

# WIGMORE HALL

Sunday 17 November 2024  
3.00pm

## Au cimetière de Montmartre

Julien Van Mellaerts baritone  
Alphonse Cemin piano

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

Dichterliebe Op. 48 (1840)

*Im wunderschönen Monat Mai • Aus meinen  
Tränen sprissen • Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube,  
die Sonne • Wenn ich in deine Augen seh • Ich  
will meine Seele tauchen • Im Rhein, im heiligen  
Strome • Ich grolle nicht • Und wüssten's die  
Blumen, die kleinen • Das ist ein Flöten und  
Geigen • Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen • Ein  
Jüngling Liebt ein Mädchen • Am leuchtenden  
Sommermorgen • Ich hab im Traum geweinet •  
Allnächtlich im Traume • Aus alten Märchen •  
Die alten, bösen Lieder*

Hector Berlioz (1803-1869)

From *Les nuits d'été* Op. 7 (1840-1)

*Le spectre de la rose • L'île inconnue*

Lili Boulanger (1893-1918)

Attente (1912)

Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)

Banalités (1940)

*Chanson d'Orkenise • Hôtel • Fagnes de  
Wallonie • Voyage à Paris • Sanglots*

Yvette Guilbert (1865-1944)

Je m'embrouille (pub. 1927)

Charles Trenet (1913-2001)

L'âme des poètes (1950)

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## Denizens of the Père Lachaise and Montmartre Cemeteries

Heinrich Heine was buried in a simple ceremony at Montmartre Cemetery on 20 February 1856. Amongst those present were Alexandre Dumas, Théophile Gautier and Camille Selden, the young woman with whom he struck up an intimate but unconsummated relationship in the final months of his life, as he lay paralysed on his 'Matratzengruft', his 'mattress grave'. In his will, Heine had written: 'Should I die in Paris, I wish to be buried in the Montmartre Cemetery and nowhere else, because it was among the people of Montmartre that I spent the happiest days of my life.' In the poem *Gedächtnisfeier*, written circa 1850, he imagines his corpulent wife Mathilde, together with her friend Pauline, visiting his grave in the Montmartre Cemetery, high above Paris. Never before has the word 'fat' been used so tenderly in a love poem, as he enjoins her to take a fiacre back to her home at 3 avenue Matignon. These late love poems, so rarely set by Lieder composers, are far more tender than those in *Dichterliebe* from *Lyrisches Intermezzo* which, although dealing with love, also brim with hatred and self-mockery.

**Hector Berlioz** was one of many musicians who visited Heine in Paris. In a letter to Johann Vesque von Püttlingen, dated 31 March 1851, he wrote:

'One of these days I shall visit poor Heine, convinced that he will learn with pleasure that you have published such a collection [*Die Heimkehr*] without forgetting to mention his name, as so many others have done. He is still half dead yet mentally alive. He appears to look at this world from the window of his tomb – this world to which he no longer belongs and which he mocks. When he heard me arrive on one of the last occasions I visited him, he uttered from his bed this sad and charming epigram: 'What, Berlioz, you haven't forgotten me?! You were always so original!'

Berlioz, after a strenuous visit to St Petersburg, took a holiday in Nice where he twice collapsed while walking beside the sea. Dazed and bleeding, he was transported to Paris, where during the final 12 months of his life he was cared for by his mother-in-law. He was buried at the Montmartre Cemetery on 11 March 1869. The six poems of *Les nuits d'été*, from which we hear 'Le spectre de la rose' and 'L'île inconnue', were selected by Berlioz from Gautier's *La Comédie de la Mort*, a collection of poems that was to inspire many of the finest *mélodies* of the 19th Century. The work was originally composed for voice and piano in 1840; the more familiar orchestral version appeared in the mid-1850s, when Berlioz dedicated each song to different singers, male and female, from the German courts, where he had been so warmly welcomed.

**Lili Boulanger** was the first woman to win the coveted Grand Prix de Rome (1913), her older sister

Nadia having gained only second prize in 1908. Nadia lived to be over 90 (she died in 1979), and it was her realisation that Lili was the more talented composer that led her to abandon composing herself. She became Lili's teacher and was tireless in the propagation of her younger sister's music. Lili's first songs were her *6 mélodies*, from which we hear 'Attente', a setting of a poem by Maurice Maeterlinck. At the end of her short life, Boulanger was working on an opera based on Maeterlinck's *La Princesse Maleine*, from which only sketches exist. Having contracted bronchial pneumonia at the age of two, she eventually died, aged 24, from Crohn's disease and was buried soon after in the Cimetière Montmartre.

