

signum
CLASSICS

THE COMPLETE SONGS OF
DUPARC

Sarah Connolly · Huw Montague Rendall

Nicky Spence · William Thomas

Malcolm Martineau

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Sarah Connolly (SC)

Huw Montague Rendall (HWR)

Nicky Spence (NS)


William Thomas (WT)

Malcolm Martineau *piano*

Henri Duparc was born on 21 January 1848 in Paris to a wealthy family of the lower nobility. His father was an engineer and, at the age of 40, had already been made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour for his services to the state, which included a term as Inspector General of Roads and Bridges. The full family name was Fouques Duparc and the name Fouques can be traced back to the 11th century, when a family member came over to England with William the Conqueror. More recently, in 1767, a François Fouques Duparc entered the royal court at Versailles.

By the time of Henri's birth, the family had been settled in Paris for five or six generations. His mother Amélie, though described on his birth certificate as 'sans profession', wrote a number of books of religious instruction and was a frequent visitor to prisons where she taught the catechism to the inmates. Henri studied under the Jesuits at the Collège de Vaugirard, and here he had the good fortune to find César Franck as his piano teacher. But already there were signs of the nervous disorder that was later to strike in a more acute form: he suffered serious headaches and went through a period of sleepwalking. He also needed a lot of sleep, so that he can't have been helped by the Jesuits starting the day at 5am.

To Franck he owed his earliest musical experiences through the music of Bach, Gluck, Beethoven, Schubert and Schumann, but for the moment he did not study composition with his teacher. But in 1864 he began a little set of *Six rêveries*, which suggest also a knowledge of Mendelssohn's *Songs without words*. Three years later, on leaving the Collège, he started to study law, but at the same time began composition lessons with Franck. His parents were not opposed to his becoming a composer, but stipulated 'that he should not write music like just anybody'. Franck, for his part, was always insisting to his pupils that they must 'write little but make it extremely good'. This weight of expectation, together with the need to uphold the family name and the lessons of work and duty learnt from the Jesuits, was undoubtedly a great deal to carry for a young man.



The first of the 16 solo songs that survive, *Chanson triste*, dates from 1868 or 1869. Then the latter year saw a flood of composition, such as he would never achieve again, comprising *Soupir*, *Romance de Mignon*, *Sérénade*, *Le galop* and possibly also *Au pays où se fait la guerre*. The first four of these, with *Chanson triste*, were published that year as his *Cinq mélodies* Op.2. If the spirit of Gounod lives on in these, nonetheless there are early indications of Duparc's individuality. In *Chanson triste*, he seems deliberately to accent unimportant words ('dans', 'un', 'et') in a way that Gounod would never do, nor Debussy for that matter. He also, in the opening four-bar phrase, does his best to undermine any feeling of regularity in the vocal line. *Soupir* already shows the influence of Franckian harmony, highly suitable to a song of lost love that Duparc related to his unduly protracted wooing of his future wife. In *Romance de Mignon*, he combines such harmony with the traditional lyricism of mid-19th-century French opera – Thomas's opera *Mignon* may have been a starting point. *Sérénade* too follows a traditional path for such titles, with a few Fauréan modal inflections, but in *Le galop* Duparc for the first time gets away from the theme of love in a clear imitation of *The Erl-King*, though happily the piano writing is more grateful than Schubert's. Of these five songs, Duparc retained only *Chanson triste* and *Soupir*, both considerably revised, for his 'definitive' edition of 1911.

The years 1869 and 1870 were crucial for his musical development, not only because of Franck's lessons, but also through Duparc's visits to Munich to hear *Tristan*, *Das Rheingold* and *Die Walküre*, the last of which he was taken to see by Saint-Saëns. *Au pays*, arguably the first of the great Duparc songs, has an undeniably Wagnerian sweep, with larger intervals in the melodic line than those favoured by Gounod or Fauré, and was taken from an unfinished opera *Roussalka*. The invasion of France by Prussia in the autumn of 1870 brought Duparc and his rifle to the defence of Paris and his next three songs were written while he was doing his patriotic duty. In *L'invitation au voyage*, one of the earliest Baudelaire

settings by anyone, the piano continues to develop its own identity on the lines of the Wagnerian orchestra, here prolonging the ecstasy of the vocal line in a magical, magisterial coda. In the first edition of 1894, Duparc dedicated this passionate song to his wife, whom he had finally married in November 1871.

