

WIGMORE HALL

Wednesday 27 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 and Hahn – 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

Georgie Malcolm soprano
Juliette Mey mezzo-soprano
Michael Bell tenor
Florian Störtz baritone
Sebastian Wybrew piano

MICHAEL BELL TENOR

Edouard Lalo (1823-1892)	Oh! Quand je dors Op. 17 No. 5 (1856)
Dinu Lipatti (1917-1950)	Il pleure dans mon cœur Op. 9 No. 3 (1941)
Claude Debussy (1862-1918)	De fleurs from <i>Proses lyriques</i> (1892-3)
Manuel de Falla (1876-1946)	Séguidille (1909-10)



Our Audience Fund provides essential unrestricted support for our artistic and learning programmes, connecting thousands of people with music locally, nationally, and internationally. We rely on the generosity of our audience to raise £150,000 each year to support this work. Your gifts are, and continue to be, indispensable. To donate, please visit <https://wigmore-hall.org.uk/support-us/wigmore-hall-audience-fund>

Wigmore Hall is a no smoking venue. No recording or photographic equipment may be taken into the auditorium nor used in any other part of the Hall without the prior written permission of the management.

In accordance with the requirements of City of Westminster persons shall not be permitted to stand or sit in any of the gangways intersecting the seating, or to sit in any other gangways. If standing is permitted in the gangways at the sides and rear of the seating, it shall be limited to the number indicated in the notices exhibited in those positions.

Disabled Access and Facilities - full details from 020 7935 2141.

Wigmore Hall is equipped with a 'Loop' to help hearing aid users receive clear sound without background noise. Patrons can use this facility by switching hearing aids to 'T'.



Please ensure that watch alarms, mobile phones and any other electrical devices which can become audible are switched off. Phones on a vibrate setting can still be heard, please switch off.

The Wigmore Hall Trust Registered Charity No. 1024838
36 Wigmore Street, London W1U 2BP • wigmore-hall.org.uk • John Gilhooly Director

Wigmore Hall Royal Patron HRH The Duke of Kent, KG
Honorary Patrons Aubrey Adams OBE; André and Rosalie Hoffmann; Louise Kaye; Kohn Foundation; Mr and Mrs Paul Morgan

Department
for Culture
Media & Sport

LOTTERY FUNDED

Supported using public funding by
**ARTS COUNCIL
ENGLAND**

Registered with
**FUNDRAISING
REGULATOR**

GEORGIE MALCOLM SOPRANO

Lili Boulanger (1893-1918)	From <i>Clairières dans le ciel</i> (1913-4) Elle était descendue au bas de la prairie Un poète disait • Si tout ceci n'est qu'un pauvre rêve
Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)	Montparnasse (1941-5) Hyde Park (1945)
Reynaldo Hahn (1874-1947)	Phyllis from <i>Etudes latines</i> (1900)

GEORGIE MALCOLM SOPRANO • MICHAEL BELL TENOR

Charles Bordes (1860-1909)	L'hiver Op. 18 (1886)
----------------------------	-----------------------

FLORIAN STÖRTZ BARITONE

Nadia Boulanger (1887-1979)	Soleils couchants (1907)
Jean Cras (1879-1932)	Chaque matin from <i>5 robaiyats</i> (1924)
Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)	Les roses d'Ispahan Op. 39 No. 4 (1884)
Henri Dutilleux (1916-2013)	Il neige du chagrin (1948)

GEORGIE MALCOLM SOPRANO • FLORIAN STÖRTZ BARITONE

Francis Poulenc	Colloque (1940)
-----------------	-----------------

JULIETTE MEY MEZZO-SOPRANO

Pauline Viardot (1821-1910)	Evocation (1863)
Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky (1840-1893)	Sérénade (Où vas-tu, souffle d'aurore) Op. 65 No. 1 (1888) Déception Op. 65 No. 2 (1888) Les larmes Op. 65 No. 5 (1888) Sérénade (J'aime dans le rayon de la limpide aurore) Op. 65 No. 3 (1888)

Tchaikovsky and the mezzo-soprano Désirée Artôt had been briefly engaged in 1868 and their next encounter – 20 years later – was a happy occasion during which she asked him for a new song. A few weeks later, Tchaikovsky wrote fondly about ‘our wonderful evening [which] will be forever imprinted on my memory’ and promised to write something soon. In October 1888, he produced not one but six songs, all on French texts, dedicating them to Artôt who wrote that she was ‘in love with your new offspring, and so proud that you have created them with me in mind.’ Tchaikovsky hoped (with good reason) that his new songs would be a success in Parisian salons, including that of Artôt’s teacher, **Pauline Viardot**, whose passion for Russian culture is reflected in her ‘Evocation’, first published in 1865, setting a poem by Alexander Pushkin.

As a young man, **Fauré** was an intimate of the Viardot salon, introduced there by Saint-Saëns in 1872. ‘Les roses d’Ispahan’, written the following decade, is one of his most overtly sensuous songs, described by Fauré’s biographer Jean-Michel Nectoux as ‘decadent music for a decadent epoch’, in which the composer seems to luxuriate in the sounds and fragrances of Leconte de Lisle’s poem. **Reynaldo Hahn’s** *Etudes latines* were also based on poems by Leconte de Lisle, from his collection of the same name. ‘Phyllis’ is the last song of the set, each of which is dedicated to friends (including Proust and Massenet). The dedicatee of ‘Phyllis’ is the Comtesse de Guerne (the singer Marie-Thérèse de Ségur) and the song’s gently lilting music mirrors the poet’s mood of loving contentment.

