

WIGMORE HALL

Monday 31 March 2025
1.00pm

Johanna Wallroth soprano
Michael Pandya piano

Clara Schumann (1819-1896)

Geheimes Flüstern from 6 *Lieder aus Jucunde* Op. 23 (1853)

Er ist gekommen Op. 12 No. 1 (1841)

Warum willst du and're fragen Op. 12 No. 3 (1841)

Was weinst du Blümlein from 6 *Lieder aus Jucunde* Op. 23

Sie liebten sich beide Op. 13 No. 2 (1840-3)

Ich hab' in deinem Auge Op. 13 No. 5 (1840-3)

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Rastlose Liebe D138 (1815)

Die Rose D745 (1822)

Seligkeit D433 (1816)

Gunnar de Frumerie (1908-1987)

Hjärtats Sångare Op. 27 (1942 rev. 1976)

När du sluter mina ögon • Det blir vackert där du går •

Saliga väntan • Ur djupet av min själ •

Du är min Afrodite • Som en våg

Hector Berlioz (1803-1869)

From *Les nuits d'été* Op. 7 (1840-1)

Villanelle • Le spectre de la rose

Pauline Viardot (1821-1910)

Haï luli! (pub. 1880)

L'oiselet (1864)

Ici-bas tous les lilas meurent (1884)

Aime-moi (1864)



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For Christmas 1840, **Clara Schumann** delighted her husband by presenting him with a gift of three songs. Robert was especially pleased because Clara – who lacked confidence in her compositional abilities – often suggested poetry for him to set to music, but had been reluctant to write songs herself. In his enthusiasm, Robert suggested a collaborative compositional project that would result in their *Liebesfrühling*, a collection of 12 settings of poems by Friedrich Rückert published in 1841 as Robert's Op. 37 and Clara's Op. 12. Clara's three contributions were composed in time for Robert's birthday in 1841, and today we hear the highly-charged, restlessly energetic 'Er ist gekommen' and the tender 'Warum willst du and're fragen'.

Clara went on to publish six songs as her Op. 13 in 1844, of which we also hear two today. In musicologist Stephen Rodgers's words, there is a 'radical simplicity' to the strophic form of 'Sie liebten sich beide'; this, together with the song's textural sparsity and searching melodic lines, sensitively captures the sadness at the heart of Heinrich Heine's poem. The gentle, romantic 'Ich hab' in deinem Auge' – on a poem by Rückert about love's persistence – was another birthday gift for Robert, this time in 1843. Preceding the pair from Op. 12 and the pair from Op. 13, we hear individual songs from *6 Lieder aus Jucunde* Op. 23. As the 1840s continued, Clara had less and less time to compose: she maintained a demanding concert schedule as one of Europe's most eminent pianists, and had increasing responsibilities as her family grew. In June 1853, Clara's diary contains a jubilant entry about the 'great pleasure' she felt at having written two songs, noting 'I wrote my last song in 1846, seven years ago!'. The poems were from the novel *Jucunde* by Hermann Rollett, and within the next two weeks Clara had completed a collection of six songs from the novel. Sadly, despite living until 1896, these were among the last songs she wrote. Today's two songs are both animated by the musical magic of nature, with delicate, evocative textures and lyrical lines in 'Geheimes Flüstern', and lively interplay between voice and piano in 'Was weinst du Blümlein'.

The recurring themes of nature and love continue in the trio of **Franz Schubert** songs, beginning with *Rastlose Liebe* of 1815, which sets a poem written by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe while travelling during an unseasonal snowstorm in May. The forceful song – with its driving piano part and vocal urgency – maps the capriciousness of nature onto the desires of the heart. By contrast, Schubert's setting of Friedrich von Schlegel's *Die Rose* is carefully poised in its acceptance of nature's course. Like Clara Schumann's flower songs, it contains subtle yet powerful modifications to a simple musical form (in this case, the reprise in the ABA form switches to the minor). Another contrasting side of Schubert is glimpsed in the short, waltz-like *Seligkeit*, a setting of Ludwig Höltz

that flits between the appeals of heavenly joy and earthly love.

