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2017
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W SCHOOL OF MUSIC
UNIVERSITY of WASHINGTON

OPERA WORKSHOP

Cyndia Sieden and Stephen Stubbs, Co-Directors
Opera Workshop taught and directed by Deanne Meek, Visiting Artist

Works in Process:

Creating Narrative in Songs and Scenes.
Twentieth-Century French and English Songs,
with select scenes from
L'enfant et les Sortilèges by Maurice Ravel.

Lorenzo Guggenheim, Conductor
Cyndia Sieden, Musical Preparation
Rhonda Klein, Coach
Andrew Romanick, Pianist
Hélène Vilavella, French Language Consultant

7:30 PM / December 2, 2017 / Brechemin Auditorium

UW MUSIC
2017-18 SEASON

DVD#17,930

1/2 greeting/warmup - 8'

PROGRAM

3 from ARIETTES OUBLIÉES

19'

Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

Text: Paul Verlaine (1844-1896)

© English transl. Christopher Goldsack

C'EST L'EXTASE: Olivia Kerr, soprano*IL PLEURE DANS MON COEUR*: Yun Hye Kim, soprano*L'OMBRE DES ARBRES*: Suzanna Mizell, soprano*CHEVAUX DE BOIS*: Yun Hye Kim, soprano*GREEN*: Olivia Kerr, soprano*SPLEEN*: Suzanna Mizell, soprano4 from L'ENFANT ET LES SORTILÈGES

6'

Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)

Libretto: Colette (1873-1954)

*L'HORLOGE COMTOISE**L'Horlog*: Darrell Jordan, baritone*L'Enfant*: Arrianne Noland, soprano*LA THÉIÈRE (WEDGEWOOD NOIR) ET LA TASSE (CHINOISE)**La Théière*: Nic Varela, tenor*La Tasse Chinoise*: Dakota Miller, mezzo-soprano*L'Enfant*: Arrianne Noland, soprano5 BEAU SOIR

3'

Debussy

Text: Paul Bourget (1852-1935) / English transl. Bard Suverkrop

Vivanna Eun Ju Oh, soprano

6 ROMANCE

2'

Debussy

Text: Paul Bourget (1852-1935)

Tasha Hayward, soprano

7 POÈMES JUIFS, Op. 34 Nos. 5, 6

7'

Darius Milhaud (1892-1974)

Text: Anonymous, translated from Hebrew

*CHANT DE RÉSIGNATION**CHANT D'AMOUR*

Meaghan Guterman, soprano

8 from *STREET SCENE* 4'
LONELY HOUSE Kurt Weill (1900-1950)
Libretto: Langston Hughes (1902-1967)
Nic Varela, tenor

9 *HÔTEL* 2'
Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)
Text: Guillaume Apollinaire (1880-1918 / English transl. Emily Ezust)
Dakota Miller, mezzo-soprano

INTERMISSION

10 *DEUX MÉLODIES DE GUILLAUME APOLLINAIRE* 4' Poulenc
MONTPARNASSE Text: Guillaume Apollinaire (1880-1918)
HYDE PARK English transl. Winifred Radford
Trevor Ainge, tenor

11 from *L'ENFANT ET LES SORTILÈGES* 10' Ravel
LES PASTOURES ET LES PÂTRES
Une Pastourelle: Krissy Terrwilliger, soprano
Un Pâtre: Vivianna Eun Ju Oh, soprano
L'Enfant: Maia Thielen, soprano
LA PRINCESSE ET L'ENFANT
La Princesse, Yun Hye Kim, soprano
L'Enfant: Maia Thielen, soprano

12 *CLAIRIÈRES DANS LE CIEL, Nos. 1, 3* 5' Lili Boulanger (1898-1918)
ELLE ÉTAIT DESCENDUE AU BAS DE LA PRAIRIE Text: Francis Jammes (1868-1938)
PARFOIS, JE SUIS TRISTE English transl. Bard Suverkrop
Lauren Kulesa, soprano

13 *SWEET SUFFOLK OWL* 2' Richard Hundley (b. 1931)
Text: Anonymous Verses 1619
Maia Thielen, soprano

14 PSYCHÉ 3' Emile Paladilhe (1844-1926)
Text: Pierre Corneille (1606-1684) / © English transl. Christopher Goldsack
Arrianne Noland, soprano

15 from SILENT NIGHT 4' Kevin Puts (b. 1972)
J'AI PERDU TA PHOTO Libretto: Mark Campbell / English transl. by Darrell Jordan
Darrell Jordan, baritone

~~15~~ DEMAIN DÈS L'AUB ~~3'~~ ~~Erika Meyer (b. 1996)~~
~~Text: Victor Hugo (1802-1885) / English transl. Erika Meyer~~
~~Erika Meyer, soprano~~

16 MON DIEU 3' Charles Dumont (b. 1929)
Text: Michel Vaucaire (1904-1980) / English transl. Maia Thielen (b. 1992)
Maia Thielen, soprano

17 from L'ENFANT ET LES SORTILÈGES 4' Ravel
LA RAINETTE ET L'ECUREUIL
La Rainette: Tasha Hayward, soprano
L'Ecureuil: Olivia Kerr, soprano
L'Enfant: Arrianne Noland, soprano

18 ON THE SEASHORE OF ENDLESS WORLDS 6' John Alden Carpenter (1876-1951)
Text: Rabindranathe Tagor (1861-1941)
Libretto: Jules Barbier / English transl. Ann Feeney
Gemma Balinbin, soprano

~~from LES CONTES D'HOFFMANN~~ Jacques Offenbach (1819-1880)
~~LES OISEAUX DANS LA CHARMILLE~~ Libretto: Jules Barbier / English transl. Ann Feeney
~~Krissy Terwilliger, soprano~~

Director Biographies

After a thirty-year career in Europe, musical director and lutenist STEPHEN STUBBS returned to his native Seattle in 2006. Since then he has established his new production company, Pacific MusicWorks, and developed a busy calendar as a guest conductor specializing in baroque opera and oratorio.