Charles Bordes is probably best remembered as one of the co-founders of the Schola Cantorum in Paris, and as a pioneer in the revival of Renaissance music, but his duet ‘L’hiver’ for soprano and tenor, composed in 1886, is very much of its time, with the kind of chromatic harmonies which reveal him as a pupil of César Franck. Bordes’s friend **Debussy** was also much influenced by Franck in some of his early works, but in ‘De fleurs’ from the *Proses lyriques* (1893, on poems by Debussy himself) we hear one of the earliest manifestations of Debussy’s highly individual voice in a song full of quiet resignation.

Nadia and **Lili Boulanger** were both mentored by Fauré and both influenced by Debussy. Nadia’s ‘Soleils couchants’, setting a poem by Verlaine, was composed in 1907 and demonstrates her superb command of song-writing, lucid piano textures and subtle harmonies. But Nadia later all but abandoned composition in favour of teaching and conducting, preferring to put her energies into promoting the works of her brilliantly gifted younger sister, Lili. One of Lili’s finest achievements is the song cycle *Clairières dans le ciel* (1913-4) setting poems by Francis Jammes which may well have had a strong personal resonance for her (the heroine is a rather mysterious young girl). ‘Elle était descendue au bas de la prairie’ is the first song in the cycle and plunges us into a world which Christopher

Palmer described as evoking ‘the lyrical fragrance and innocence of Debussy’s *Pelléas et Mélisande* in a sequence of self-portraits untainted by sentimentality.’ The more agitated accompaniment of ‘Un poète disait’ reveals a magical ear for pianistic colour, while ‘Si tout ceci n’est qu’un pauvre rêve’ is more austere, with echoes of Wagner’s *Tristan und Isolde*.

Falla’s ‘Séguidille’ is the last of his *3 mélodies*, composed in 1909-10 on poems by Théophile Gautier. The music is driven by a bustling piano part over which the singer weaves a beguiling and unmistakably Spanish melody in spite of the French text. Falla himself gave the first performance in Paris on 4 May 1910 with the soprano Ada Adiny-Milliet and he dedicated this song ‘à Madame Claude Debussy’.

Jean Cras was a proud Breton, a sea captain and a musical protégé of Henri Duparc. ‘Chaque matin’ is the first of his *5 rubaiyats*, setting a French translation of the *Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam* made by his fellow Naval officer Franz Toussaint. Composed in 1924, they were first performed on 11 December 1925 by the celebrated operatic baritone Vanni Marcoux. The Romanian pianist **Dinu Lipatti** was one of Nadia Boulanger’s most gifted pupils. He composed five songs on poems by Paul Verlaine between 1941 and 1945, dedicating them to the Swiss tenor Hugues Cuénod – another close associate of Boulanger’s. ‘Il pleure dans mon cœur’ is the third of the set. The voice and piano oscillate between two notes (to which they return at the end) before the music becomes more expansive. **Poulenc** had a close friendship with Nadia Boulanger and often turned to her for advice. ‘Colloque’ is his only vocal duet, dated December 1940, and it sets a poem by Paul Valéry which was dedicated to the composer. An austere opening gives way to a sweeter central section (during which the soprano eventually enters). The Apollinaire settings ‘Montparnasse’ and ‘Hyde Park’ were published in 1945. Poulenc had met Apollinaire in his teens and in ‘Montparnasse’ the music echoes the melancholy nostalgia of the poem, recalling times past on the Left Bank. ‘Hyde Park’ is a witty and spiky contrast.

Henri Dutilleux once said, ‘I always doubt my work’ and a number of this famously self-critical composer’s works were withdrawn or suppressed, while others never saw the light of day during his lifetime. ‘Il neige du chagrin’ – setting a poem in which the snows of sorrow finally melt away – is unpublished, but it forms a welcome addition to Dutilleux’s small output of songs for voice and piano.

It is likely the most recent song in this afternoon’s concert; setting familiar words by Victor Hugo, **Edouard Lalo’s** ‘Oh! quand je dors’, published as one of his *6 mélodies* Op. 17 in 1856, postdates Liszt’s better-known settings by only a few years, and is the earliest.

© Nigel Simeone 2023

Reproduction and distribution is strictly prohibited

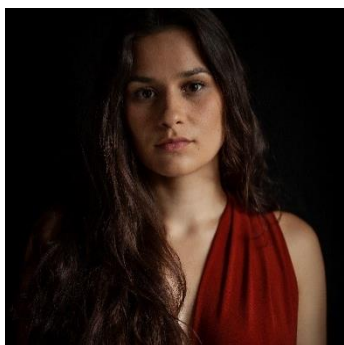
Georgie Malcolm (soprano)



Soprano Georgie Malcolm has recently completed her postgraduate studies at the Royal Northern College of Music. Prior to this she read English Literature and French at the University of Edinburgh. Since

graduating from the RNCM she has sung both as a Young Artist at Buxton International Festival and with the chorus of Opera North, and has performed widely as a soloist in concert and oratorio, including her Royal Albert Hall debut as soprano soloist in Handel's *Messiah* with The Really Big Chorus. Georgie won second prize and the Schubert prize at the National Mozart Singing Competition 2022.

