

Ne Point Passer

Mélodies of Gabriel Fauré and Henri Duparc

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'Ne Point Passer' – 'To Never Pass Away'

The first time I ever heard a recording (Gérard Souzay) of Fauré's "Dans la forêt de septembre" I was astonished by its magical, mystical beauty. I had to sit down. Being a lover of the woods and mountains, I could not get over how much the union of this Catulle Mendès poem and Fauré's music gave deep voice to my own personal experience: its emotional reverence and tenderness ("nids desert aux branches brisée"), its spiritual recognition of one's own mortality in the fragility of the forest ("Déjà proche en moi, comme en elle") the sensuality of its evocation of the earth's aroma, palpable as holding soil in one's hand ("Troncs sonores que l'âge creuse"). I would summarize the work in two words, reverent ecstasy.

My reaction to this piece is a natural introduction to the power of song and the place that the medium of French *mélodie* has in the life and artistic output of Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924) and his contemporary, Henri Duparc (1848-1933). In that respect, I find it quite interesting—read equal parts troubling and amusing— that Fauré was, or is, generally considered a 'minor' composer. Not to me as a singer and I dare say not to violinists or pianists, considering the importance of his instrumental music in those genres. Contemporary critics, composers and publishers were concerned about the size of Fauré's output; that it was not symphonic in scope. What does such an evaluation mean? That he was not Bach or Beethoven? We must look beyond the magnitude of output and a Germano-centric orientation to understand his importance. It was through the intimacy of this much smaller form moreover, French *mélodie*, that Fauré

enjoyed some of his earliest published successes. Those presented here span roughly the first two thirds of his compositional life. The title, *Ne Point Passer*, is the closing line of the beautiful Sully Prudhomme poem, "Au bord de l'eau," and represents the enduring beauty of these *mélodies*. To me, the accessibility of Fauré's humanity makes him all the more tangible: how he struggled to support his family through his church job as organist and choir director at the L'Eglise Madeleine in Paris and the weariness of his constant travel to give private lessons and fulfill his role as national Inspector of school music programs. His second son, Philippe, recounts a story of his father leaning against a Paris dwelling to catch his breath from exhaustion. With his assumption of the Directorship of the Paris Conservatory he worked immediately and tirelessly to balance the music curriculum and place it on a firm academic footing. That he was in some respects shy and needed, apparently, the constant encouragement of his mentor, Camille Saint-Saëns (1835-1921) – these comprise the challenging backdrop to his undeniable genius and touching originality.

As in the life of any great artist, Fauré's work was shaped by its time and place, and conversely, those influences that served to nurture his reciprocal independence and originality. One of the roots of his independence came early in his life: ten years of deep immersion in Renaissance polyphony while singing almost daily in the choir at the Niedermeyer School, where he was sent by his father, at the age of nine in 1854. The fruit of this influence can be seen in two ways. First, the overall sense of lightness in Fauré's work, especially his songs, which avoids anything

heavy or ponderous. Even the weightier portions of the *Requiem*, like the granite stones of the cathedrals in which they resonate, inspire us to look up. Their inherent design, color and texture serve to uplift rather than reflect a sense of human burden. This view of death as a celebratory and blessed conclusion to life is very much a part of Fauré's own personal religious view, which did not always conform to the structures of Roman Catholicism in which he labored at the Madeleine. Second, and perhaps more important, this broad historical perspective (as pointed out by Jean-Michel Nectoux in his book *Gabriel Fauré: A Musical Life*, Cambridge University Press, Great Britain 1991, p. 105) served to liberate Fauré from potential rigidities of classical harmony as taught at the time. Fauré's perspective already contained in it both the means and the sense of permission to be harmonically innovative. Fauré did not have to rebel as did Debussy. He had to utilize his own instincts in the sweep of the perspective already known to him. As with Mahler (1860-1911), his younger contemporary, his harmonic innovation can be seen as a step toward the freedoms of the first half of the 20th century. "Atonality" is not a term I particularly like. I prefer, 'vastly tonal.' Though the ear is critical to all musicians, for the singer whose vocal instrument is not fingered, fretted, valved nor keyed in any way, the role of the ear is the critical compass for perceiving and successfully navigating expanded tonal boundaries. The ear becomes more critical as tonal relationships are less obvious. To narrowly suggest then that music is atonal simply because it lacks a traditional organizing center is, to me, misleading considering the essential nature of this challenge.

Lastly, I think Fauré's music, especially his songs, is what I call "shimmering." This word is important for both what it says and implies. Fauré's harmonies often develop from the inside like the inner notes of an arpeggio changing, as in the lovely song "Nell." Fauré was able to regard normal diatonic tones as having multiple identities, which then act, even momentarily, upon those new potentials. His shifts thus have a kaleidoscopic quality to them. "Shimmering" also implies the critical component of stillness required on the part of the listener to perceive and appreciate Fauré's music. One simply cannot perceive the intricacies and nuances of shifting – shimmering – colors if one is 'in motion.' They are lost or destroyed. In turn, this requisite listener's stillness becomes the doorway to the profound intimacy of these songs – and Fauré's greatness. Through this deceptively small doorway we enter the vastness of what is captured and musically distilled.