With his direction of Stefano Landi's *La Morte d'Orfeo* at the 1987 Bruges festival, he began his career as opera director and founded the ensemble Tragicomedia. Since 1997 Stephen has co-directed the bi-annual Boston Early Music Festival opera and is the permanent artistic co-director. BEMF's recordings of Conradi's *Ariadne*, Lully's *Thesee*, and *Psyché* were nominated for Grammy awards in 2005, 2007, and 2009.

Stephen was born in Seattle, Washington, where he studied composition, piano and harpsichord at the University of Washington. In 1974, he moved to England to study lute with Robert Spencer and then to Amsterdam for further study with Toyohiko Satoh and soon became a mainstay of the burgeoning early-music movement there, working with Alan Curtis on Italian opera in Italy, William Christie on French opera in France and various ensembles in England and Germany particularly the Hilliard Ensemble.

With his return to Seattle in 2006 he formed the long-term goal of establishing a company devoted to the study and production of Baroque opera. His first venture in this direction was the creation of the Accademia de'Amore, an annual summer institute for the training of pre-professional singers and musicians in baroque style and stagecraft, now housed at the Cornish College of the Arts.

In 2008, he established Pacific MusicWorks. The company's inaugural presentation was a revival of South African artist William Kentridge's acclaimed multimedia marionette staging of Claudio Monteverdi's penultimate opera *The Return of Ulysses* in a co-production with the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art. After a warmly-received 2010 presentation of Monteverdi's monumental *Vespers of 1610* at Seattle's St. James Cathedral, Pacific MusicWorks presented a full subscription season, opening with a program based on the *Song of Songs* and ending with two triumphantly successful performances of Handel's early masterpiece, *The Triumph of Time* (1707).

As a guest conductor Stubbs has led performances of Gluck's *Orfeo* and Handel's *Giulio Cesare in Egitto* in Bilbao, Spain, and Monteverdi's *Orfeo* at Amsterdam's Netherlands Opera. Following his successful debut conducting the Seattle Symphony Orchestra in 2011, he was invited back in 2012 to conduct the Symphony's performances of *Messiah*. He will also debut with the Edmonton Symphony in *Messiah* this season.

Stephen Stubbs is Senior Artist in-Residence and member of the faculty of the School of Music at the University of Washington.

American soprano CYN DIA SIEDEN moves easily among the Baroque, classical, romantic and contemporary repertoires to worldwide acclaim. In addition, her performances and recordings of his works affirm her status as one of the sovereign Mozart interpreters of the present day.

Highlights of 2011 included performances in Morton Feldman's monodrama *Neither* for New York City Opera, Ariadne in Wolfgang Rihm's *Dionysos* at the Netherlands Opera and Soprano I in Luigi Nono's *Prometeo* at the Salzburg and Berlin Festivals. In contrast to these knotty modern works, she returned to Blondchen in Mozart's *Abduction* with Frans Brüggen and the Orchestra of the 18th Century at the Concertgebouw in Amsterdam, and on tour throughout Holland.

Sieden has starred at most of the world's great opera houses, including the Munich Bayerische Staatsoper, the New York Met, Paris's Opéra Bastille, the Wiener Staatsoper, Barcelona's Gran Teatre de Liceu, Brussels's La Monnaie, and London's Covent Garden and English National, as well as in Beijing and Australia. Her highly-praised Metropolitan Opera debut was as Berg's Lulu, and her success quickly led to reengagement in 2008 for *Die Zauberflöte*'s Queen of the Night, one of her signature roles.

She is a brilliantly idiomatic interpreter of the works of Richard Strauss. She frequently performs Zerbinetta in *Ariadne auf Naxos* (Munich, Japan, Vienna), as well as Sophie in *Der Rosenkavalier* (Paris Châtelet) and Aminta in *Die schweigsame Frau* (Palermo and Munich).

Her performances in the high-flying role of Ariel in the premiere of Thomas Adès's *The Tempest* at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, ignited rave reviews and an astonished public. She has garnered equal enthusiasm and devotion for her Queen of the Night in Mozart's *Die Zauberflöte* and Blondchen in *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*, all over the world. Other specialties are Cunegonde in Leonard Bernstein's *Candide*, and the operas of Handel.

Sieden is currently Artist-in-Residence in the University of Washington School of Music and adjunct faculty at Pacific Lutheran University.

Widely recognized as one of the most versatile artists in the opera world today, DEANNE MEEK began her career in the role of Donna Elvira in Mozart's *Don Giovanni* with Opera Ireland, Dublin. Lauded as a "splendid mezzo-soprano" by the Wall Street Journal, the Pacific Northwest native has since performed leading roles at home and abroad to critical acclaim. Her debut seasons with New York City Opera featured her in such roles as Suzuki in Puccini's *Madama Butterfly*, Cherubino in Mozart's *The Marriage of Figaro*, Zerlina in *Don Giovanni* and Hansel in *Hansel and Gretel*, and subsequent New York appearances included performances with the Metropolitan Opera under the baton of Maestro James Levine in Mozart's *Idomeneo* and performances in *Madama Butterfly*, *Parsifal* and *Rusalka*. Equally comfortable in the baroque, classical, romantic and contemporary repertoire, the mezzo continues to sing principle roles with many of the great opera companies throughout the world, including Washington Opera, Dallas Opera, Los Angeles Opera, Opera National du Rhin in Strasbourg, Madrid's Teatro Real, and in Buenos Aires' Teatro Colon. Under the direction of acclaimed director Sir David McVicar, Deanne's British debut performance in the role of Octavian in *Der Rosenkavalier* for Opera North was praised as "quite simply superb, breathtaking" by Opera Magazine, and her interpretation of Ruggiero in Handel's *Alcina* for English National Opera shortly thereafter received equally strong praise. In another signature role, the mezzo's performances as Hermia in Britten's *A Midsummer Night's Dream* have brought her to further collaborations with Sir McVicar for La Monnaie in Brussels,

and under the direction of Robert Carson, to the Gran Teatre del Liceu in Barcelona, Opera de Lyon in France, and Teatro alla Scala, Milan.