**Francis Poulenc** died of a heart attack on 30 January 1963, the anniversary of the death, 33 years earlier, of his dearly beloved Raymonde Linossier. His funeral took place at Saint-Sulpice in February and he was buried in the cemetery of Père Lachaise.

*Banalités*, a group of five unconnected poems, was composed in 1940 to texts by Guillaume Apollinaire who, having succumbed to Spanish flu, was himself buried in Père Lachaise on 13 November 1918. The songs are sharply contrasted: witty ('Chanson d'Orkenise', 'Voyage à Paris' and 'Hôtel') and deeply serious ('Fagnes de Wallonie' and 'Sanglots').

Julien Van Mellaerts and Alphonse Cemin end their recital with two *chansons*. **Yvette Guilbert** (1865-1944) was a cabaret singer who wrote the lyrics to many of her own songs which, often risqué, delighted her audiences. She is buried in the Père Lachaise Cemetery and can be heard on YouTube singing 'Je m'embrouille' in a recording made in 1928. Toulouse-Lautrec painted and drew her many times, and she was a frequent visitor to Wigmore Hall in its early decades.

**Charles Trenet** (1913-2001) composed some 1,000 songs, many of which like 'La mer', 'Que reste-t-il de nos amours', 'Douce France' and 'L'âme des poètes' have become classics and part of the fabric of French everyday life. He was, like Georges Brassens, a serious poet, much influenced by Max Jacob, one of Poulenc's favourite writers, and most of his *chansons* were composed to his own texts. The piano parts, like those of many of Joseph Kosma's songs, are somewhat rudimentary – his strengths were his tunes, his lyrics and, of course, his inimitable voice. In November 2000, the Narbonne house where Trenet was born – which had become 13 Avenue Charles Trenet – was turned into a small museum.

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## Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

### Dichterliebe Op. 48 (1840)

Heinrich Heine

#### Im wunderschönen Monat Mai

Im wunderschönen Monat  
Mai,  
Als alle Knospen  
sprangen,  
Da ist in meinem  
Herzen  
Die Liebe aufgegangen.

Im wunderschönen Monat  
Mai,  
Als alle Vögel  
sangen,  
Da hab' ich ihr  
gestanden  
Mein Sehnen und Verlangen.

#### Aus meinen Tränen spriessen

Aus meinen Tränen  
spriessen  
Viel blühende Blumen  
hervor,  
Und meine Seufzer werden  
Ein Nachtigallenchor.

Und wenn du mich lieb hast,  
Kindchen,  
Schenk' ich dir die Blumen  
all',  
Und vor deinem Fenster soll  
klingen  
Das Lied der Nachtigall.

#### Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne

Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube,  
die Sonne,  
Die liebt' ich einst alle in  
Liebeswonne.  
Ich lieb' sie nicht mehr, ich  
liebe alleine  
Die Kleine, die Feine, die  
Reine, die Eine;  
Sie selber, aller Liebe Wonne,

#### In the wondrous month of May

In the wondrous month of  
May,  
when all buds were  
bursting into bloom,  
then it was that in my  
heart  
love began to blossom.

In the wondrous month of  
May,  
when all the birds were  
singing,  
then it was I confessed to  
her  
my longing and desire.

#### From my tears will spring

From my tears  
will spring  
many blossoming  
flowers,  
and my sighs will become  
a choir of nightingales.

And if you love me,  
child,  
I'll give you all the flowers,  
and at your window shall  
sound  
the nightingale's song.

#### Rose, lily, dove

Rose, lily, dove,  
sun,  
I loved them all once in  
the bliss of love.  
I love them no more, I  
only love  
she who is small, fine,  
pure, rare;  
she, most blissful of all  
loves,

Ist Rose und Lilie und Taube  
und Sonne.

is rose and lily and dove  
and sun.

#### Wenn ich in deine Augen seh

Wenn ich in deine Augen  
seh',  
So schwindet all mein Leid  
und Weh;  
Doch wenn ich küsse deinen  
Mund,  
So werd ich ganz und gar  
gesund.