There is an important way in which the songs of Henri Duparc border those of Gabriel Fauré. Although written contemporaneously, Duparc's songs seem to begin psychologically where Fauré's end. Of course, much of this has to do with the choices of texts by the composer, but beneath those are the heart, artistic temperament and language of their respective creative gifts. The flowers that we find in Fauré's songs are always beautiful, always fresh and new. But they are also always *known* flowers. Not so with Duparc – if there are flowers at all. In Fauré's songs there is an implicit but strong sense of boundaries to our human experience. Even in the well known early song, "Les Berceaux," where those boundaries describing the roles and fates of men and

women with their children, coexist in great even tragic tension, Fauré's underlying Sicilienne rocking rhythm creates a musical framework encompassing and thus unifying that tension. Not so with Duparc who often writes from a perspective *outside* those normal boundaries. Whereas Fauré might reference a storm from a distance – its power and color all accurately portrayed – Duparc describes what it is to be caught inside it. Consider "Testament," ("Les tortures de mon coeur mort!") "Le Manoir de Rosamonde" ("Bien loin, bien loin, sans découvrir") and "Le Vague et la Cloche" ("L'inutile travail et l'éternel fracas / Dont est faite la vie, hélas, la vie humaine!" "The useless toil and the eternal roaring which make up this life, alas, the human life!"). There is a sense of emotional survival and transformation in Duparc's songs. They are about extremes. His tempo-shifts serve to delineate the known from the unknown, the normal from the abnormal. They are less about intimacies of love and more about austerities and extremes of human experience. In this regard, though his output is quite small, Duparc's songs have a unique place in vocal literature. In both cases, these writers of song continue on the trail blazed by the young Schubert in which the accompaniment is not merely supportive of the text. Rather – and critical for the singer to understand and feel – it is an equal partner as witness to the original poetic experience. Composers must do more than merely musically translate the text. They must imbibe the poem to the point of identifying with the human experience beneath its creation. Only then comes the compositional success which makes art song at its best such a powerful experience: a marriage of text and music in absolute service and unified

purpose, to which the singer and pianist must now surrender themselves.

My sincere thanks to Centaur Records and the wonderful pianist, Arlene Kies.

Yours, David Ripley
July 2005.

Les Poèmes de "Ne Point Passer"

Translations, David Ripley

Note: For the singers studying these works, I have intentionally made my translations somewhat literal rather poetic. This is to stress the importance of the syntax of the native language.

Gabriel Fauré

1. Rêve d'Amour, Op. 5, No. 2 (1865) "Dream of Love"

à Madame C. de Gomicourt

Victor Hugo

S'il est un charmant gazon
Que le ciel arrose,
Où naîsse en toute saison
Quelque fleur éclose,
Où l'on cueille à pleine main
Lys, chèvrefeuille et jasmin,
J'en veux faire le chemin
Où ton pied se pose.

S'il est un sein bien aimant
Dont l'honneur dispose,
Dont le tendre dévouement
N'ait rien de morose,
Si toujours ce noble sein
Bat pour un digne dessein,
J'en veux faire le coussin
Où ton front se pose.

S'il est un rêve d'amour
Parfumé de rose,
Où l'on trouve chaque jour
Quelque douce chose,
Un rêve que Dieu bénit,

If there is lovely grass
That the sky waters,
Where is born in every season
Some blossoming flower,
Where one gathers into a full hand
Lilies, woodbine and jasmine,
There I want to make a path
Where your feet may rest.

If there is a truly loving breast
Where honor dwells,
Where a tender devotion
Has nothing of sadness,
If always this noble breast
Beats for a worthy aim,
I want to make of it the pillow
Where your head may rest.

If there is a dream of love
Perfumed with roses,
Where one finds each day
Something that is sweet,
A dream that God blesses,

Où l'âme à l'âme s'unit,
Oh, j'en veux faire le nid
Où ton cœur se pose.

Where a soul to a soul unites,
Oh, I want make of it the nest
Where your heart will rest.

Gabriel Fauré
2. Au bord de l'eau, Op. 8, No. 1 (1875) "On the River Bank"
à Madame Claudie Chamerot
Sully Prudhomme

S'asseoir tous deux au bord du flot qui passe,
Le voir passer;
Tous deux s'il glisse un nuage en l'espace,
Le voir glisser;
A l'horizon s'il fume un toit de chaume,
Le voir fumer;
Aux alentours, si quelque fleur embaume,
S'en embaumer;
Entendre au pied du saule où l'eau murmure,
L'eau murmurer,
Ne pas sentir tant que ce rêve dure
Le temps durer,
Mais n'apportant de passion profonde
Qu'à s'adorer,
Sans nul souci des querelles du monde,
Les ignorer,
Et seuls tous deux devant tout ce qui lasse,
Sans se lasser;
Sentir l'amour devant tout ce qui passe,
Ne point passer!

To sit together on the bank of the stream that passes,
To see it pass;
The two of us if a cloud glides through space,
To watch it glide;
On the horizon if a cottage chimney is smoking,
To see it smoke;
Nearby, if a flower spreads its fragrance,
To take in its scent;
To hear at the foot of the willow, where water murmurs,
The water murmuring,
Not to sense, as long as this dream lasts,
The passage of time,
But to bring only deep passion
In which to adore each other;
Without any care of the world's quarrels,
To ignore them,
And alone, together, before all that grows weary,
Without ourselves growing weary;
To feel love before all else which passes away,
To never pass away.