Other role highlights for the mezzo include Herodias in *Salome* and the Komponist in *Ariadne auf Naxos* in the works of Richard Strauss, Angelina and Rosina in the Rossini repertoire, both Dorabella and Despina in Mozart's *Così fan tutte*, Bizet's *Carmen*, and Bianca in Zemlinsky's *Eine Florentinische Tragödie*. Performances in the baroque repertoire include Nerone in Monteverdi's *L'Incoronazione di Poppea* for Boston Baroque, and Dido in Purcell's *Dido & Aeneas* for Spoleto Festival USA and, most recently, with the orchestra of Pacific MusicWorks, conducted by Maestro Stephen Stubbs. In the repertoire of Handel, the mezzo has also sung the title role in *Rinaldo*, Zenobia in *Radamisto* for Opera Theatre of St. Louis, and Dejanira in *Hercules* (cover) for Chicago Lyric Opera, as well as both the title role and Sesto in *Giulio Cesare* (Milwaukee Opera and Boston Baroque). Ms. Meek sang Charlotte in the acclaimed Paris premier of Sondheim's *A Little Night Music* for Le Chatelet in 2009, and in the same year performed the title role in Mark Blitzstein's *Regina* for Utah Opera. Further contemporary roles include Jo in Mark Adamo's *Little Women* and the creation of the role of Ma Joad in the world premier and recording of *The Grapes of Wrath* by Ricky Ian Gordon, both for Minnesota Opera.

In concert and recital, Ms. Meek's performances include appearances with the Seattle Symphony Orchestra, the Jacksonville and Birmingham Symphony Orchestras, the Jerusalem Symphony Orchestra, the Luxembourg Philharmonic Orchestra, the American Symphony Orchestra at Avery Fisher Hall, NY and in concerts and recordings with Boston Baroque, which include the *Bach Magnificat* and *Vivaldi Gloria*. Festival credits include appearances with the Spoleto Festival USA; Bard Music; Opera Theater of St. Louis; Grange Park, UK; fellowships with both the Tanglewood and Ravinia Festivals, and summers with the renowned Bregenz Festspiele, Austria, where she performed and recorded the role of Inez in Verdi's *Il Trovatore*, under the baton of Maestro Fabio Luisi.

A champion of new music, the mezzo is frequently heard with the 21st Century Consort at the Smithsonian in Washington D.C, where she recently premiered and recorded *Algebra of Night*, a new song cycle for mezzo and chamber ensemble, by composer Eugene O'Brien. In New York she has also premiered songs written for her by composer Sheila Silver under the title *Beauty Intolerable* at Symphony Space, and in the Northwest, has performed composer Jake Heggie's song cycle *Camille Claudel: Into the Fire* with the Methow Chamber Music festival, as well as having curated and performed several recitals in conjunction with exhibits at the Frye Museum of Art. She can be heard in both DVD and audio format under the BBC, Virgin, PS Classics and Telarc labels.

Ms. Meek is a graduate of Whitman College and of the Peabody Institute of Music, Johns Hopkins, and holds an MFA in Interdisciplinary Arts from Goddard College. She is an AmSat certified teacher of the Alexander Technique, and has trained extensively in New York City with the Ping Chong and SITI acting companies. She has been a visiting artist with the University of Washington School of Music since 2016, where she gives vocal master classes, directs, and teaches both movement and acting technique to opera singers. She divides her time between New York and Seattle, maintaining private teaching studios in both cities.

UPCOMING EVENTS:

BA - Brechemin Auditorium
JPH - Jones Playhouse
MT - Meany Theater
MS - Meany Studio Theater
WA - Walker Ames Room, Kane Hall

- Dec 3 Intersections Series, 4:30 PM, BA. (4:00 PM lecture by Michael Shapiro)
4 Gospel Choir. 7:30 PM, MT.
5 UW Modern Music Ensemble. 7:30 PM, BA.
6 UW Studio Jazz Ensemble and UW Modern Band. 7:30 PM, MS.
CarolFest. 7:30 PM, MT.
7 Wind Ensemble and Symphonic Band. 7:30 PM, MT.
8 University Symphony with Jon Kimura Parker, piano. 7:30 PM, MT.
- Jan 11 Faculty Recital: Robin McCabe, piano, with Rachele McCabe. 7:30 PM, MT.
14 Catch a Rising Star: Scott Cuellar, piano. 4:30 PM, BA.
21 Littlefield Organ Series: Jakyung Oh. 3:00 PM, WA
- Feb 1 Ethnomusicology Visiting Artist: Sepideh Raissadat, Classical Persian Music. 7:30 PM BA.
5 UW Symphony at Benaroya Hall. 7:30 PM.
7 Scholarship Chamber Group: Daisha. 7:30 PM, BA.
8 Brechemin Piano Series. 7:30 PM, BA.
9 Guitar Studio Recital. 7:30 PM, BA.
14 Jazz Innovations, Part I. 7:30 PM, BA.
15 Jazz Innovations, Part II. 7:30 PM, BA.
21 Music of Today. 7:30 PM, MT.
23 Faculty Recital: Craig Sheppard, piano. 7:30 PM, MT.
26 Voice Division Recital. 7:30 PM, BA.
27 Campus and Concert Bands. 7:30 PM, MT.
Baroque Ensemble. 7:30 PM, BA.

ARIETTES OUBLIÉES / FORGOTTEN ARRIETTES

C'EST L'EXTASE... / IT IS ECSTASY

C'est l'extase langoureuse,
C'est la fatigue amoureuse,
C'est tous les frissons des bois
Parmi l'étreinte des brises,
C'est, vers les ramures grises,
Le cœur des petites voix.