Wenn ich mich lehn' an deine  
Brust,  
Kommt's über mich wie  
Himmelslust;  
Doch wenn du sprichst: Ich  
liebe dich!  
So muss ich weinen  
bitterlich.

#### Ich will meine Seele tauchen

Ich will meine Seele tauchen  
In den Kelch der Lilie hinein;  
Die Lilie soll klingend  
hauchen  
Ein Lied von der Liebsten  
mein.

Das Lied soll schauern und  
beben,  
Wie der Kuss von ihrem  
Mund,  
Den sie mir einst gegeben  
In wunderbar süßser  
Stund'.

#### When I look into your eyes

When I look into your  
eyes,  
all my pain and sorrow  
vanish;  
but when I kiss your  
lips,  
then I am wholly  
healed.

When I lay my head  
against your breast,  
heavenly bliss steals over  
me;  
but when you say: I love  
you!  
I must weep bitter  
tears.

#### Let me bathe my soul

Let me bathe my soul  
in the lily's chalice;  
the lily shall  
resound  
with a song of my  
love.

The songs shall tremble  
and quiver  
like the kiss her  
lips  
once gave me  
in a sweet and wondrous  
hour.

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

## Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome

Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome,

Da spiegelt sich in den  
Well'n,  
Mit seinem grossen Dome,  
Das grosse, heilige Köln.

Im Dom da steht ein  
Bildnis,  
Auf goldenem Leder gemalt;  
In meines Lebens Wildnis  
Hat's freundlich  
hineingestrahlt.

Es schweben Blumen und  
Englein  
Um unsre liebe  
Frau;  
Die Augen, die Lippen, die  
Wänglein,  
Die gleichen der Liebsten  
genau.

## Ich grolle nicht

Ich grolle nicht, und wenn  
das Herz auch bricht,  
Ewig verlorne Lieb! ich  
grolle nicht.

Wie du auch strahlst in  
Diamantenpracht,  
Es fällt kein Strahl in deines  
Herzens Nacht.

Das weiss ich längst. Ich sah  
dich ja im Traume,  
Und sah die Nacht in deines  
Herzens Raume,  
Und sah die Schlang', die dir  
am Herzen frisst,  
Ich sah, mein Lieb, wie sehr  
du elend bist.

## Und wüssten's die Blumen, die kleinen

Und wüssten's die Blumen,  
die kleinen,  
Wie tief verwundet mein  
Herz,  
Sie würden mit mir weinen,  
Zu heilen meinen Schmerz.

## In the Rhine, the holy river

In the Rhine, the holy  
river,  
there is reflected in the  
waves,  
with its great cathedral,  
great and holy Cologne.

In the cathedral hangs a  
picture,  
painted on gilded leather;  
into my life's wilderness  
it has cast its friendly  
rays.

Flowers and cherubs  
hover  
around Our beloved Lady;  
her eyes, her lips, her little  
cheeks  
are the image of my  
love's.

## I bear no grudge

I bear no grudge, though  
my heart is breaking,  
O love forever lost! I bear  
no grudge.

However you gleam in  
diamond splendour,  
no ray falls in the night of  
your heart.

I've known that long. For I  
saw you in my dreams,  
and saw the night within  
your heart,  
and saw the serpent  
gnawing your heart –  
I saw, my love, how pitiful  
you are.

## If the little flowers knew

If the little flowers  
knew  
how deeply my heart is  
hurt,  
they would weep with me  
to heal my pain.

Und wüssten's die  
Nachtigallen,  
Wie ich so traurig und krank,  
Sie liessen fröhlich  
erschallen  
Erquickenden Gesang.

Und wüssten sie mein  
Wehe,  
Die goldenen Sternelein,  
Sie kämen aus ihrer  
Höhe,  
Und sprächen Trost mir  
ein.

Sie alle können's nicht  
wissen,  
Nur Eine kennt meinen  
Schmerz;  
Sie hat ja selbst zerrissen,  
Zerrissen mir das Herz.

## Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen

Das ist ein Flöten und  
Geigen,  
Trompeten schmettern  
darein;  
Da tanzt wohl den  
Hochzeitreigen  
Die Herzallerliebste  
mein.

