

Sunday, April 29, 2012, 3pm  
Hertz Hall

**Sandrine Piau, *soprano***  
**Susan Manoff, *piano***

PROGRAM

- Felix Mendelssohn (1809–1847) *Nachtlied*, Op. 71, No. 6 (1847)  
*Neue Liebe*, Op. 19a, No. 4 (1833)  
*Schlafloser Augen Leuchte, trüber Stern* (1835)  
*Hexenlied*, And'res Mailied, Op. 8, No. 8 (1827)
- Gabriel Fauré (1845–1924) *En sourdine*, Op. 58, No. 2 (1891)  
*Prison*, Op. 83, No. 1 (1894)  
*Les berceaux*, Op. 23, No. 1 (1879)  
*Après un rêve*, Op. 7, No. 1 (1878)
- Ernest Chausson (1855–1899) *Amour d'antan*, Op. 8, No. 2 (1882)  
*Dans la forêt du charme et de l'enchantement*,  
Op. 36, No. 2 (1898)  
*Les Heures*, Op. 27, No. 1 (1896)
- Richard Strauss (1864–1949) *Morgen*, Op. 27, No. 4 (1894)  
*Das Geheimnis*, Op. 17, No. 3 (1885–1887)  
*Die Nacht*, Op. 10, No. 3 (1885)  
*Ständchen*, Op. 17, No. 2 (1887)

INTERMISSION

- Vincent Bouchot (b. 1966) *Galgenlieder* (2009)  
*Mondendinge*  
*Der Hecht*  
*Die Mitternachtsmaus*  
*Das Wasser*  
*Galgenkindes Wiegenlied*

- Francis Poulenc (1899–1963) *Montparnasse* (1941–1945)  
*Hyde Park* (1945)  
*C* (1942)  
*Fêtes Galantes* (1942)

- Benjamin Britten (1913–1976) *Folk Song Arrangements*  
*The Salley Gardens (Irish)* (1941–1942)  
*There's None to Soothe (Scottish)* (1945–1946)  
*I Wonder as I Wander (John Jacob Niles)* (1941)

*Funded by the Koret Foundation, this performance is part of Cal Performances' 2011–2012 Koret Recital Series, which brings world-class artists to our community.*

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**Felix Mendelssohn (1809–1847)**  
**Four Songs**

Mendelssohn wrote songs throughout his life, some 120 of them, that reflect the elegance, polish, craftsmanship and emotional reserve that characterized both his personality and his other compositions. His songs were well suited to the intimate parlor gatherings that played such an important role in 19th-century musical life, though they were elevated above the customary Biedermeier salon fare by their finesse, harmonic subtlety and graceful lyricism. So well do Mendelssohn's songs embody essential elements of his creative personality that Wilfred Blunt chose one—*On Wings of Song*—as the title of his 1974 biography of the composer.

Mendelssohn sketched his introspective setting of Eichendorff's *Nachtlied* ("Night Song") in 1845 but did not complete it until October 1, 1847, during the months of stunned sadness following the death of his beloved and musically gifted sister, Fanny, after she suffered a stroke while leading a rehearsal of her brother's *Die erste Walpurgisnacht* ("The First Walpurgis Night") in May; she was 42. Felix, already ill and exhausted from punishing overwork, was prostrated by her death, and he died one month after finishing *Nachtlied*, his last song.

Mendelssohn suggested the spirit world of Heine's *Neue Liebe* ("New Love," Op. 19a, No. 4; 1833) with gossamer, featherstitched music that recalls the incomparable overture he had been inspired to write seven years before (when he was 17) by Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

In 1814, the English singer and composer Isaac Nathan, son of the cantor at a synagogue in Canterbury and a graduate of Cambridge, cajoled Lord Byron, then the country's most popular and glamorous poet, into writing 29 new texts on appropriate Old Testament subjects fitted to arrangements of what Nathan told the poet were traditional Jewish melodies, "some of which are proved to have been sung by the Hebrews before the destruction of the Temple of Jerusalem." (In a 1952 article in *Studies in Philology*, Joseph Slater asserted that only seven melodies were of

synagogal origin, just two of those ancient; at least four were German folksongs that had been taken into the liturgy.) These *Hebrew Melodies* proved extremely popular throughout Europe, and the collection was translated into German, Italian, Russian and Swedish and remained in print for the next half-century. In December 1834, Mendelssohn made his own translation of Byron's *Sun of the Sleepless*, upon which he based his wistful song *Schlafloser Augen Leuchte*.

Mendelssohn's sulphurous *Hexenlied, And'res Mailed* ("Witches' Song, Another May Song"), composed in Berlin when he was 18, takes as its text a poem by Ludwig Christoph Hölty (1748–1776), a founder and leader of a group of young writers at Göttingen University, the *Göttinger Dichterbund*, who dedicated their work to the emerging Romantic ideals of love, nature, lyricism and sentiment.

**Gabriel Fauré (1845–1924)**  
**Four Songs**

Among Fauré's most characteristic and highly regarded creations are his songs, some one hundred separate numbers that occupied him throughout his career, most of which he ultimately gathered into five cycles and three large published collections. The essence of Fauré's art is codified in these exquisite miniatures—the precision and delicacy of melody, the subtle nuances of vocal and instrumental sonorities, the limpid rhythmic sense, and, above all, the remarkable harmonic vocabulary, which ventured along a new path that departed from both Wagner's voluptuousness and Gounod's sentimentality to embrace the fluidity of Gregorian chant, the modalism of Renaissance polyphony, and the lucidity of the French Baroque clavecinists to create a musical language that flowered into the full blush of Impressionism with Debussy.

Fauré began his cycle of *Cinq Mélodies "de Venise"* on texts by Paul Verlaine during a visit in June 1891 to the Venetian palazzo of the Princesse de Polignac, heiress to the Singer sewing machine fortune, who became one of

her day's most munificent arts patrons with commissions to Ravel, Satie, Stravinsky, Falla, Weill, Poulenc and other leading composers. When Fauré returned to Paris later that summer, Mme. Polignac arranged a meeting between poet and composer, but Verlaine had already descended too far into his world of drugs and absinthe by that time, and all Fauré got in return for his visit was a request for a loan of 100 francs. Fauré continued to admire Verlaine's contributions to French culture, however, and he set nine of his poems in 1892–1894 as the masterful song cycle *La Bonne Chanson* and played the organ at the poet's funeral in 1896. The beatific *En sourdine* ("Muted") is the second of Fauré's "Venice Songs."

*Prison*, composed in December 1894, takes as its forlorn subject the poem that Verlaine wrote in 1873, when he was himself incarcerated after attempting to kill his friend and fellow poet Arthur Rimbaud when Rimbaud threatened to end their relationship.

The gentle lapping motion of the piano accompaniment in *Les Berceaux* (1879) evokes both the rocking cradles of the poem's title and its images of great ships setting off upon the waves of the sea. The poem is by René-François Sully-Prudhomme (1839–1907), a leader of the French Parnassian movement and the recipient, in 1901, of the first Nobel Prize for Literature.