O le frêle et frais murmure!
Cela gazouille et susurre,
Cela ressemble au cri doux
Que l'herbe agitée expire...
Tu dirais, sous l'eau qui vire,
Le roulis sourd des cailloux.

Cette âme qui se lamente
En cette plainte dormante,
C'est la nôtre, n'est-ce pas?
La mienne, dis, et la tienne,
Dont s'exhale l'humble antienne
Par ce tiède soir, tout bas?

This is languorous ecstasy,
this is the weariness of love,
this is all the shiverings of the woods
amidst the embrace of the breezes,
this is the choir of little voices
among the grey boughs.

Oh, the frail and fresh murmuring!
It chirps and whispers.
It sounds like the gentle cry
that the ruffled grass gives out...
You would say it was, beneath the water which swirls,
the muffled rolling of the pebbles.

This soul which mourns itself
by this slumbering complaint,
it is ours, is it not?
Mine, say, and yours,
from which exhales the humble anthem
in this mild evening, so quietly?

IL PLEURE DANS MON CŒUR... / IT WEEPS IN MY HEART...

Il pleure dans mon cœur
Comme il pleut sur la ville;
Quelle est cette langueur
Que pénètre mon cœur?

O bruit doux de la pluie
Par terre et sur les toits!
Pour un cœur qui s'ennuie,
O le bruit de la pluie!

Il pleure sans raison
Dans ce cœur qui s'écœure.
Quoi! nul trahison?...
Ce deuil est sans raison.

C'est bien la pire peine
De ne savoir pourquoi,
Sans amour et sans haine,
Mon cœur a tant de peine!

It weeps in my heart
as it rains on the town.
What is this languor
into which my heart seeps?

Oh, soft sound of the rain
on the ground and on the roofs!
For a heart which is forlorn,
oh, the sound of the rain!

It weeps for no reason
in this sickening heart.
What! No treason?
This mourning is without reason.

It is indeed the worst torment
not to know why,
without love and without hatred,
my heart has so much sadness!

L'OMBRE DES ARBRES... / THE SHADOW OF THE TREES...

L'ombre des arbres dans la rivière embrumée
Meurt comme de la fumée,
Tandis qu'en l'air, parmi les ramures réelles,
Se plaignent les tourterelles.

Combien, ô voyageur, ce paysage blême
Te mira, blême toi-même...
Et que tristes pleuraient dans les hautes feuillées
Tes espérances noyées!

The shadow of the trees, in the mist-covered river,
dies like smoke,
whereas in the air, among the real branches,
the doves lament.

How much, o traveller, this pale landscape
reflected you, pale yourself...
And how sadly, in the high branches,
your drowned hopes wept!

CHEVAUX DE BOIS / MERRY-GO-ROUND

Tournez, tournez, bons chevaux de bois,
Tournez cent tours, tournez mille tours;
Tournez souvent et tournez toujours,
Tournez, tournez au son des hautbois.

L'enfant tout rouge et la mère blanche,
Le gars en noir et la fille en rose,
L'une à la chose et l'autre à la pose,
Chacun se paie un sou de dimanche.

Tournez, tournez, chevaux de leur cœur,
Tandis qu'autour de tous vos tournois
Clignote l'œil du filou sournois,
Tournez au son du piston vainqueur.

C'est étonnant comme ça vous soûle
D'aller ainsi dans ce cirque bête:
Rien dans le ventre et mal dans la tête,
Du mal en masse et du bien en foule.

Tournez, dadas, sans qu'il soit besoin
D'user jamais de nuls éperons
Pour commander à vos galops ronds,
Tournez, tournez, sans espoir de foin.

Et dépêchez, chevaux de leur âme:
Déjà voici que sonne à la soupe
La nuit qui tombe et chasse la troupe
De gais buveurs que leur soif affame.

Tournez, tournez! Le ciel en velours
D'astres en or se vêt lentement.
L'église tinte un glas tristement.
Tournez au son joyeux des tambours.

Turn, turn, good wooden horses,
turn one hundred, one thousand turns;
turn often and turn forever,
turn, turn to the strain of the oboes.

The child all red and the mother white,
the fellow in black and the girl in pink,
one to this thing and the other to posing,
each one treating himself to a Sunday penny.

Turn, turn, horses of their heart
whilst around all your whirlings,
the eye of the crafty pickpocket twinkles,
turn to the sound of the victorious cornet.

It is amazing how it intoxicates you
to go like this in this stupid circus,
nothing in the tummy and aching in the head,
masses of pain and loads of fun.

Turn, geegees, without there ever being
the need to use pointless spurs
to drive you on your circular gallops,
turn, turn, without hope of hay.

And hurry, horses of their soul,
here already is the falling night,
**ringing to supper and chasing away the throng
of happy drinkers made hungry by their thirst.**

Turn, turn! The sky in velvet
adorns itself slowly in stars of gold.
The church sadly tolls a knell.
Turn to the joyous sound of the drums.

GREEN

Voici des fruits, des fleurs, des feuilles et des branches,
Et puis voici mon cœur qui ne bat que pour vous.
Ne le déchirez pas avec vos deux mains blanches,
Et qu'à vos yeux si beaux l'humble présent soit doux.

J'arrive tout couvert encore de rosée
Que le vent du matin vient glacer à mon front.
Souffrez que ma fatigue, à vos pieds reposée,
Rêve des chers instants qui la délasseront.

Sur votre jeune sein laissez rouler ma tête,
Toute sonore encor de vos derniers baisers;
Laissez-la s'apaiser de la bonne tempête,
Et que je dorme un peu puisque vous reposez.

Here are fruits, flowers, leaves and branches,
and here too is my heart, which beats for you alone.
Do not tear it with your two white hands,
and may the humble gift be sweet to your so lovely eyes.