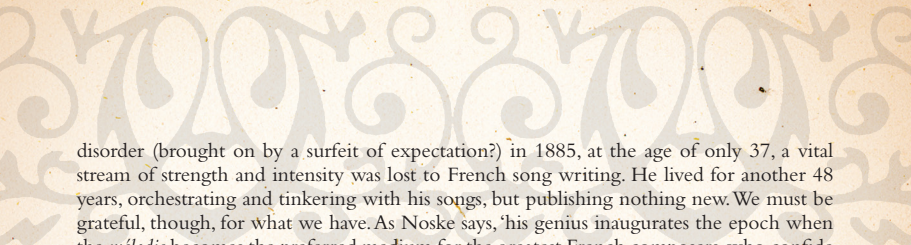
La vague et la cloche and *La fuite* probably date from the end of January 1871. The first of these is the only song Duparc wrote originally with orchestral accompaniment. He asked Vincent d'Indy to provide a piano reduction, but the result is very hard to play and Duparc made his own very shortly afterwards, which is the one currently in print. (It is worth saying that, while he was by his own admission no keyboard virtuoso, his piano parts are decidedly grateful. For years, pianists accompanying mezzo-sopranos in a low A minor version of *L'invitation* had to struggle with awkward chords and figurations, foisted on them by Duparc's publisher who thought that the five flats of his original B flat minor might intimidate young lady pianists, whereas in that key the difficulties in fact pretty much disappear.)

After the Franco-Prussian War and the Commune, Duparc followed the tenets of the newly-formed Société Nationale de Musique and briefly turned his attention to orchestral music, of which the symphonic poems *Lénore* and *Aux étoiles* survive. Then in 1874 he returned to song writing with *Élégie*, a setting of a translation by his wife of Thomas Moore's 'Elegy on the death of Robert Emmet', which must rank among the most heart-rending laments ever written. Two songs written around the end of the decade, *Extase* and *Le manoir de Rosemonde*, demonstrate two complementary facets of Duparc's art. The first embraces a single ecstatic mood in deliberate imitation of *Tristan*, Duparc being annoyed by the way critics were unthinkingly using 'Wagnerism' as a standard form of abuse; the second is a commentary on unrequited love that combines a powerful narrative flow with bitter individual harmonies.

Finally, between 1880 and 1884, Duparc wrote what might be called his 'four last songs'. Of *Sérénade florentine*, the shortest of all his songs, he wrote that he was fond of it 'because it gets away from the sad or violent atmosphere of the others'. It cannot be said that *Phidylé* is either of these things, returning as it does to the dreamlike atmosphere of *Invitation au voyage*. It has been suggested that *Phidylé* was composed in imitation of Fauré's *Lydia* – but if so, as Fritz Noske says, 'it constitutes an obvious proof of the two masters' spiritual diversity', Duparc's song being 'characterised by a veiled tenderness, even a melancholy, that strongly contrasts with the simple clarity of the earlier work'. An attested link between the two composers is found in Duparc's dedication of the autograph of the powerfully tragic *Lamento* 'à mon maître et ami G. Fauré', where Fauré has written over 'maître' the word 'élève'. Nowhere in Duparc's oeuvre is so much feeling invested in so few chords.

Testament also shows how Duparc can make much of a little, the music being dominated by the three falling notes of the opening. In this song the piano reaches its apogee, being at least an equal partner with the voice, and concluding with a coda that brings no consolation. With his second Baudelaire setting, *La vie antérieure*, Duparc again proves himself worthy of one of the 19th century's greatest poets. From the hieratic solemnity of the opening, through the roaring of the waves, to the blinding vision of 'C'est là que j'ai vécu' (it is there that I have lived) and on to the astonishing harmonies of the two last pages, it is quite simply an unparalleled masterpiece, and certainly not a song that could have been composed by 'just anybody'.

Reynaldo Hahn complained of Duparc's word setting; Ravel thought his songs were 'imperfect...but works of genius'; Debussy, under the name of M. Croche, disagreed, explaining that he couldn't say anything about them 'because they're perfect'. History has dismissed Hahn's reservations. When Duparc stopped writing due to some nervous



disorder (brought on by a surfeit of expectation?) in 1885, at the age of only 37, a vital stream of strength and intensity was lost to French song writing. He lived for another 48 years, orchestrating and tinkering with his songs, but publishing nothing new. We must be grateful, though, for what we have. As Noske says, 'his genius inaugurates the epoch when the *mélodie* becomes the preferred medium for the greatest French composers, who confide to it their most intimate and most profound inspirations.'