Among Fauré's most beloved songs is *Après un rêve* ("After a Dream"), composed in 1878 to an anonymous Tuscan poem adapted into French by the poet, singer and Paris Conservatoire faculty member Romain Bussine (1830–1899), who helped to found the influential Société Nationale de Musique in 1870 with Camille Saint-Saëns and Henri Duparc.

**Ernest Chausson (1855–1899)**  
**Three Songs**

Ernest Chausson was, by all reports, a gentle, considerate, kind and somewhat shy man, who enjoyed health, wealth and a contented home life. Despite the halcyon circumstances of his personal situation, however, he was given to

writing tender but melancholy music, perhaps reflecting his occasional bouts with depression. The four-dozen songs that he created before his untimely death at age 44 (in a bicycle accident) reflect not only his own sensitive nature, "but also the most characteristic French song writing," wrote Jean-Pierre Barricelli and Leo Weinstein in their study of the composer, "a kind of concentrated, and thereby intense, intellectualism capable of expressing the most intimate psychological demands of the text through varying rhythms and accents."

In the summer of 1882, Chausson began setting three poems from a large collection titled *Les Poèmes de l'amour et de la mer* by his friend the poet and sculptor Maurice Bouchor (1855–1929). Two long verses became the basis for Chausson's orchestral song cycle named for the collection's title, and a shorter one taken from the section called *La Mort de l'amour—Amour d'antan* ("Love of Former Days")—was given a delicate setting as the earliest of his four Bouchor Songs, Op. 8.

*Dans la forêt du charme et de l'enchantement* (1898, "In the Forest of Charms and Enchantments") is a magical, evanescent musical embodiment of a poem by Jean Moréas, the pen name of Athens-born Yanni Pappadiamantopoulos (1856–1910), who became involved with progressive French literary circles when he went to Paris to study law in 1875. Chausson took his text from the *Funérailles* section of Moréas's first published collection, *Les Cantilènes* of 1886.

Camille Maclair (1872–1945) began his literary career as a poet under the Symbolist sway of Mallarmé and a novelist whose 1898 *Le Soleil des morts* ("The Sun of the Dead") was an important document of artistic life in *fin de siècle* Paris. He later turned to travel writing and art criticism, and also authored several books on music, including a biography of Schumann and a history of European music from 1850 to 1914. The poignant mood and insistent tolling-bell accompaniment make Chausson's *Les Heures* ("The Hours," 1896) the perfect musical embodiment of Maclair's poem, taken from the collection *Sonnettes d'automne* published the previous year.

### Richard Strauss (1864–1949) Four Songs

The great tradition of the 19th-century German *Lied* came to its end with the songs of Richard Strauss. Though he wrote songs throughout his long life—his first piece, penned at age six, was a Christmas carol; his last was the magnificent *Four Last Songs*—he composed most of his *Lieder* before he turned from the orchestral genres to opera at the beginning of the 20th century. Much of his inspiration for song composition during his early years came from his wife, Pauline de Ahna, an excellent singer who had performed at Bayreuth and taken part shortly before they were married in the premiere of Strauss's first opera, *Guntram*. The best of Strauss's songs are imbued with a soaring lyricism, a textural and harmonic richness, and a sensitivity to the text that place them among the most beautiful and enduring works of their type, the culmination of the most intimate musical genre of the legacy of Schubert, Schumann and Brahms.

John Henry Mackay (1864–1933) was born in Scotland but spent most of his life in Germany, where he gained notoriety for his anarchistic writings and his support of what was then known as “homosexual emancipation.” He also wrote passionate lyrical poetry, and in 1894 Strauss included two of his verses (*Morgen* and *Aufforderung*) in the set of four songs (Op. 27) that he wrote as a wedding gift for his bride, the gifted soprano Pauline von Ahna.

Adolf Friedrich von Schack (1815–1894) was a German poet, diplomat, translator and historian of art and literature. Strauss created his vernal *Das Geheimnis* (“The Secret”) as the third in a set of six songs on texts by Schack that he composed between 1885 and 1887, the crucial time when he was emerging into his creative maturity. In 1887, Strauss set Schack's *Ständchen* (“Serenade”) in a youthful, ardent manner that creates a fine expressive tension with the poem's nocturnal, pastoral images.

Hermann von Gilm zu Rosenegg (1812–1864) was an Austrian civil servant who wrote religious polemics and lyrical poetry as

avocations. Strauss's first published collection of songs—Op. 10 of 1885—was his *Acht Gedichte aus »Letzte Blätter« von Hermann Gilm* (“Eight Songs from the ‘Last Leaves’ of Hermann Gilm”). The crepuscular third song of Op. 10, *Die Nacht* (“The Night”), testifies to Strauss's ability as a master of both mood and melody from his earliest years.

### Vincent Bouchot (b. 1966) *Galgenlieder* (“Gallows Songs”)

Vincent Bouchot, born in Toulouse in 1966, studied literature in college but is largely self-taught as a composer, singer and musicologist. As a performer, he has concentrated on early and Baroque music, having sung with the Chapelle Royale, Groupe Vocal de France and Ensemble Clément Jannequin, with whom he has recorded and appeared around the world. In addition to arranging for his ensembles, Bouchot has composed two operas (*Ubu Roi* [“King Ubu”], based on Alfred Jarry's absurdist 1896 play, and *Brèves de comptoir* (“Bits from the Countertop”]), inspired by Jean-Marie Gourio's published collections of snippets of conversations overheard in bars and bistros), an operetta (*La Belle Lurette*), incidental music, choral pieces and songs.

German poet Christian Morgenstern (1871–1914) was inspired by the wordplay, fantasy, literary nonsense and occasional surrealism of Lewis Carroll and other 19th-century English writers, and his *Galgenlieder* (“Gallows Songs,” 1905) enjoy continuing popularity in the original as well as in translations and as the basis of numerous songs. Of his settings of five of the *Galgenlieder*, which critic Tim Ashley of *The Guardian* wrote are “pitched somewhere between nightmare and nursery rhyme,” Bouchot wrote, “No one should look for an aesthetic manifesto in this brief cycle; the fact that its style is thoroughly old-fashioned, somewhere between Wolf and Poulenc (with a timid dodecaphonic [twelve-tone] gesture at the evocation of the twelve strokes of midnight), does not imply a standpoint against or a back to anything. I wrote before this, and have written since, things

that might more reasonably pass for ‘contemporary music.’ These *lieder* are gifts offered to their singer, for such and such an occasion, mere tokens of affection. Not pastiches, for here there is neither irony nor erudite play, but, let us say, a sentimental casualness.

“To introduce his *Galgenlieder*, Morgenstern relates that the eight kings of the world, seeking to measure things, agree on the fact that the square of a gallows is the most accurate instrument of measurement, and hang themselves forthwith. One may surmise that the enigmatic poems in the collection are the visions of the hanged kings. The innocence of these nursery rhymes is therefore suspect: the lunar creatures groan; the father pike suffers from dreadful diarrhea, the mouse from nightmares; the water utters platitudes; the sun and the moon quarrel....