Gabriel Fauré
3. Nell, Op. 18, No. 1 (1887) "Nell"
Leconte de Lisle
à madame Camille Saint-Saëns

Ta rose de pourpre à ton clair soleil,
O Juin, étincelle enivrée,
Penche aussi vers moi ta coupe dorée:
Mon coeur à ta rose est pareil.

Sous le mol abri de la feuille ombreuse
Monte soupir de volupté;
Plus d'un ramier chante au bois écarté,
O mon coeur, sa plainte amoureuse.

Que ta perle est douce au ciel enflammé,
Étoile de la nuit pensive!
Mais combien plus douce est la clarté vive
Qui rayonne en mon coeur, en mon coeur charmé!

La chantante mer, le long du rivage,
Taira son murmure éternel,
Avant qu'en mon coeur, chère amour, ô Nell,
Ne fleurisse plus ton image!

Your rose of red in your brilliant sun,
Oh June, sparkles, intoxicated,
Bend also towards me, your gilded cup:
My heart and your rose are alike.

Under the soft shelter of shadowing leaves
Mounts a voluptuous sigh;
Turtle doves sing in the spreading wood,
Oh my heart, their amorous lament.

How your pearl is sweet in the glowing sky,
Star of the pensive night!
But how sweeter still is the vivid light
Which shines within my heart, my charmed heart!

The singing sea, along the shore,
Will silence its everlasting murmur,
Before in my heart, dear love, oh Nell,
Your image will cease to bloom!

Gabriel Fauré
4. Mai, Op. 1, No. 2 (1862) "May"
à Madame Henri Garnier
Victor Hugo

Puisque Mai tout en fleurs dans les prés nous réclame,
Viens, ne te lasse pas de mêler à ton âme
La campagne, les bois, les ombrages charmants,
Les larges clairs de lune au bord des flots dormants;

Since May, all in flower, in the meadow reclaims us,
Come, do not cease to mix into you soul,
The countryside, the woods, the charming shadows,
The large reflections of moonlight over the shores of
sleeping rivers.

Le sentier qui finit où le chemin commence,
Et l'air, et le printemps et l'horizon immense,
L'horizon que ce monde attache humble et joyeux,
Comme une lèvre au bas de la robe des cieux.

Viens, et que le regard des pudiques étoiles,
Qui tombe sur la terre à travers tant de voiles
Que l'arbre pénétré de parfums et de chants,
Que le souffle embrasé de midi dans les champs,
Et l'ombre et le soleil et l'onde et la verdure,
Et le rayonnement de toute la nature,
Fassent épanouir comme une double fleur,
La beauté sur ton front et l'amour dans ton cœur!

The path that ends where the road begins,
And the air, the Spring and the immense horizon
The horizon which the world attaches humbly and joyfully
Like a lip at the bottom of the robe of the skies.

Come, and let the view of the chaste stars
Which fall to the earth, passing through many veils,
Which the tree penetrates with perfume and songs
Which the breeze flares up from the South in the fields,
And the shadows, and the sun, the tide and all greenery,
And the radiance of all nature,
Make these all blossom, like a double flower,
Beauty upon your face and love within your heart!

Gabriel Fauré
5. Automne, Op. 18, No. 3 (1878) "Autumn"
à Mademoiselle Alice Boissonnet
Armand Silvestre

Automne au ciel brumeux, aux horizons navrants,
Aux rapides couchants, aux aurores pâlies,
Je regarde couler comme l'eau du torrent,
Tes jours faits de mélancolie.

Sur l'aile des regrets, mes esprits emportés,
Comme s'il se pouvait que notre âge renaisse,
Parcourent en rêvant les côtes enchantés,
Où, jadis, sourit ma jeunesse!

Je sens au clair soleil du souvenir vainqueur,
Refleurir en bouquet les roses déliées,
Et monter à mes yeux des larmes,
qu'en mon cœur
Mes vingt ans avaient oubliées!

Autumn of misty skies, of disturbed horizons,
Of rapid sunsets, of pale dawns,
I see flowing like the waters of a torrent,
Your days made of melancholy.

On wings of regrets my thoughts are carried away,
As if our lifetime was able to be reborn,
Roaming while dreaming through the enchanted hills,
Where, in days gone by, my youth smiled!

I feel in the bright sunlight of triumphant memories,
Blooming again in a bouquet the scattered roses,
And rising to my eyes the tears which in my heart
My twenty years had forgotten!

Gabriel Fauré
6. Les Berceaux, Op.23, No. 1 (1879) "The Cradles"
à Mademoiselle Alice Boissonnet
Sully Prudhomme

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 leurs masse retenue
Par l'âme des lointains berceaux.

Along the quays, the grand ships,
Which the sea surge rocks in silence,
Take no heed of the cradles
Which the hands of the women rock,

But, the day of farewells will come,
For it must be that the women will weep,
And that the inquisitive men
Will dare the horizons which lure them!