Juliette Mey (mezzo-soprano)



A member of the Class of 2022 of Génération Opéra, Juliette Mey participated in the Academy of the Festival of Aix-en-Provence 2022 and is a laureate of the 11th academy of Le Jardin des Voix. She began her lyrical training at

the Maîtrise de Toulouse, continued in vocal studies with Léa Pasquel and is currently studying at the Conservatoire de Paris. She made her debut at the Paris Opera this season in *Mayerling* and at the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées in a French-language version of Rossini's *La Cenerentola*.

Michael Bell (tenor)



Northern Irish tenor Michael Bell is a recent graduate of the Royal College of Music and the University of Cambridge. Michael has already appeared with major companies in the UK and Ireland, including Irish National Opera, Garsington

Opera and Wexford Festival Opera. He has also recently performed with the Lithuanian State Orchestra, the Royal Swedish Orchestra and the

Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment. Highlights in the new year include returning to INO and Garsington, the role of St John in *The Apostles* for the last night of the Three Choirs Festival and joining Waterperry Festival Opera in the summer. Michael is a Samling Artist and a Musician's Company Young Artist.

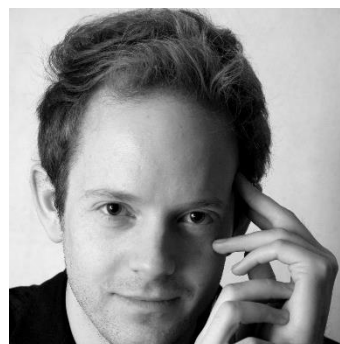
Florian Störtz (bass)



Florian Störtz is the winner of the 2023 International Handel Singing Competition as well as the 2023 Helmut Deutsch Song Competition. Having started his career in the music scene around Trier Cathedral (Germany), a stone's

throw from France, Florian has nourished his passion for vocal music alongside studies at Cambridge as a member of the Choir of Trinity College, as well as at the Royal Academy of Music where he received the Marjorie Thomas Art of Song Prize. Florian is a graduate of the Sir Arthur Bliss Lieder Scheme, with noted performances of French and German song at Trinity College, Cambridge and Holywell Music Room, Oxford. Songs by Gustav and Alma Mahler occupy a special place in his repertoire; recent ventures include *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen* alongside Orchestra VOX and a recital of *Kindertotenlieder* with pianist Dominika Mak.

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 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 Chevalier in the Ordre des Arts et Lettres.

MICHAEL BELL TENOR

Edouard Lalo (1823-1892)

Oh! Quand je dors **Ah, while I sleep**

Op. 17 No. 5 (1856)

Victor Hugo

Oh! quand je dors, viens
auprès de ma couche,
Comme à Pétrarque
apparaissait Laura,
Et qu'en passant ton haleine
me touche ...
Soudain ma bouche
S'entr'ouvrira!

Ah, while I sleep, come
close to where I lie,
as Laura once appeared
to Petrarch,
and let your breath in
passing touch me ...
At once my lips
will part!

Sur mon front morne où
peut-être s'achève
Un songe noir qui trop
longtemps dura,
Que ton regard comme un
astre s'lève ...
Soudain mon rêve
Rayonnera!

On my sombre brow,
where a dismal dream
that lasted too long now
perhaps is ending,
let your countenance rise
like a star ...
At once my dream
will shine!

Puis sur ma lèvre où voltige
une flamme,
Eclair d'amour que Dieu
même épura,
Pose un baiser, et
d'ange deviens
femme ...
Soudain mon âme
S'éveillera!

Then on my lips, where a
flame flickers -
a flash of love which God
himself has purified -
place a kiss and be
transformed from angel
into woman ...
At once my soul
will wake!

Dinu Lipatti (1917-1950)

Il pleure dans mon **Tears fall in my heart**
cœur Op. 9 No. 3 (1941)

Paul Verlaine

Il pleure dans mon cœur
Comme il pleut sur la ville;
Quelle est cette langueur
Qui pénètre mon cœur?

Tears fall in my heart
as rain falls on the town;
what is this torpor
pervading my heart?

O bruit doux de la pluie
Par terre et sur les toits!
Pour un cœur qui s'ennuie
O le bruit de la pluie!

Ah, the soft sound of rain
on the ground and roofs!
For a listless heart,
ah, the sound of the rain!

Il pleure sans raison
Dans ce cœur qui s'écœure.
Quoi! Nulle
trahison? ...
Ce deuil est sans raison.

Tears fall without reason
in this disheartened heart.
What! Was there no
treason? ...
This grief's without reason.

C'est bien la pire peine
De ne savoir pourquoi
Sans amour et sans
haine,
Mon cœur a tant de peine.

And the worst pain of all
must be not to know why
without love and without
hate
my heart feels such pain.

Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

De fleurs from Proses **Of flowers**

Lyriques (1892-3)

Claude Debussy

Dans l'ennui si désolément
vert
De la serre de douleur,
Les Fleurs enlacent mon
cœur
De leurs tiges méchantes.
Ah! quand reviendront
autour de ma tête
Les chères mains si tendrement
désenlaceuses?