With *Hjärtats Sångar* ('Songs of the Heart') by the Swedish composer **Gunnar de Frumerie** (1908-1987), the recital steps forward to 1942 – though the composer's characteristic formal rigour and allegiance to tonality mean his musical language sits well alongside his 19th-century forebears. The six songs are based on poems from the eponymous collection of 1926 by Pär Lagerkvist; each song is relatively short but striking in its emotional depth and clarity of musical vision. Frumerie was a long-serving piano professor at the Kungliga Musikhögskolan in Stockholm, and his vocal music is underpinned by delicate, radiant piano textures.

Hector Berlioz's *Les nuits d'été* comprises six settings of poems by Théophile Gautier, and was first published – for voice and piano – in 1841. Performances, however, were scarce: it is believed that only one of the songs was performed in voice-piano guise during Berlioz's lifetime. From these inauspicious beginnings, the cycle evolved dramatically: between 1843 and 1956, Berlioz sporadically adapted individual songs for voice and orchestra, varying the specified voice types, transposing a couple into new keys, and dedicating each song to a different singer. Today we hear the first two of the set: 'Villanelle' and 'Le spectre de la rose'. While today much less known than the orchestral versions, the voice-piano songs make their own valuable contribution to the song repertoire – not least in the intimacy and intensity gained in the duo version, the differences in momentum and pace that ensue, and the capacity for the piano alone to conjure the details of Gautier's vibrant Romantic imagery every bit as evocatively as a full orchestra.

Pauline Viardot was born in Paris in 1821 to the illustrious Spanish García family of musicians. Viardot was an exceptional pianist – she occasionally performed duets with Clara Schumann – as well as an operatic mezzo-soprano, composer, and teacher; she was also famed for her musical salons and for inspiring roles and music from many leading composers of the 19th Century. For instance, Berlioz knew Viardot well and was enchanted by her voice: his landmark adaptation of Gluck's *Orphée*, for the Théâtre-Lyrique in Paris in 1859, was written for her in the title role. Today we hear four of Viardot's own songs, starting with the anxious cries of the lovelorn spinner and the demanding, frantic piano part of *Haï luli!*; in *Ici-bas tous les lilas meurent*, the recital's flower theme returns to illustrate the tender *mélodie*. *L'oiselet* and *Aime-moi* are drawn from Viardot's set of 12 quirky song adaptations of Chopin mazurkas: her additions of texts provided showpieces for her own vocal virtuosity while also contributing to the popularity of Chopin's music.

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Clara Schumann (1819-1896)

Geheimes Flüstern Secret whisperings from 6 Lieder aus

Jucunde Op. 23 (1853)

Hermann Rollett

Geheimes Flüstern hier und dort, Verborg'nes Quellenrauschen, O Wald, o Wald, geweihter Ort, Lass mich des Liebens reinstes Wort, in Zweig und Blatt belauschen!	Secret whisperings here and there, Hidden, murmuring springs, O forest, O forest, consecrated place, Let me listen in bough and foliage To life's most pure word!
--	---

Und schreit' ich in den Wald hinaus, Da grüssen mich die Bäume, Du liebes, freies Gotteshaus, Du schliessest mich mit Sturmgebraus In deine kühlen Räume!	And when I walk out into the forest, I am greeted by the trees, You fair, unfettered house of God, You enfold me with your howling storm In your cool spaces!
---	---

Was leise mich umschwebt, umklingt, Ich will es treu bewahren, Ich will es treu bewahren, Will ich, vom Geist der Lieb' beschwingt, In Liedern offenbaren!	All that surrounds and whispers round me, I shall faithfully preserve, And all that oppresses my heart I shall, elated by the spirit of love, Express in song!
--	--

Er ist gekommen He came in storm and rain Op. 12 No. 1 (1841)

Friedrich Rückert

Er ist gekommen In Sturm und Regen, Ihm schlug beklommen Mein Herz entgegen. Wie konnt ich ahnen, Dass seine Bahnen Sich einen sollten meinen Wegen?	He came in storm and rain, my anxious heart beat against his. How could I have known that his path should unite itself with mine?
---	--

Er ist gekommen In Sturm und Regen, Er hat genommen Mein Herz verwegen. Nahm er das meine? Nahm ich das seine? Die beiden kamen sich entgegen.	He came in storm and rain, audaciously he took my heart. Did he take mine? Did I take his? Both drew near to each other.
---	---

Er ist gekommen In Sturm und Regen. Nun ist gekommen Des Frühlings Segen. Der Freund zieht weiter, Ich seh es heiter, Denn er bleibt mein auf allen Wegen.	He came in storm and rain. Now spring's blessing has come. My friend journeys on, I watch with good cheer, for he shall be mine wherever he goes.
---	--

Warum willst du and're fragen Op. 12 No. 3

(1841)

Warum willst du and're fragen,
Die's nicht meinen treu mit dir?
Glaube nichts, als was dir
sagen
Diese beiden Augen hier.

