

WIGMORE HALL

Monday 30 September 2024
7.30pm

Malin Byström soprano
Magnus Svensson piano

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

Clair de lune Op. 46 No. 2 (1887)
Notre amour Op. 23 No. 2 (c.1879)

Henri Duparc (1848-1933)

La vie antérieure (1884)
Le manoir de Rosemonde (1879)
Chanson triste (1868)
Extase (1874)
L'invitation au voyage (1870)

Pauline Viardot (1821-1910)

Sérénade for solo piano (pub. 1885)

Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)

Les chemins de l'amour (1940)

Cécile Chaminade (1857-1944)

L'été (pub. 1894)

Interval

Alban Berg (1885-1935)

7 frühe Lieder (1905-8)
*Nacht • Schilflied • Die Nachtigall •
Traumgekrönt • Im Zimmer • Liebesode •
Sommertage*

Ture Rangström (1884-1947)

Pan (1924)
Den enda stunden from *Idyll* (1917)
Bön till natten from *Den mörka blomman* (1924)
Vingar i natten (1917)

Kurt Weill (1900-1950)

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

CLASSIC *fm* Wigmore Hall £5 tickets for Under 35s supported by Media Partner Classic FM

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



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



Lands of fantasy, of desire, of illusion: these are the places songs can transport us to. In **Gabriel Fauré's** much-celebrated *mélodie*, 'Clair de lune', a playful yet poignant nursery-rhyme piano tune is followed by serene phrases in which the singer describes a luminous pastoral scene. The text is taken from *Fêtes galantes* (Paul Verlaine's 1869 poetry collection inspired by the courtly, semi-mythological scenes of Antoine Watteau's paintings) and the effect is of immense beauty – and curious emotional distance. By contrast, in 'Notre amour', a river of piano triplets burbles beneath an ascending vocal line that evokes the singer's boundless love.

Parisian composer **Henri Duparc** is best known for his 17 exquisite *mélodies* (art songs in the French Romantic tradition). Medieval imagery abounds, from the lonely tower in the brooding 'Au pays où se fait la guerre', to the galloping, doomed quest of the poet in 'Le manoir de Rosemonde'. In 'Au pays', the mood is sombre as the singer laments the departure of their lover to war. Then, for a brief moment, there is hope: could that be them, outside the door? Alas, it is only the servant approaching with a lantern. With a final exhortation to the breeze, hope is extinguished, and the dismal, cyclical theme of the opening returns. Yet it's not all sorrow and despair: there is consolation to be found in the lilting charm of 'Chanson triste', the slow unfurling of bliss in the death-kiss of 'Extase', and, finally, a dreamlike vision of paradise in 'L'invitation au voyage'.

Pauline Viardot was a Parisian-born mezzo-soprano of Spanish descent, and a prolific songwriter and composer active throughout the 19th Century. She composed this short but impressive *Sérénade* for the concert pianist Caroline Montigny-Remaury. There are echoes of Viardot's Hispanic heritage in the piece's evocation of Spanish folk tunes, as well as the flamenco-style flourishes of the cadenzas.

From Viardot's salon in the 1880s, we are transported forwards in time some 60 years to the theatrical stages of 1940s Paris. A cascade of whimsical chords announces a nostalgic waltz in which the singer seeks a memory of love that seems to vanish even as it is evoked. Originally composed as incidental music for a play by Jean Anouilh (*Léocadia*, or *Time Remembered*, by its English title), 'Les chemins de l'amour' channels the insouciant charm of the revues and cabaret shows **Francis Poulenc** frequented as a young man.

Cécile Chaminade summons all the joys of summer with 'L'été'; this virtuoso coloratura song features vocal acrobatics to depict the birdsong described in

the poem's opening stanza. As the vocal line rises with trembling joy, it's impossible not to be swept away by this giddy invocation to seize the day, as Chaminade surely did during her lifetime, overcoming discouragement from her father and many of her peers to become a celebrated singer, pianist and composer.