Das ist ein Klingen und  
Dröhnen,  
Ein Pauken und ein  
Schalmei'n;  
Dazwischen schluchzen und  
stöhnen  
Die lieblichen  
Engelein.

## Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen

Hör' ich das Liedchen  
klingen,  
Das einst die Liebste sang,  
So will mir die Brust  
zerspringen  
Von wildem  
Schmerzdrang.

Es treibt mich ein dunkles  
Sehnen

If the nightingales  
knew  
how sad I am and sick,  
they would joyfully make  
the air resound  
with refreshing song.

And if they knew of my  
grief,  
those little golden stars,  
they would come down  
from the sky  
and console me with their  
words.

But none of them can  
know,  
my pain is known to one  
alone;  
for she it was who broke,  
broke my heart in two.

## What a fluting and fiddling

What a fluting and  
fiddling,  
what a blaring of  
trumpets;  
that must be my dearest  
love  
dancing at her wedding  
feast.

What a booming and  
ringing,  
what a drumming and  
piping;  
with lovely little  
angels  
sobbing and groaning  
between.

## When I hear the little song

When I hear the little  
song  
my beloved once sang,  
my heart almost  
bursts  
with the wild rush  
of pain.

A dark longing drives  
me

Hinauf zur  
Waldeshöh',  
Dort löst sich auf in  
Tränen  
Mein übergrosses Weh.

up to the wooded  
heights,  
where my overwhelming  
grief  
dissolves into tears.

### Ein Jüngling Liebt ein Mädchen

### A boy loves a girl

Ein Jüngling liebt ein  
Mädchen,  
Die hat einen andern erwählt;  
  
Der andre liebt eine andre,  
Und hat sich mit dieser  
vermählt.

A boy loves a  
girl  
who chooses  
another;  
he in turn loves another  
and marries  
her.

Das Mädchen nimmt aus  
Ärger  
Den ersten besten Mann,  
Der ihr in den Weg gelaufen;  
Der Jüngling ist übel dran.

The girl, out of  
pique,  
takes the very first man  
to come her way;  
the boy is badly hurt.

Es ist eine alte Geschichte,  
Doch bleibt sie immer neu;  
Und wem sie just  
passieret,  
Dem bricht das Herz  
entzwei.

It's an old story,  
yet remains ever new;  
and he to whom it  
happens,  
it breaks his heart in  
half.

### Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen

### One bright summer morning

Am leuchtenden  
Sommermorgen  
Geh' ich im Garten herum.  
Es flüstern und sprechen die  
Blumen,  
Ich aber wandle stumm.

One bright summer  
morning  
I walk round the garden.  
The flowers whisper and  
talk,  
but I move silently.

Es flüstern und sprechen die  
Blumen,  
Und schau'n mitleidig mich  
an:  
Sei unsrer Schwester nicht  
böse,  
Du trauriger, blasser Mann.

The flowers whisper and  
talk,  
and look at me in  
pity:  
be not angry with our  
sister,  
you sad, pale man.

### Ich hab im Traum geweinet

### I wept in my dream

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet,  
Mir träumte, du lägest im  
Grab.

I wept in my dream,  
I dreamt you lay in your  
grave.

Ich wachte auf, und die Träne  
Floss noch von der Wange  
herab.

I woke, and  
tears  
still flowed down my  
cheeks.

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet,  
Mir träumt', du verliessest  
mich.  
Ich wachte auf, und ich  
weinte  
Noch lange bitterlich.

I wept in my dream,  
I dreamt you were leaving  
me.  
I woke, and wept  
on  
long and bitterly.

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet,  
Mir träumte, du wärest mir  
noch gut.  
Ich wachte auf, und noch  
immer  
Strömt meine Tränenflut.

I wept in my dream,  
I dreamt you loved me  
still.  
I woke, and  
still  
my tears stream.

### Allnächtlich im Traume

### Nightly in my dreams

Allnächtlich im Traume seh'  
ich dich,  
Und sehe dich freundlich  
grüssen,  
Und laut aufweinend stürz'  
ich mich  
Zu deinen süssen Füssen.

Nightly in my dreams I  
see you,  
and see your friendly  
greeting,  
and weeping loud, I hurl  
myself  
down at your sweet feet.

