

# WIGMORE HALL

Wednesday 28 September 2022  
7.30pm

Supported by The Woolbeding Charity

Dame Sarah Connolly mezzo-soprano  
Joseph Middleton piano

Samuel Barber (1910-1981)

Rain has fallen Op. 10 No. 1 (1935)

Sleep now Op. 10 No. 2 (1935)

I hear an army Op. 10 No. 3 (1936)

Mark-Anthony Turnage (b.1960)

Songs of Sleep and Regret (2020) London première

*Remorse is Memory awake • Sonnet 83 • Sonnet 27 •*

*Sleep Now • To an unborn Pauper Child •*

*I look into my Glass • Roses • Farewell*

Interval

Ernest Chausson (1855-1899)

Poème de l'amour et de la mer Op. 19 (1882-90 rev. 1893)

*La fleur des eaux • Interlude • La mort de l'amour*

Arnold Schoenberg (1874-1951)

Erwartung Op. 2 No. 1 (c.1899-1900)

Schenk mir deinen goldenen Kamm Op. 2 No. 2 (c.1899-1900)

Alban Berg (1885-1935)

Schlafen, schlafen Op. 2 No. 1 (?1909-10)

Kurt Weill (1900-1950)

My Ship from *Lady in the Dark* (1940)

Speak Low from *One Touch of Venus* (1943)

Trouble Man from *Lost in the Stars* (1949)

Je ne t'aime pas (1934)

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The creation of a song almost always begins with the discovery of a poem, a spark of recognition of moment of affinity between composer and writer. Tonight, we encounter poetry written across centuries and national boundaries – and the readers (and sometimes friends) who sought to realise these texts as music.

**Samuel Barber** was a tremendous admirer of the work of James Joyce from his earliest years as a student in Philadelphia to the last decade of his life. The three songs with which we begin were written during Barber's time as a scholar at the American Academy in Rome in 1936. The first two were dedicated to Dario and Susanna Cecchi respectively: Susanna Cecchi was later to write screenplays for *The Bicycle Thieves*, *The Leopard* and many other major Italian films. The pianist's right hand patters away in 'Rain has fallen', and one might conclude that this and 'Sleep now' are gentle, pensive pieces; but each has a sting in the tail, a moment of climax and anguish that is further underlined by the extraordinary sonic portrait of approaching troops in 'I hear an army'. 'My love,' our singer finally cries out at the conclusion of this final song, 'my love, why have you left me alone?'

**Mark-Anthony Turnage's** *Songs of Sleep and Regret* is one of five song cycles that Turnage has written over the past few years. The first of these, *Without Ceremony*, was a setting of poems by Thomas Hardy, and Turnage confesses that he 'became obsessed with Hardy – reading and re-reading most of his novels... I then delved into lots of nineteenth century poetry. I loved its richness.' What we hear this evening, written for Dame Sarah Connolly, is 'a mixed anthology of poets that grew out of the Hardy cycle': texts by Emily Dickinson, Shakespeare, James Joyce ('Sleep Now', quite different from Barber's realisation), George Eliot and Stevie Smith, as well as one Hardy setting. Turnage plays thoughtfully with his poems – from the painful stabs of memory in Dickinson, insistent prods in the piano, to the whispers and cries of 'Farewell' in Smith. Hardy's 'To an unborn Pauper Child' unfolds the bleak world awaiting the new life he addresses, its musical shapes spilling into the following piano interlude.

Whilst Turnage's poetic assembly was drawn together from printed sources, **Chausson's** *Poème de l'amour et de la mer* emerged from the composer's immediate social circle. His famous salon saw such starry visitors as Manet, Renoir, Colette, Fauré, Debussy and Mallarmé. A less familiar name to us now is poet and playwright Maurice Bouchor (1855-1929), a close friend of Chausson who provided both incidental music for, and solo vocal settings of, his texts. The *Poème* was an ambitious project some 11 years in the making, bringing together several long Bouchor poems in an orchestral setting. Completed in 1893, in both orchestral and piano versions, the piece was dedicated to Duparc – but Chausson's

friendly gesture was met with an extraordinary critique by return of post, his (only slightly older) colleague berating him for his text setting and explaining how he might do it better next time.

