disdain.  
Ever and again you come, my  
love, and draw tighter  
those sweet chains so dear to  
my heart.

**Das Veilchen K476** (1785)*Johann Wolfgang von Goethe*

Ein Veilchen auf der Wiese  
stand,  
Gebückt in sich und unbekannt;  
Es war ein herzigs Veilchen.  
Da kam ein' junge Schäferin  
Mit leichtem Schritt und  
munterm Sinn  
Daher, daher,  
Die Wiese her, und sang.

Ach! denkt das Veilchen, wär'  
ich nur  
Die schönste Blume der Natur,  
Ach, nur ein kleines Weilchen,  
Bis mich das Liebchen abgepflückt  
Und an dem Busen matt  
gedrückt!  
Ach nur, ach nur  
Ein Viertelstündchen lang!

Ach! aber ach! das Mädchen kam  
Und nicht in acht das Veilchen  
nahm,  
Ertrat das arme Veilchen.  
Es sank und starb und freut'  
sich noch:  
Und sterb' ich denn, so sterb'  
ich doch  
Durch sie, durch sie,  
Zu ihren Füßen doch.

Das arme Veilchen!  
Es war ein herzigs Veilchen!

**The violet**

A violet was growing in the  
meadow,  
unnoticed and with bowed head;  
it was a dear sweet violet.  
Along came a young shepherdess,  
light of step and happy of  
heart,  
along, along  
through the meadow, and sang.

Ah! thinks the violet, if I were  
only  
the loveliest flower in all Nature,  
ah! for only a little while,  
till my darling had picked me  
and crushed me against her  
bosom!  
Ah only, ah only  
for a single quarter hour!

But alas, alas, the girl drew near  
and took no heed of the  
violet,  
trampled the poor violet.  
It sank and died, yet still  
rejoiced:  
and if I die, at least I  
die  
through her, through her  
and at her feet.

The poor violet!  
It was a dear sweet violet!

**Franz Schubert** (1797-1828)**Heidenröslein D257** (1815)*Johann Wolfgang von Goethe*

Sah ein Knab ein Röslein  
stehn,  
Röslein auf der Heiden,  
War so jung und morgenschön,  
Lief er schnell es nah zu sehn,  
Sah's mit vielen Freuden.  
Röslein, Röslein, Röslein rot,  
Röslein auf der Heiden.

Knabe sprach: Ich breche dich,  
Röslein auf der Heiden!  
Röslein sprach: Ich steche dich,  
Dass du ewig denkst an mich,  
Und ich will's nicht leiden.

**The little wild rose**

A boy once saw a wild rose  
growing,  
wild rose on the heath,  
it was so young and morning-fair,  
he ran to look more closely,  
looked on it with great delight.  
Wild rose, wild rose, wild rose red,  
wild rose on the heath.

I shall pluck you, said the boy,  
wild rose on the heath!  
I shall prick you, said the rose,  
that you'll ever think of me,  
I shall not let you do it.

Röslein, Röslein, Röslein rot,  
Röslein auf der Heiden.

Und der wilde Knabe  
brach  
'S Röslein auf der Heiden;  
Röslein wehrte sich und stach,  
Half ihm doch kein Weh und Ach,  
Musst' es eben leiden.  
Röslein, Röslein, Röslein rot,  
Röslein auf der Heiden.

**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.

Die belauschen sie mit Lust,  
Rufen, wenn der Tag erwacht:  
Kehre wieder, heil'ge Nacht!  
Holde Träume, kehret wieder!

**Wonne der Wehmut****D260** (1815)*Johann Wolfgang von Goethe*

Trocknet nicht, trocknet nicht,  
Tränen der ewigen Liebe!  
Ach, nur dem halbtrockneten  
Auge  
Wie öde, wie tot die Welt ihm  
erscheint!  
Trocknet nicht, trocknet nicht,  
Tränen unglücklicher Liebe!

**Du bist die Ruh D776**

(1823)

*Friedrich Rückert*

Du bist die Ruh,  
Der Friede mild,  
Die Sehnsucht du,  
Und was sie stillt.

Ich weihe dir  
Voll Lust und Schmerz  
Zur Wohnung hier  
Mein Aug' und Herz.

Wild rose, wild rose, wild rose red,  
wild rose on the heath.

And the rough boy plucked the  
rose,  
wild rose on the heath;  
in defence the rose then pricked,  
sighs and cries were all in vain,  
she had to suffer after all.  
Wild rose, wild rose, wild rose red,  
wild rose on the heath.

**Night and dreams**

Holy night, you float down;  
dreams too drift down,  
like your moonlight through  
space,  
through the silent hearts of  
men.