“Here is material enough to inspire a tormented composer. But for my part, I have chosen rather to adopt Morgenstern's dedication: ‘To the child that is in the man.’”

### Francis Poulenc (1899–1963) Songs

Though he occasionally found texts in classical French literature (Ronsard, Charles d'Orléans, Racine, Malherbe), Poulenc favored modern poetry for most of his 152 songs, above all the writings of Guillaume Apollinaire and Paul Éluard, both friends. (“I do not really feel at ease except with poets I have known personally,” Poulenc admitted.) Poulenc achieved in his songs not just an appropriate musical wrapping for each poem, but a synthesis in tones of its spirit, resonance and images, a window onto the mind and world of the poet. “When I have chosen a poem,” he said, “I examine it from all angles. When dealing with Apollinaire and Éluard, I attach the greatest importance to the physical appearance of the poem, to the blank spaces and the margins. I recite the poem to myself many times. I listen to it, I look for traps, I sometimes underline the difficult parts of the text. I note the pauses, I try to discover the internal rhythm through a line *which is not necessarily the first*. Then I try setting

it to music, bearing in mind the different densities of the piano accompaniment.” Poulenc's songs encapsulate the full range of his musical speech—from village naïveté to city ennui, from music hall raucousness to religious vision, from dadaist surrealism to amorous tenderness—and place him among the greatest masters of genre. “I wonder why this particular form should be considered out of date,” he asked in 1945. “It seems to me that as long as there are poets, composers will write songs. If they were to inscribe on my tomb: ‘Here lies Francis Poulenc, the musician of Apollinaire and Éluard,’ I would take it as my greatest claim to fame.”

Poulenc first met Guillaume Apollinaire—the pseudonym of Wilhelm Apollinaris de Kostrowitzki (1880–1918), the celebrated French writer of Polish descent and Roman birth whose works are marked by a distinctive lyricism often tinged with surrealism—around 1915 when his childhood friend Raymonde Linossier took him to Adrienne Monnier's influential bookshop in the Rue de l'Odéon, one of the first such establishments in France run by a woman and then a center of Parisian literary culture. In 1919, Poulenc set six poems by Apollinaire as the cycle *Le Bestiaire* and based some two dozen more songs on his verses over the next 40 years. Apollinaire wrote *Hyde Park* in 1903, three years after he settled in Paris, and *Montparnasse* a decade later; he published them together in a collection of six poems in 1913. Poulenc set them as a pair between 1941 and 1945, *Montparnasse* as a nostalgic evocation of the poet's early days in the city, *Hyde Park*—which the composer called “nothing more than a trampoline song”—to suggest London's rowdy “Preacher's Corner,” the nannies and their charges, the lovers, and the glowing, one-eyed “Cyclops” of smokers' pipes as a pea-soup fog envelops the park.

French poet, novelist and editor Louis Aragon (1897–1982) was mobilized in 1939 to fight the Germans and joined the Resistance after the French army was defeated the following year. He wrote for the underground press during the war, and in 1942 surreptitiously published *C* and *Fêtes Galantes*; Poulenc set them later that year. *C* takes as its subject the

town of Les Ponts-de-Cé (“The Bridges of Cé”), a strategic site on the River Loire in western France where the Romans defeated the Gauls in 51 B.C.E., a significant battle of the Hundred Years’ War was fought in 1432, a civil war ended in 1620, and the Germans overwhelmed the French in 1940. Aragon’s verses evoke both the history and the then-painful present of the town, and Poulenc made from them one of his most poignant creations. The breathless *Fêtes Galantes* (“Celebrations”) is a bitter parody of a cabaret song for a time when Aragon lamented “drowned folk floating under the bridges... [and] true values in jeopardy.”

### Benjamin Britten (1913–1976) Folk Song Arrangements

Britten’s only compositions based directly on folk music are *Mont Juic* of 1937 (a suite of Catalan dances, written in collaboration with Lennox Berkeley), the *Suite on English Folk Tunes* (his last orchestral composition, which he dedicated “lovingly and reverently” to Percy Grainger), choral arrangements of *The Holly and the Ivy* and *King Herod and the Cock*, and settings of 51 folk songs for voice accompanied by piano, guitar or harp that he gathered into seven volumes. Britten’s first volume of *Folk Songs of the British Isles* dates from 1941, when he used them for his recitals with tenor Peter Pears in the United States. “They have been a ‘wow’ wherever performed so far,” Britten boasted in a letter to a friend. He made another set of folk song arrangements in 1942 for the soprano Sophie Wyss, though those seven melodies were not from Britain but from France, an indication, perhaps, of Britten’s strong sympathies with the Continent and its music. He added subsequent volumes in 1947 (British Isles), 1960 (*Moore’s Irish Melodies*), 1961 (two: British Isles and, with guitar accompaniment, England) and 1976 (British, with harp). The tunes are scrupulously retained in these settings, but the accompaniment is given free rein, though without ever cluttering or parodying the original melody.

Irish poet William Butler Yeats wrote the text of *The Salley Gardens* in what he called “an attempt to reconstruct an old song from three lines imperfectly remembered by an old peasant woman in the village of Ballisodare, Sligo, who often sings them to herself”; he published his verse in 1889 under the title *An Old Song Re-Sung* in *The Wanderings of Oisín and Other Poems*. In 1909, the Irish composer and folklorist Herbert Hughes set Yeats’s poem to the traditional tune *The Maids of the Mourne Shore*, and it is in this form that it has become one of Britain’s most beloved songs. Yeats’s touching words tell of young love found and lost in a willow grove, the “salley gardens” of the title.

*There’s None to Soothe* is a setting of a traditional Scottish about the heartbreak of love claimed by death.

John Jacob Niles (1892–1980) was classically trained in Cincinnati, Paris and Lyons (he made his debut as an opera singer in Massenet’s *Manon* with Cincinnati Opera in 1920), but he is remembered as one of America’s most influential folk singers, folk music collectors and composers of songs in traditional vernacular style. Of the origin of his *I Wonder as I Wander*, he recalled, “The place was Murphy, North Carolina, and the time was July 1933. The Morgan family, revivalists all, were about to be ejected by the police after having camped in the town square for some time, cooking, washing, hanging their wash from the Confederate monument.... It was then that Annie Morgan came out—a tousled, unwashed blond, and very lovely. She sang the first three lines of the verse of *I Wonder as I Wander*. At twenty-five cents a performance, I tried to get her to sing all the song. After eight tries, all of which are carefully recorded in my notes, I had only three lines of verse, a garbled fragment of melodic material—and a magnificent idea. With the writing of additional verses and the development of the original melodic material, *I Wonder as I Wander* came into being.”

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Felix Mendelssohn (1809–1847)  
*Nachtlied*, Op. 71, No. 6 (1847)  
*Text: Josef von Eichendorff (1788–1857)*

Vergangen ist der lichte Tag,  
Von ferne kommt der Glocken Schlag.  
So reist die Zeit die ganze Nacht,  
Nimmt manchen mit, der’s nicht gedacht.