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1 Chanson triste

Jean Lahor (1840-1909)

Dans ton cœur 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 cœur 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.

Song of sadness

Moonlight slumbers in your heart,
A gentle summer moonlight,
And to escape the cares of life
I shall drown myself in your light.

I shall forget past sorrows,
My sweet, when you cradle
My sad heart and my thoughts
In the calm and loving allure of your arms.

You will rest my poor head,
Ah! sometimes on your lap,
And recite to it a ballad
That will seem to speak of us;

And from your eyes full of sorrow,
From your eyes I shall then drink
So many kisses and so much love
That perhaps I shall be healed.

2 **Soupir**

Sully Prudhomme (1839-1907)

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.

Sigh

Never to see or hear her,
Never to utter her name aloud,
But faithful, always to wait for her,
Always to love her.

To open my arms and, weary of waiting,
To close them again on a void,
Yet always to hold them out again,
Always to love her.

Ah, able only to hold them out
And to waste away in tears,
Yet always to shed those tears,
Always to love her.

Never to see or hear her,
Never to utter her name aloud,
But with a love always more tender,
Always to love her.

3 Romance de Mignon

*Henri Duparc & Victor Wilder (1835-1892),
after Goethe (1749-1832)*

Le connais-tu, ce radieux pays
Où brille dans les branches d'or des fruits?
Un doux zéphir embaume l'air
Et le laurier s'unit au myrte vert.

Le connais-tu, le connais-tu? Là-bas,
Mon bien-aimé, courons, porter nos pas ...

Le connais-tu, ce merveilleux séjour
Où tout me parle encor de notre amour?
Où chaque objet me dit avec douleur:
Qui t'a ravi ta joie et ton bonheur:

Le connais-tu, le connais-tu? Là-bas,
Mon bien-aimé, courons porter nos pas ...

Mignon's romance

Do you know it, that radiant land,
Where fruit gleams among golden branches
A gentle breeze scents the air,
Laurel and green myrtle intertwine.

Do you know it? Do you know it? There,
My beloved, let us make our way ...

Do you know it, that wondrous abode,
Where everything still speaks of our love,
And every object asks me with sorrow:
Who has stolen your delight and joy?

Do you know it? Do you know it? There,
My beloved, let us make our way ...

4 Sérénade

Gabriel Marc, (1840-1901)

Si j'étais, ô mon amoureuse,
La brise au souffle parfumé,
Pour frôler ta bouche riieuse,
Je viendrais craintif et charmé.

Si j'étais l'abeille qui vole,
Ou le papillon séducteur,
Tu ne me verrais pas, frivole,
Te quitter pour une autre fleur.

Si j'étais la rose charmante
Que ta main place sur ton cœur,
Si près de toi toute tremblante
Je me fanerais de bonheur.

Mais en vain je cherche à te plaire,
J'ai beau gémir et soupirer.
Je suis homme, et que puis-je faire? —
T'aimer . . . Te le dire . . . Et pleurer!

Serenade

If, my beloved, I were
The scented breeze,
I would come, timid and rapt,
To brush your laughing lips.

If I were a bee in flight,
Or a beguiling butterfly,
You would not see me skittishly
Leave you for another flower.

If I were the charming rose
Your hand placed on your heart,
I would, quivering so close to you,
Wither with happiness.

But I seek in vain to please you,
In vain I moan and sigh.
I am a man, and what can I do?
Love you . . . Confess my love . . . And weep!

5 Le galop

Sully Prudhomme

Agite, bon cheval, ta crinière fuyante;
Que l'air autour de nous se remplisse de voix!
Que j'entende craquer sous ta corne bruyante
Le gravier des ruisseaux et les débris des bois!

Aux vapeurs de tes flancs mêle ta chaude haleine,
Aux éclairs de tes pieds ton écume et ton sang!
Cours, comme on voit un aigle en effleurant la plaine
Fouetter l'herbe d'un vol sonore et frémissant!

'Allons, les jeunes gens, à la nage, à la nage! à la nage!'
Crie à ses cavaliers le vieux chef de tribu;
Et les fils du désert respirent le pillage,
Et les chevaux sont fous du grand air qu'ils ont bu!