They listen to them with delight,  
cry out when day awakes:  
come back, holy night!  
Sweet dreams, come back again!

**Delight in sadness**

Grow not dry, grow not dry,  
tears of lasting love!  
Ah, to the merely half-dry  
eye  
how bleak, how dead the world  
appears!  
Grow not dry, grow not dry,  
tears of unhappy love!

**You are repose**

You are repose  
and gentle peace,  
you are longing  
and what stills it.

I pledge to you  
full of joy and pain  
as a dwelling here  
my eyes and heart.

Kehr ein bei mir,  
Und schliesse du  
Still hinter dir  
Die Pforten zu.

Come in to me,  
and softly close  
the gate  
behind you.

Treib andern Schmerz  
Aus dieser Brust.  
Voll sei dies Herz  
Von deiner Lust.

Drive other pain  
from this breast!  
Let my heart be filled  
with your joy.

Dies Augenzelt  
Von deinem Glanz  
Allein erhellt,  
O füll es ganz.

This temple of my eyes  
is lit  
by your radiance alone,  
O fill it utterly.

### **Ganymed D544** (1817)

*Johann Wolfgang von Goethe*

### **Ganymede**

Wie im Morgenglanze  
Du rings mich anglühst,  
Frühling, Geliebter!  
Mit tausendfacher Liebeswonne  
Sich an mein Herze drängt  
Deiner ewigen Wärme  
Heilig Gefühl,  
Unendliche Schöne!

How in the morning radiance  
you glow at me from all sides,  
spring, beloved!  
With thousandfold delights of love,  
the sacred feeling  
of your eternal warmth  
presses against my heart,  
beauty without end!

Dass ich dich fassen möcht'  
In diesen Arm!

To clasp you  
in these arms!

Ach an deinem Busen  
Lieg' ich und schmachte,  
Und deine Blumen, dein Gras  
Drängen sich an mein Herz.  
Du kühlst den brennenden  
Durst meines Busens,  
Lieblicher Morgenwind!  
Ruft drein die Nachtigall  
Liebend nach mir aus dem Nebeltal.

Ah, on your breast  
I lie and languish,  
and your flowers, your grass  
press against my heart.  
You cool the burning  
thirst of my breast,  
sweet morning breeze!  
The nightingale calls out to me  
longingly from the misty valley.

Ich komm', ich komme!  
Ach wohin, wohin?

I come, I come!  
Where? Ah, where?

Hinauf strebt's, hinauf!  
Es schweben die Wolken  
Abwärts, die Wolken  
Neigen sich der sehnenen Liebe.  
Mir! Mir!  
In eurem Schosse  
Aufwärts!  
Umfangend umfängen!  
Aufwärts an deinen Busen,  
Allliebender Vater!

Upwards! Upwards I'm driven!  
The clouds float  
down, the clouds  
bow to yearning love.  
To me! To me!  
Enveloped by you  
upwards!  
Embraced and embracing!  
Upwards to your bosom,  
all-loving Father!

## **Richard Strauss** (1864-1949)

### **Mädchenblumen Op. 22**

(1886-8)

*Felix Dahn*

### **Maidenflowers**

#### **Kornblumen**

Kornblumen nenn ich die  
Gestalten,  
Die milden mit den blauen  
Augen,  
Die, anspruchslos in stillem Walten,  
Den Tau des Friedens, den sie  
saugen  
Aus ihren eigenen klaren Seelen,  
Mitteilen allem, dem sie nahen,  
Bewusstlos der Gefühlsjuwelen,  
Die sie von Himmelshand  
empfahn.  
Dir wir so wohl in ihrer  
Nähe,  
Als gingst du durch ein  
Saatgefilde,  
Durch das der Hauch des  
Abends wehe,  
Voll frommen Friedens und voll  
Milde.

#### **Cornflowers**

Cornflowers are what I call  
those girls,  
those gentle girls with blue  
eyes,  
who simply and serenely impart  
the dew of peace, which they  
draw  
from their own pure souls,  
to all those they approach,  
unaware of the jewels of feeling  
they receive from the hand of  
Heaven.  
You feel so at ease in their  
company,  
as though you were walking  
through a cornfield,  
rippled by the breath of  
evening,  
full of devout peace and  
gentleness.