In the tedium so
desolately green
of sorrow's hothouse,
the Flowers entwine my
heart
with their wicked stems.
Ah! when shall they return
about my head,
those dear hands, so
tenderly disentwining?

Les grands Iris violets
Violèrent méchamment tes
yeux,
En semblant les
refléter,
Eux, qui furent l'eau du
songe
Où plongèrent mes rêves si
doucement
Enclos en leur couleur;
Et les lys, blancs jets d'eau
de pistils embaumés,
Ont perdu leur grâce blanche
Et ne sont plus que pauvres
malades sans soleil!

The tall violet Irises
wickedly violated your
eyes,
while seeming to reflect
them,
they, who were the
dream-water
into which my dreams
plunged, so softly
enclosed in their colour;
and the lilies, white pistil-
scented fountains,
have lost their white
grace
and are but poor, sickly,
sunless things!

Soleil! ami des fleurs mauvaises,
Tueur de rêves! Tueur
d'illusions,
Ce pain béni des âmes
misérables!
Venez! Venez! Les mains
salvatrices!
Brisez les vitres de
mensonge,
Brisez les vitres de maléfice,
Mon âme meurt de trop de
soleil!

Sun! friend of evil flowers,
destroyer of dreams,
destroyer of illusions,
this blessed wafer of
wretched souls!
Come! Come! Redeeming
hands!
Shatter the panes of
mendacity,
shatter the panes of evil,
my soul is dying of too
much sun!

Mirages! Plus ne reflleurira la joie de mes yeux,	Mirages! The joy of my eyes will never reflower,
Et mes mains sont lasses de prier,	and my hands are weary of praying,
Mes yeux sont las de pleurer!	my eyes are weary of weeping!
Eternellement ce bruit fou	Eternally this insane sound
Des pétales noirs de l'ennui,	of tedium's black petals
Tombant goutte à goutte sur ma tête	falling drop by drop on my head
Dans le vert de la serre de douleur!	in the green of sorrow's hothouse!

Manuel de Falla (1876-1946)

Séguidille (1909-10)

Théophile Gautier

Un jupon serré sur les hanches,	Her skirt clinging to her hips,
Un peigne énorme à son chignon,	in her chignon a huge comb,
Jambe nerveuse et pied mignon,	rippling legs and dainty feet,
Œil de feu, teint pâle et dents blanches;	eyes ablaze, pale complexion, white teeth;
Alza! olà!	Alza! Olà!
Voilà	Behold
La véritable Manola.	a true street-girl of Madrid.

Gestes hardis, libre parole,	Bold of gesture, free of speech,
Sel et piment à pleine main,	almost too hot to handle,
Oubli parfait du lendemain,	utterly oblivious of the morrow,
Amour fantasque et grâce folle;	explosive love and wild grace;
Alza! olà!	Alza! Olà!
Voilà	Behold
La véritable Manola.	a true street-girl of Madrid.

Chanter, danser aux castagnettes,	She sings and dances to castanets
Et, dans les courses de taureaux,	and, in the bull-ring,
Juger les coups des toreros,	judges the bullfighters' blows,
Tout en fumant des cigarettes;	while smoking her cigarettes;
Alza! olà!	Alza! Olà!
Voilà	Behold
La véritable Manola.	a true street-girl of Madrid.

GEORGIE MALCOLM SOPRANO

Lili Boulanger (1893-1918)

From *Clairières dans le ciel* (1913-4)

Francis Jammes

Elle était descendue au bas de la prairie She had reached the low-lying meadow

Elle était descendue au bas de la prairie	She had reached the low-lying meadow,
Et, comme la prairie était toute fleurie	and, since the meadow was all a-blossom
De plantes dont la tige aime à pousser dans l'eau,	with plants that like to grow in water,
Ces plantes inondées je les avais cueillies.	I had picked these flooded flowers.
Bientôt, s'étant mouillée, elle gagna le haut	Soon, soaking wet, she reached the top
De cette prairie-là qui était toute fleurie.	of that blossoming meadow.
Elle riait et s'ébrouait avec la grâce	She was laughing and gasping with the gawky
Dégingandée qu'ont les jeunes filles trop grandes.	grace of girls who are too tall.
Elle avait le regard qu'ont les fleurs de lavande.	Her eyes looked like lavender flowers.

Un poète disait

A poet once said

Un poète disait que, lorsqu'il était jeune,	A poet once said that, when he was young,
il fleurissait des vers comme un rosier de roses.	he blossomed with verse like a rose-tree with roses.
Lorsque je pense à elle, il me semble que jase	When I think of her, an inexhaustible fountain
une fontaine intarissable dans mon coeur.	seems to babble in my heart.
Comme sur le lys Dieu pose un parfum d'église,	As God gave the lily a church's scent
comme il met du corail aux joues de la cerise,	and set coral on the cheeks of the cherry,
je veux poser sur elle, avec dévotion,	I wish devoutly to give her
la couleur d'un parfum qui n'aura pas de nom.	the hue of a scent that shall have no name.