As a young man, **Alban Berg** was equally interested in dramatic writing and music – until he became a composition student of Arnold Schoenberg in 1904. During his four years under Schoenberg's tutelage, he composed some 150 songs, developing his musical craft while maintaining his dramatist's ear for evocative text-setting. In 1928, he returned to these early songs, selecting seven for this collection, which also exists in orchestrated form. The shadow of Arnold Schoenberg's 1912 melodrama *Pierrot lunaire* stalks the dusky, languid landscape of the opening song, 'Nacht', while other songs hark back to a more Romantic sensibility, as heard in the vivid harmonies of 'Die Nachtigall' and the climactic outburst of sorrow in 'Sommertage'.

Born in Stockholm, **Ture Rangström** started composing during his late teens and travelled to Germany to further his musical studies in Berlin and Munich. He worked widely as a conductor, but as a composer, he is best-known for his orchestral tone poems, although he also composed operas and around 300 songs. There is great drama and contrast in the song selection we hear today, from the delicate piano trills that evoke the singing trees in 'Pan', to the tumultuous shadows that swoop and soar through 'Vingar i natten'.

Kurt Weill was born in Germany, but with antisemitism on the rise throughout the 1920s and 30s, he had already fled to Paris by 1934 – the year he composed both of these songs. Cabaret-confessional lament 'Je ne t'aime pas' evokes the singer's heartache with words that deny the pain expressed in the melody. Meanwhile, the poignant tango-habanera 'Youkali' is a hymn to a lost paradise. Originally composed as incidental music for the play *Marie Galante*, Weill added words by Roger Fernay in 1946. The text describes an illusory kingdom: no sooner do we imagine the realm of our desires, than it vanishes: 'Mais c'est un rêve, une folie / Il n'y a pas de Youkali!' ('But it's a dream, a folly / there is no Youkali!'). Yet as long as the music lasts, this enchanted land lives on in our imagination – a few tango steps out of reach.

© Sophie Rashbrook 2024

Reproduction and distribution is strictly prohibited.

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

Clair de lune Op. 46

No. 2 (1887)

Paul Verlaine

Moonlight

Votre âme est un paysage
choisi
Que vont charmant masques
et bergamasques
Jouant du luth et dansant
et quasi
Tristes sous leurs
déguisements fantasques.

Your soul is a chosen
landscape
bewitched by masquers
and bergamaskers,
playing the lute and
dancing and almost
sad beneath their fanciful
disguises.

Tout en chantant sur le
mode mineur
L'amour vainqueur et la vie
opportune,
Ils n'ont pas l'air de croire à
leur bonheur
Et leur chanson se mêle
au clair de
lune,

Singing as they go in a
minor key
of conquering love and
life's favours,
they do not seem to
believe in their fortune
and their song mingles
with the light of the
moon,

Au calme clair de lune triste
et beau,
Qui fait rêver les oiseaux
dans les arbres
Et sangloter
d'extase les jets
d'eau,
Les grands jets d'eau sveltes
parmi les marbres.

The calm light of the
moon, sad and fair,
that sets the birds
dreaming in the trees
and the fountains
sobbing in their
rapture,
tall and svelte amid
marble statues.

Notre amour Op. 23

No. 2 (c.1879)

Armand Silvestre

Our love

Notre amour est chose
légère,
Comme les parfums que le
vent
Prend aux cimes de la
fougère
Pour qu'on les respire en
rêvant.
Notre amour est chose
légère.

Our love is light and
gentle,
like fragrance fetched by
the breeze
from the tips of
ferns
for us to breathe while
dreaming.
– Our love is light and
gentle.

Notre amour est chose
charmante,
Comme les chansons du
matin
Où nul regret ne se lamente,
Où vibre un espoir
incertain.
– Notre amour est chose
charmante.

Our love is
enchanting,
like morning
songs,
where no regret is voiced,
quivering with uncertain
hopes.
– Our love is
enchanting.

Notre amour est chose
sacrée,
Comme les mystères des
bois
Où tressaille une âme
ignorée,
Où les silences ont
des voix.
– Notre amour est chose
sacrée.

Our love is
sacred,
like woodland
mysteries,
where an unknown soul
throbs
and silences are
eloquent.
– Our love is
sacred.