And on that very day, the large ships,
Receding from the diminishing port,
Feel their mass held back
By the souls of the far away cradles.

Gabriel Fauré
7. Mandoline, Op. 58, Cinq mélodies "De Venise," No. 1 (1891) "Mandolin"
à Madame la Princesse de Polignac
Paul Verlaine

Les donneurs de sérénades
Et les belles écouteuses
Échangent des propos fades,
Sous les ramures chanteuses.

C'est Tircis et c'est Aminte,
Et c'est l'éternel Clitandre,
Et c'est Damis qui pour mainte
Cruelle fit maint vers tendres.

The givers of serenades
And their lovely listeners
Exchange some insipid remarks
Under the singing boughs.

It is Tircis and it is Aminta,
And it is the eternal Clitander,
And it is Damis, who for many cruel ladies
Composes many tender verses.

Leurs courtes vestes de soie,
Leurs longues robes à queues,
Leur élégance, leur joie
Et leurs molles ombres bleues

Tourbillonnent dans l'extase
D'une lune rose et grise,
Et la mandoline jase
Parmi les frissons de brise.

Their short vests of silk
Their long dresses with trains,
Their elegance, their joy,
And their soft blue shadows

Whirl in the ecstasy
Of a moon rose and gray,
And the mandolin jabbars
Amid the tremblings of the breeze.

Gabriel Fauré

8. En Sourdine, Op. 58, Cinq mélodies "De Venise," No. 2 (1891) "Muted"
à Madame la Princesse de Polignac
Paul Verlaine

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

Mêlons nos âmes, nos coeurs
Et nos sens extasiés,
Parmi les vagues langoureux
Des pins et des arbutus.

Ferme tes yeux à demi,
Croise tes bras sur ton sein,
Et de ton coeur 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.

Serenity in the half light
Which the high branches create,
Let us penetrate deeply our love
With this profound silence,

Let us blend our souls, our hearts,
And our ecstatic senses,
Amid the vague languor
Of the pines and arbutus.

Close your eyes halfway,
Cross your arms on your breast,
And from your weary heart
Chase away forever all aims,

Let us be persuaded
By the soft and rocking breath
Which comes to your feet to ripple
The waves of the red grass.

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

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

Gabriel Fauré
9. Green, Op. 58, Cinq mélodies "De Venise," No. 3, (1891) "Green"
Paul Verlaine

Voici des fruits, des fleurs, des feuilles
et des branches,
Et puis voici mon coeur 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.

Here are fruits, the flowers, the leaves and branches,
And now, here is my heart that beats only for you.
Do not tear it apart with your two white hands,
And to your eyes so lovely may this humble offering
be sweet.

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.

I arrive, all covered still with dew,
Which the wind of morning has turned to frost on my face.
Suffer that my fatigue, reposing at your feet,
Dreams of the cherished moments that will refresh it.

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

On your young breast, let me roll my head,
All ringing still from your last kisses;
Let it be soothed there from the good storm,
And that I sleep a little, whilst you rest.

10. Gabriel Fauré
Dans la forêt de septembre, Op. 85, No. 1 (1902) "In the Forest of September"
Catulle Mendès

Ramure aux rumeurs amollies,
Troncs sonores que l'âge creuse,
L'antique forêt douloureuse

Branches with soft rumblings,
Trunks sonorous that age hollows out,
The ancient, sad forest

S'accorde à nos mélancolies.

O sapins agriffés au gouffre,
Nids déserts aux branches brisées,
Halliers brûlés, fleurs sans rosées,
Vous savez bien comme l'on souffre!

Et lorsque l'homme, passant blême,
Pleure dans le bois solitaire,
Des plaintes d'ombre et de mystère
L'accueillent en pleurant de même.

Bonne forêt! promesse ouverte
De l'exil que la vie implore,
Je viens d'un pas alerte encore
De ta profondeur encor verte.

Mais d'un fin bouleau de la sente,
Une feuille, un peu rousse, frôle
Ma tête et tremble à mon épaule;
C'est que la forêt vieillissante,

Sachant l'hiver, où tout avorte,
Déjà proche en moi, comme en elle,
Me fait l'aumône fraternelle
De sa première feuille morte!

Agrees with our melancholy.

O pines, gripping to the abyss,
Nests deserted in broken branches,
Thickets burnt, flowers without dew,
You know very well how one suffers!

And when a man passing, all pale
Weeps in the woods alone,
The plaints of the shadows and mysteries
Greet him while weeping the same.

Good forest! open promise
Of the exile which life implores,
I come with a step still alert
Into your depths yet green.

But from a slender birch on the path,
A leaf, a little red, brushes
My head and trembles to my shoulder;
It is that the forest is aging,

Knowing the winter, when all is aborted,
Already approaches in me, as in her,
Offers to me the fraternal alms
Of her first dead leaf.

Gabriel Fauré
11. La Fleur qui va sur l'eau, Op. 85, No. 2 (1902) "The Flower that Floats on the Water"
Catulle Mendès

Sur la mer voilée
D'un brouillard amer
La Belle est allée,
La nuit, sur la mer!

On the sea veiled
In a bitter fog,
The Beauty has gone,
At night, upon the sea!