Wo ist nun hin die bunte Lust,  
Des Freundes Trost und treue Brust,  
Der Liebsten süßer Augenschein?  
Will keiner mit mir munter sein?

Frisch auf denn, liebe Nachtigall,  
Du Wasserfall mit hellem Schall!  
Gott loben wollen wir vereint,  
Bis dass der lichte Morgen scheint!

Mendelssohn  
*Neue Liebe*, Op. 19a, No. 4 (1833)  
*Text: Heinrich Heine (1797–1856)*

In dem Mondenschein im Wald  
Sah ich jüngst die Elfen reuten;  
Ihre Hörner hört ich klingen,  
Ihre Glöckchen hört ich läuten.

Ihre weissen Rösslein trugen  
Güldnes Hirschgeweih und flogen  
Rasch dahin, wie wilde Schwäne  
Kam es durch die Luft gezogen.

Lächelnd nickte mir die Köngin,  
Lächelnd, im Vorüberreiten.  
Galt das meiner neuen Liebe,  
Oder soll es Tod bedeuten?

Mendelssohn  
*Schlafloser Augen Leuchte, trüber Stern* (1835)  
*Translation: Mendelssohn*

Schlafloser Augen Leuchte,  
trüber Stern,  
Dess’ tränengleicher Schein,  
unendlich fern,  
Das Dunkel nicht erhellt,  
nur mehr es zeigt,  
O wie dir ganz des Glück’s  
Erinn’rung gleicht!  
So leuchtet längst vergang’ner  
Tage Licht:

Night Song

Gone is the bright day,  
from afar comes the sound of bells.  
Thus passes the time through the whole night,  
carrying so many along without their knowing.

Where now is the colorful joy,  
the friend’s comfort and faithful bosom,  
the dearest one’s sweet glances?  
Does no one want to stay awake with me?

Begin again, dear nightingale,  
you waterfall of bright sound!  
Let us praise God together,  
until the morning light appears.

New Love

In the moonlit forest  
I watched the elves riding,  
I heard their horns sound,  
I heard their bells ring.

Their white horses with  
Golden antlers flew on  
Swiftly, like white swans  
Traveling through the air.

The queen nodded at me and smiled,  
Smiled, as she rode overhead.  
Was it because of my new love?  
Or does it mean death?

Sun of the Sleepless, Melancholy Star  
*Text: George Gordon, Lord Byron (1788–1824)*

Sun of the sleepless,  
melancholy star,  
Whose tearful beam glows  
tremulously far,  
That show’st the darkness  
thou canst not dispel,  
How like art thou to joy  
remember’d well!  
So gleams the past,  
the light of other days,

Es scheint, doch wärmt sein matter  
Schimmer nicht,  
Dem wachen Gram erglänzt  
die Luftgestalt,  
Hell, aber fern, klar, aber ach,  
wie kalt!

**Mendelssohn**

**Hexenlied, And'res Mailied, Op. 8, No. 8 (1827)**  
*Text: Ludwig Christoph Hölty (1748–1776)*

Die Schwalbe fliegt,  
Der Frühling siegt,  
Und spendet uns Blumen zum Kranze!  
Bald huschen wir  
Leis' aus der Tür,  
Und fliegen zum prächtigen Tanze!

Ein schwarzer Bock,  
Ein Besenstock,  
Die Ofengabel, der Wocken,  
Reisst uns geschwind,  
Wie Blitz und Wind,  
Durch sausende Lüfte zum Brocken!

Um Beelzebub  
Tanzt unser Trupp  
Und küsst ihm die kralligen Hände!  
Ein Geisterschwarm  
Fasst uns beim Arm  
Und schwinget im Tanzen die Brände!

Und Beelzebub  
Verheisst dem Trupp  
Der Tanzenden Gaben auf Gaben:  
Sie sollen schön  
In Seide geh'n  
Und Töpfe voll Goldes sich graben!

Ein Feuerdrach'  
Umfliegt das Dach,  
Und bringet uns Butter und Eier.  
Die Nachbarn dann seh'n  
Die Funken weh'n,  
Und schlagen ein Kreuz vor dem Feuer.

Die Schwalbe fliegt,  
Der Frühling siegt,  
Die Blumen erblühn zum Kranze!  
Bald huschen wir  
Leis' aus der Tür,  
Juchheissa zum prächtigen Tanze!

Which shines, but warms not  
with its powerless rays;  
A nightbeam Sorrow watches  
to behold,  
Distinct, but distant—clear—  
but, oh how cold!

Witches' Song, Another May Song

The swallow soars,  
The spring outpours  
Her flowers for garlands entrancing;  
Soon shall we glide  
Away and ride,  
Hey-ho, to the spirited dancing!

A buck that's black,  
A broomstick o' back,  
The prangs of a poker will pitch us;  
We'll ride a steed  
With light'ning speed  
Direct to the mountain of witches.

The dancing bands  
All kiss the hands  
Like claws that belong to the devil,  
While other swarms  
Have grabbed our arms  
And brandish their torches in revel!

Old Satan swears  
To make repairs  
With promise of marvelous pleasure;  
All spirits glad  
In silk are clad,  
Unearthing great chestfuls of treasure.

A dragon flies  
Now down from the skies  
With presents of food for the table.  
The neighbors sight  
The sparks in flight  
And cross themselves as fast as they're able.

The swallow soars,  
The spring outpours  
Her flowers for garlands entrancing;  
Soon shall we glide  
Away and ride,  
Hey-ho, to the spirited dancing!

**Gabriel Fauré (1845–1924)**  
**En sourdine, Op. 58, No. 2 (1891)**  
*Text: Paul Verlaine (1844–1896)*

Calmes dans le demi-jour  
Que les branches hautes font,  
Pénétrons bien notre amour  
De ce silence profond.

Mélons nos âmes, nos cœurs  
Et nos sens extasiés,  
Parmi les vagues langueurs  
Des pins et des arbousiers.

Ferme tes yeux à demi,  
Croise tes bras sur ton sein,  
Et de ton cœur endormi  
Chasse à jamais tout dessein.

Laissons-nous persuader  
Au souffle berceur et doux  
Qui vient, à tes pieds, rider  
Les ondes des gazons roux.

Et quand, solennel, le soir  
Des chênes noirs tombera  
Voix de notre désespoir,  
Le rossignol chantera.

**Fauré**

**Prison, Op. 83, No. 1 (1894)**  
*Text: Verlaine*

Le ciel est, par-dessus le toit,  
Si bleu, si calme!  
Un arbre, par-dessus le toit,  
Berce sa palme.

La cloche, dans le ciel qu'on voit,  
Doucement tinte.  
Un oiseau sur l'arbre qu'on voit  
Chante sa plainte.

Mon Dieu, mon Dieu! la vie est là  
Simple et tranquille.  
Cette paisible rumeur-là  
Vient de la ville.