Notre amour est chose
infinie,
Comme les chemins des
couchants
Où la mer, aux cieux
réunie,
S'endort sous les soleils
penchants.

Our love is
infinite,
like sunset
paths
where the sea, joined with
the skies,
falls asleep beneath
slanting suns.

Notre amour est chose
éternelle,
Comme tout ce qu'un Dieu
vainqueur
A touché du feu de
son aile,
Comme tout ce qui vient du
cœur,
Notre amour est chose
éternelle.

Our love is
eternal,
like all that a victorious
God
has brushed with his fiery
wing,
like all that comes from
the heart,
– our love is
eternal.

Henri Duparc (1848-1933)

La vie antérieure (1884)

Charles Baudelaire

A previous life

J'ai longtemps habité sous
de vastes portiques
Que les soleils marins
teignaient de mille feux,
Et que leurs grands piliers,
droits et majestueux,
Rendaient pareils, le soir,
aux grottes
basaltiques.

For long I lived beneath
vast colonnades
tinged with a thousand
fires by ocean suns,
whose giant pillars,
straight and majestic,
made them look, at
evening, like basalt
caves.

Les houles, en roulant les
images des cieux,
Mêlaient d'une façon
solennelle et mystique
Les tout-puissants accords
de leur riche musique
Aux couleurs du couchant
reflété par mes yeux.

The sea-swells, mingling
the mirrored skies,
solemnly and mystically
interwove
the mighty chords of their
mellow music
with the colours of sunset
reflected in my eyes.

Song continues overleaf. Please turn the page as quietly as possible.

C'est là que j'ai vécu dans les voluptés calmes, Au milieu de l'azur, des vagues, des splendeurs Et des esclaves nus, tout imprégnés d'odeurs, Qui me rafraîchissaient le front avec des palmes, Et dont l'unique soin était d'approfondir Le secret douloureux qui me faisait languir.	It is there that I have lived in sensuous repose, with blue sky about me and brightness and waves and naked slaves all drenched in perfume, Who fanned my brow with fronds of palm, and whose only care was to fathom the secret grief which made me languish.
---	---

Le manoir de Rosemonde (1879)
Robert de Bonnières

De sa dent soudaine et vorace, Comme un chien l'amour m'a mordu ... En suivant mon sang répandu, Vas, tu pourras suivre ma trace ... Prends un cheval de bonne race, Pars, et suis mon chemin ardu, Fondrière ou sentier perdu, Si la course ne te harasse!	With sudden and ravenous tooth, love like a dog has bitten me ... By following the blood I've shed – come, you'll be able to follow my trail ... Take a horse of fine breeding, set out, and follow my arduous course by quagmire or by hidden path, if the chase does not weary you!
En passant par où j'ai passé, Tu verras que seul et blessé J'ai parcouru ce triste monde. Et qu'ainsi je m'en fus mourir Bien loin, bien loin, sans découvrir Le bleu manoir de Rosemonde.	Passing by where I have passed, you will see that, solitary and wounded, I have traversed this sorry world, And that thus I went off to die far, far away, without ever finding the blue manoir of Rosamonde.

Chanson triste (1868)
Jean Lahor

Dans ton cœur dort un clair de lune, Un doux clair de lune d'été,	Song of sadness Moonlight slumbers in your heart, a gentle summer moonlight,
--	---

Et pour fuir la vie importune, Je me noierai dans ta clarté. J'oublierai les douleurs passées, Mon amour, quand tu berceras Mon triste cœur et mes pensées Dans le calme aimant de tes bras.	and to escape the cares of life I shall drown myself in your light. I shall forget past sorrows, my sweet, when you cradle my sad heart and my thoughts in the loving calm of your arms.
---	---

Tu prendras ma tête malade, Oh! quelquefois, sur tes genoux, Et lui diras une ballade Qui semblera parler de nous;	You will rest my poor head, ah! sometimes on your lap, and recite to it a ballad that will seem to speak of us;
---	---

Et dans tes yeux pleins de tristesses, Dans tes yeux alors je boirai Tant de baisers et de tendresses Que peut-être je guérirai.	And from your eyes full of sorrow, from your eyes I shall then drink so many kisses and so much love that perhaps I shall be healed.
---	---