Duparc's criticisms aside, this is a richly Wagnerian and beautifully lyrical piece, bound together by two principal themes. The first depicts the sea and seems to contain pre-echoes of Debussy in its broad, shimmering brushstrokes. The second theme is a mournful elegy – vocal as well as instrumental – as our protagonist comes to realise that their lover has forgotten them. That Chausson can inject this trajectory with such energy and shifts of pace and feeling is a testament to his immense skill as a songwriter.

Just six years after Chausson completed his *Poème*, **Arnold Schoenberg** put the finishing touches to his second published opus: a group of four songs, from which we hear 'Erwartung' and 'Schenk mir deinen goldenen Kamm'. These set texts by Richard Dehmel, whose poetry the young Schoenberg hugely admired: 'Your poems had a decisive influence on my musical development,' he wrote to the poet. The shimmering scene of 'Erwartung' paints a night-time meeting in sparkling moon-bright colours, whilst 'Schenk mir...' is heavy with love and desire. These songs are followed by the first Op. 2 song of his pupil **Alban Berg**: 'Schlafen, schlafen', the rocking bass and weary, drooping vocal line clearly implying a sleep as deep as death.

There is no German poetry among our closing group by **Kurt Weill**. Following his escape from Germany in 1933 and his arrival in the USA two years later, Weill gave up his mother tongue. The last song we hear tonight, the heart-rending 'Je ne t'aime pas', was composed when Weill was in Paris in 1934 for the cabaret singer Lys Gauty – hence the French text. The remaining three numbers each come from shows written for the USA. The irresistibly lilting 'My ship' belongs to the 1940 play *Lady in the Dark* and was the smash-hit song from this curious tale of a woman whose dreams are interpreted by her psychiatrist until she finds happiness and love. *One Touch of Venus* is Ogden Nash's 1943 reworking of the Pygmalion story, and the tenderly seductive 'Speak Low' is sung by the statue of Venus that our hero Rodney has unwittingly brought to life. 'Trouble Man' is a very different kind of love song from the 1949 'musical tragedy' *Lost in the Stars*, a tale of racial division in South Africa. The young Black South African Absalom is confronted here by his pregnant girlfriend Irina: he has agreed to take part in a burglary in a desperate attempt to gain money for his growing family. It will go wrong – horribly wrong – but the love Irina feels for Absalom rings out in every word of this sad romance.

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**Samuel Barber** (1910-1981)

**Rain has fallen Op. 10 No. 1** (1935)

*James Joyce*

Rain has fallen all the day.  
O come among the laden trees:  
The leaves lie thick upon the way  
Of mem'ries.

Staying a little by the way  
Of mem'ries shall we depart.  
Come, my beloved, where I may  
Speak to your heart.

**Sleep now Op. 10 No. 2** (1935)

*James Joyce*

Sleep now, O sleep now,  
O you unquiet heart!  
A voice crying 'Sleep now'  
Is heard in my heart.

The voice of the winter  
Is heard at the door.  
O sleep, for the winter  
Is crying 'Sleep no more'.

My kiss will give peace now  
And quiet to your heart –  
Sleep on in peace now,  
O you unquiet heart!

**I hear an army Op. 10 No. 3** (1936)

*James Joyce*

I hear an army charging upon the land,  
And the thunder of horses plunging, foam about their  
knees:  
Arrogant, in black armour, behind them stand,  
Disdaining the reins, with fluttering whips, the charioteers.

They cry unto the night their battlename:  
I moan in sleep when I hear afar their whirling laughter.  
They cleave the gloom of dreams, a blinding flame,  
Clanging, clanging upon the heart as upon an anvil.

They come shaking in triumph their long green hair:  
They come out of the sea and run shouting by the shore.  
My heart, have you no wisdom thus to despair?  
My love, my love, my love, why have you left me alone?