Si tout ceci n'est qu'un pauvre rêve

Si tout ceci n'est qu'un
pauvre rêve, et s'il faut
Que j'ajoute, dans ma vie,
une fois encore,
La désillusion aux désillusions;
Et, si je dois encore, par ma
sombre folie,
Chercher dans la douceur du
vent et de la pluie
Les seules vaines voix qui
m'aient en passion:
Je ne sais si je guérirai, ô
mon amie...

If all this is but a poor dream

If all this is but a poor
dream, and if I must,
once more in my life,
add
disillusion to disillusion;
and, if I must once more,
in my dark distraction,
seek in the sweetness of
the wind and rain
the only voices - unreal
ones - that adore me:
I do not know, my friend, if
I shall recover...

Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)

Montparnasse (1941-5) *Guillaume Apollinaire*

O porte de l'hôtel avec deux
plantes vertes
Vertes qui jamais
Ne porteront de fleurs
Où sont mes fruits? Où me
planté-je?
O porte de l'hôtel un ange
est devant toi
Distribuant des prospectus
On n'a jamais si bien défendu
la vertu
Donnez-moi pour toujours
une chambre à la semaine
Ange barbu vous êtes en
réalité
Un poète lyrique
d'Allemagne
Qui voulez connaître Paris
Vous connaissez de son pavé
Ces raies sur lesquelles il ne
faut pas que l'on marche
Et vous rêvez
D'aller passer votre
Dimanche à Garches

Montparnasse

O hotel door with two
green plants
green which shall never
bear any flowers
where are my fruits? Where
did I plant myself?
O hotel door an angel
stands before you
distributing prospectuses
virtue has never been so
well defended
give me for ever a room
by the week
bearded angel you are in
reality
a lyric poet from Germany
who wants to know Paris
you know its pavements'
lines where you must not
step
and you dream
of spending your Sunday
at Garches

It's somewhat oppressive
and your hair is long
O good little poet rather
stupid and too blonde
your eyes so resemble
those two big balloons
which float away in the
pure air
haphazardly

Hyde Park (1945) *Guillaume Apollinaire*

Les faiseurs de religions
Prêchaient dans le brouillard
Les ombres près de qui nous
passions
Jouaient à collin-maillard

A soixante-dix ans
Joues fraîches et petits
enfants
Venez venez
Eléonore
Et que sais-je encore

Regardez venir les cyclopes
Les pipes s'envolaient
Mais envollez-vous-en
Regards impénitents
Et l'Europe l'Europe

Regards sacrés
Mains énamourées
Et les amants s'aimèrent
Tant que prêcheurs
prêchèrent

Hyde Park

The promoters of religions
were preaching in the fog
the shadowy figures near
us as we passed
played blind man's buff

At seventy years old
fresh cheeks of small
children
come along come along
Eléonore
and what more besides

Look at the Cyclops coming
the pipes were flying past
but be off
obdurate staring
and Europe Europe

Worshipping looks
hands in love
and the lovers made love
as long as the preachers
preached

Reynaldo Hahn (1874-1947)

Phyllis from *Etudes* *latines* (1900) *Leconte de Lisle*

Depuis neuf ans et plus dans
l'amphore scellé
Mon vin des coteaux d'Albe a
lentement mûri;
Il faut ceindre d'acanthé
et de myrte
fleuri,
Phyllis, ta tresse
déroulée.

L'anis brûle à l'autel, et d'un
pied diligent
Tous viennent couronnés de
verveine pieuse;
Et mon humble maison
étincelle joyeuse
Aux reflets des coupes
d'argent.

Phyllis

For nine years and more
in the sealed amphora
my Alban Hills wine has
been slowly maturing;
we must garland with
acanthus and flowering
myrtle,
O Phyllis, your unfastened
locks.

Anise burns on the altar,
and all hasten along,
crowned with godly
vervina;
and my humble abode
sparkles with joy
at the reflection of silver
goblets.

O Phyllis, c'est le jour de Vénus, et je t'aime!	O Phyllis, it is the day of Venus, and I love you!
Entends-moi! Téléphus brûle et soupire ailleurs;	Listen! Telephus burns and sighs for another;
Il t'oublie, et je t'aime, et nos jours les meilleurs	he forgets you, and I love you, and our finest days
Vont rentrer dans la nuit suprême.	shall return in our final night.

C'est toi qui fleuriras en mes derniers beaux jours:	It is you who shall blossom in the fair days left me:
Je ne changerai plus, voici la saison mûre.	I shall change no more, the ripe season is here.
Chante! les vers sont doux quand ta voix les murmure,	Sing! Poetry is sweet when uttered by you,
O belle fin de mes amours!	O fair conclusion of my loves!

GEORGIE MALCOLM SOPRANO

MICHAEL BELL TENOR

Charles Bordes (1860-1909)

L'hiver Op. 18 (1886) Winter
Maurice Bouchor

L'automne a passé, l'hiver est venu,	Autumn is past and winter is come.
L'automne a passé qui vers l'inconnu	Autumn is past, taking away with it
Emporte bien loin nos mélancolies.	into the unknown all our sorrows.

Doux ciel de l'hiver, ô pâle ciel bleu,	Gentle winter sky, pale blue sky,
Que je t'aime! et comme auprès d'un bon feu	how I love you, and how our chilly hearts
L'aile de nos cœurs frileux se replie!	huddle round a good fire!