Extase (1874)
Jean Lahor

Sur un lys pâle mon cœur dort D'un sommeil doux comme la mort: Mort exquise, mort parfumée Du souffle de la bien-aimée: Sur ton sein pâle mon cœur dort ...	Rapture On a pale lily my heart is sleeping a sleep as sweet as death: exquisite death, death perfumed by the breath of the beloved: on your pale breast my heart is sleeping ...
---	---

L'invitation au voyage (1870)

Charles Baudelaire

Mon enfant, ma sœur, Songe à la douceur D'aller là-bas vivre ensemble! Aimer à loisir, Aimer et mourir Au pays qui te ressemble! Les soleils mouillés De ces ciels brouillés	Invitation to journey My child, my sister, think how sweet to journey there and live together! To love as we please, to love and die in the land that is like you! The watery suns of those hazy skies
---	---

Pour mon esprit ont les charmes	hold for my spirit
Si mystérieux	the same mysterious charms
De tes traîtres yeux, Brillant à travers leurs larmes.	as your treacherous eyes shining through their tears.
Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté, Luxe, calme et volupté.	There – nothing but order and beauty dwell, abundance, calm and sensuous delight.
Vois sur ces canaux Dormir ces vaisseaux Dont l'humeur est vagabonde; C'est pour assouvir Ton moindre désir Qu'ils viennent du bout du monde. – Les soleils couchants Revêtent les champs, Les canaux, la ville entière, D'hyacinthe et d'or; Le monde s'endort Dans une chaude lumière.	See on those canals those vessels sleeping, vessels with a restless soul; to satisfy your slightest desire they come from the ends of the earth. The setting suns clothe the fields, canals and all the town with hyacinth and gold; the world falls asleep in a warm light.
Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté, Luxe, calme et volupté.	There – nothing but order and beauty dwell, abundance, calm and sensuous delight.

Pauline Viardot (1821-1910)

Sérénade for solo piano (pub. 1885)

Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)

Les chemins de l'amour (1940)

Jean Anouilh

Les chemins qui vont à la mer Ont gardé de notre passage ...	The paths that lead to the sea have retained from our passing the flowers that shed their petals and the echo beneath their trees of our clear laughter. Alas! no trace of those happy days, those radiant joys now flown, can I find again
---	--

in my heart.

Paths of my love,
I search for you ceaselessly,
lost paths, you are no more
and your echoes are muted.
Paths of despair,
paths of memory,
paths of our first day,
divine paths of love.

If one day I must forget,
since life obliterates everything,
I wish for my heart to remember one thing,
more vivid than the other love,
to remember the path where trembling and quite distracted,
I one day felt on me your passionate hands.

Due to copyright reasons, we are unable to reproduce the French text of this song

Cécile Chaminade (1857-1944)

L'été (pub. 1894)

Édouard Guinand

Summer

Ah! chantez, chantez, Folle fauvette, Gaie alouette, Joyeux pinson, chantez, aimez! Parfum des roses, Fraîches écloses, Rendez nos bois, nos bois plus embaumés! Ah! chantez, aimez!	Ah! Sing, sing, wild warbler, cheerful lark, joyful chaffinch, sing and love! Perfume of roses, newly opened, turn our woods ever more fragrant! Ah! Sing and love!
Soleil qui dore Les sycomores Remplis d'essains tout bruisants, Verse la joie, Que tout se noie Dans tes rayons resplendissants. Ah! chantez, chantez ...	Sun that gilds the sycamores filled with swarms all buzzing, pour over the joy, let everything drown in your resplendent rays. Ah! Sing, sing ...

Song continues overleaf. Please turn the page as quietly as possible.