Du siehest mich an  
wehmütiglich  
Und schüttelst das blonde  
Köpfchen;  
Aus deinen Augen  
schleichen sich  
Die Perletränenröpfchen.

Wistfully you look  
at me,  
shaking your fair little  
head;  
tiny little pearl-like  
tears  
trickle from your eyes.

Du sagst mir heimlich ein  
leises Wort,  
Und gibst mir den Strauss  
von Zypressen.  
Ich wache auf, und der  
Strauss ist fort,  
Und's Wort hab' ich  
vergessen.

You whisper me a soft  
word  
and hand me a wreath of  
cypress.  
I wake up and the wreath  
is gone,  
and I cannot remember  
the word.

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

## Aus alten Märchen

Aus alten Märchen winkt es  
Hervor mit weisser Hand,  
Da singt es und da  
klingt es  
Von einem Zauberland;

Wo bunte Blumen  
blühen  
Im goldnen Abendlicht,  
Und lieblich duftend  
glühen,  
Mit bräutlichem Gesicht;

Und grüne Bäume singen  
Uralte Melodein,  
Die Lüfte heimlich  
klingen,  
Und Vögel schmetterten drein;

Und Nebelbilder steigen  
Wohl aus der Erd' hervor,  
Und tanzen luft'gen Reigen  
Im wunderlichen Chor;

Und blaue Funken brennen  
An jedem Blatt und Reis,  
Und rote Lichter rennen  
Im irren, wirren Kreis;

Und laute Quellen brechen  
Aus wildem Marmorstein,  
Und seltsam in den  
Bächen  
Strahlt fort der Widerschein.

Ach, könnt ich dorthin  
kommen,  
Und dort mein Herz  
erfreu'n,  
Und aller Qual  
entnommen,  
Und frei und selig sein!

Ach! jenes Land der Wonne,  
Das seh' ich oft im  
Traum,  
Doch kommt die  
Morgensonne,  
Zerfließt's wie eitel Schaum.

## Die alten, bösen Lieder

Die alten, bösen Lieder,

## A white hand beckons

A white hand beckons  
from fairy tales of old,  
where there are sounds  
and songs  
of a magic land;

Where brightly coloured  
flowers  
bloom in golden twilight,  
and glow sweet and  
fragrant  
with a bride-like face;

And green trees  
sing primeval melodies,  
mysterious breezes  
murmur,  
and birds warble;

And misty shapes rise up  
from the very ground,  
and dance airy dances  
in a strange throng;

And blue sparks blaze  
on every leaf and twig  
and red fires race  
madly round and round;

And loud springs gush  
from wild marble cliffs.  
And strangely in the  
streams  
the reflection shines on.

Ah, could I but reach that  
land,  
and there make glad my  
heart,  
and be relieved of all pain,  
and be blissful and free!

Ah, that land of delight,  
I see it often in my  
dreams,  
but with the  
morning sun  
it melts like mere foam.

## The bad old songs

The bad old songs,

Die Träume bös und  
arg,  
Die lasst uns jetzt begraben,  
Holt einen grossen Sarg.  
the bad and bitter  
dreams,  
let us now bury them,  
fetch me a large coffin.

Hinein leg' ich gar manches,  
Doch sag' ich noch nicht was;  
I have much to put in it,  
though what I won't yet  
say;

Der Sarg muss sein noch  
grösser  
Wie's Heidelberger  
Fass.  
the coffin must be even  
larger  
than the Vat at  
Heidelberg.

Und holt eine Totenbahre,  
Und Bretter fest und  
dick;  
Auch muss sie sein noch  
länger,  
Als wie zu Mainz die Brück'.  
And fetch a bier  
made of firm thick timber:  
and it must be even  
longer  
than the bridge at Mainz.

Und holt mir auch zwölf  
Riesen,  
Die müssen noch stärker  
sein,  
Als wie der starke  
Christoph,  
Im Dom zu Köln  
am Rhein.  
And fetch for me twelve  
giants,  
they must be even  
stronger  
than Saint Christopher  
the Strong  
in Cologne cathedral on  
the Rhine.

Die sollen den Sarg  
forttragen,  
Und senken in's Meer  
hinab;  
Denn solchem grossen  
Sarge  
Gebührt ein grosses Grab.  
They shall bear the coffin  
away,  
and sink it deep into the  
sea;  
for such a large  
coffin  
deserves a large grave.