S'il pleut sur la mer et s'il grêle, eh bien,	If it rains over the ocean and hail falls,
Nous nous enfermons - nous n'en savons rien,	we shut ourselves away and don't know anything about it.
Et nous n'osons plus regarder les voiles.	We no longer dare look at the curtains.

Que les verts sentiers si blancs aujourd'hui,	How the green paths, now white,
Nous paraissent gais, et comme, la nuit,	cheer us and how at night
Nous nous souvenons des blondes étoiles!	we remember blonde stars!

Nous nous rapprochons, nous nous aimons mieux...	We get closer together, we love each other better.
La lueur du feu jette dans tes yeux	The fire's glow is reflected

Un éclair de pourpre et d'or qui flamboie,	as crimson and gold flames in your eyes.
Et si, le matin, le ciel se fait clair,	If the sky is clear in the morning,
Dans son manteau blanc frissonne l'hiver	winter shivers in its white coat,
Tout illuminé d'un rayon de joie!	lit up by a ray of joy!

FLORIAN STÖRTZ BARITONE

Nadia Boulanger (1887-1979)

Soleils couchants (1907) Setting suns
Paul Verlaine

Une aube affaiblie Verse par les champs La mélancolie Des soleils couchants. La mélancolie Berce de doux chants Mon cœur qui s'oublie Aux soleils couchants. Et d'étranges rêves, Comme des soleils Couchants sur les grèves, Fantômes vermeils, Défilent sans trêves, Défilent, pareils A des grands soleils Couchants sur les grèves.	A fading dawn pours over the fields the gloom of setting suns. The gloom lulls with sweet songs my heart which abandons itself to the setting suns. And from strange dreams, like the suns setting on the banks, crimson phantoms file past unendingly, file past, just like the vast suns setting on the banks.
---	--

Jean Cras (1879-1932)

Chaque matin from 5 Every morning
robaiyats (1924)

*Franz Toussaint, after Omar
Khayyam*

Chaque matin, la rosée accable les tulipes, Les jacinthes et les violettes, Mais le soleil les délivre de leur brillant fardeau. Chaque matin, mon cœur est plus lourd dans ma poitrine, Mais ton regard le délivre de sa tristesse.	Every morning, the dew weighs down the tulips, the hyacinth and the violets, but the sun delivers them from their glittering burden. Every morning, my heart is heavier in my chest, but your gaze delivers it from its sorrow.
---	--

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

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

Les roses d'Ispahan Op. 39 No. 4 (1884)

Leconte de Lisle

Les roses d'Ispahan dans
leur gaine de mousse,
Les jasmins de Mossoul, les
fleurs de l'oranger
Ont un parfum moins frais,
ont une odeur moins
douce,
O blanche Leïlah! que ton
souffle léger.

Ta lèvre est de corail, et ton
rire léger
Sonne mieux que l'eau vive
et d'une voix plus douce,
Mieux que le vent joyeux qui
berce l'oranger,
Mieux que l'oiseau qui chante
au bord d'un nid de mousse ...

O Leïlah! depuis que de leur
vol léger
Tous les baisers ont fui de ta
lèvre si douce,
Il n'est plus de parfum dans
le pâle oranger,
Ni de céleste arôme aux
roses dans leur mousse ...

Oh! que ton jeune amour, ce
papillon léger,
Reviens vers mon cœur d'une
aile prompte et douce,
Et qu'il parfume encor les
fleurs de l'oranger,
Les roses d'Ispahan dans
leur gaine de mousse!

The roses of Isfahan

The roses of Isfahan in
their mossy sheaths,
the jasmines of Mosul, the
orange blossom
have a fragrance less
fresh and a scent less
sweet,
O pale Leilah, than your
soft breath!

Your lips are of coral and
your light laughter
rings brighter and sweeter
than running water,
than the blithe wind rocking
the orange-tree boughs,
than the singing bird by
its mossy nest ...

O Leilah, ever since on
light wings
all kisses have flown from
your sweet lips,
the pale orange-tree
fragrance is spent,
and the heavenly scent of
moss-clad roses ...

Oh! may your young love,
that airy butterfly,
wing swiftly and gently to
my heart once more,
to scent again the orange
blossom,
the roses of Isfahan in
their mossy sheaths!

Henri Dutilleux (1916-2013)

Il neige du chagrin

Charles Oulmont

Il neige, il neige du
chagrin...
L'on dirait d'un grand rideau
gris.
Penses-tu donc la vie si
longue
Pour ne pas éloigner cette
ombre?

It is snowing sorrow

It is snowing, snowing
sorrow...
One might call it a vast
grey curtain.
Do you not think life long
enough
to drive away this
shadow?

L'ombre augmente avec le
soir
Elle se confond dans la
nuit.
Le gris n'est plus gris mais
tout noir,
Si noir qu'on ne le sait plus
gris...

Et pourtant, il est là tout près,
Il guette tes soupirs, tes
larmes
Il se réjouit de ta peine...
Il neige, il neige du
chagrin...

Crois-m'en, ne le laisse pas vivre
De sa vie naîtrait ta mort
Cultive le rose ou le bleu,
Clarté, sourire. Amour,
soleil.