Souffle qui passes Dans les espaces Semant l'espoir d'un jour d'été. Que ton haleine Donne à la plaine Plus d'éclat et plus de beauté. Ah! chantez, chantez!	Breeze that wafts through the air sowing hope for a summer day, may your breath give the plain more brilliance and more beauty. Ah! Sing, sing!
--	---

Dans la prairie Calme et fleurie, Entendez-vous ces mots si doux? L'âme charmée, L'épouse aimée Bénit le ciel près de l'époux! Ah! chantez, chantez ...	In the meadow calm and flowering, do you hear these sweet words? The charmed soul, the beloved wife, blesses heaven by her husband's side! Ah! Sing, sing ...
---	---

Interval

Alban Berg (1885-1935)

7 frühe Lieder (1905-8) 7 Early Songs

Nacht

Carl Hauptmann

Dämmern Wolken über Nacht und Tal. Nebel schweben. Wasser rauschen sacht. Nun entschleiert sich's mit einem Mal. O gib acht! gib acht!	Clouds loom over night and valley. Mists hover, waters softly murmur. Now at once all is unveiled. O take heed! take heed!
Weites Wunderland ist aufgetan, Silbern ragen Berge traumhaft gross, Stille Pfade silberlicht talan Aus verborg'nem Schoss.	A vast wonderland opens up, silvery mountains soar dreamlike tall, silent paths climb silver- bright valleywards from a hidden womb.
Und die hehre Welt so traumhaft rein. Stummer Buchenbaum am Wege steht Schattenschwarz – ein Hauch vom fernen Hain Einsam leise weht.	And the glorious world so dreamlike pure. A silent beech-tree stands by the wayside shadow-black – a breath from the distant grove blows solitary soft.

Und aus tiefen Grundes Düsterheit Blinken Lichter auf in stumme Nacht. Trinke Seele! trinke Einsamkeit! O gib acht! gib acht!	And from the deep valley's gloom lights twinkle in the silent night. Drink soul! drink solitude! O take heed! take heed!
---	--

Schilflied

Nikolaus Lenau

Auf geheimem Waldespfade Schleich' ich gern im Abendschein An das öde Schilfgestade, Mädchen, und gedenke dein!	Along a secret forest path I love to steal in the evening light to the desolate reedy shore and think, my girl, of you!
---	--

Wenn sich dann der Busch verdüstert, Rauscht das Rohr geheimnisvoll, Und es klaget und es flüstert, Dass ich weinen, weinen soll.	When the bushes then grow dark, the reeds pipe mysteriously, lamenting and whispering, that I must weep, must weep.
---	--

Und ich mein', ich höre wehen Leise deiner Stimme Klang, Und im Weiher untergehen Deinen lieblichen Gesang.	And I seem to hear the soft sound of your voice, and your lovely singing drowning in the pond.
--	---

Die Nachtigall

Theodor Storm

Das macht, es hat die Nachtigall Die ganze Nacht gesungen; Da sind von ihrem süßen Schall, Da sind in Hall und Widerhall Die Rosen aufgesprungen.	The nightingale It is because the nightingale has sung throughout the night, that from the sweet sound of her echoing song the roses have sprung up.
Sie war doch sonst ein wildes Blut, Nun geht sie tief in Sinnen; Trägt in der Hand den Sommerhut Und duldet still der Sonne Glut Und weiss nicht, was beginnen.	She was once a wild creature, now she wanders deep in thought; in her hand a summer hat, bearing in silence the sun's heat, not knowing what to do.

Das macht, es hat die Nachtigall Die ganze Nacht gesungen; Da sind von ihrem süßen Schall, Da sind in Hall und Widerhall Die Rosen aufgesprungen.	It is because the nightingale has sung throughout the night, that from the sweet sound of her echoing song the roses have sprung up.
---	---

Traumgekrönt
Rainer Maria Rilke

**Crowned with
dreams**

Das war der Tag der weissen Chrysanthemem, – Mir bangte fast vor seiner Pracht... Und dann, dann kamst du mir die Seele nehmen Tief in der Nacht.	That was the day of the white chrysanthemums – its brilliance almost frightened me... And then, then you came to take my soul at the dead of night.
--	--

Mir war so bang, und du kamst lieb und leise, – Ich hatte grad im Traum an dich gedacht. Du kamst, und leis wie eine Märchenweise Erklang die Nacht...	I was so frightened, and you came sweetly and gently, I had been thinking of you in my dreams. You came, and soft as a fairy tune the night rang out...
---	--