**Mark-Anthony Turnage** (b.1960)

**Songs of Sleep and Regret** (2020)

**Remorse is Memory awake**

*Emily Dickinson*

Remorse — is Memory — awake —  
Her Parties all astir —  
A Presence of Departed Acts —  
At window — and at Door —

Its Past — set down before the Soul  
And lighted with a Match —  
Perusal — to facilitate —  
And help Belief to stretch —

Remorse is cureless — the Disease  
Not even God — can heal —  
For 'tis His institution — and  
The Adequate of Hell —

**Sonnet 83**

*William Shakespeare*

I never saw that you did painting need,  
And therefore to your fair no painting set;  
I found, or thought I found, you did exceed  
The barren tender of a poet's debt:  
And therefore have I slept in your report,  
That you yourself, being extant, well might show  
How far a modern quill doth come too short,  
Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow.  
This silence for my sin you did impute,  
Which shall be most my glory being dumb;  
For I impair not beauty being mute,  
When others would give life, and bring a tomb.  
    There lives more life in one of your fair eyes  
    Than both your poets can in praise devise.

**Sonnet 27**

*William Shakespeare*

Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed,  
The dear repose for limbs with travel tired;  
But then begins a journey in my head  
To work my mind, when body's work's expired:  
For then my thoughts--from far where I abide--  
Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,  
And keep my drooping eyelids open wide,  
Looking on darkness which the blind do see:  
Save that my soul's imaginary sight  
Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,  
Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,  
Makes black night beauteous, and her old face new.  
    Lo! thus, by day my limbs, by night my mind,  
    For thee, and for myself, no quiet find.

## Sleep Now

James Joyce

Sleep now, O sleep now,  
O you unquiet heart!  
A voice crying 'Sleep now'  
Is heard in my heart.

The voice of the winter  
Is heard at the door.  
O sleep, for the winter  
Is crying 'Sleep no more'.

My kiss will give peace now  
And quiet to your heart –  
Sleep on in peace now,  
O you unquiet heart!

## To an unborn Pauper Child

Thomas Hardy

Breathe not, hid Heart: cease silently,  
And though thy birth-hour beckons thee,  
Sleep the long sleep:  
The Doomsters heap  
Travails and teens around us here,  
And Time-Wraiths turn our songsings to fear.

Hark, how the peoples surge and sigh,  
And laughters fail, and greetings die;  
Hopes dwindle; yea,  
Faiths waste away,  
Affections and enthusiasms numb:  
Thou canst not mend these things if thou dost come.

Had I the ear of wombed souls  
Ere their terrestrial chart unrolls,  
And thou wert free  
To cease, or be,  
Then would I tell thee all I know,  
And put it to thee: Wilt thou take Life so?

Vain vow! No hint of mine may hence  
To theeward fly: to thy locked sense  
Explain none can  
Life's pending plan:  
Thou wilt thy ignorant entry make  
Though skies spout fire and blood and nations quake.

Fain would I, dear, find some shut plot  
Of earth's wide wold for thee, where not  
One tear, one qualm,  
Should break the calm.  
But I am weak as thou and bare;  
No man can change the common lot to rare.

Must come and bide. And such are we --  
Unreasoning, sanguine, visionary --  
That I can hope  
Health, love, friends, scope  
In full for thee; can dream thou'lt find  
Joys seldom yet attained by humankind!

## I look into my Glass

Interlude after Thomas Hardy

## Roses

George Eliot

You love the roses - so do I. I wish  
The sky would rain down roses, as they rain  
From off the shaken bush. Why will it not?  
Then all the valley would be pink and white  
And soft to tread on. They would fall as light  
As feathers, smelling sweet; and it would be  
Like sleeping and like waking, all at once!

## Farewell

Stevie Smith

Farewell dear friends  
I loved you so much ...

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## Interval

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### Ernest Chausson (1855-1899)

**Poème de l'amour et  
de la mer Op. 19** (1882-  
90 rev. 1893)  
*Maurice Bouchor,*  
*Anonymous*

**Poem of love and of  
the sea**

#### La fleur des eaux

**The flower of the  
waters**

L'air est plein d'une odeur  
exquise de lilas  
Qui, fleurissant du haut des  
murs jusques en bas,  
Embaument les cheveux des  
femmes.  
La mer au grand soleil va  
toute s'embraser,

The air is full of the  
exquisite scent of lilac  
which, flowering all over the  
walls from top to bottom,  
fills the women's hair with  
fragrance.  
The sea in the high sun is  
set aflame,

Et sur le sable fin qu'elles  
viennent baiser  
Roulent d'éblouissantes lames.

and over the fine sand which  
they come to kiss  
roll dazzling waves.