#### **Mohnblumen**

Mohnblumen sind die runden,  
Rotblutigen, gesunden,  
Die sommersprossgebraunten,  
Die immer froh  
gelaunten,  
Kreuzbraven, kreuzfidelen,  
Tanznimmermüden Seelen,  
Die unterm Lachen weinen,  
Und nur geboren scheinen,  
Die Kornblumen zu necken,  
Und dennoch oft verstecken  
Die weichsten, besten Herzen,  
Im Schlinggewächs von  
Scherzen,  
Die man, weiss Gott, mit Küssen  
Ersticken würde müssen,  
Wär' man nicht immer bange,  
Umarmest du die Range,  
Sie springt ein voller  
Brander  
Aufflammend auseinander!

#### **Poppies**

Poppies are the round,  
red-blooded, healthy girls,  
the brown and freckled ones,  
the always good-humoured  
ones, honest and merry  
as the day is long,  
who never tire of dancing,  
who laugh and cry simultaneously  
and only seem to be born  
to tease the cornflowers,  
and yet often conceal  
the gentlest and kindest hearts  
as they entwine and play their  
pranks,  
those whom, God knows,  
you would have to stifle with kisses,  
were you not so timid,  
for if you embrace the minx,  
she will burst, like smouldering  
timber,  
into flames!

## Epheu

Aber Epheu nenn' ich jene  
Mädchen,  
Mit den sanften Worten,  
Mit dem Haar, dem schlichten,  
hellen,  
Um den leis' gewölbten Brau'n,  
Mit den braunen seelenvollen  
Rehenaugen,  
Die in Tränen steh'n so oft,  
In ihren Tränen gerade sind  
unwiderstehlich;  
Ohne Kraft und  
Selbstgefühl,  
Schmucklos mit verborg'ner Blüte,  
Doch mit unerschöpflich tiefer  
Treuer inniger Empfindung  
Können sie mit eigner  
Triebkraft  
Nie sich heben aus den Wurzeln,  
Sind geboren, sich zu ranken  
Liebend um ein ander Leben:  
An der ersten Lieb'umrankung  
Hängt ihr ganzes  
Lebensschicksal,  
Denn sie zählen zu den seltenen  
Blumen,  
Die nur einmal blühen.

## Wasserrose

Kennst du die Blume, die  
märchenhafte,  
Sagengefeierte Wasserrose?  
Sie wiegt auf ätherischem,  
schlankem Schaft  
Das durchsicht'ge Haupt, das  
farbenlose,  
Sie blüht auf schilfigem Teich  
im Haine,  
Gehütet vom Schwan, der  
umkreiset sie einsam,  
Sie erschliesst sich nur dem  
Mondenscheine,  
Mit dem ihr der silberne  
Schimmer gemeinsam:  
So blüht sie, die zaub'rische  
Schwester der Sterne,  
Umschwärmt von der  
träumerisch dunklen Phaläne,  
Die am Rande des Teichs sich  
sehnet von ferne,  
Und sie nimmer erreicht, wie  
sehr sie sich sehne.  
Wasserrose, so nenn' ich die  
schlanke,

## Ivy

But ivy is my name for those  
girls  
with gentle words,  
with sleek fair  
hair  
and slightly arched brows,  
with brown soulful fawn-like  
eyes,  
that well up so often with tears,  
which are simply  
irresistible;  
without strength and self-  
confidence,  
unadorned with hidden flowers,  
but with inexhaustibly deep,  
true and ardent feeling,  
they cannot, through their own  
strength,  
rise from their roots;  
but are born to twine themselves  
lovingly round another's life: –  
their whole life's destiny  
depends on their first love-  
entwining,  
for they belong to that rare  
breed of flower  
that blossoms only once.

## Water lily

Do you know this flower, the  
fairy-like  
water-lily, celebrated in legend?  
On her ethereal, slender  
stem  
she sways her colourless  
transparent head;  
it blossoms on a reedy and  
sylvan pond,  
protected by the solitary swan  
that swims round it,  
opening only to the  
moonlight,  
whose silver gleam it  
shares.  
Thus it blossoms, the magical  
sister of the stars,  
as the dreamy dark moth,  
fluttering round it,  
yearns for it from afar at the  
edge of the pond,  
and never reaches it for all its  
yearning. –  
Water-lily is my name for the  
slender

Nachtlock'ge Maid, alabastern  
von Wangen,  
In dem Auge der ahnende tiefe  
Gedanke,  
Als sei sie ein Geist und auf  
Erden gefangen.  
Wenn sie spricht, ist's wie  
silbernes Wogenrauschen,  
Wenn sie schweigt, ist's die  
ahnende Stille der Mondnacht;  
Sie scheint mit den Sternen  
Blicke zu tauschen,  
Deren Sprache die gleiche Natur  
sie gewohnt macht;  
Du kannst nie ermüden, in's  
Aug' ihr zu schau'n,  
Das die seidne, lange Wimper  
umsäumt hat,  
Und du glaubst, wie bezaubernd  
von seligem Grau'n,  
Was je die Romantik von Elfen  
geträumt hat.