Ce que déteste le chagrin
Aime-le toujours plus et plus
Sournois, lâche, il
reculera
Il aura peur de cette joie

Et tu chanteras devant
lui
Sans le craindre le moins du
monde,
Plus de cœur en berne
jamais:
'Du chagrin, la neige a fondu'.

The shadow grows with
the evening
and becomes one with
the night.
The grey is no longer grey
but all black,
so black you wouldn't
know it as grey...

And yet, it's there, close
by,
it watches your sighs,
your tears,
it rejoices in your suffering...
It is snowing, snowing
sorrow...

Trust me, don't let it live -
its life begets your death.
Cultivate pink or blue,
brightness, a smile. Love,
the sun.

That which hates sorrow -
love it ever more and more.
Underhanded, craven, it
will retreat,
it will fear this happiness.

And you will stand before
it and sing,
without fearing it in the
slightest,
never again with your
heart in your boots:
'Sorrow's snow has
melted.'

GEORGIE MALCOLM SOPRANO
FLORIAN STÖRTZ BARITONE

Francis Poulenc

Colloque (1940)
Paul Valéry

Colloquy

D'une rose mourante
L'ennui penche vers nous;
Tu n'es pas différente
Dans ton silence doux
De cette fleur mourante:
Elle se meurt pour nous...

The ennui of a dying rose
leans towards us;
you are no different
in your gentle silence
from this dying flower;
it dies for us ...

Tu me semble pareille
A celle dont l'oreille
Était sur mes genoux,
A celle dont l'oreille
Ne m'écoutait jamais!

You seem the same to me
as the woman whose ear
rested on my lap,
as the woman whose ear
never listened to me;

Tu me semble pareille
A l'autre que j'aimais:
Mais de celle
ancienne
Sa bouche était la mienne.

You seem the same to me
as the other woman I loved:
but that woman of
yesteryear -
her mouth was mine.

Que me compares-tu
quelque rose fanée?
L'amour n'a de vertu que
fraîche et spontanée.

Why do you compare me to
some withered flower?
Love has no virtue unless it
be fresh, spontaneous ...

Mon regard dans le tien
Ne trouve que son bien
Je m'y vois toute
nue!

My gaze in yours
finds all that's good for it:
I see myself quite naked
there!

Mes yeux effaceront
Tes larmes qui
seront
D'un souvenir venues.

My eyes will erase
your tears which have
sprung
from this memory! ...

Si ton désir naquit qu'il
meure sur ma couche
Et sur mes lèvres qui
t'emporteront la bouche.

If your desire was born, let
it die on my bed
and on my lips which will
bear your mouth away ...

JULIETTE MEY MEZZO-SOPRANO

Pauline Viardot (1821-1910)

Evocation (1863)
*Louis Pomey, after
Alexander Pushkin*

Invocation

Oh! si jamais, pendant la nuit,
Lorsque la paix règne sur
terre,
Lorsque la lune au ciel
pâlit
Et des tombeaux blanchit la
pierre,
Si du cercueil, rompant la
loi,
Les morts désertent leur
demeure,
Entends ma voix toi que je
pleure
Et de la mort reviens à
moi.

Oh! if ever at night,
when peace rules over the
earth,
when the moon grows
pale in the sky
and washes the
tombstones in white,
if from the coffin,
breaking all laws,
the dead desert their
domain,
hear my voice, you whom
I mourn,
and return from the dead
to me.

Reviens, ainsi que le trépas
t'a faite
En un jour de vengeance,
Quand pâle et froide entre
mes bras
Tu succombas à ta souffrance.
Reviens, étoile, feu du
soir,
Accord plaintif, vapeur
légère,
Spectre drapé dans un
suaire,
Qu'importe à moi? je veux te
voir!

Return, just as death
made you
on that day of judgement
when pale and cold in my
arms
you gave in to your pain.
Come back - as star, fire
of dusk,
plaintive harmony,
insubstantial mist,
spectre draped in a
shroud,
what does it matter to
me? I want to see you!

Je ne prétends, par ton
secours,
Ni dévoiler l'horrible
crime
Qui me ravit mes seuls
amours,
Ne de la mort sonder l'abîme,
Ni dans mon cœur au
désespoir
Tuer le doute, non je
t'aime
Entends ce cri, toujours le
même,
Surtout reviens, je veux te
voir.

With your help I do not
mean
to bring to light the
dreadful crime
that robbed me of my
only love,
nor to plumb the abyss of
death,
nor to put an end to the
doubt
in my desperate heart -
no; I love you,
hear this call, always the
same:
above all, return, I want to
see you.

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

Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky (1840-1893)

Sérénade (Où vas-tu, souffle d'aurore)

Op. 65 No. 1 (1888)

Édouard Turquety

Où vas-tu, souffle
d'aurore,
Vent de miel qui viens
d'éclorre,
Fraîche haleine d'un beau
jour? d'un beau jour?
Où vas-tu, brise
inconstante,
Quand la feuille palpitante
Semble frissonner d'amour?

Where are you going,
breath of dawn,
honeyed breeze that
comes at daybreak,
fresh breath of a lovely
day? of a lovely day?
Where are you going,
fickle breeze,
when the trembling leaf
seems to quiver with love?

Est-ce au fond de la
vallée,
Dans la cime échevelée
D'un saule où le ramier dort,
le ramier dort?
Poursuis-tu la fleur vermeille,
Ou le paipillon qu'éveille,
Un matin de flamme et
d'or?