O ciel qui de ses yeux dois  
porter la couleur,  
Brise qui vas chanter  
dans les lilas en  
fleur  
Pour en sortir tout embaumée,  
Ruisseaux qui mouillerez sa  
robe, ô verts sentiers,  
Vous qui tressaillerez sous  
ses chers petits pieds,  
Faites-moi voir ma bien aimée!

O sky which must wear  
the colour of *her* eyes,  
breeze which goes  
singing through the  
lilacs in bloom  
to emerge all perfumed,  
brooks which bedew her  
dress, O green paths,  
you who tremble beneath  
her dear little feet,  
let me see my beloved!

Et mon cœur s'est levé par  
ce matin d'été;  
Car une belle enfant était sur  
le rivage,  
Laisant errer sur moi des  
yeux pleins de clarté,  
Et qui me souriait d'un air  
tendre et sauvage.

And my heart is lifted by  
this summer morning;  
because a beautiful girl  
was on the shore,  
letting her bright eyes  
wander to me,  
and smiling at me with an air  
both gentle and fierce.

Toi que transfiguraient la  
jeunesse et l'amour,  
Tu m'apparus alors comme  
l'âme des choses;  
Mon cœur vola vers toi, tu le  
pris sans retour,  
Et du ciel entr'ouvert pleuvaient  
sur nous des roses.

You whom youth and love  
transformed,  
you appeared to me then  
like the spirit of all things;  
my heart flew towards you,  
you took it for your own,  
the sky opened and roses  
rained upon us.

Quel son lamentable et  
sauvage  
Va sonner l'heure de l'adieu!  
La mer roule sur le rivage,  
Moqueuse, et se souciant  
peu  
Que ce soit l'heure de  
l'adieu.

What a pitiable and  
barbarous sound  
blazons the hour of parting!  
The sea rolls over the shore,  
mocking, and little  
concerning itself  
that it should be the hour  
of parting.

Des oiseaux passent, l'aile  
ouverte,  
Sur l'abîme Presque  
joyeux;  
Au grand soleil la mer est  
verte -  
Et je saigne, silencieux,  
En regardant briller les  
cieux.

Birds pass, wings  
spread,  
almost joyful over the  
depths;  
beneath the high sun the  
sea is green -  
and I bleed, silent,  
watching the heavens  
shimmer.

Je saigne en regardant ma vie  
Qui va s'éloigner sur les  
flots;  
Mon âme unique m'est  
ravie  
Et la sombre clameur des  
flots  
Couvre le bruit de mes  
sanglots.

I bleed watching my life  
about to float away on the  
waves;  
my very soul is taken  
from me  
and the deep roar of the  
waves  
drowns out the sound of  
my tears.

Qui sait si cette mer cruelle  
La ramènera vers mon  
cœur?  
Mes regards sont fixés sur elle;  
La mer chante, et le vent  
moqueur  
Raille l'angoisse de mon  
cœur.

Who knows if this cruel sea  
will bring her back to my  
heart?  
My gaze is fixed on it;  
the sea sings, and the  
mocking wind  
scorns the anguish of my  
heart.

## Interlude

### La mort de l'amour

### The death of love

Bientôt l'île bleue et  
joyeuse  
Parmi les rocs  
m'apparaîtra;  
L'île sur l'eau  
silencieuse  
Comme un nénuphar flottera.

Soon the blue and happy  
isle  
will appear to me among  
the rocks;  
the isle will float silently  
on the sea  
like a water lily.

A travers la mer d'améthyste  
Doucement glisse le bateau,  
Et je serai joyeux et triste  
De tant me souvenir -  
bientôt.

Across the amethyst ocean  
the boat glides gently,  
and I will be happy and sad  
to remember such things  
- soon.

Le vent roulait les feuilles  
mortes; mes pensées  
Roulaient comme des feuilles  
mortes, dans la nuit.  
Jamais si doucement au ciel  
noir n'avaient lui  
Les mille roses d'or d'où  
tombent les rosées.