Qu'as-tu fait, ô toi que viola  
Pleurant sans cesse,  
Dis! qu'as-tu fait, toi que voilà,  
De ta jeunesse?

Muted

Calm in the half-day  
That the high branches make,  
Let us soak well our love  
In this profound silence.

Let us mingle our souls, our hearts  
And our ecstatic senses  
Among the vague languors  
Of the pines and the bushes.

Close your eyes halfway,  
Cross your arms on your breast,  
And from your sleeping heart  
Chase away forever all plans.

Let us abandon ourselves  
To the breeze, rocking and soft,  
Which comes to your feet to wrinkle  
The waves of auburn lawns.

And when, solemnly, the evening  
From the black oaks falls,  
The voice of our despair,  
The nightingale, will sing.

Prison

The sky is, up above the roof,  
so blue, so calm!  
A tree, up above the roof  
rocks its branches.

The bell that one can see in the sky  
rings softly.  
A bird that one can see in the tree  
sings its plaint.

My God, my God! Life is there,  
simple and tranquil.  
That peaceful sound there  
comes from the town.

What have you done, oh you who are there  
weeping ceaselessly,  
Say it! What have you done, you who are there,  
with your youth?

**Fauré****Les berceaux, Op. 23, No. 1 (1879)***Text: René-François Armand Prudhomme (1839–1907)*

Le long du Quai, les grands vaisseaux  
Que la houle incline en silence  
Ne prennent pas garde aux berceaux  
Que la main des femmes balance.

Mais viendra le jour des adieux,  
Car il faut que les femmes pleurent,  
Et que les hommes curieux  
Tentent les horizons qui leurrent!

Et ce jour-là les grands vaisseaux,  
Fuyant le port qui diminue,  
Sentent leur masse retenue  
Par l'âme des lointains berceaux.

**Fauré****Après un rêve, Op. 7, No. 1 (1878)***Text: Romain Bussine (1830–1899)*

Dans un sommeil que charmaient ton image  
Je rêvais le bonheur, ardent mirage,  
Tes yeux étaient plus doux, ta voix pure et sonore,  
Tu rayonnais comme un ciel éclairé par l'aurore;

Tu m'appelais et je quittais la terre  
Pour m'enfuir avec toi vers la lumière,  
Les cieux pour nous entr'ouvraient leurs nues,  
Splendeurs inconnues, lueurs divines entrevues,

Hélas! Hélas! triste réveil des songes  
Je t'appelle, ô nuit, rends moi tes mensonges,  
Reviens, reviens radieuse,  
Reviens ô nuit mystérieuse!

**Ernest Chausson (1855–1899)****Amour d'antan, Op. 8, No. 2 (1882)***Text: Maurice Bouchor (1855–1929)*

Mon amour d'antan, vous souvenez-vous?  
Nos cœurs ont fleuri tout comme deux roses  
Au vent printanier des baisers si doux.  
Vous souvenez-vous de ces vieilles choses?

Voyez-vous toujours en vos songes d'or  
Les horizons bleus, la mer soleilleuse  
Qui baisant vos pieds, lentement s'endort?  
En vos songes d'or peut-être oublieuse?

**Cradles**

Along the quay, the great ships  
that ride the swell in silence  
take no notice of the cradles  
that the hands of the women rock.

But the day of farewells will come,  
when the women must weep  
and curious men are tempted  
towards the horizons that lure them!

And that day the great ships,  
sailing away from the diminishing port,  
feel their bulk held back  
by the spirits of the distant cradles.

**After a Dream**

In a slumber which held your image spellbound  
I dreamed of happiness, passionate mirage,  
Your eyes were softer, your voice pure and sonorous,  
You shone like a sky lit up by the dawn;

You called me and I left the earth  
To run away with you towards the light,  
The skies opened their clouds for us,  
Unknown splendors, divine flashes glimpsed,

Alas! Alas! sad awakening from dreams  
I call you, O night, give me back your lies,  
Return, return radiant,  
Return, O mysterious night.

**Love of Former Days**

Do you, my former love, remember?  
Our hearts blossomed like two roses  
in the springtime wind of kisses so sweet.  
Do you remember those bygone things?

Do you still see in your golden dreams  
the blue horizons, and the sunlit sea  
slowly falling asleep as it kissed your feet?  
Perhaps forgetfully, in your golden dreams?

Au rayon pâli des avrils passes  
Sentez-vous s'ouvrir la fleur de vos rêves,  
Bouquet d'odorants et de frais pensters?  
Beaux avrils passés là-bas, sur les grèves!

**Chausson****Dans la forêt du charme et de l'enchantement,  
Op. 36, No. 2 (1898)***Text: Jean Moréas (1856–1910)*

Sous vos sombres chevelures, petites fées,  
Vous chantâtes sur mon chemin bien doucement.  
Dans la forêt du charme et de l'enchantement.  
Dans la forêt du charme et des merveilleux rites,  
Gnômes compatissants, pendant que je dormais,  
De votre main, honnêtes gnômes, vous m'offrites,  
Un sceptre d'or, hélas! pendant que je dormais!  
J'ai su depuis ce temps, que c'est mirage et leurre,  
Les sceptres d'or et les chansons dans la forêt.  
Pourtant comme un enfant crédule, je les pleure,  
Et je voudrais dormir encore dans la forêt.  
Qu'importe si je sais que c'est mirage et leurre.

**Chausson****Les Heures, Op. 27, No. 1 (1896)***Text: Camille Mauclair (1872–1945)*

Les pâles heures, sous la lune,  
En chantant jusqu'à mourir,  
Avec un triste sourire,  
Vont une à une  
Sur un lac baigné de lune,  
Où, avec un sombre sourire,  
Elles tendent, une à une,  
Les mains qui mènent à mourir;  
Et certains, blêmes sous la lune  
Aux yeux d'iris sans sourire,  
Sachant que l'heure est de mourir,  
Donnent leurs mains une à une  
Et tous s'en vont dans l'ombre et dans la lune  
Pour s'alanguir et puis mourir  
Avec les heures une à une,  
Les heures au pâle sourire.

**Richard Strauss (1864–1949)****Morgen, Op. 27, No. 4 (1894)***Text: John Henry Mackay (1864–1933)*

Und morgen wird die Sonne wieder scheinen,  
und auf dem Wege, den ich gehen werde,

In the pale rays of Aprils past,  
do you feel the flower of your dreams opening  
as a bouquet of fragrant fresh thoughts?  
Beautiful Aprils spent there on the beaches!

**In the Forest of Charms and Enchantments**

Under your dark tresses, little fairies,  
you sang very sweetly on my path  
in the forest of charm and enchantment.  
In the forest of charm and magical rites,  
sympathetic gnomes, while I slept,  
from your hands, good gnomes, you offered me  
a gold scepter, alas, while I slept!  
I have known since that time that it is mirage and delusion,  
gold scepters and songs in the forest;  
nonetheless like a credulous child, I weep for them  
and I should like to sleep again in the forest,  
what does it matter if I know that it is mirage and delusion?