Wisst ihr, warum der Sarg  
wohl  
So gross und schwer mag  
sein?  
Ich senkt' auch meine  
Liebe  
Und meinen Schmerz hinein.  
Do you know why the  
coffin  
must be so large and  
heavy?  
I'd like to bury there my  
love  
and my sorrow too.

## Hector Berlioz (1803-1869)

### From *Les nuits d'été* Op. 7 (1840-1)

*Théophile Gautier*

## Le spectre de la rose

Soulève ta paupière close  
Qu'effleure un songe virginal;  
Je suis le spectre d'une rose

## The spectre of the rose

Open your eyelids,  
brushed by a virginal  
dream;  
I am the spectre of a 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.

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 toi qui de ma mort  
fus cause,  
Sans que tu puisses  
le chasser,  
Toutes les nuits mon  
spectre rose  
A 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.

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.

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  
Ecrivit: Ci-gît une  
rose  
Que tous les rois vont  
jalouser.

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.

### L'île inconnue

### The unknown isle

Dites, la jeune  
belle,  
Où voulez-vous aller?  
La voile ouvre son aile,  
La brise va souffler!

Tell me, pretty young  
maid,  
where is it you would go?  
The sail is billowing,  
the breeze about to blow!

L'aviron est d'ivoire,  
Le pavillon de  
moire,  
Le gouvernail d'or fin;  
J'ai pour lest une orange,  
Pour voile une aile d'ange,  
Pour mousse un séraphin.

The oar is of ivory,  
the pennant of watered  
silk,  
the rudder of finest gold;  
for ballast I've an orange,  
for sail an angel's wing,  
for cabin boy a seraph.

Dites, la jeune  
belle,  
Où voulez-vous aller?  
La voile ouvre son aile,  
La brise va souffler!

Tell me, pretty young  
maid,  
where is it you would go?  
The sail is billowing,  
the breeze about to blow!

Est-ce dans la Baltique,  
Dans la mer Pacifique,  
Dans l'île de Java?  
Ou bien est-ce en Norvège,  
Cueillir la fleur de neige  
Ou la fleur d'Angsoka?

Perhaps the Baltic,  
or the Pacific  
or the Isle of Java?  
Or else to Norway,  
to pluck the snow flower  
or the flower of Angsoka?

Dites, la jeune  
belle,  
Où voulez-vous aller?

Tell me, pretty young  
maid,  
where is it you would go?

Menez-moi, dit la  
belle,  
A la rive  
fidèle  
Où l'on aime  
toujours.  
– Cette rive, ma chère,  
On ne la connaît guère  
Au pays des amours.

Take me, said the pretty  
maid,  
to the shore of  
faithfulness  
where love endures  
forever.  
– That shore, my sweet,  
is scarce known,  
in the realm of love.

Où voulez-vous  
aller?  
La brise va  
souffler.

Where do you wish to go?  
The breeze is about to  
blow!

## Lili Boulanger (1893-1918)

### Attente (1912) *Maurice Maeterlinck*

### Expectation

Mon âme a joint ses  
mains étranges  
A l'horizon de mes  
regards;  
Exaucez mes rêves  
épars  
Entre les lèvres de vos  
anges!

My soul has folded its  
strange hands  
on the horizon of my  
gaze;  
satisfy my scattered  
dreams  
between the lips of your  
angels!

En attendant sous mes  
yeux las,  
Et sa bouche ouverte aux  
prières

Waiting beneath my  
weary eyes,  
mouth open in  
prayers

Eteintes entre mes  
paupières  
Et dont les lys n'éclosent pas;

extinguished behind my  
eyelids  
whose lilies never  
open;

Elle apaise au fond de mes songes,	My soul brings peace to the depths of my dreams,
Ses seins effeuillés sous mes cils,	its breasts bared beneath my lashes,
Et ses yeux clignent aux périls	and its eyes blink at the perils
Eveillés au fil des mensonges.	awoken through the thread of lies.

## Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)

### Banalités (1940)

*Guillaume Apollinaire*

### Chanson d'Orkenise      Song of Orkenise

Par les portes d'Orkenise Veut entrer un charretier.	Through the gates of Orkenise a waggoner wants to enter.
Par les portes d'Orkenise Veut sortir un va-nu-pieds.	Through the gates of Orkenise a vagabond wants to leave.