I arrive still all covered in dew
which the morning wind comes to freeze to my brow.
Suffer my weariness, rested at your feet,
to dream of the dear moments which will soothe it.

On your young breast let my head to roll
still echoing with your last kisses;
let it grow calm again from the good storm,
and let me sleep a while, since you are resting.

SPLEEN

Les roses étaient toutes rouges,
Et les lierres étaient tout noirs.
Chère, pour peu que tu te bouges,
Renaissent tous mes désespoirs.
Le ciel était trop bleu, trop tendre,
La mer trop verte et l'air trop doux.

Je crains toujours _ ce qu'est d'attendre! _
Quelque fuite atroce de vous.
Du houx à la feuille vernie
Et du luisant buis, je suis las,
Et de la campagne infinie,
Et de tout, fors de vous, hélas!

The roses were all red,
and the ivies were all black.
Dearest, however little you move,
all my despair is reborn.
The sky was too blue, too tender,
the sea too green and the air too sweet.

I always fear _ what it is to wait! _
some dreadful flight by you.
I am weary of the holly with its varnished leaf,
and of the gleaming box-wood,
and of the infinite countryside,
and of all, besides you, alas!

L'ENFANT ET LES SORTILÈGES / THE BEWITCHED CHILD

Scene: THE COMTOISE CLOCK:

The Comtoise Clock:

Ding, ding, ding, ding,
And again ding, ding ding!
I am unable to stop my own strike!
I know not what hour it is!
For he has taken my balance away!
I have terrible pains in my stomach!
I feel a current of air in my center!
And I begin, I fear, to ramble!

The Child:

Ah! The clock is walking!

The Comtoise Clock:

Ding, ding, ding,
Will you at least let me pass,
That I may conceal my shame
To strike thus often at my age!
I, I who struck the hours sweet and gentle,
Hour at which to sleep,
Hour at which to wake,
Hour which brings back the one who is awaited,
The blessed hour which gave birth to the wicked Child!
And now perhaps, if he had not spoiled me,
Nothing would ever have changed in this dwelling.
Perhaps no one would ever have died...
If I had been able to continue to strike them
equally and evenly, the hours!
Ah! Allow me to hide from view my shame and grief,
My nose against the wall!
Ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding!

Scene: THE TEAPOT (BLACK WEDGEWOOD):

The Teapot:

How's your mug?

The Cup (Chinese):

Rotten!

The Teapot:

... better had...

The Cup:

Come on!

The Teapot:

Black, and costaud, Black and chic,
Black, jolly fellow, jolly fellow, black,
I punch sir, I punch your nose,
I punch, knock out you, stupid chose!
Black, black and thick, and vrai beau gosse,
I boxe you, I boxe you, I marm'lad' you.

The Cup:

Kengçafou, Mahjong, Kengçafou,
Puis'kongkongpampa, Çaohrâ, Caorâ, Caskara,
Harakeri, Sessue Hayakawa!
Hâ! Hâ! Hâ! Çaohrâ, Çaohrâ, Hâ!
Çaohrâ toujours l'air chinoâ.

The Cup and Teapot:

Hâ! Çaohrâ toujours l'air, I boxe you,
Ping, pong, ping,
Ah! Kekta fouhtuh d'mon Kaoua?

The Child:

Oh! My lovely Chinese cup!

BEAU SOIR / BEAUTIFUL EVENING

Lorsque au soleil couchant les rivières son roses
Et qu'un tiède frisson court sur les champs de blé
Un conseil d'être heureux semble sortir des choses
Et monter vers le coeur trouble.

Un conseil de goûter le charme d'être au monde
Cependant qu'on est jeune et que le soir est beau
Car nous nous en allons, comme s'en va cette onde:
Elle à la mer, nous au tombeau!

When the rivers are rosy in the setting sun,
And a warm shiver runs over the wheat fields,
Advice to be happy seems to rise up from things
And climb toward the troubled heart.

Advice to taste the charm of being in the world
While one is young and the evening is beautiful,
For we are going away, as this stream goes away:
The stream to the sea, we to the grave.

ROMANCE

L'âme évaporée et souffrante,
L'âme douce, l'âme odorante
Des lys divins que j'ai cueillis
Dans le jardin de ta pensée,
Où donc les vents l'ont-ils chassée,
Cette âme adorable des lys?
N'est-il plus un parfum qui reste
De la suavité céleste
Des jours où tu m'enveloppais
D'une vapeur surnaturelle,
Faites d'espoir, d'amour fidèle,
De béatitude et de paix?...

The vanishing and suffering soul,
The sweet soul, the fragrant soul
Of divine lilies that I have picked
In the garden of your thoughts,
Where, then, have the winds chased it,
This charming soul of the lilies?
Is there no longer a perfume that remains
Of the celestial sweetness
Of the days when you enveloped me
In a supernatural haze,
Made of hope, of faithful love,
Of bliss and of peace?

POÈMES JUIFS, Op. 34 Nos. 5, 6

CHANT DE RÉSIGNATION / SONG OF RESIGNATION (English transl. Faith J. Cormier)

Prends mon âme fais en une lyre brillante
avec les muscles de mon coeur fait des cordes
Et fais les longues jusqu'au ciel
Et tes mains, ô muse allonge les sans cesse.

Take my soul, make it into a shining lyre,
make its strings from the muscles of my heart.
Make them long enough to reach to heaven,
and your hands, oh Muse, ever longer and longer.

Que les fibres de mon coeur murmurent et frémissante
afin d'exprimer ma douleur immense ma misère sans nom
afin que les cieus laissent couler des torrents de larmes
et que les crépuscule et l'aube en soient éternellement noyés.

Let the fibers of my heart murmur and tremble
to express my immense pain and nameless misery
so that the heavens will shed floods of tears,
eternally drowning the dawn and the dusk.