Is it to the depths of the
valley
in the tangled summit
of a willow where the dove
sleeps, the dove sleeps?
Do you follow the
vermilion flower,
or a butterfly awakened
by a morning of flame and
gold?

Va plutôt, souffle d'aurore,
Berçer l'âme que
j'adore:
Porte à son lit embaumé
L'odeur des bois et des
mousses,
Et quelques paroles douces
Comme les roses de mai,

Go instead, breath of dawn,
to lull to sleep the soul I
adore:
carry to her perfumed bed
the fragrance of the
woods and the mosses,
and some words as sweet
as the roses of May,

L'odeur des bois et des
mousses,
Et quelques paroles douces
Comme les roses de mai.

The fragrance of the
woods and the mosses,
and some words as sweet
as the roses of May.

Déception Op. 65 No. 2 Disappointment

(1888)

Paul Collin

Le soleil rayonnait encore.
J'ai voulu revoir les grands
bois
Où nous promenions
autrefois
Notre amour à sa belle
aurore.

The sun was still shining.
I wished to see again the
great woods
where we used to
promenade
our love at its lovely
beginning.

Je me disais: 'Sur le chemin,
Je la retrouverai, sans doute:
Ma main se tendra vers sa
main,

I said to myself: 'On the road
I will doubtless find her;
my hand will reach for her
hand,

Et nous nous remettrons en
route.'

and on the way we will
find reconciliation.'

Je regarde partout. En vain!
J'appelle! Et l'écho seul
m'écoute!

I look everywhere. In vain!
I call! And only the echo
hears me!

O, le pauvre soleil pâli!
O, les pauvres bois sans
ramage!
O, mon pauvre amour, quel
dommage!
Si vite perdu dans l'oubli!

Oh, poor pale sun!
Oh, poor woods without
birdsong!
Oh, my poor love, what a
pity!
So quickly lost to oblivion!

Les larmes

Op. 65 No. 5 (1888)

Augustine-Malvina

Blanchecotte

Si vous donnez le calme
après tant de secousses
Si vous couvrez d'oubli
tant de maux
dérobés,
Si vous lavez ma plaie et si
vous êtes douces,
O mes larmes, tombez! tombez!

If you give calm after such
upheaval,
if you cover with
forgetfulness so many
concealed wrongs,
if you wash my wound
and if you are gentle,
oh my tears, fall, fall!

Mais si comme autrefois
vous êtes meurtrières,
Si vous rongez un cœur qui
déjà brûle en soi
N'ajoutez pas au mal,
respectez mes paupières:
O larmes, laissez moi,
laissez moi!

But if, as at other times,
you are murderers,
if you gnaw a heart which
already burns inside,
don't make it worse, spare
my eyes:
oh tears, leave me, leave
me!

Oui, laissez moi! je sens ma
peine plus cuisante,
Vous avez évoqué tous mes
rêves perdus:
Pitié! pitié! pitié! laissez
mourir mon âme
agonisante!

Yes, leave me! I feel my pain
becoming more intense.
You have evoked all my
lost dreams:
Have pity, pity, pity! Leave
my tormented soul to
die!

Larmes, ne tombez pas! ne
tombez pas! non! non! ne
tombez pas!

Tears, do not fall!
do not fall! no! no! do
not fall!

Sérénade (J'aime dans Serenade

le rayon de la limpide

aurore) Op. 65 No. 3

(1888)

Paul Collin

J'aime dans le rayon de la
limpide aurore
Le reflet de tes jolis
yeux,
Dans le chant matinal de
l'oiseau j'aime encore
L'écho de ton rire
joyeux.

I love in the bright rays of
the clear dawn
The reflection of your
pretty eyes,
In the morning song of
the bird I love again
The echo of your joyous
laughter.

Dans le calme des lys j'aime
ta paix sereine,
Dans leur pureté, ta
blancheur;
J'aime dans le parfum des
roses ton haleine
Et dans leur fraîcheur, ta
fraîcheur.

In the calm of lilies I love
your serene peace,
in their perfection, your
purity;
in the perfume of roses I
love your breath
and in their freshness,
your freshness.

Dans la mer que le flux ou le
reflux agite
J'aime tes caprices d'enfant,
Et j'aime les soupirs de ton
sein qui palpite
Dans les longues plaintes du
vent.

In the sea stirred by the
ebb and flow of tides
I love your childish whims,
and I love the sighs of
your trembling heart
in the long laments of the
wind.

J'aime la fière ardeur
dont ton cœur sent la
flamme
Dans l'éclat du soleil qui
luit;
Et j'aime les pudeurs
charmantes de ton âme
Dans l'ombre chaste de la
nuit.

I love the proud ardour
whose flame your heart
feels
in the burst of the
gleaming sun;
and I love the charming
modesty of your soul
in the chaste darkness of
the night.

J'aime dans le printemps
qui verdit, la
folie
De ta jeunesse et ses
espoirs;
Et j'aime la douceur de ta
mélancolie
Dans le vague déclin des
soirs!

In the spring that turns
everything green, I love
the foolishness
of your youth and its
hopes;
and I love the gentleness
of your melancholy
in the hazy approach of
evenings!