Elle avait aux lèvres
D'un air irrité,
La rose des fièvres,
La Rose Beauté!

D'un souffle farouche
L'ouragan hurleur
Lui baisa la bouche
Et lui prit la fleur!

Dans l'océan sombre,
Moins sombre déjà,
Où les trois mats s'ombrent,
La fleur surnagea.

L'eau s'en est jouée,
Dans ses noirs sillons;
C'est une bouée
Pour les papillons.

Et l'embrun, la Houle
Depuis cette nuit,
Les brisants où croule
Un sauvage bruit,

L'alcyon, la voile,
L'hirondelle autour,
Et l'ombre et l'étoile
Se meurent d'amour,

Et l'aurore éclose
Sur le gouffre clair
Pour la seul rose
De toute la mer!

She had in her lips,
With an irritated air
The rose of fevers,
The Rose of Beauty!

With a fierce breath
The hurricane howling
Kissed her mouth
And from her took the flower.

Upon the somber ocean,
Less somber already,
Where sunken lie three-masted ships,
The flower floated.

The water played with it
In its black furrows;
It is a buoy
For the butterflies.

And the spray, the surge
Since that night,
The breakers that crash with
A savage noise,

The halcyon, the sail,
The swallows circling,
And the shadow and the star
Themselves die of love.

And the dawn breaks
Upon the bright abyss
For the only rose
Of the entire sea.

Gabriel Fauré
12. *Lydia*, Op. 4, No. 2 (1870) "*Lydia*"
à Madame Marie Trelat
Leconte de Lisle

Lydia, sur tes roses joues
Et sur ton col frais et si blanc,
Roule étincelant
L'or fluide que tu dénoues.

Le jour qui luit est le meilleur;
Oublions l'éternelle tombe.
Laisse tes baisers, tes baisers de colombe
Chanter sur ta lèvre en fleur.

Un lys caché répand sans cesse
Une odeur divine en ton sein;
Les délices comme un essaim
Sortent de toi, jeune déesse.

Je t'aime et meurs, ô mes amours,
Mon âme en baisers m'est ravie!
O Lydia, rends-moi la vie,
Que je puisse mourir, mourir toujours!

Lydia, on your rosy cheeks
And on your neck fresh and so white,
Roll sparkling
The liquid gold which you loosen.

The day which shines is the best of all;
Let us forget the eternal grave.
Let your kisses, your kisses of a dove
Sing on your blossoming lips.

A hidden lily spreads unceasingly
A divine fragrance in your breast;
The delights like a swarm
Emanate from you, young goddess,

I love you and die, oh my love,
My soul within your kisses is robbed from me!
Oh Lydia, give me back life,
That I might be able to die, to die forever!

Henri Duparc
13. *L'Invitation au Voyage* (1870) "*The Invitation to Travel*"
à Madame Henri Duparc
Charles Baudelaire

Mon enfant, ma soeur,
Songe à la douceur
D'aller là-bas vivre ensemble,
Aimer à loisir,

My child, my sister,
Imagine the sweetness
To go down there, to live together,
To love at leisure,

Aimer et mourir
Au pays qui te ressemble!

Les soleils mouillés
De ces ciels brouillés
Pour mon esprit ont les charmes
Si mystérieux
De tes traîtres yeux,
Brillant à travers leurs larmes.

Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,
Luxe, calme et volupté.

Vois sur ces canaux
Dormir ces vaisseaux
Dont l'humeur est vagabonde;
C'est pour assouvir
Ton moindre désir
Qu'ils viennent du bout du monde.

Les soleils couchants
Revêtent les champs,
Les canaux, la ville entière,
D'hyacinthe et d'or;
Le monde s'endort
Dans une chaude lumière!

Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,
Luxe, calme et volupté!

To love and to die
In the country that resembles you!

The moist suns
Of these skies misty,
For my spirit have the charms,
So mysterious,
Of your treacherous eyes,
Sparkling while traversing their tears.

There, all is nothing but order and beauty,
Luxury, calm and sensual pleasure!

See on these canals
The sleeping boats
Whose temperament is to roam;
It is to satisfy
Your smallest desire
That they come from the ends of the world

The setting suns
Clothe the fields,
The canals, the entire town,
With hyacinth and gold;
The world falls asleep
In a warm light!

There all is nothing but order and beauty,
Luxury, calm and sensual pleasure!

Henri Duparc
14. Chanson triste (1868) "Sad Song"
à Monsieur Léon MacSwiney
Jean Lahor

Dans ton coeur dort un clair de lune,
Un doux clair de lune d'été.
Et pour fuir la vie importune
Je me noierai dans ta clarté.

J'oublierai les douleurs passées,
Mon amour, quand tu berceras
Mon triste coeur et mes pensées
Dans le calme aimant de tes bras!

Tu prendras ma tête malade
Oh! quelquefois sur tes genoux.
Et lui diras une ballade
Qui semblera parler de nous,

Et dans tes yeux pleins de tristesses,
Dans tes yeux alors je boirai
Tant de baisers et de tendresses
Que, peut-être, je guérirai.

In your heart sleeps moonlight,
A soft light of a summer moon.
And to flee this troubled life
I shall drown myself in your light.