CHANT D'AMOUR / SONG OF LOVE (English transl. John Glenn Paton)

En même temps que tous les bourgeons
la Rose de mon coeur se réveille, elle aussi,
aux chants des étoiles matinales et nocturnes,
la Rose de mon coeur s'épanche, elle aussi.

At the same time as all of the buds,
the Rose of my heart awakens, it too.
At the songs of morning and evening stars
the Rose of my heart overflows, it too.

Lorsque le rossignol fit entendre sa voix,
Mon coeur se fondit en larmes;
Lorsque la nature s'endormit autour de moi,
mes rêves se réveillèrent.

When the nightingale let its voice be heard,
my heart melted in tears.
While nature fell asleep around me,
my dreams woke up.

Des myriades d'étoiles sont là haut au ciel,
unique est l'Étoile qui éclaire mes ténèbres.

Myriads of stars are up in the sky;
only one Star lights up my darkness.

From STREET SCENE: LONELY HOUSE

At night when everything is quiet
this old house seems to breathe a sigh.
Sometimes I hear a neighbor snoring,
sometimes I hear a baby cry.
Sometimes I hear a staircase creaking,
sometimes a distant telephone.
Then the quiet settles down again -
the house and I are all alone.

Lonely house, lonely me!
Funny - with so many neighbors,
How lonely it can be!
Oh, lonely street!
Lonely Town!
Funny - you can be so lonely with all these folks around.

I guess there must be something I don't comprehend -
sparrows have companions, even stray dogs find a friend.
The night for me is not romantic.
Unhook the starts and take them down.
I'm lonely in this lonely house.
In this lonely town.

HÔTEL

Ma chambre a la forme d'une cage,
Le soleil passe son bras par la fenêtre.
Mais moi qui veux fumer pour faire des mirages
J'allume au feu du jour ma cigarette.
Je ne veux pas travailler - je veux fumer.

My room has the form of a cage.
The sun reaches its arm in through the window.
But I want to smoke and make shapes in the air,
and so I light my cigarette on the sun's fire.
I don't want to work, I want to smoke.

DEUX MÉLODIES DE GUILLAUME APOLLINAIRE

MONTPARNASSE

O porte de l'hôtel avec deux plantes vertes
Vertes qui jamais
Ne porteront de fleurs
Où sont mes fruits? Où me planté-je?
O 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

O door of the hotel with two green plants
Green which never
Will bear any flowers
Where are my fruits? where will I plant myself?
O door of the hotel an angel stands before you
Distributing leaflets
Virtue has never been so well defended
Give me forever a room by the week
Bearded angel you really are
A lyric poet from Germany
Who wants to know Paris
You know its pavement-
The lines on which one must not step

Et vous rêvez
D'aller passer votre Dimanche à Garches
Il fait un peu lourd et vos cheveux sont longs
O bon petit poète en peu bête et trop blond
Vos yeux ressemblent tant à ces deux grands ballons
Qui s'en vont dans l'air pur
A l'aventure

And you dream
Of going to pass your Sunday at Garches
It is rather sultry and your hair is long
O good little poet a bit stupid and too blond
Your eyes so much resemble these two big balloons
That float away in the pure air
At random.

HYDE PARK

Les faiseurs de religion
Prêchaient dans le brouillard
Les ombres près de qui nous passions
Jouaient à Collin-maillard
A soixante-dix ans
Joues fraîches de petits enfants
Venez venez Eléonore
Et que sais-je encore
Regardez venir les cyclopes
Les pipes s'envolaient
Mais envollez-vous-en
Regards impénitents

Et l'Europe l'Europe
Regards sacrés
Mains énamourées
Et les amants s'aimèrent
Tant que prêcheurs prêchèrent

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, Eleonore
And what more besides
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 make love
As long as the preachers preached

L'ENFANT ET LES SORTILÈGES / THE BEWITCHED CHILD

Scene: THE SHEPHERDS AND SHEPHERDESSES

Chorus:

Z...

Farewell, Shepherdesses, Shepherd boys farewell!
No longer shall we pasture our green sheep in
fields of purple hue!
Woe, to our goat amaranthine!
Woe, to our lambs so soft and rosy!
Woe, to our violets red!
Our dog of blue!
When we embraced, Shepherdesses,
With head on breast, Shepherds,
Eternal seemed to us our passion and our pipes

A Shepherd and Shepherdess:

The wicked Child has cruelly destroyed our tender story.
A shepherd here, a shepherdess there,
The wicked Child who owes to us his very first smile.
Ungrateful Child who has slept while our
blue dog kept watch over him.
Woe to amaranthine goat!
Woe to lambkins of rose and green!

Chorus:

Farewell, Shepherdesses!
Shepherd boys farewell!

Scene: THE PRINCESS AND THE CHILD

The Child:

Ah! 'tis she, 'tis she!

The Princess:

Ah! Yes 'tis she, your enchanted Princess,
She for whom you cried out in your dreaming only last night.
She whose story first read by you yesterday, kept sleep from your eyes a long time.
You have been singing to yourself: "She is blonde with eyes the color of the skies."
You have sought me in the heart of the rose and the perfume of the lily.
You have sought me, little lover of mine,
And I've been since yesterday, your first and best beloved!

The Child:

Ah, 'tis she, 'tis she!

The Princess:

But since you have destroyed the book,
What is going to happen to me?

Who knows if the malicious enchanter will not put me to sleep forever,
Or else change me into a cloud?
Tell me, can you forever ignore my sad fate,
The fate of your first and best beloved?

The Child:

Oh! Please do not go! Stay!
Tell me... the tree in which the bluebird sang?

The Princess:

See its branches, see its fruits, alas...

The Child:

Your magic necklace, where is it now?

The Princess:

See all these broken rings, alas....

The Child:

Your cavalier? The Prince with a crest the color of dawn?
Ah! I know he will come with his sword!
If I had but a sword, but a sword!
Ah! In my arms, in my arms! Come! Come!
I will boldly defend you!