Im Zimmer
Johannes Schlaf

In the room

Herbstsonnenschein. Der liebe Abend blickt so still herein. Ein Feuerlein rot Knistert im Ofenloch und loht.	Autumn sunshine. The lovely evening looks in so silently. A little red fire crackles and blazes in the hearth.
---	---

So! – Mein Kopf auf deinen Knie'n. – So ist mir gut; Wenn mein Auge so in deinem ruht.	Like this! – with my head on your knees. – Like this I am content; when my eyes rest in yours like this.
--	--

Wie leise die Minuten ziehn!...	How gently the minutes pass!...
---------------------------------	------------------------------------

Liebesode
Otto Erich Hartleben

Ode to love

Im Arm der Liebe schliefen wir selig ein.	In love's arms we fell blissfully asleep.
--	--

Am offenen Fenster lauschte der Sommerwind, Und unsrer Atemzüge Frieden Trug er hinaus in die helle Mondnacht. –	The summer wind listened at the open window, and carried the peace of our breathing out into the moon-bright night. –
--	---

Und aus dem Garten tastete zgend sich Ein Rosenduft an unserer Liebe Bett Und gab uns wundervolle Träume, Träume des Rausches – so reich an Sehnsucht!	And from the garden a scent of roses came timidly to our bed of love and gave us wonderful dreams, ecstatic dreams – so rich in longing!
---	---

Sommertage
Paul Hohenberg

Summer days

Nun ziehen Tage über die Welt, Gesandt aus blauer Ewigkeit, Im Sommerwind verweht die Zeit. Nun windet nächstens der Herr Sternenkränze mit seliger Hand Über Wander- und Wunderland.	Days, sent from blue eternity, journey now across the world, time drifts away in the summer wind. The Lord at night now garlands star-chains with his blessed hand across lands of wandering and wonder.
--	---

O Herz, was kann in diesen Tagen Dein hellstes Wanderlied denn sagen Von deiner tiefen, tiefen Lust: Im Wiesensang verstummt die Brust, Nun schweigt das Wort, wo Bild um Bild Zu dir zieht und dich ganz erfüllt.	In these days, O heart, what can your brightest travel- song say of your deep, deep joy? The heart falls silent in the meadows' song, words now cease when image after image comes to you and fills you utterly.
--	---

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

Ture Rangström (1884-1947)

Pan (1924)

Bo Bergman

Middagsstillhet och
klöverånga.
Ljuset flamar och smälter i
ro
Öfver åsarnas långa kammar,

Där molnen bo.

Här i backen sitter Pan
Lat med nacken mot
en gran.
När han börjar spela,
Spela träden,
Susar säden,
Lyssnar hela jorden
Till hans kväden.

Lifvets stora hunger
Stilger stark och god,
Och mitt sommarblod
Sjunger, sjunger, sjunger.

Den enda stunden from *Idyll* (1917)

Johan Ludvig Runeberg

Allena var jag,
Han kom allena;
Förbi min bana
Hans bana ledde.
Han dröjde icke,
Men tänkte
dröja,
Han talte icke,
Men ögat talte.
Du obekante,
Du välbekante!

En dag försvinner,
Ett år förflyter,
Det ena minnet
Det andra jagar;
Den korta stunden
Blev hos mig evigt,

Den bittra stunden,
Den ljuva stunden.

Bön till natten from *Den mörka blomman* (1924)

Bo Bergman

Pan

Midday stillness and
scent of clover.
Light flares and
fades
over the long chain of
ridges
where the clouds live.

Here on the hill sits Pan
lazing with his back
against a fir.
When he starts to play,
the trees play,
the grain sighs,
the whole earth harkens
to his song.

Life's great hunger
rises, strong and good,
and my summer blood
sings, sings, sings.

The last hour

Alone was I,
he came alone;
his path led
past my path.
He did not turn,
though he thought of
turning,
he did not speak,
though his eyes spoke.
You, unknown,
yet known to me!

A day disappears,
a year passes,
one moment
chases the next;
that short hour
has stayed with me
always,
that bitter hour,
that sweet hour.

Prayer to night

Slut är dagens lust
som larmar
Vild och kort.
Djupa natt, i dina armar,
Bär oss bort.