Glaube nicht den fremden
Leuten,
Glaube nicht dem eignen
Wahn;
Nicht mein Tun auch sollst
du deuten,
Sondern sieh die Augen
an!

Schweigt die Lippe deinen
Fragen,
Oder zeugt sie gegen
mich?
Was auch meine Lippen
sagen,
Sieh mein Aug' – ich liebe
dich.

Why enquire of others

Why enquire of others,
who are not loyal to
you?
Only believe what
these
two eyes here tell you.

Do not believe what
strangers say,
do not believe your own
delusions;
nor should you interpret
my deeds,
but instead look at these
eyes!

Are my lips silent to your
questions
or do they testify against
me?
Whatever my lips might
say;
look at my eyes – I love
you.

Was weinst du Blümlein
from 6 Lieder aus
Jucunde Op. 23
Hermann Rollett

Was weinst du, Blümlein, im
Morgenschein?
Das Blümlein lachte: Was
fällt dir ein!
Ich bin ja fröhlich, ich weine
nicht –
Die Freudenträne durch's
Aug' mir bricht.

Du Morgenhimmel, bist
blutig rot,
Als läge deine Sonne im
Meere tot?
Da lacht der Himmel und
ruft mich an:
Ich streue ja Rosen auf ihre
Bahn!

Und strahlend flammte die
Sonn' hervor,
Die Blumen blühten freudig
empor.
Des Baches Wellen
jauchzten auf,
Und die Sonne lachte
freundlich darauf.

Sie liebten sich beide
Op. 13 No. 2 (1840-3)
Heinrich Heine

Sie liebten sich beide, doch
keiner
Wollt' es dem andern gestehn;
Sie sahen sich an so
feindlich,
Und wollten vor Liebe
vergehn.

Sie trennten sich endlich
und sah'n sich
Nur noch zuweilen im
Traum;
Sie waren längst gestorben
Und wussten es selber
kaum.

Why are you
weeping, little
flower?

Why are you weeping,
little flower?
The little flower laughed:
'What do you mean!
I am happy, I do not
weep –
It's tears of joy that well in
my eyes.'

O morning sky, you are
blood red,
As though the sun lay
dead in the sea.
Heaven then laughed and
cried to me:
'I spread roses on its
path!'

And with blazing beams
the sun arose,
Flowers bloomed
joyously upwards.
The waves of the brooklet
rejoiced,
And the sun broke out in
happy laughter.

They loved one
another

They loved one another,
but neither
wished to tell the other;
they gave each other
such hostile looks,
yet nearly died of
love.

In the end they parted
and saw
each other but rarely in
dreams.
They died so long ago
and hardly knew it
themselves.

Ich hab' in deinem
Auge Op. 13 No. 5
(1840-3)
Friedrich Rückert

Ich hab' in deinem Auge
Den Strahl der ewigen Liebe
gesehen,
Ich sah auf deinen Wangen
Einmal die Rosen des
Himmels stehn.

Und wie der Strahl im Aug'
erlischt
Und wie die Rosen zerstieben,
Ihr Abglanz ewig neu
erfrischt,
Ist mir im Herzen geblieben,

Und niemals werd' ich die
Wangen seh'n
Und nie in's Auge dir
blicken,
So werden sie mir in Rosen
steh'n
Und es den Strahl mir
schicken.

I saw in your eyes

I saw in your eyes
the ray of eternal
love,
I saw on your cheeks
the roses of
heaven.

And as the ray dies in
your eyes,
and as the roses scatter,
their reflection, forever
new,
has remained in my heart,

And never will I look at
your cheeks,
and never will I gaze into
your eyes,
and not see the glow of
roses,
and the ray of
love.