Et les gardes de la ville Courant sus au va-nu-pieds: ' – Qu'emportes-tu de la ville?'	And the sentries guarding the town rush up to the vagabond: 'What are you taking from the town?'
' – J'y laisse mon cœur entier.'	'I'm leaving my whole heart behind.'

Et les gardes de la ville Courant sus au charretier: ' – Qu'apportes-tu dans la ville?'	And the sentries guarding the town rush up to the waggoner: 'What are you carrying into the town?'
' – Mon cœur pour me marier.'	'My heart in order to marry.'

Que de cœurs dans Orkenise! Les gardes riaient, riaient, Va-nu-pieds la route est grise, L'amour grise, ô charretier.	So many hearts in Orkenise! The sentries laughed and laughed: vagabond, the road's not merry, love makes you merry, O waggoner!
--	--

Les beaux gardes de la ville, Tricotaient superbement; Puis, les portes de la ville, Se fermèrent lentement.	The handsome sentries guarding the town knitted vaingloriously; the gates of the town then slowly closed.
---	--

### Hôtel

Ma chambre a la forme d'une cage	My room is shaped like a cage
Le soleil passe son bras par la fenêtre	the sun slips its arm through the window
Mais moi qui veux fumer pour faire des mirages	but I who want to smoke to make mirages
J'allume au feu du jour ma cigarette	I light my cigarette on daylight's fire
Je ne veux pas travailler je veux fumer	I do not want to work I want to smoke

### Hotel

### Fagnes de Wallonie

### Walloon moss-hags

Tant de tristesses plénières Prirent mon cœur aux fagnes désolées	So much utter sadness seized my heart in the desolate upland moss- hags
Quand las j'ai reposé dans les sapinières	when weary I set down in the fir plantation
Le poids des kilomètres pendant que râlait	the weight of kilometres to the roar
Le vent d'ouest J'avais quitté le joli bois	of the west wind I had left the pretty wood
Les écureuils y sont restés Ma pipe essayait de faire des nuages au ciel	the squirrels stayed there my pipe tried to make clouds in the sky
Qui restait pur obstinément	which stubbornly stayed clear

Je n'ai confié aucun secret sinon une chanson énigmatique Aux tourbières humides	I confided no secret but an enigmatic song to the dank peat-bogs
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Les bruyères fleurant le miel Attiraient les abeilles Et mes pieds endoloris Foulaient les myrtilles et les airelles Tendrement mariée Nord Nord La vie s'y tord En arbres forts Et tors La vie y mord La mort À belles dents Quand bruit le vent	The honey-fragrant heather attracted the bees and my sore feet crushed bilberries and whortleberries tenderly united north north life is gnarled there in strong trees and twisted life there bites death voraciously when the wind howls
--	--



## Voyage à Paris

Ah! la charmante chose  
Quitter un pays morose  
Pour Paris  
Paris joli  
Qu'un jour  
Dut créer l'Amour  
Ah! la charmante chose  
Quitter un pays morose  
Pour Paris

## Trip to Paris

Oh! how delightful  
to leave a dismal place  
for Paris  
charming Paris  
that one day  
love must have made  
oh! how delightful  
to leave a dismal place  
for Paris

## Sanglots

Notre amour est réglé par les  
calmes étoiles  
Or nous savons qu'en nous  
beaucoup d'hommes  
respirent  
Qui vinrent de très loin et  
sont un sous  
nos fronts  
C'est la chanson des  
rêveurs  
Qui s'étaient arraché le cœur  
Et le portaient dans la  
main droite  
Souviens-t'en cher orgueil de  
tous ces souvenirs

## Sobs

Our love is governed by  
the calm stars  
now we know that in us  
many men have their  
being  
who came from afar and  
are one beneath our  
brows  
it is the song of the  
dreamers  
who tore out their hearts  
and carried them in their  
right hands  
remember dear pride all  
these memories

Des marins qui chantaient  
comme des conquérants  
Des gouffres de Thulé des  
tendres cieux d'Ophir  
Des malades maudits de  
ceux qui fuient leur ombre  
Et du retour joyeux des  
heureux émigrants  
De ce cœur il coulait du sang  
Et le rêveur allait  
pensant  
A sa blessure délicate  
Tu ne briseras pas la chaîne  
de ces causes  
Et douloureuse et  
nous disait  
Qui sont les effets d'autres  
causes  
Mon pauvre cœur mon cœur  
brisé  
Pareil au cœur de tous  
les hommes  
Voici voici nos mains que la  
vie fit esclaves  
Est mort d'amour ou c'est  
tout comme  
Est mort d'amour  
et le voici ...