Vid ditt bröst det
nådefulla
Skyl vår skam,
Medan glömskans
timmar rulla
Smärtlöst fram,

Som en flod, där allt får
drunkna,
Glider kall
Över dolda brott och
sjunkna
Syndafall.

Du som ensam dig förbarmar

Och ger svar,
Milda natt, i dina
armar,
Håll oss kvar.

Vingar i natten (1917)

Bo Bergman

Det flyger en fågel svart och
stum.
Vem binder hans öde? Ingen.

Han flyger i världens vida
rum
Med ångestens vind i vingen.

Har ej rede att värma
sig i.
Har ej värn eller viloställen.

Min längtan susar
skugglikt förbi
Din brinnande ruta
i kvällen.

Så blek i månskenets
bleka ljus
Du stryker en dröm från din
panna.
Nu sover ditt stora
tysta hus.
Mitt öde kan icke
stanna.

Det är skyar som fara och
flarn
på flykt över dunkla vatten

Gone is the day's desire
which clamours
wild and brief.
Deep night, in your arms,
bear us away.

At your breast, which
mercifully
veils our shame,
while the hours of
oblivion roll
painlessly on,

Like a river, which drowns
everything,
glides coolly
over concealed crime and
sunken
sin.

You who alone have
mercy
and give answers,
gentle night, in your arms,
hold us fast.

Wings in the night

A bird is flying black and
silent.
Who binds its destiny?
No-one.
It flies in the world's wide
spaces
with the wind of anxiety in
its wings.

It has no nest to warm
itself in.
It has no safeguard or
place of rest.

My longing whispers like
a shadow, past
your lighted window-
pane this evening!

So pale in the moon's
pale light
you stroked a dream from
your forehead.
Now your large, silent
house is asleep.
My destiny cannot stand
still.

Like clouds that flee from
danger
flying over the dark water

– vi längtans fåglar, vi
orons barn,
vi susande vingar i
natten!

– we birds of longing, we
children of unrest,
we whispering wings in
the night!

Kurt Weill (1900-1950)

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

Sans regret du
soir, ni
mélancolie.

Il me suffira de voir ton
bonheur

Il me suffira de voir ton
sourire.

Conte-moi comment elle a
pris ton cœur

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

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

without either regret of
that night, or
melancholy.

It will be enough for me to
see your happiness;

it will be enough for me to
see your smile.

Tell me how she won your
heart

and even tell me the
unspeakable.

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

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

Je ne t'aime pas.

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

Je ne t'aime pas.

O mon bien-aimé! Retire ta
main.

Je ne t'aime pas.

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

the fire is out, the door is
closed.

I don't love you.

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

I don't love you.

Oh, my beloved! Take
back your hand.

I don't love you.

Youkali (1934)

Roger Fernay

C'est presque au bout du
monde,

Ma barque vagabonde ...

Youkali

Almost to the end of the
world,

my errant barque, drifting
at the will of the waves,
led me one day.

The island is very small,
but the sprite who
inhabits it
politely invites us
to tour it.

Youkali,
it's the land of our
desires,

Youkali,
it's happiness and
pleasure,

Youkali,
it's the land where we
leave our cares behind,
it's like a beacon in our
night.

The star we follow,
it's Youkali.

Song continues overleaf. Please turn the page as quietly as possible.

Youkali,
it's where we keep
our promises,
Youkali,
it's the land of
shared love,
it's hope
which is at the heart of all
human kind,
the salvation
we are all waiting
for,
Youkali,
it's the land of our
desires,
Youkali,
it's happiness, it's
pleasure,
but it's a dream, a folly,
there is no Youkali!

And life drags us along,
tedious and mundane,
yet the poor human soul,
seeking oblivion
everywhere,
knew how, as it left this
earth,
to find the mystery
where our dreams are
buried
in some Youkali.

Youkali ...

Due to copyright reasons, we are unable to reproduce the French text of this song

Translations of Fauré, Duparc and Poulenc by Richard Stokes from A French Song Companion (Johnson/Stokes) published by OUP. 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. 'Je ne t'aime pas' by Jean du Monde.