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Rastlose Liebe D138
(1815)
Johann Wolfgang von
Goethe

Dem Schnee, dem Regen,
Dem Wind entgegen,
Im Dampf der Klüfte,
Durch Nebeldüfte,
Immer zu! Immer zu!
Ohne Rast und Ruh!

Lieber durch Leiden
Wollt'ich mich schlagen,
Als so viel Freuden
Des Lebens ertragen.
Alle das Neigen
Von Herzen zu Herzen,
Ach wie so eigen
Schaffet es Schmerzen!

Wie soll ich flieh'n?
Wälderwärts zieh'n?
Alles vergebens!
Krone des Lebens,
Glück ohne Ruh,
Liebe, bist du.

Restless love

Into snow, into rain,
into wind,
through steaming ravines,
through mist and haze,
on and on!
Without respite!

I'd rather fight
my way through affliction
than endure so many
of life's joys.
All this attraction
of heart to heart,
ah, what special
anguish it brings!

How shall I flee?
Fly to the forest?
All in vain!
Crown of life,
joy without rest –
this, Love, is you.

Die Rose D745 (1822)

Friedrich von Schlegel

Es lockte schöne
Wärme,
Mich an das Licht zu wagen,
Da brannten wilde
Gluten;
Das muss ich ewig
klagen.
Ich konnte lange
blühen
In milden, heitern Tagen;
Nun muss ich frühe welken,
Dem Leben schon entsagen.

Es kam die Morgenröte,
Da liess ich alles Zagen
Und öffnete die Knospe,
Wo alle Reize lagen.
Ich konnte Freundlich
duften
Und meine Krone tragen,
Da ward zu heiss die Sonne,
Die muss ich drum verklagen.

Was soll der milde
Abend?
Muss ich nun traurig fragen.
Er kann mich nicht mehr
retten,
Die Schmerzen nicht verjagen.
Die Röte ist verblichen,
Bald wird mich Kälte nagen.
Mein kurzes junges
Leben
Wollt' ich noch sterbend
sagen.

Seligkeit D433 (1816)

Ludwig Christoph Heinrich
Hölty

Freuden sonder Zahl
Blühh im
Himmelssaal
Engeln und
Verklärten,
Wie die Väter lehrten.
O da möcht' ich sein,
Und mich ewig freun!

Jedem lächelt traut
Eine Himmelsbraut;
Harf' und Psalter klinget,
Und man tanzt und
singet.
O da möcht' ich sein,
Und mich ewig freun!

Lieber bleib' ich hier,

The Rose

Lovely warmth tempted
me
to venture into the light.
There fires burned
furiously;
I must for ever bemoan
that.
I could have bloomed for
long
in mild, bright days.
Now I must wither early,
renounce life prematurely.

The red dawn came,
I abandoned all timidity
and opened the bud
in which lay all my charms.
I could have spread sweet
fragrance
and worn my crown ...
then the sun grew too hot –
of this I must accuse it.

Of what avail is the mild
evening?
I must now ask sadly.
It can no longer save
me,
or banish my sorrows.
My red colouring is faded,
soon cold will gnaw me.
As I die I wished to tell
once more
of my brief young
life.

Bliss

Joys without number
bloom in the halls of
Heaven
for angels and
transfigured souls,
as our fathers taught us.
How I'd love to be there
and rejoice eternally!

A heavenly bride smiles
sweetly on everyone;
harp and psalter resound,
and there's dancing and
singing.
How I'd love to be there
and rejoice eternally!

I'd sooner stay here

Lächelt Laura mir
Einen Blick, der saget,
Dass ich ausgeklaget.
Selig dann mit ihr,
Bleib' ich ewig hier!

if Laura smiles on me
with a look that says
I've to grieve no more.
Blissfully then with her
I'd stay forever here!

Gunnar de Frumerie (1908-1987)

Hjärtats Sångar Op. 27 Songs of the Heart

(1942 rev. 1976)

Pär Lagerkvist

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När du sluter mina ögon

När du sluter mina ögon
Med din goda hand
Blir det bars ljus omkring
mig
Som i soligt land.

Du i skymning vill nig
sänka,
Men alit blir till
ljus!
Du kan intee annat skänka mig
Än ljus, blort tjus.