The wind rustled the dead  
leaves; my thoughts  
rustled like the dead  
leaves, in the night.  
The thousand golden roses  
from which the dew falls  
never glowed so softly in  
the black sky.

Une danse effrayante, et les  
feuilles froissées,  
Et qui rendaient un son  
métallique, valsaient,  
Semblaient gémir sous les  
étoiles, et disaient  
L'inexprimable horreur des  
amours trépassés.

A dreadful dance, and the  
crumpled leaves,  
making a metallic sound,  
waltzed,  
seeming to moan beneath  
the stars, and speaking of  
the inexpressible horror  
of perished loves.

Les grands hêtres d'argent  
que la lune baisait  
Étaient des spectres: moi,  
tout mon sang se glaçait  
En voyant mon aimée  
étrangement sourire.

The tall silver beech trees  
kissed by the moon  
were spectres: as for me,  
all my blood froze  
to see my beloved smile  
strangely.

Comme des fronts de morts  
nos fronts avaient pâli,  
Et, muet, me penchant vers  
elle, je pus lire  
Ce mot fatal écrit dans ses  
grands yeux: l'oubli.

Like the brows of the dead  
our foreheads paled,  
and, silent, leaning towards  
her, I could read  
that fatal word written in  
her wide eyes: oblivion.

Le temps des lilas et le temps des roses Ne reviendra plus à ce printemps-ci; Le temps des lilas et le temps des roses Est passés, le temps des œillets aussi.	The time of lilacs and the time of roses will never return to this spring; the time of lilacs and the time of roses is over, the time of carnations too.
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Le vent a changé, les cieux sont moroses, Et nous n'irons plus courir, et cueillir Les lilas en fleur et les belles roses; Le printemps est triste et ne peut fleurir.	The wind has changed, the skies are heavy, and we will no longer run and gather the lilacs in flower and the lovely roses; spring is desolate and cannot bloom.
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Oh! joyeux et doux printemps de l'année, Qui vins, l'an passé, nous ensoleiller, Notre fleur d'amour est si bien fanée, Las! que ton baiser ne peut l'éveiller!	Oh! happy and sweet spring of the year, which came last year to bathe us in sunlight, our flower of love is so thoroughly wilted, alas! that your kiss cannot awaken it.
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Et toi, que fais-tu? Pas de fleurs écloses, Point de gai soleil ni d'ombrages frais; Le temps des lilas et le temps des roses Avec notre amour est mort à jamais.	And you, what are you doing? No blooming flowers, no bright sun nor cool shade at all; the time of lilacs and the time of roses is dead forever, along with our love.
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## Arnold Schoenberg (1874-1951)

### Erwartung Op. 2 No. 1 Expectation

(c.1899-1900)

*Richard Dehmel*

Aus dem meergrünen Teiche Neben der roten Villa Unter der toten Eiche Scheint der Mond.	From the sea-green pond near the red villa beneath the dead oak the moon is shining.
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Wo ihr dunkles Abbild Durch das Wasser greift, Steht ein Mann und streift Einen Ring von seiner Hand.	Where her dark image gleams through the water, a man stands, and draws a ring from his hand.
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Drei Opale blinken; Durch die bleichen Steine Schwimmen rot und grüne Funken und versinken.	Three opals glimmer; among the pale stones float red and green sparks and sink.
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Und er küsst sie, und Seine Augen leuchten	And he kisses her, and his eyes gleam
---	--

Wie der meergrüne Grund: Ein Fenster tut sich auf.	like the sea-green depths: a window opens.
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Aus der roten Villa Neben der toten Eiche Winkt ihm eine bleiche Frauenhand...	From the red villa near the dead oak, a woman's pale hand waves to him...
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### Schenk mir deinen goldenen Kamm Op. 2

No. 2 (c.1899-1900)