**The Hours**

The pallid hours beneath the moon,  
Singing unto death,  
With a sad smile  
Move one by one  
On a lake bathed in moonlight  
Where, with a somber smile,  
They hold out, one by one,  
Their hands which lead to death;  
And some, deathly pale in the moonlight,  
With unsmiling eyes,  
Knowing that the hour of death is nigh,  
Give their hands one by one  
And all depart in the moonlit dark,  
To languish and then to die  
With the hours one by one,  
The hours with the pallid smile.

**Tomorrow**

And tomorrow the sun will shine again,  
and on the path I will take,

wird uns, die Glücklichen, sie wieder einen  
inmitten dieser sonnenatmenden Erde...

Und zu dem Strand, dem weiten, wogenblauen,  
werden wir still und langsam niedersteigen,  
stumm werden wir uns in die Augen schauen,  
und auf uns sinkt des Glückes stummes Schweigen.

**Strauss****Das Geheimnis, Op. 17, No. 3 (1885–1887)***Text: Adolf Friedrich, Graf von Schack (1815–1894)*

Du fragst mich, Mädchen, was flüsternd der West  
Vertrauen den Blütenglocken?  
Warum von Zweige zu Zweig im Geäst  
Die zwitschernden Vögel locken?

Warum an Knospe die Knospe sich schmiegt,  
Und Wellen mit Wellen zerfließen,  
Und dem Mondstrahl, der auf den Kelchen sich wiegt,  
Die Viole der Nacht sich erschliessen?

O törichtes Fragen!  
Wem Wissen frommt,  
Nicht kann ihm die Antwort fehlen;  
Drum warte, mein Kind, bis die Liebe kommt,  
Die wird dir alles erzählen.

**Strauss****Die Nacht, Op. 10, No. 3 (1885)***Text: Hermann von Gilm (1812–1864)*

Aus dem Walde tritt die Nacht,  
aus den Bäumen schleicht sie leise,  
schaut sich um in weitem Kreise,  
nun gib Acht!

Alle Lichter dieser Welt,  
alle Blumen, alle Farben  
löscht sie aus und stiehlt die Garben  
weg vom Feld.

Alles nimmt sie, was nur hold,  
nimmt das Silber weg des Stroms,  
nimmt vom Kupferdach des Doms  
weg das Gold.

Ausgeplündert steht der Strauch;  
rücke näher, Seel' an Seele.  
O die Nacht, mir bangt, sie stehle  
dich mir auch.

it will unite us again, we happy ones, upon this sun-  
breathing earth...

And to the shore, the wide shore with blue waves,  
we will descend quietly and slowly;  
we will look mutely into each other's eyes  
and the silence of happiness will settle upon us.

The Secret

You ask me, girl, what the West Wind  
Whispered to the bluebells?  
Why from bough to bough in the branches  
The birds chirp their enticing song?

Why bud clings to bud,  
And wave ebbs with wave,  
And the night violets open themselves  
To the moonbeam quivering on calyxes?

O foolish questioning!  
He who benefits from knowledge—  
He shall not lack an answer;  
So wait, my child, until love comes,  
It shall tell you everything!

Night

Night moves out from the woods,  
she creeps out from the trees  
and looks around in a wide circle:  
now take care!

All the lights of this world,  
all the flowers, the colors—  
she snuffs them out, and steals sheaves  
from the field.

She takes away all that is dear—  
she takes the silver from the stream,  
and from the copper roof of the cathedral  
she takes the gold.

The shrub is plundered of its blossoms;  
come nearer to me, soul to soul.  
Oh, I fear the night will also steal  
you from me.

**Strauss****Ständchen, Op. 17, No. 2 (1887)***Text: Adolf Friedrich von Schack*

Mach' auf, mach' auf, doch leise, mein Kind,  
um keinen vom Schlummer zu wecken.  
Kaum murmelt der Bach, kaum zittert im Wind  
ein Blatt an den Büschen und Hecken.  
Drum leise, mein Mädchen, dass nichts sich regt,  
nur leise die Hand auf die Klinke gelegt!

Mit Tritten, wie Tritte der Elfen so sacht,  
um über die Blumen zu hüpfen,  
flieg' leicht hinaus in die Mondscheinnacht,  
zu mir in den Garten zu schlüpfen.  
Rings schlummern die Blüten am rieselnden Bach  
und duften im Schlaf, nur die Liebe ist wach.

Sitz' nieder, hier dämmert's geheimnisvoll  
unter den Lindenbäumen,  
die Nachtigall, uns zu Häupten, soll  
von uns'ren Küssen träumen,  
und die Rose, wenn sie am Morgen erwacht,  
hoch glühn von den Wonnenschauern der Nacht.

**Vincent Bouchot (b. 1966)****Galgenlieder (2009)***Text: Christian Morgenstern (1871–1914)***Mondendinge**

Dinge gehen vor im Mond,  
Die das Kalb selbst nicht gewohnt.

Tulemond und Mondamin  
Liegen heulend auf den Knien.

Heulend fletschen sie die Zähne  
Auf der schwefeligen Hyäne.

Aus den Kratern aber steigt  
Schweigen, das sie überschweigt.

Dinge gehen vor im Mond,  
Die das Kalb selbst nicht gewohnt.

Tulemond und Mondamin  
Liegen heulend auf den Knien...

Serenade

Open the door, but softly, my child,  
and awaken no one from his sleep.  
The brook hardly murmurs, the wind hardly rustles  
a leaf on the bushes and hedges.  
So softly, sweetheart, that no one is disturbed  
with your hand laid gently on the latch!

With steps as light as elfin steps  
as they hop over the flowers,  
hurry softly into the moonlit night,  
slip out to me in the garden.  
The flowers slumber beside the brook,  
fragrant as they sleep, and only love is awake.

Sit down here where it is dark and secret  
underneath the linden trees;  
the nightingale above our heads  
will dream of our kisses,  
and the rose, when it awakens at morning,  
will glow with the night's trembling ecstasy.

Gallows Songs

Moonthings

Things happen on the moon  
That the mooncalf itself isn't used to.

The Man and the Woman in the Moon  
Lie howling on their knees.

Howling they show their teeth  
To the sulphurous hyena.

But out of the craters arises  
Silence that outsilences them.

Things happen on the moon  
That the calf isn't used to.

The Man and Woman in the Moon  
Lie howling on their knees...

## Der Hecht

Ein Hecht, vom heiligen Anton  
Bekehrt, beschloss, samt Frau und Sohn,  
Am vegetarischen Gedanken  
Moralisch sich emporzuranken.

Er ass seit jenem nur noch dies:  
Seegrass, Seerose und Seegriess.  
Doch Griess, Gras, Rose floss, o Graus,  
Entsetzlich wieder hinten aus.