Det blir vackert där du går

Det blir vackert där du
går,
Marken, stigen, stranden
som du följer,
Allt tycks ljusna, glädjas,
allt som ser
dig.

Kan väl jorden glädjas
För att någon stiger på
den,
Trampar på den, en som den
älskar?

Fråga inte mig.
Jag ser blott skenet, hur det
dröjer kring dig,
Svävar över marken,
som om jorden
log.

Stig på den,
Son gläds af se dig
lycklig.
Blott info hårt, som on du
visste att du var älskad.

When you close my eyes

When you close my eyes
with your gentle hand
there is only light around
me
like a sun-filled land.

You want to plunge me
into dusk,
but everything becomes
light!
All you can ever give me
is light, only light.

You make everything beautiful

You make everything
beautiful,
the ground, the path, the
shore where you walk,
you bring light and
gladness to everything
that sees you.

Can the earth feel gladness
because someone is
walking on it,
trampling on it, someone
whom it loves?

Don't ask me.
I only see the glow, how it
lingers around you,
hovers above the ground,
as if the earth were
smiling.

Tread on the one
who rejoices to see you
happy.
But not too hard, as if you
knew you were loved.

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

Saliga väntan

Saliga väntan på dig son
skall komma,
När i din själ den kärlek kan
blomma
Som med sin eld förtärer
mig.
Satiga väntan på dig, på
dig.

Himmelen vidgas, på jorden
är stilla!
Djupt i min själ är det stilla.
Bara den eld som förtärer
mig
Stiger or djupen att söka
dig.

Och du skall komma, de
heta bränder
Bliva till blommor i dina
händer,
Till en ovansklig vår hos
mig,
Då du skall viska: Jag älskar
dig.

Ur djupet av min själ

Ur djupet av min själ
Där det är vår hos mig.
Dir blomaterängar sti.
En blomst jag giver dig,
En lilja het son blod
Men ren och vit som
snö.
Den leva kan hos dig
Och den hos dig kan dö.

När bladen breddas ut
Och deras doft dig når,
Då vet du att mm
själ
Som ljusa ängder står.
Den vissnar i din hand,
På ljuv och älskad bår.
Ett minne blott hos dig
Utav en hjärtas
vår.

Blessed it is to wait

Blessed it is to wait for
you who shall come
when your soul is in
bloom with the love
that consumes me with
its fire.
Blessed it is to wait for
you, for you.

The sky expands, the
earth is quiet!
Deep in my soul is silence.
Only the fire that
consumes me
rises from the depths to
seek you.

And you will come, my
scorching fire
will be flowers in your
hands,
for me it will be spring
everlasting,
the day you whisper: I
love you.

From the depths of
my soul

From the depths of my soul
where spring resides,
with its flowery meadows,
I give you a flower,
a lily as fiery as blood
but pure and white as
snow.
With you it can live
and with you it can die.

When its petals unfold
their scent will reach you,
and you'll know that my
soul
is like meadows of light.
It fades in your hand
on a fair and beloved bier.
For you, a memory only,
from the springtime of
my heart.

Du är min Afrodite

Du är min Afrodite,
Den ur havet födda,
Så ljus son vågens
driva
Av skum i solon
lyftad.

Och mitt djupa, dunkla hav,
Mitt liv, min skumma gray,
Mitt hjärtas oro, tunga
ro,
Allt som i solen ej fått
bo.

Som en våg

Som en våg, sköljd upp mot
stranden,
Vilar du hos mig.
När jag smeker dig med
handen
Skälver havet in i
dig.
Djupa hav, som födde
dig.

Kom intill mig, nära till mig,
Djup som blivit du.
Detta som inom dig
skälver
Är ditt hjärta ju,
Är ett mänskohjärta ju.

You are my
Aphrodite

You are my Aphrodite,
born of the ocean's foam,
as fair as the white
crested waves
of ocean spray in the
sunshine.

And my deep, dark ocean,
my life, my dusky grave,
my heart's unrest,
ponderous rest,
everything that never
lived in the sun.

Like a wave

Like a wave lapping
against the shore,
you are resting with me.
When I caress you with
my hand
the ocean inside you
trembles.
The deep ocean, that
bore you.

Come to me, come close,
the deep that became you.
This thing that trembles
inside you
is your heart,
your very human heart.