The Princess:

Alas! My little, feeble friend, what can you do for me?
Ah, what is the length of a dream?
My dream was so long, so long,
That perhaps at the end of the dream, I might have found you,
The Prince with the crest of crimson!
Oh help me! Oh help me!
Sleep and Night wish to take me away from you!
Oh Help!

The Child:

My sword! My sword! My sword!
You, the heart of the rose,
You, the perfume of the lily.
You, your hands and your crown,
Your blue eyes and your bright jewels.
You have only left me, like a ray of light,
A golden hair upon my shoulder,
A golden hair...and fragments of a dream...

CLAIRIÈRES DANS LE CIEL, Nos. 1, 3

ELLE ÉTAIT DESCENDUE AU BAS DE LA PRAIRIE / SHE HAD GONE DOWN TO THE END OF THE MEADOW

Ellé était descendue au bas de la prairie
et, comme la prairie était toute fleurie
de plantes dont la tige aime a pousser dans l'eau,
ces plantes inondées je les avais cueillies.

Bientôt, c'étant m'ouillée,
elle gagna le haut de cette prairie-là
qui était toute fleurie.
Elle riait et s'ébrouait avec la grâce
dégingandée qu'ont les jeunes filles trop grandes.
Ell avait le regard qu'ont les fleurs de lavande.

She had gone down to the end of the meadow
and, because the meadow was all-flowering
with plants whose stem likes to grow in the water,
I picked these water flowers.

Soon, having gotten drenched herself,
she reached the top of that flowering meadow.
She laughed and shook with the lanky grace
of girls who are too tall.
Her eyes looked like lavender flowers.

Parfois, je suis triste. Et soudain je pense à elle.
Alors, je suis joyeux. Mais je redeviens triste
de se que je ne sais pas combien elle m'aime.

Elle est la jeune fille à l'âme toute claire,
et qui, dedans son cœur, garde avec jalousie
l'unique passion que l'on donne à un seul.

Elle est partie avant que s'ouvrent les tilleuls,
et, comme ils ont fleuri depuis qu'elle est partie,
je me suis étonné de voir, ô mes amis
des branches de tilleuls qui n'avaient pas de fleurs.

Sometimes I am sad. And suddenly, I think of her.
Then, I am happy. But I grow sad again
because I do not know how much she loves me.

She is a young girl with a bright soul,
and who, in her heart, jealously protects
the unique passion that one gives to one person alone.

She left before the linden trees bloomed,
and, since they bloomed after she departed,
I myself was amazed to see, oh my friends,
some branches of the lindens which were devoid of flowers.

SWEET SUFFOLK OWL

Sweet Suffolk owl, so trimly dight
With feathers, like a lady bright;
Thou sing'st alone, sitting by night,
'Te whit! Te whoo!'

Thy note that forth so freely rolls
With shrill command the mouse controls;
And sings a dirge for dying souls.
'Te whit! Te whoo!'

PSYCHÉ

Je suis jaloux, Psyché, de toute la nature:
Les rayons du soleil vous baisent trop souvent;
Vos cheveux souffrent trop les caresses du vent:
Quand il les flatte, j'en murmure;
L'air même que vous respirez
Aven trop de plaisir passe sur votre bouche;
Votre habit de trop près vous touche;
Et sitôt que vous soupirez,
Je ne sais quoi qui m'effarouche
Craint parmi vos soupirs des soupirs égarés.

I am jealous, Psyche, of all nature!
The sun's rays kiss you too often,
your hair suffers too much from the wind's caresses.
As it strokes them, I grumble!
Even the air that you breathe
passes over your mouth with too much pleasure.
Your dress touches you too closely!
And as soon as you sigh
I know not what it is that startles me so
and fears, amidst your sighs, some sighs for another!

from SILENT NIGHT: J'AI PERDU TA PHOTO / I HAVE LOST YOUR PHOTO

"Blessés: Grabert, Pierre, Vingt-six ans, La Rochelle,
Fauchon, André Vingt ans, Saint Brienc."
Madeleine. J'ai perdu ta photo.
Celle près des lilas.
"Boisvert, Charles, Trente ans Cancale."
Je l'ai bien embrassée plus de cent fois par jour.
"Mort, Vernice, Henri-Paul, Trente-ans. Amiens."
Mais Ponchel a raison.
Je n'ai pas besoin d'une photo pour te voir.
Je ferme les yeux et tu es là.
Près du feu et notre jeune enfant est tout contre toi.
Il se met à pleurer.

"Wounded: Grabert, Pierre, 26 years old, La Rochelle,
Fauchon, André, 20 years old, Saint Brienc."
Madeleine, I have lost your photo,
The one by the lilacs...
"Boisvert, Charles, 30 years old, Cancale."
I have kissed you more than 100 times a day.
"Dead: Vernice, Henri-Paul, 30 years old. Amiens."
But Ponchel is right.
I don't need a photo to see you.
I close my eyes and you are there.
Near the fire and our young baby held close to you.
He begins to cry.

Tu lui souris et tu lui chantes une berceuse doucement
 et il s'arrête de pleurer...
 Ah Madeleine, Ma Madeleine!
 J'espère que tu vas bien, que VOUS allez bien.
 Et que notre petit te laisse dormir! Dormir...
 J'en ai tellement besoin... Dormir, Dormir...
 "Disparu: Clément, Paul... Dix..."
 Je finirai demain.
 Dormir... Dormir...

You smile at him and gently sing him a lullaby,
 and he stops crying...
 Ah Madeleine, My Madeleine!
 I hope that you are alright, that you are well
 And our small one... sleeps
 I need so much... to sleep...
 "Disappeared: Clément, Paul... 10 years old..."
 I'll finish this tomorrow.
 Sleep... Sleep...