Der ganze Teich ward angesteckt.  
Fünfhundert Fische sind verreckt.  
Doch Sankt Anton, gerufen eilig,  
Sprach nichts als »Heilig! heilig! heilig!«

## Die Mitternachtsmaus

Wenns mittemächtigt und nicht Mond  
Noch Stern das Himmelshaus bewohnt,  
Läuft zwölfmal durch das Himmelshaus  
Die Mitternachtsmaus.

Sie pfeift auf ihrem kleinen Maul,  
Im Traume brüllt der Höllengaul...  
Doch ruhig läuft ihr Pensum aus  
Die Mitternachtsmaus.

Ihr Herr, der grosse weisse Geist,  
Ist nämlich solche Nacht verreist.  
Wohl ihm! Es hütet ihm sein Haus  
Die Mitternachtsmaus.

## Das Wasser

Ohne Wort, ohne Wort,  
Rinnt das Wasser immerfort;  
Andernfalls, andernfalls,  
Spräch es doch nichts andres als:

Bier und Brot, Lieb und Treu—  
Und das wäre auch nicht neu.  
Dieses zeigt, dieses zeigt,  
Dass das Wasser besser schweigt.

## Galgenkinds Wiegenlied

Schlaf, Kindlein, schlaf,  
Am Himmel steht ein Schaf,  
Das Schaf, das ist aus Wasserdampf  
Und kämpft wie du den Lebenskampf.  
Schlaf, Kindlein, schlaf.

## The Pike

A pike, converted by Saint Anthony,  
decided, with his wife and son,  
by means of vegetarian thought  
to climb to higher moral ground.

From then on he ate only this:  
seagrass, searose and seasmolina.  
But semolina, grass, roses flowed—oh horror!  
horribly out of his behind again.

The whole pond was infested.  
Five hundred fish perished.  
But Saint Anthony, when urgently called,  
Said nothing but “Holy! Holy! Holy!”

## The Midnightmouse

When it midnights and neither moon  
nor star dwells in the heavenhouse,  
then twelve times through the heavenhouse runs  
the midnightmouse.

It squeaks with its little mouth,  
in its dreams the hell-horse bellows...  
But it quietly carries out its task,  
the midnightmouse.

Its master, the great white spirit,  
traveled away on such a night, you see.  
Good for him! His house is guarded by  
the midnightmouse.

## Water

Without a word, without a word,  
Water runs continually,  
Otherwise, otherwise,  
It would say nothing other than:

Beer and bread, love and constancy,  
Neither would there be anything new in that.  
This show, this shows,  
That water is better keeping silence.

## Gallows Child's Lullaby

Sleep, little child, sleep,  
In the sky stands a sheep;  
The sheep is made of water vapor  
And fights to survive, just like you.  
Sleep, little child, sleep.

Schlaf, Kindlein, schlaf,  
Die Sonne frisst das Schaf.  
Sie leckt es weg vom blauen Grund  
Mit langer Zunge wie ein Hund.  
Schlaf, Kindlein, schlaf.

Schlaf, Kindlein, schlaf,  
Nun ist es fort, das Schaf.  
Es kommt der Mond und schilt sein Weib;  
Die läuft ihm weg, das Schaf im Leib.  
Schlaf, Kindlein, schlaf.

## Francis Poulenc (1899–1963)

## Montparnasse (1941–1945)

*Text: Guillaume Apollinaire (1880–1918)*

Ô porte de l'hôtel avec deux plantes vertes  
Vertes qui jamais  
Ne porteront de fleurs  
Où sont mes fruits?  
Où me planté-je?  
Ô porte de l'hôtel un ange est devant toi  
Distribuant des prospectus  
On n'a jamais si bien défendu la vertu  
Donnez-moi pour toujours une chambre à la semaine  
Ange barbu vous êtes en réalité  
Un poète lyrique d'Allemagne  
Qui voulez connaître Paris  
Vous connaissez de son pave  
Ces raies sur lesquelles il ne faut pas que l'on marche  
Et vous rêvez  
D'aller passer votre Dimanche à Garches  
Il fait un peu lourd et vos cheveux sont longs  
Ô bon petit poète un peu bête et trop blond  
Vos yeux ressemblent tant à ces deux grands ballons  
Qui s'en vont dans l'air pur  
À l'aventure.

## Poulenc

## Hyde Park (1945)

*Text: Apollinaire*

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

À soixante-dix ans  
Joues fraîches de petits enfants  
Venez venez Éléonore  
Et que sais-je encore

Sleep, little child, sleep,  
The sun devours the sheep.  
She licks it from the blue background  
With her long tongue, like a dog.  
Sleep, little child, sleep.

Sleep, little child, sleep,  
Now it is gone, the sheep.  
The moon appears and scolds his wife, the sun;  
She runs away from him, the sheep in her belly.  
Sleep, little child, sleep.

## Montparnasse

Oh hotel door, with your two green plants  
which will never  
bear any flowers,  
say: Where are my fruits?  
Where am I planting myself?  
Hotel door, an angel stands outside  
handing out leaflets  
(virtue has never been so well defended!).  
Give me in perpetuity a room at the weekly rate.  
Oh bearded angel, you are really  
a lyric poet from Germany  
who wants to get acquainted with Paris.  
You know that between its paving-stones  
there are lines which one must not step on.  
And you dream  
of spending Sunday at a mansion out of town.  
The weather is a bit oppressive and your hair is long;  
oh, good little poet, you're rather stupid and too blond.  
Your eyes look so much like those two big balloons  
floating off in the pure air  
wherever chance takes them...

## Hyde Park

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

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



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

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

**Poulenc****C (1942)***Text: Louis Aragon (1897–1982)*

J'ai traversé Les Ponts-de-Cé  
C'est là que tout a commence  
Une chanson des temps passés  
Parle d'un chevalier blessé,  
D'une rose sur la chaussée  
Et d'un corsage délacé,  
Du château d'un duc insensé  
Et des cygnes dans les fossés,  
De la prairie où vient danser  
Une éternelle fiancée,  
Et j'ai bu comme un lait glace  
Le long lai des gloires faussées  
La Loire emporte mes pensées  
Avec les voitures versées  
Et les armes désamorçées  
Et les larmes mal effacées  
Ô ma France, ô ma délaissée  
J'ai traversé Les Ponts-de-Cé.

**Poulenc****Fêtes Galantes (1942)***Text: Aragon*

On voit des marquis sur des bicyclettes  
On voit des marlous en cheval-jupon  
On voit des morveux avec des voilettes  
On voit les pompiers brûler les pompons

On voit des mots jetés à la voirie  
On voit des mots élevés au pavois  
On voit les pieds des enfants de Marie  
On voit le dos des diseuses à voix

On voit des voitures à gazogène  
On voit aussi des voitures à bras  
On voit des lascars que les longs nez gênent  
On voit des coïons de dix-huit carats

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

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

**C**

I have crossed the bridges of Cé  
it is there that it all began  
A song of bygone days  
tells the tale of a wounded knight  
Of a rose on the carriageway  
and an unlaced bodice  
Of the castle of a mad duke  
and swans on the moats  
Of the meadow where comes dancing  
an eternal betrothed love  
And I drank like iced milk  
the long lay of false glories  
The Loire carries my thoughts  
away with the overturned cars  
And the unprimed weapons  
and the ill-dried tears  
O my France, O my forsaken  
I have crossed the bridges of Cé.