Hector Berlioz (1803-1869)

From *Les nuits d'été* Op. 7 (1840-1)

Théophile Gautier

Villanelle

Quand viendra la saison
nouvelle,
Quand auront disparu les
froids,
Tous les deux nous irons,
ma belle,
Pour cueillir le muguet au
bois;
Sous nos pieds égrenant les
perles
Que l'on voit au matin
trembler,
Nous irons écouter les
merles
Siffler!

Le printemps est venu, ma
belle;
C'est le mois des amants
béni,
Et l'oiseau, satinant son
aile,
Dit ses vers au rebord du
nid.
Oh! viens donc sur ce banc
de mousse,
Pour parler de nos beaux
amours,
Et dis-moi de ta voix si
douce:
Toujours!

Loin, bien loin, égarant nos
courses,
Faisons fuir le lapin
caché,
Et le daim au miroir des
sources
Admirant son grand bois
penché;
Puis, chez nous, tout
heureux, tout aises,
En panier enlaçant nos
doigts,
Revenons rapportant des
fraises
Des bois!

Villanelle

When the new season
comes,
when the cold has
gone,
we two will go, my
sweet,
to gather lilies-of-the-
valley in the woods;
scattering as we tread the
pearls of dew
we see quivering each
morn,
we'll go and hear the
blackbirds
Sing!

Spring has come, my
sweet;
it is the season lovers
bless,
and the birds, preening
their wings,
sing songs from the edge
of their nests.
Ah! Come, then, to this
mossy bank
to talk of our beautiful
love,
and tell me in your gentle
voice:
Forever!

Far, far away we'll stray
from our path,
startling the rabbit from
his hiding-place
and the deer reflected in
the spring,
admiring his great
lowered antlers;
then home we'll go,
serene and at ease,
and entwining our fingers
basket-like,
we'll bring back home
wild
Strawberries!

Le spectre de la rose

Soulève ta paupière close
Qu'effleure un songe
virginal;
Je suis le spectre d'une rose
Que tu portais hier au
bal.
Tu me pris encore
emperlée
Des pleurs d'argent de
l'arrosoir,
Et parmi la fête
étoilée
Tu me promenais tout le soir.

Ô toi qui de ma mort fus
cause,
Sans que tu puisses le
chasser,
Toutes les nuits mon
spectre rose
À ton chevet viendra danser.

Mais ne crains rien, je ne
réclame
Ni messe ni *De*
profundis;
Ce léger parfum est mon
âme,
Et j'arrive du paradis.

Mon destin fut digne
d'envie:
Et pour avoir un sort si
beau,
Plus d'un aurait donné sa
vie,
Car sur ton sein j'ai mon
tombeau,
Et sur l'albâtre où je
repose
Un poète avec un baiser
Écrivit: Ci-gît une rose
Que tous les rois vont
jalouser.

The spectre of the rose

Open your eyelids,
brushed by a virginal
dream;
I am the spectre of a rose
that yesterday you wore
at the dance.
You plucked me still
sprinkled
with silver tears of
dew,
and amid the glittering
feast
you wore me all evening
long.

O you who brought about
my death,
you shall be powerless to
banish me:
the rosy spectre which
every night
will come to dance at
your bedside.
But be not afraid – I
demand
neither Mass nor *De*
Profundis;
this faint perfume is my
soul,
and I come from Paradise.

My destiny was worthy of
envy;
and for such a beautiful
fate,
many would have given
their lives –
for my tomb is on your
breast,
and on the alabaster
where I lie,
a poet with a kiss
has written: Here lies a rose
which every king will
envy.

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

Pauline Viardot (1821-1910)

Haï luli! (pub. 1880) <i>Xavier de Maistre</i>	Willow-waley
Je suis triste, je m'inquiete, Je ne sais plus que devenir. Mon bon ami devait venire, Et je l'attends ici seulette. Hai luli! Hai luli! Où donc peut être mon ami?	I am sad, I am anxious, I don't know what's to become of me, my true friend was to have come, and here I wait all lonesome. Willow-waley! Willow- waley! Where can he be, my lover?
Je m'assieds pour filer ma laine, Le fil se casse dans ma main ... Allons, je fillerai demain; Aujourd'hui je suis trop en peine! Hai luli! Hai luli! Qu'il fait triste sans son ami!	I sit myself down to spin my wool, the thread breaks in my hand ... Come, I will spin tomorrow: today I'm too full of sorrow! Willow-waley! Willow- waley! How sad it is without a lover!
Si jamais il deviant volage, S'il doit un jour m'abandonner, Le village n'a qu'à brûler, Et moi-même avec le village! Hai luli! Hai luli! A quoi bon vivre sans ami?	If ever he turns fickle, if one day he is to desert me, the village only has to burn down, and I with the village! Willow-waley! Willow- waley! What's the point of living without a lover?