Nage ainsi dans l'espace, ô mon cheval rapide,
Abreuve-moi d'air pur, baigne-moi dans le vent,
L'étrier bat ton ventre et j'ai lâché la bride,
Mon corps te touche à peine, il vole en te suivant.

Brise tout, le buisson, la barrière ou la branche;
Torrents, fossés, talus, franchis tout d'un seul bond;
Cours, je rêve, et sur toi, les yeux clos, je me penche ...
Emporte, emporte-moi dans l'inconnu profond!

The gallop

Flourish, good horse, your flying mane,
That the air about us be filled with voices!
That beneath your clattering hooves I hear
The gravel of streams and the woods' broken boughs!

Mingle your hot breath with the steam of your flanks,
Your foam and your blood with the sparks from your
hooves!
Run, like an eagle we see skimming the plain,
Lashing the grass with its quivering loud wings!

'Come, young men, swim your horses across!'
Cries the old tribal chief to his horsemen;
And the sons of the desert are eager for plunder,
And the horses are crazed with the air they have drunk!

Swim thus in space, o my swift mount,
Quench my thirst with pure air, bathe me in wind;
The stirrup strikes your belly, I've slackened the rein,
My body scarcely touches you, it flies in your wake.

Break down everything, bush, gate or branch;
Cross torrent, ditch, embankment with a single bound;
Race on, I dream, bending over you with closed eyes ...
Transport me, transport me to the deep unknown!

6 Au pays où se fait la guerre

Théophile Gautier (1811-1872)

Au pays où se fait la guerre
Mon bel ami s'en est allé;
Il semble à mon cœur désolé
Qu'il ne reste que moi sur terre!
En partant, au baiser d'adieu,
Il m'a pris mon âme à ma bouche.
Qui le tient si longtemps, mon Dieu!
Voilà le soleil qui se couche,
Et moi, toute seule en ma tour,
J'attends encore son retour.

Les pigeons, sur le toit roucoulent,
Roucoule amoureusement
Avec un son triste et charmant;
Les eaux sous les grands saulés coulent.
Je me sens tout près de pleurer;
Mon cœur comme un lis plein s'épanche,
Et je n'ose plus espérer.
Voici briller la lune blanche,
Et moi, toute seule en ma tour,
J'attends encore son retour.

Quelqu'un monte à grands pas la rampe:
Serait-ce lui, mon doux amant?
Ce n'est pas lui, mais seulement
Mon petit page avec ma lampe.
Vents du soir, volez, dites-lui
Qu'il est ma pensée et mon rêve,
Toute ma joie et mon ennui.
Voici que l'aurore se lève,
Et moi, toute seule en ma tour,
J'attends encore son retour.

To the land where there is war

To the land where there is war
My handsome lover has gone,
It seems to my desolate heart
That I alone am left on earth!
When we parted with a farewell kiss,
He took my soul from my lips.
Who detains him so long, my God?
See, the sun is setting,
And I, all alone in my tower,
Still await his return.

The pigeons on the roof are cooing,
Cooing lovingly
With a sad, enchanting sound;
Waters flow beneath tall willows.
I am near to weeping;
My heart overflows like a full-blown lily
And I dare no longer hope.
See, the white moon is shining,
And I, all alone in my tower,
Still await his return.

Someone is bounding up the stairs:
Could it be he, my sweet lover?
It is not he, but only
My little page with my lamp.
Take wing, evening breezes, and tell him
That he is my thought and my dream,
And all my joy and my sorrow.
See, the dawn is breaking,
And I, all alone in my tower,
Still await his return.

7 L'invitation au voyage

Charles Baudelaire (1821-1867)

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

Invitation to journey

My child, my sister,
Think how sweet
To journey there and live together!
To love as we please,
To love and die
In the land that is like you!
The watery suns
Of those hazy skies
Hold for my spirit
The same mysterious charms
As your treacherous eyes
Shining through their tears.

There - nothing but order and beauty dwell,
Abundance, calm and sensuous delight.

See on those canals
Those vessels sleeping,
Vessels with a restless soul;
To satisfy
Your slightest desire
They come from the ends of the earth.
The setting suns
Clothe the fields,
Canals and all the town
With hyacinth and gold;
The world falls asleep
In a warm light.