*Richard Dehmel*

Schenk mir deinen goldenen Kamm; Jeder Morgen soll dich mahnen, Dass du mir die Haare küsstest. Schenk mir deinen seidenen Schwamm; Jeden Abend will ich ahnen, Wem du dich im Baderütest, O Maria!	Give me your golden comb; every morning shall remind you that you kissed my hair. Give me your silken sponge, every evening I want to sense for whom you prepare yourself in the bath – oh, Maria!
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Schenk mir Alles, was du hast; Meine Seele ist nicht eitel, Stolz empfang ich deinen Segen. Schenk mir deine schwerste Last: Willst du nicht auf meinen Scheitel Auch dein Herz, dein Herz noch legen – Magdalena?	Give me everything you have; my soul is not in vain, proudly I receive your blessing. Give me your heavy burden: will you not lay on my head your heart too, your heart – Magdalena?
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## Alban Berg (1885-1935)

### Schlafen, schlafen Sleep, sleep

Op. 2 No. 1 (?1909-10)

*Christian Friedrich Hebbel*

Schlafen, Schlafen, nichts als Schlafen! Kein Erwachen, keinen Traum! Jener Wehen, die mich trafen, Leisestes Erinnern kaum, Dass ich, wenn des Lebens Fülle Nieder klingt in meine Ruh', Nur noch tiefer mich verhülle, Fester zu die Augen tu'!	Sleep, sleep, nothing but sleep! No awakening, no dream! Of the pains I had to bear scarce the faintest memory – so that when life's plenitude echoes down to where I rest, I enshroud myself more deeply still, press my eyes more tightly shut!
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**Kurt Weill** (1900-1950)

**My Ship from *Lady in the Dark*** (1940)

*Ira Gershwin*

My ship has sails that are made of silk,  
The decks are trimmed with gold ...

**Speak Low from *One Touch of Venus*** (1943)

*Ogden Nash*

Speak low when you speak, love  
Our summer day withers away too soon, too soon ...

**Trouble Man from *Lost in the Stars*** (1949)

*Maxwell Anderson*

Since you came first to me  
Dear one, glad one ...

**Je ne t'aime pas** (1934)

*Maurice Magre*

Retire ta main, je ne t'aime pas  
Car tu l'as voulu, tu n'es qu'un ami.  
Pour d'autres sont faits  
le creux de tes bras  
Et ton cher baiser, ta tête endormie.

Ne me parle pas, lorsque c'est le soir  
Trop intimement, à voix basse même  
Ne me donne pas surtout ton mouchoir:  
Il renferme trop le parfum que j'aime.

Dis-moi tes amours, je ne t'aime pas  
Quelle heure te fut la plus enivrante?  
Et si elle t'aimait bien, et si elle fut ingrate  
En me le disant, ne sois pas charmant.

Je n'ai pas pleuré, je n'ai pas souffert  
Ce n'était qu'un rêve et qu'une folie.  
Il me suffira que tes yeux soient clairs

**I don't love you**

Take back your hand, I don't love you;  
for that's what you wanted, you're just a friend.  
The hollow of your embrace was made for someone else,  
like your dear kiss, your sleeping head.

When it's evening, don't speak to me  
too intimately, with a low voice, and  
above all don't give me your handkerchief:  
it holds too much of the perfume that I love.

Tell me of your lovers; I don't love you -  
what moment has been most intoxicating to you?  
And if she loved you well, and if she was unappreciative -  
in telling me about it, don't be charming.

I didn't cry, I didn't suffer -  
it was nothing but dream and madness.  
It will be enough for me that your eyes are clear

Sans regret du soir, ni mélancolie.

without either regret of that night, or melancholy.

Il me suffira de voir ton bonheur

It will be enough for me to see your happiness;

Il me suffira de voir ton sourire.

it will be enough for me to see your smile.

Conte-moi comment elle a pris ton cœur

Tell me how she won your heart

Et même dis-moi ce qu'on ne peut dire.

and even tell me the unspeakable.

Non, tais-toi plutôt... Je suis à genoux

No, rather be quiet... I am on my knees;

Le feu s'est éteint, la porte est fermée.

the fire is out, the door is closed.

Je ne t'aime pas.

I don't love you.

Ne demande rien, je pleure... C'est tout.

Don't ask anything, I weep... That's all.

Je ne t'aime pas.

I don't love you.

O mon bien-aimé! Retire ta main.

Oh, my beloved! Take back your hand.

Je ne t'aime pas.

I don't love you.

*Translations of Chausson and 'Je ne t'aime pas' by Jean du Monde. Schoenberg and Berg 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.*