I will forget the sorrows past,
My love, when you will cradle
My sad heart and my thoughts
In the loving calm of your arms!

You will take my aching head
Oh! sometimes upon your knees,
And to me will recite a ballad
That will seem to speak of us,

And in your eyes filled with sadness,
In your eyes then I shall drink
So many kisses and such tenderness
That, perhaps, I shall recover.

Henri Duparc
15. Le Manoir de Rosamonde (1879) "Rosamond's Manor"
à Monsieur Robert de Bonnières
Robert de Bonnières

De sa dent soudaine et vorace,
Comme un chien l'amour m'a mordu ...
En suivant mon sang répandu,
Va, tu pourras suivre ma trace ...

With its teeth sudden and voracious,
Like a dog love has bitten me.
By following my blood that was spilled,
Go, you will be able to follow my trail.

Prends un cheval de bonne race,
Pars, et suis mon chemin ardu,
Fondrière ou sentier perdu,
Si la course ne te harasse!

En passant par où j'ai passé,
Tu verras que seul et blessé
J'ai parcouru ce triste monde.
Et qu'ainsi je m'en fus mourir
Bien loin, bien loin, sans découvrir
Le bleu manoir de Rosamonde.

Take a horse of good breed,
Depart, and follow my arduous path,
Pitfalls where trails are lost
If the journey will not exhaust you!

While passing where I have already passed,
You will see that alone and wounded
I have traveled over this sorrowful world.
And thus I brought about my own death
So far, far away, without ever discovering
The blue manor of Rosamund.

Henri Duparc
16. Lamento (1883) "Lament"
à Monsieur Gabriel Fauré
Théophile Gautier

Connaissez-vous la blanche tombe
Où flotte avec un son plaintif
L'ombre d'un if ?
Sur l'if une pâle colombe,
Triste et seule au soleil couchant,
Chante son chant.

On dirait que l'âme éveillée
Pleure sous terre à l'unisson
De la chanson,
Et du malheur d'être oubliée
Se plaint dans un roucoulement,
Bien doucement.

Ah! jamais plus près de la tombe
Je n'irai, quand descend le soir
Au manteau noir,

Do you know of the white tomb
Where floats with a plaintive sound
The shadow of a yew-tree?
On the yew-tree a pale dove,
Sad and alone in the setting sun,
Sings its song.

One would say that the soul awakened
Weeps under the earth in unison
With the song,
And from the pain of having been forgotten
Moans, in a cooing,
So very softly.

Oh! nevermore near the tomb
Shall I ever go when the evening descends
With its mantle of darkness,

Écouter la pâle colombe
Chanter, sur la branche de l'if
Son chant plaintif.

To hear the pale dove
To sing, on the branch of the yew tree
His plaintive song.

Henri Duparc
17. Testament (1883) "Testament"
à Madame Henri de Lassus
pour Armand Silvestre

Pour que le vent te les apporte
Sur l'aile noire d'un remord,
J'écrirai sur la feuille morte
Les tortures de mon coeur mort!

So that the wind carries them to you
On wings blackened with remorse,
I will write on a dead leaf
The torments of my dead heart!

Toute ma sève s'est tarie
Aux clairs midis de ta beauté,
Et, comme à la feuille flétrie
Rien de vivant ne m'est resté,

All of my strength has been sapped
In the bright midday of your beauty.
And, as with the leaf withered
Nothing living remains in me;

Tes yeux m'ont brûlé jusqu'à l'âme,
Comme des soleils sans merci!
Feuille que le gouffre réclame,
L'autan va m'emporter aussi ...

Your eyes have burned me unto my soul,
Like suns without mercy!
A leaf which the whirlwind reclaims,
Will as much as sweep me away also ...

Mais avant, pour qu'il te les porte
Sur l'aile noire d'un remord,
J'écrirai sur la feuille morte
Les tortures de mon coeur mort!

But before then, so that it carries them to you
On wings blackened with remorse,
I will write on the dead leaf,
The tortures of my dead heart.

Henri Duparc
18. Soupir (1869) "Sigh"
à ma mère
Sully Prudhomme

Ne jamais la voir ni l'entendre,
Ne jamais tout haut la nommer,
Mais, fidèle, toujours l'attendre,
Toujours l'aimer!

Ouvrir les bras, et, las d'attendre,
Sur le néant les refermer!
Mais encor, toujours les lui tendre
Toujours l'aimer.

Ah! ne pouvoir que les lui tendre
Et dans les pleurs se consumer,
Mais ces pleurs toujours les répandre,
Toujours l'aimer ...

Ne jamais la voir ni l'entendre
Ne jamais tout haut la nommer,
Mais d'un amour toujours plus tendre
Toujours l'aimer. Toujours!

Never again to see nor to hear her,
Never again loudly to call her name,
But, faithfully, always to wait for her,
Always to love her!

To open one's arms out, and, tired of waiting,
Upon the void to close them again!
But still, always to hold them out to her,
Always to love her.

Ah! – nothing is left but to hold them out to her
And in these tears to be consumed,
But these tears always to shed them,
Always to love her ...