There - nothing but order and beauty dwell,
Abundance, calm and sensuous delight.

8 La vague et la cloche

François Coppée (1842-1908)

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 . . .

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

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

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.

Pourquoi n'as-tu pas dit, o 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!

The wave and the bell

Once, laid low by a potent draught,
I dreamed that amid waves and the roar
Of the sea I drifted without beacon at night,
A bleak oarsman, with no hope of reaching land . . .

The ocean spat its foam on my brow,
And the wind froze me through with horror.
The waves crashed down like walls about me,
With that slow rhythm a silence severs . . .

Then everything changed...The sea and its black tumult
Subsided . . . Beneath my feet the floor of the boat
Gave way . . . And I was alone in an old bell-tower,
Furiously riding a swaying bell.

I doggedly clasped the clamorous thing,
Convulsed, and closing my eyes with the effort.
The booming made the old stones tremble,
So much did I quicken the heavy swing.

Why did you not say, o dream, where God leads us?
Why did you not say if they will ever end,
The fruitless toil and the endless strife
Of which human life, alas, is made?

9 Extase

Jean Lahor

Sur un lys pâle mon coeur dort
D'un sommeil doux comme la mort:
Mort exquise, mort parfumée
Du souffle de la bien-aimée:
Sur ton sein pâle mon coeur dort . . .

10 Élégie

Thomas Moore (1779-1852), trs. Mme Duparc

Oh! ne murmurez pas son nom! qu'il dorme dans l'ombre
où froide et sans honneur repose sa dépouille.
Muettes, tristes, glacées, tombent nos larmes,
comme la rosée de la nuit, qui sur sa tête humecte le gazon;
mais la rosée de la nuit, bien qu'elle pleure en silence,
fera briller la verdure sur sa couche;
et nos larmes, en secret répandues,
conserveront sa mémoire fraîche et verte dans nos cœurs.

Rapture

On a pale lily my heart is sleeping
A sleep as sweet as death:
Exquisite death, death perfumed
By the breath of the beloved:
On your pale breast my heart is sleeping . . .

Elegy

Oh! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade,
Where cold and unhonoured his relics are laid:
Silent, sad and frozen be the tears that we shed,
As the night-dew that moistens the grass o'er his head..
But the night-dew, though in silence it weeps,
Shall make the grass green on the grave where he sleeps;
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

11 **Le manoir de Rosemonde**

Robert de Boumères (1850-1905)

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.

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

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 Rosemonde.

12 **Sérénade florentine**

Jean Lahor

Étoile, dont la beauté luit
Comme un diamant dans la nuit,
Regarde vers ma bien-aimée,
Dont la paupière s'est fermée,
Et fais descendre sur ses yeux
La bénédiction des cieux.

Elle s'endort: par la fenêtre
En sa chambre heureuse pénètre;
Sur sa blancheur, comme un baiser,
Viens jusqu'à l'aube te poser,
Et que sa pensée alors rêve
D'un astre d'amour qui se lève.

The manor of Rosamonde

With sudden and voracious tooth,
Love like a dog has bitten me,
By following the blood I've shed –
Come, you'll be able to follow my trail.

Take a horse of fine breeding,
Set out and follow my arduous course
By quagmire or by hidden path,
If the chase does not weary you!

Passing by where I have passed,
You will see that, solitary and wounded,
I have traversed this sorry world,

And that thus I went off to die
Far, far away, without ever finding
The blue manoir of Rosamonde.

Florentine serenade

O star whose beauty shines
Like a diamond in the night,
Look down on my beloved
Whose eyelids now are closed,
And let the blessing of heaven
Descend upon her eyes.

She falls asleep: through the window
Enter her happy room;
Alight on her whiteness like a kiss
And linger there till dawn,
And let her thoughts then dream
Of a star of love ascending.

13 **Lamento**

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

Lament

Do you know the white tomb,
Where the shadow of a yew
Waves plaintively?
On that yew a pale dove,
Sad and solitary at sundown
Sings its song;

As if the awakened soul
Weeps beneath the sod, together
With the song,
And at the sorrow of being forgotten
Coos its complaint
Most tranquilly.

Ah! nevermore shall I approach that tomb,
When evening descends
In its sombre cloak,
To listen to the pale dove
From the top of the yew
Sing its plaintive song!

14 Phidylé

Charles-Marie-René Leconte de Lisle (1818-1894)

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

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!