The sailors who sang like  
conquerors  
the chasms of Thule the  
gentle Ophir skies  
the accursed sick those  
who flee their shadows  
and the joyous return of  
happy emigrants  
this heart ran with blood  
and the dreamer kept  
thinking  
of his delicate wound  
you shall not break the  
chain of these causes  
of his painful wound and  
said to us  
which are the effects of  
other causes  
my poor heart my broken  
heart  
like the hearts of  
all men  
here here are our hands  
that life enslaved  
has died of love or so it  
seems  
has died of love and here  
it is ...

Ainsi vont toutes  
choses  
Arrachez donc le vôtre aussi  
Et rien ne sera libre jusqu'à la  
fin des temps  
Laissons tout aux  
morts  
Et cachons nos sanglots

such is the fate of all  
things  
so tear out yours too  
nothing will be free till the  
end of time  
let us leave all to the dead  
and conceal our sobs

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

## Yvette Guilbert (1865-1944)

### Je m'embrouille

(pub. 1927)

Paul de Kock

### I get all mixed up

Ah! Dieu, que l'on est heureux	Ah! Lord, happy the one
De pouvoir écrire ses mémoires	who can write their memoirs;
Moi, c'est toujours en vain que j'veux	for me, it's always in vain
Me rappeler tout's mes histoires.	that I try to remember all my stories.
(Je n'ai pas encor' trente ans, Déjà ma mémoire se rouille,	(I wasn't even thirty yet when my memory started to get rusty;
Quand j'veux parler d'mes amants,	when I want to speak of my lovers,
Je n'sais pourquoi, j'm'embrouille.)	I don't know why - I get all mixed up.)
Quand j'veux parler d'mes amants,	When I want to speak of my lovers,
Je n'sais pourquoi, j'm'embrouille.	I don't know why - I get all mixed up!
Pourtant je me rappelle bien Que j'perdis mon cœur en vendange:	And yet I well recall that I lost my heart at harvest time:
Mon premier amant n'avait rien	my first lover had nothing,
Mais il était beau comme un ange;	but he had the face of an angel;
Mon second était doreur, Pas plus d'esprit qu'une citrouille;	my second was a gilder, with no more sense than a pumpkin;
Le troisième était frotteur	the third was a polisher by trade,
Après... ah! mon Dieu, je m'embrouille!	and then...ah! My God, I get all mixed up!
J'ai dû connaître aussi, je crois,	I must also have known, I think,
Un Anglais d'humeur peu commune,	an Englishman with a peculiar manner,
Qui, sans rire une seule fois,	who, without ever laughing once,
Avec moi, mangea sa fortune.	spent his whole fortune with me.
Après un Gascon sans souci, Un Prussien pour moi fit patrouille	After, a carefree Gascon; a Prussian patrolled me;
Je me souviens d'un Russe aussi	I remember a Russian as well,
Ensuite... ah! mon Dieu, je m'embrouille!	and then...ah! My God, I get all mixed up!
Un enfant beau comme l'amour	A child as beautiful as love itself
Me nomme sa tante et pour cause	calls me his aunt, and with good reason -
Il connaîtra sa mère un jour...	one day he'll know his mother...

Pour son père c'est autre  
chose.

as for his father, that's a  
different matter.

J'avais alors maint  
séducteur,

So I had many  
seducers,

A l'u deux j'en veux faire  
honneur,

and I'd like to do justice to  
one or two,

Mais auquel? Dame je  
m'embrouille!

but which ones? Why, I  
get all mixed up!

## Charles Trenet (1913-2001)

### L'âme des poètes (1950)

Charles Trenet

### The soul of the poets

Longtemps, longtemps,  
longtemps

A long, long, long  
time

Après que les poètes ont  
disparu ...

after the poets have  
vanished ...

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