Never to see nor to hear her,
Never loudly to call her name
But with a love, always more tender
Always to love her. Always!

Henri Duparc
19. Phidylé (1882) "Phidyle"
à Ernest Chausson
Leconte de Lisle

L'herbe est molle au sommeil
Sous les frais peupliers,
Aux pentes des sources moussues,

The grass is soft for sleeping
Under the cool poplar trees
By the slope of the mossy springs,

Qui dans les prés en fleur
Germant par mille issues,
Se perdent sous les noirs halliers.

Repose, ô Phidylé!

Midi sur les feuillages
Rayonne et t'invite au sommeil!
Par le trèfle et le thym,
Seules, en plein soleil,
Changent les abeilles volages;

Un chaud parfum circule
Au détour des sentiers,
La rouge fleur des blés s'incline,
Et les oiseaux, rasant de l'aile la colline,
Cherchent l'ombre des églantiers.

Repose, ô Phidylé!

Mais, quand l'Astre,
Incliné sur sa courbe éclatante,
Verra ses ardeurs s'apaiser.
Que ton plus beau sourire
Et ton meilleur baiser
Me récompensent de l'attente!

Which in the meadows of flowers
Germinating by the thousands,
Lose themselves under the dark thickets.

Rest, oh Phidylé!

Noonday on the leaves
Radiates and invites you to slumber!
By the clover and the thyme,
Alone, in full sunshine,
Sing the inconstant bees;

A hot perfume circulates
At the turn of the paths,
The red poppy is drooping,
And the birds, grazing the hill with their wings,
Search for the shade of wild rosebushes.

Rest, oh Phidylé!

But, when the great Star,
Inclined on its brilliant curve,
Will see its heat soothed,
Let your most beautiful smile
And your fullest kiss
Reward me for waiting.

Henri Duparc
20. Extase (1874) "Ecstasy"
à Monsieur Camille Benoit
Jean Lahor

Sur un lys pâle mon coeur dort
D'un sommeil doux comme la mort ...
Mort exquisite, mort parfumée

One a pale lily my heart sleeps
In a slumber sweet like death ...
Death exquisite, death perfumed

Du souffle de la bien-aimée ...
Sur ton sein pâle mon coeur dort
D'un sommeil doux comme la mort ...

By the breath of my beloved ...
On your pale breast my heart sleeps
In a slumber sweet like death ...

Henri Duparc
21. La Vague et la Cloche (1871) "The Wave and the Bell"
à Monsieur Vincent d'Indy
François Coppée

Une fois, terrassé par un puissant breuvage,
J'ai rêvé que parmi les vagues et le bruit
De la mer je voguais sans fanal dans la nuit,
Morne rameur, n'ayant plus l'espoir du rivage ...

Once, laid low by a powerful potion,
I dreamed that among the waves and the noise
Of the sea, I was rowing without a lantern in the night,
A dismal rower, having no longer hope of reaching the
shore...

L'Océan me crachait ses baves sur le front,
Et le vent me glaçait d'horreur jusqu'aux entrailles,
Les vagues s'écroulaient ainsi que des murailles
Avec ce rythme lent qu'un silence interromp ...

The ocean spat its foam at me on my forehead
And the wind froze me with horror to my entrails,
The waves tumbled themselves down like walls
With a rhythm slow, which a silence interrupted...

Puis, tout changea, la mer et sa noire mêlée
sombrière
Sous mes pieds s'effondra le plancher de la barque ...
Et j'étais seul dans un vieux clocher,
Chevauchant avec rage une cloche ébranlée.

Then, everything changed, the sea and its black mix
sank
Under my feet collapsed the floor of the boat...
And I was alone in an old church steeple,
Riding with rage on a bell swinging.

J'étreignais la criarde opiniâtement,
Convulsif et fermant dans l'effort mes paupières,
Le grondement faisait trembler les vieilles pierres,
Tant j'activais sans fin le lourd balancement.

I clasped the clanging one stubbornly,
Convulsively and closing my eyelids in the effort.
The roaring made the old stones tremble
While I quickened without ceasing the heavy swinging.

Pourquoi n'as-tu pas dit, ô rêve, où Dieu nous mène?
Pourquoi n'as-tu pas dit s'ils ne finiraient pas
L'inutile travail et l'éternel fracas
Dont est faite la vie, hélas, la vie humaine!

Why did you not tell, oh dream, where God leads us?
Why did you not say if this will never end,
The useless toil and the eternal roaring
Which make up this life, alas, the human life!

American Bass-Baritone **David Ripley** is heard widely in oratorio, recital, chamber opera, early and contemporary programs and cabaret as well. Performance highlights include concerts in Paris, Brussels, Moscow and St. Petersburg with Boston Musical Theatre, national tours of *The Christmas Story* with the Waverly Consort, Schubert's *Die Winterreise* and *Die Schöne Müllerin* cycle for universities and Bach's St. Matthew Passion with the New England Bach Festival at the New York Metropolitan Museum. Mr. Ripley was featured in Peter Childs' one act opera *Embers*, based on the play by Samuel Beckett. Richard Dyer, of the Boston Globe wrote: "Baritone David Ripley...gave an impressive demonstration of vocal skill, musicianship, stamina, memory and imagination." The work was recorded in Boston in November of 2002. Mr. Ripley's recording of *Ich habe Genug* with the Aston Magna Festival players, for Centaur Records was recently released. *All That Jazz*, live from Rachmaninoff Hall, Moscow, and *We'll Meet Again* are available through Boston Musical Theater. His first solo CD entitled *A New Season* with pianist Arlene Kies, features the works of Ives, Fauré, Schubert and Brahms and has received critical praise.