**Celebrations**

You see fops on bicycles  
you see pimps in kilts  
you see brats with veils  
you see firemen burning their pompons

You see words thrown on the rubbish heap  
you see words praised to the skies  
you see the feet of Mary's children  
you see the backs of cabaret singers

You see motor cars run on gasogene  
you see also handcarts  
you see wily fellows whose long noses hinder them  
you see fools of the first water

On voit ici ce que l'on voit ailleurs  
On voit des demoiselles dévoyées  
On voit des voyous, on voit des voyeurs  
On voit sous les ponts passer des noyés

On voit chômer les marchands de chaussures  
On voit mourir d'ennui les mireurs d'œufs  
On voit périliciter les valeurs sûres  
Et fuir la vie à la six-quatre-deux.

**Traditional Irish, arr. Benjamin Britten (1913–1976)****The Salley Gardens (1941–1942)***Text: William Butler Yeats (1865–1939)*

Down by the Salley Gardens  
My love and I did meet,  
She passed the Salley Gardens  
With little snow white feet.  
She bid me take love easy  
As the leaves grow on the tree  
But I being young and foolish  
With her did not agree.

In a field by the river,  
My love and I did stand,  
And on my leaning shoulder  
She laid her snow white hand;  
She bid me take life easy  
As the grass grows on the wiers,  
But I was young and foolish,  
And now am full of tears.

**Traditional Scottish, arr. Britten****There's None to Soothe (1946–1946)***Text: Anonymous*

There's none to soothe my soul to rest,  
There's none my load of grief to share,  
Or wake to joy this lonely breast,  
Or light the gloom of dark despair.

The voice of joy no more can cheer,  
The look of love no more can warm  
Since mute for aye's that voice so dear,  
And closed that eye alone could charm.

John Jacob Niles, arr. Britten  
**I Wonder as I Wander (1941)**  
*Text: John Jacob Niles (1892–1980)*

I wonder as I wander out under the sky,  
 How Jesus our Saviour did come for to die.  
 For poor or'n'ry people like you and like I,  
 I wonder as I wander out under the sky.

When Mary birthed Jesus 'twas in a cow stall,  
 With wise men and shepherds and farmers and all.  
 On high from God's heaven the star's light did fall,  
 And the promise of the ages it did then recall.

If Jesus had wanted for any wee thing,  
 A star in the sky, or a bird on the wing;  
 Or all of God's angels in heav'n for to sing,  
 He surely could've had it for he was the King!

**A** RENOWNED FIGURE in the world of baroque music, French soprano **Sandrine Piau** performs regularly with such celebrated conductors as William Christie, Philippe Herreweghe, Christophe Rousset, Gustav Leonhardt, Ivor Bolton, Ton Koopman, René Jacobs, Marc Minkowski and Nikolaus Harnoncourt.

Ms. Piau embraces both the lyric and baroque repertoire, and performs such roles as Pamina in Mozart's *Die Zauberflöte*, Titania in Britten's *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and Servilia in Gluck's *La Clemenza di Tito*.

Previous engagements have taken her to the Grand Théâtre de Genève to perform the role of Ismène in *Mitridate, re di Ponto*, to the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées to sing Cleopatra in Handel's *Giulio Cesare*, Servilia in *La Clemenza di Tito* and Aennchen in Weber's *Der Freischütz*. Other recent opera projects include both Sandrina in *La Finta Giardiniera* and Mélisande at La Monnaie Brussels and Sophie in Massenet's *Werther* at both the Capitole de Toulouse and the Théâtre du Châtelet.

Ms. Piau appears regularly in concert. In recent years, she has performed at the Salzburg Festival, Covent Garden Festival, Amsterdam Concertgebouw, Teatro Comunale in Florence and Teatro Comunale di Bologna, and with the Munich Philharmonic, Berlin Philharmonic and Orchestre de Paris.

Ms. Piau takes great pleasure in the art of recital. As a singer of both French and German repertoire, she has performed with many renowned recital accompanists, such as Jos van Immerseel, Susan Manoff, Roger Vignoles and Corine Durous, and regularly gives recitals in Paris, Amsterdam, London and New York.

Ms. Piau has an exclusive recording contract with the record company Naïve. Her latest recital recording, *Après un rêve*, was released in April 2011 to critical acclaim and features an eclectic program of German *Lieder* and French *mélodies*. Her new album, *Le Triomphe de l'amour*, is scheduled for worldwide release in 2012.

Last season, Ms. Piau sang her first Donna Anna in *Don Giovanni* at the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées, the title role of *L'Incoronazione di Poppea* in Cologne, and Sandrina in a new



Sandrine Piau / Naïve

production of *La Finta Giardiniera* at La Monnaie in Brussels. She also gave concerts at the Wigmore Hall, Carnegie Hall, Vienna Musikverein and Salle Pleyel in Paris.

This season's engagements include Pamina at the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées; concerts at the Royal Opera Versailles and the Salzburg Festival and with the Boston Symphony; recitals across the United States and at the Wigmore Hall; and her debut recital tour of Japan.

Sandrine Piau is represented in North America by IMG Artists, Carnegie Hall Tower, 152 West 57th Street, 5th Floor, New York, New York 10019.



Pianist **Susan Manoff** was born in New York to Latvian and German parents. She studied at the Manhattan School of Music and at the University of Oregon. Intensive studies with Gwendoline Koldofsky in the art-song repertoire led her to become one of the most sought-after pianists of her generation by some of the finest singers in the world.

In addition to her interest in the vocal repertoire, Ms. Manoff is a passionate advocate of chamber music. She performs regularly at international festivals and is invited by major concert halls around the world such as Théâtre des Champs-Élysées, Théâtre du Châtelet, Salle Gaveau, Wigmore Hall, Amsterdam Concertgebouw, Carnegie Hall, Vienna Konzerthaus and Musikverein. She is a regular guest on France Musique radio.

Musical curiosity and love for theatre have inspired Ms. Manoff's involvement in the creation of numerous programs blending music and text. Her partners have been Jean Rochefort, Fabrice Luchini and Marie-Christine Barrault, and she has been directed by Hans-Jürgen Syberberg and Joël Jouanneau.

Ms. Manoff has recorded for the labels Naïve, Decca, Virgin (with cherished collaborator Patricia Petibon), Arion, Valois and Aparte. In 2007, she recorded her first CD with Sandrine Piau, entitled *Evocation*, and a second recording, *Après un rêve*, was released on Naïve in April 2011. Ms. Manoff's most recent recording with long-term musical partner Nemanja Radulovic is dedicated to the violin and piano sonatas of Beethoven (Decca, 2010).

Susan Manoff has served as assistant chorus director at the Bastille Opera and is currently a professor at the Conservatoire National Supérieur de Musique et de Danse de Paris.