maiden with night-black locks  
and alabaster cheeks,  
with deep foreboding thoughts  
in her eyes,  
as though she were a spirit  
imprisoned on earth.  
Her speech resembles the silver  
rippling of waves,  
her silence the foreboding  
stillness of a moonlit night,  
she seems to exchange glances  
with the stars,  
whose language - their natures  
being the same - she shares.  
You can never tire of gazing  
into her eyes,  
framed by her silken long  
lashes,  
and you believe, bewitched by  
their blissful grey,  
all that Romantics have ever  
dreamt about elves.

## 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.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

### 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

Your soul is a chosen landscape  
bewitched by masquers and  
bergamaskers,  
playing the lute and dancing and  
almost

Tristes sous leurs déguisements fantasques.	sad beneath their fanciful disguises.
Tout en chantant sur le mode mineur	Singing as they go in a minor key
L'amour vainqueur et la vie opportune,	of conquering love and life's favours,
Ils n'ont pas l'air de croire à leur bonheur	they do not seem to believe in their fortune
Et leur chanson se mêle au clair de lune,	and their song mingles with the light of the moon,
Au calme clair de lune triste et beau,	The calm light of the moon, sad and fair,
Qui fait rêver les oiseaux dans les arbres	that sets the birds dreaming in the trees
Et sangloter d'extase les jets d'eau,	and the fountains sobbing in their rapture,
Les grands jets d'eau sveltes parmi les marbres.	tall and svelte amid marble statues.

### Pierrot (1882)

*Théodore de Banville*

Le bon Pierrot, que la foule contemple,	Good Pierrot, watched by the crowd,
Ayant fini les noces d'Arlequin,	having done with Harlequin's wedding,
Suit en songeant le boulevard du Temple.	wanders dreamily along the Boulevard du Temple.
Une fillette au souple casaquin	A girl with a clinging blouse
En vain l'agace de son œil coquin;	vainly importunes him with her mocking glance;
Et cependant mystérieuse et lisse	and meanwhile, mysterious and polished,
Faisant de lui sa plus chère délice,	cherishing him above all things,
La blanche Lune aux cornes de taureau	the white moon with horns like a bull
Jette un regard de son œil en coulisse	peers into the wings
A son ami Jean Gaspard Deburau.	at his friend Jean Gaspard Deburau.

### Apparition (1884)

*Stéphane Mallarmé*

La lune s'attristait. Des séraphins en pleurs	The moon grew sad. Weeping seraphim,
Rêvant, l'archet aux doigts, dans le calme des fleurs	dreaming, bows in hand, in the calm of hazy
Vaporeuses, tiraient de mourantes violes	flowers, drew from dying viols
De blanc sanglots glissant sur l'azur des corolles.	white sobs that glided over the corollas' blue.
– C'était le jour béni de ton premier baiser.	– It was the blessed day of your first kiss.

Ma songerie aimant à me martyriser	My dreaming, glad to torment me
S'enivrait savamment du parfum de tristesse	grew skilfully drunk on the perfumed sadness
Que même sans regret et sans déboire laisse	that – without regret or bitter after-taste –
La cueillaison d'un Rêve au cœur qui l'a cueilli.	the harvest of a Dream leaves in the reaper's heart.
J'errais donc, l'œil rivé sur le pavé vieilli	And so I wandered, my eyes fixed on the old paving stones,
Quand avec du soleil aux cheveux, dans la rue	when with sun-flecked hair, in the street
Et dans le soir, tu m'es en riant apparue	and in the evening, you appeared laughing before me
Et j'ai cru voir la fée au chapeau de clarté	and I thought I glimpsed the fairy with her cap of light
Qui jadis sur mes beaux sommeils d'enfant gâté	who long ago crossed my lovely spoilt child's slumbers,
Passait, laissant toujours de ses mains mal fermées	always allowing from her half- closed hands
Neiger de blancs bouquets d'étoiles parfumées.	white bouquets of scented stars to snow.

*Translations of 'Abendempfindung', 'Das Veilchen' and Schubert by Richard Stokes from The Book of Lieder published by Faber & Faber, with thanks to George Bird, co-author of The Fischer-Dieskau Book of Lieder, published by Victor Gollancz Ltd. 'Dans un bois solitaire' and Debussy by Richard Stokes from A French Song Companion (Johnson/Stokes) published by OUP. Strauss by Richard Stokes.*