Mr. Ripley is an honors graduate of Harvard College and the New England Conservatory of Music, and spent two summers at Tanglewood. Along with his



performance career, he is currently Associate Professor of Music at the University of New Hampshire, Durham, where he teaches voice and directs the opera program.

Pianist **Arlene Kies** performs widely as recitalist, concerto soloist and as chamber pianist. She has recently performed the complete *Goyescas* of Enrique Granados as part of a tour of Tuscany, and her recent performance of the Ravel G Major Concerto with the Granite State Symphony was described by critics as "spectacular". Highlights of the upcoming season include performances of Mozart's C Minor Concerto (with the New Hampshire Philharmonic), Bartok's Sonata for two Pianos and Percussion (with pianist Christopher Kies), and Faure's C Minor Piano Quartet (with members of the dePasquale Quartet).

Arlene Kies received her BM and MM degrees in piano performance with honors from the New England Conservatory of Music, where she studied with Theodore Lettvin. She has been the recipient of a Fulbright Fellowship to Vienna, and is currently on the piano faculty of the University of New Hampshire.



This recording is dedicated to the memory of my late father, cellist Robert Ripley. He served for nine years under George Szell in the Cleveland Orchestra, with Glenn Miller's Air Force Band, 'Wings with Strings' while stationed in Paris, and then forty years as an important member of the Boston Symphony from 1955-1995. He died on May 13th, 2005 during the production of this recording. I have had several wonderful teachers in my life. Certainly the treasured and beautiful sound of my father's cello in the house during my youth was among the most important.

David Ripley

Ne Point Passer

Méodies of Gabriel Fauré and Henri Duparc

David Ripley, bass-baritone

Arlene Kies, piano



CRC 2795

DDD

Gabriel Fauré

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"Dream of Love"
à Madame C. de Gomicourt (Victor Hugo)
- 2 Au bord de l'eau, Op. 8, No. 1 (1875)
"On the River Bank"
à Madame Claudie Chamerot
(Sully Prudhomme)
- 3 Nell, Op. 18, No. 1 (1987) "Nell"
Leconte de Lisle
(à madame Camille Saint-Saëns)
- 4 Mai, Op. 1, No. 2 (1962) "May"
à Madame Henri Garnier (Victor Hugo)
- 5 Automne, Op. 18, No. 3 (1878) "Autumn"
à Mademoiselle Alice Boissonnet
(Armand Silvestre)
- 6 Les Berceaux, Op. 23, No. 1 (1879)
"The Cradles" à Mademoiselle Alice Boissonnet
(Sully Prudhomme)
- 7 Mandoline, Op. 58, Cinq mélodies
"De Venise," No. 1 (1891) "Mandolin"
à Madame la Princesse de Polignac
(Paul Verlaine)
- 8 En Sourdeine, Op. 58, Cinq mélodies
"De Venise," No. 2 (1891) "Muted" à Madame
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- 9 Green, Op. 58, Cinq mélodies "De Venise,"
No. 3, (1891) "Green" (Paul Verlaine)
- 10 Dans la forêt de septembre,
Op. 85, No. 1 (1902)

- 3:00 11 La Fleur qui va sur l'eau,
Op. 85, No. 2 (1902) "The Flower that Floats
on the Water" (Catulle Mendès)
- 2:27 12 Lydia, Op. 4, No. 2 (date ?) "Lydia"
à Madame Marie Trelet (Leconte de Lisle)

Henri Duparc

- 2:13 13 L'Invitation au Voyage (1870)
"The Invitation to Travel" à Madame Henri Duparc
(Charles Baudelaire)
- 2:19 14 Chanson triste (1868) "Sad Song"
à Monsieur Léon MacSwiney (Jean Lahor)
- 2:37 15 Le Manoir de Rosamonde (1879)
"Rosamond's Manor" à Monsieur Robert de Bonnières
(Robert de Bonnières)
- 3:04 16 Lamento (1883) "Lament"
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- 1:53 17 Testament (1883) "Testament"
à Madame Henri de Lassus (pour Armand Silvestre)
- 3:51 18 Soupir (1869) "Sigh"
à ma mère (Sully Prudhomme)
- 5:59 19 Phidylé (1882) "Phidyle"
à Ernest Chausson (Leconte de Lisle)
- 3:54 20 Extase (1874) "Ecstasy"
à Monsieur Camille Benoit (Jean Lahor)
- 5:26 21 La Vague et la Cloche (1871)
"The Wave and the Bell" à Monsieur Vincent d'Indy
(François Coppée)

Total Duration: 69:16

Recorded July 21-23, 2001 at Johnson Theater, University of New Hampshire, Durham. Produced by David Ripley.
Engineered by William Stanley. Cover: Lithograph of Notre Dame.

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