DEMAIN DÈS L'AUBE / TOMORROW AT DAWN

Demain, dès l'aube, à l'heure où blanchit la campagne,
 Je partirai. Vois-tu, je sais que tu m'attends.
 J'irai par la forêt, j'irai par la montagne.
 Je ne puis demeurer loin de toi plus longtemps.
 Je marcherai les yeux fixés sur mes pensées,
 Sans rien voir au dehors, sans entendre aucun bruit,
 Seul, inconnu, le dos courbé, les mains croisées,
 Triste, et le jour pour moi sera comme la nuit.
 Je ne regarderai ni l'or du soir qui tombe,
 Ni les voiles au loin descendant vers Harfleur,
 Et quand j'arriverai, je mettrai sur ta tombe
 Un bouquet de houx vert et de bruyère en fleur.

Tomorrow, at dawn, when the countryside becomes white,
 I will leave. You see, I know that you are waiting for me.
 I will go by the forest, I will go by the mountain.
 I cannot stay far from you any longer.
 I will walk the eyes fixed on my thoughts,
 Without seeing anything outside, nor hearing any noise,
 Alone, unknown, the back curved, the hands crossed,
 Sad, and the day for me will be like the night.
 I will not look at the gold of the evening which falls
 Nor the faraway sails descending towards Harfleur.
 And when I arrive, I will put on your tomb
 A green bouquet of holly and flowering heather.

MON DIEU / MY GOD

"Mon Dieu, Mon Dieu, Mon Dieu!
 Laissezle moi Encore un peu, Mon amoureux...
 Un jour, Deux jours, Huit jours!
 Laissezle moi Encore un peu, A moi!
 Le temps De s'adorer, De se le dir'...
 Le temps De s'fabriquer Des souvenirs...
 Mon Dieu, Oh! oui, Mon Dieu!
 Laissezle moi Remplir un peu ma vie!
 Mon Dieu, Mon Dieu, Mon Dieu!
 Laissezle moi Encore un peu, Mon amoureux...
 Six mois, Trois mois, Deux mois!
 Laissezle moi, Oh! seulement Un mois!
 Le temps De commencer Ou de finir...
 Le temps D'illuminer Ou de souffrir...
 Mon Dieu, Mon Dieu, Mon Dieu!
 Mêm' si j'ai tort, Laissezle moi Un peu...
 Mêm' si j'ai tort, Laissezle moi encor!"

"My God, My God, My God!
 Leave him with me a little longer still, My lover...
 One day, two days, eight days!
 Leave him little longer still, with me!
 The time to adore, the time to tell him...
 The time to create memories...
 My God, Oh! Yes, My God!
 Leave him with me a little longer still, to fill my life!
 My God, My God, My God!
 Leave him with me a little longer still, my lover...
 Six months, Three months, Two months!
 Leave him with me a little longer still, Oh! just one month!
 The time to begin or to end...
 The time to illuminate or to suffer...
 My God, My God, My God!
 Even if I am wrong, leave him with me a little longer still...
 Even if I am wrong, leave him with me still!"

L'ENFANT ET LE SORTILÈGES/THE BEWITCHED CHILD

Scene: THE FROG AND THE SQUIRREL

The Squirrel:
Spare yourself! And the cage? The cage?

The Frog:
Kékékékécék-ça?

The Squirrel:
The Prison. The prison. The steel which pricks 'tween two iron bars.
Heu, Heu, I could flee, but how can your four little wet hands
Serve you as my hands serve me?

The Frog:
Wha wha what did you say?
I know nothing of a ca-ca-cage
But I know the fly he threw to me Ploc!
And the rag so red, Ploc!
The bait comes, I leap up, I am caught,
I escape, I return, Ploc!

The Squirrel:
Brainless one! You will share my fate!

The Child:
The cage 'twas but to see better your quickness,
Also your four little hands, your fine eyes...

The Squirrel:
Yes, you wished to see my eyes!
Do you know what they reflect, my fine eyes?
The free sky, the free wind and my free brothers
Swift as birds on the wing...
And now behold that which they reflect, my fine eyes,
While gleaming with sad tears!

The Child:
They love, They're full of joy. They forget me...
They love... they forget me... I'm alone... Mama!

ON THE SEASHORE OF ENDLESS WORLDS

On the seashore of endless worlds children meet.
The infinite sky is motionless overhead
and the restless water is boisterous.
On the seashore of endless worlds the children meet with shouts
and dances.

They build their houses with sand,
and they play with empty shells.
With withered leaves they weave their boats
and smilingly float them on the vast deep.
Children have their play on the seashore of worlds.

They know not how to swim,
they know not how to cast nets.
Pearl-fishers dive for pearls, merchants sail in their ships,
while children gather pebbles and scatter them again.

They seek not for hidden treasures,
they know not how to cast nets.

The sea surges up with laughter,
and pale gleams the smile of the sea-beach.
Death-dealing waves sing meaningless ballads to the children,
even like a mother while rocking her baby's cradle.
The sea plays with children,
and pale gleams the smile of the sea-beach.

On the seashore of endless worlds children meet.
Tempest roams in the pathless sky,
ships are wrecked in the trackless water,
death is abroad and children play.
On the seashore of endless worlds is the great meeting of
children.

From LES CONTES D'HOFFMANN: LES OISEAUX DANS LA CHARMILLE / THE BIRDS IN THE ARBOR

Les oiseaux dans la charmille
Dans les cieux l'astre du jour,
Tout parle à la jeune fille d'amour!
Ah! Voilà la chanson gentille
La chanson d'Olympia! Ah!

Tout ce qui chante et résonne
Et soupire, tour à tour,
Emeut son coeur qui frissonne d'amour!
Ah! Voilà la chanson mignonne
La chanson d'Olympia! Ah!

The birds in the hedges,
The star of daylight in the sky,
Everything speaks to a young girl of love
Ah! This is the sweet song,
The song of Olympia! Ah!

Everything that sings and sounds
And sighs, in its turn,
Moves her heart, which trembles with love!
Ah! This is the darling song,
The song of Olympia! Ah!