L'oiselet (1864) <i>Louis Pomey</i>	The little bird
Le ciel est clair et l'air est doux, Tout rit, tout jase autour de nous; Toi seul, ô mon pauvre oiselet, Toi seul languis triste et muet.	The sky is bright and the air is sweet, Everything laughs, everything chatters around us; You alone, you alone, o my poor little bird You alone languish sad and mute.
Le printemps qui tout ranime De nos monts verdit la cime; De la brise matinale Un parfum d'amour s'exhale,	The springtime which brings everything back to life Of our mountains makes green the peaks; Of the morning breeze A perfume of love breathes out

Aux champs, dans le secret des bois, Tout ce qui vit dit à la fois Le mot que la nuit dit au jour, Le mot charmant, le mot d'amour. Ah! Assise loin de son troupeau, Et le suivant d'un oeil rêveur, Chloé ne sait quel feu nouveau Soudain s'allume dans son coeur. Mais toi l'on ne peut te charmer, Tu fuis le doux plaisir d'aimer. Celui de qui tu plains les maux Gémit captif sous les barreaux, Adieu! l'amour et la gaîté Pour qui n'a pas la liberté.	To the fields, in the secrecy of the woods, Everything that lives says at once The word, the word that the night says to the day. The charming word, the word of love Ah! Seated far from her flock, And following it with the eye of a dreamer, Chloe does not know what fire, what new fire Suddenly lights itself within her heart But you, one cannot charm. You flee the sweet pleasure of loving. Him whose pains you pity Moans, captive behind bars, Goodbye! Goodbye! love and gaily For him who has no liberty.
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Ici-bas tous les lilas meurent (1884) <i>René-François Sully- Prudhomme</i>	In this world all the lilies die
Ici-bas tous les lilas meurent, Tous les chants des oiseaux sont courts, Je rêve aux étés qui demeurent Toujours...	In this world all the lilies die, All the songs of birds are short; I dream of the summers that abide Forever...
Ici-bas les lèvres effleurent Sans rien laisser de leur velours, Je rêve aux baisers qui demeurent Toujours...	In this world lips brush but lightly, And nothing of their velvet remains; I dream of the kisses that abide Forever...
Ici-bas, tous les hommes pleurent Leurs amitiés ou leurs amours; Je rêve aux couples qui demeurent Toujours...	In this world every man is mourning His friendships or his loves; I dream of the couples who abide Forever...

Aime-moi (1864)

Louis Pomey

Love me

Tu commandes qu'on
t'oublie,
J'ai grand peine à
t'obéir;
Mais ainsi le veut ma
mie,
Son désir est mon désir.
Vraiment, mon désir,
Lorsque joyeux je
m'élance,
Tu rougis et veux me
fuir;
Mon amour est une offense,
Pourquoi donc t'en
souvenir?

Mais quoi! des pleurs, ma
belle;
Écoute, apaise-toi;
Plus de folle
querelle,
Je t'adore, aime-moi.

...

Mais quoi! tu pleures ma
belle
Sois clément, apaise-toi,
Plus d'inutile
querelle,
Je t'adore; sois à moi!

You order me to forget
you,
I have great trouble in
obeying you;
But that is what my
darling desires,
Her wish is my wish.
Truly my wish,
When joyously I throw
myself on you,
And you redden and wish
to flee me;
My love offends you,
Why, then, remind
yourself of it?

But what is this? Tears,
my love?
Listen, calm yourself;
No more insane
quarrelling,
I adore you, love me.

...

But what is this? You are
crying, my love;
Be merciful, calm yourself,
No more useless
quarrelling,
I adore you; be mine!