Phidylé

The grass is soft for sleep beneath the cool poplars
On the banks of the mossy springs,
That flow in flowering meadows from a thousand sources,
And vanish beneath dark thickets.

Rest, O Phidylé! Noon on the leaves
Is gleaming, inviting you to sleep.
By the clover and thyme, alone, in the bright sunlight,
The fickle bees are humming.

A warm fragrance floats about the winding paths,
The red flowers of the cornfield droop,
And the birds, skimming the hillside with their wings,
Seek the shade of the eglantine.

But when the sun, low on its dazzling curve,
Sees its brilliance wane,
Let your loveliest smile and finest kiss
Reward me for my waiting.

15 Testament

Armand Silvestre (1837-1901)

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

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;

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 . . .

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 cœur mort!

Testament

That the wind might bear them to you
On the black wing of remorse,
I shall inscribe on the dead leaf
The torments of my dead heart!

All my strength has drained away
In the bright noon of your beauty,
And, like the withered leaf,
Nothing living is left for me.

Your eyes have scorched me to the soul
Like suns devoid of mercy!
The chasm will claim the leaf,
The South wind sweep me away . . .

But first, that it might bear them to you
On the black wing of remorse,
I shall inscribe on the dead leaf,
The torments of my dead heart!

16 La vie antérieure

Charles Baudelaire

J'ai longtemps habité sous de vastes portiques
Que les soleils marins teignaient de mille feux,
Et que leurs grands piliers, droits et majestueux,
Rendaient pareils, le soir, aux grottes basaltiques.

Les houles, en roulant les images des cieux,
Mêlaient d'une façon solennelle et mystique
Les tout-puissants accords de leur riche musique
Aux couleurs du couchant reflété par mes yeux.

C'est là que j'ai vécu dans les voluptés calmes,
Au milieu de l'azur, des vagues, des splendeurs
Et des esclaves nus, tout imprégnés d'odeurs,

Qui me rafraîchissaient le front avec des palmes,
Et dont l'unique soin était d'approfondir
Le secret douloureux qui me faisait languir.

A previous life

For long I lived beneath vast colonnades
Tinged with a thousand fires by ocean suns,
Whose giant pillars, straight and majestic,
Made them look, at evening, like basalt caves.

The sea-swells, mingling the mirrored skies,
Solemnly and mystically interwove
The mighty chords of their mellow music
With the colours of sunset reflected in my eyes.

It is there I lived in sensuous repose,
With blue sky about me and brightness and waves
And naked slaves all drenched in perfume

Who fanned my brow with fronds of palm,
And whose only care was to fathom
The secret grief which made me languish.

Translations by Richard Stokes

© from *A French Song Companion* (OUP, 2000)

SARAH CONNOLLY

Born in County Durham, Sarah Connolly studied piano and singing at the Royal College of Music, of which she is now a Fellow. She was made a DBE in the 2017 Birthday Honours, having previously been made a CBE in the 2010 New Year's Honours. In 2011 she was honoured by the Incorporated Society of Musicians' and presented with the Distinguished Musician Award. She is the recipient of the Royal Philharmonic Society's 2012 Singer Award.

Recent highlights in opera have included Fricka (Covent Garden, Teatro Réal & Bayreuther Festspiele) Brangäne *Tristan und Isolde* (Covent Garden, Festspielhaus Baden-Baden, Glyndebourne Festival & Gran Teatro del Liceu); Komponist *Ariadne auf Naxos* and Clairon *Capriccio* (Metropolitan Opera); the title role in *Giulio Cesare* and Gertrude in the world premiere of Brett Dean's *Hamlet* (Glyndebourne Festival).

She has appeared in recital in London, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Geneva, Madrid, Paris, Amsterdam, Rotterdam, San Francisco, Atlanta, Stuttgart; at the Incontri in Terra di Siena La Foce and the Schubertiada Vilabertran and at the Aldeburgh, Cheltenham, Edinburgh and Oxford Lieder Festivals. In the 2018/19 season she curated a Residency at Wigmore Hall. Her many concert engagements include appearances at the Lucerne, Salzburg, Tanglewood and Three Choirs Festivals and at the BBC Proms where, in 2009, she was a memorable guest soloist at The Last Night.

A prolific recording artist, her many discs include Purcell's *Dido and Aeneas* (OAE); *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* (L'Orchestre des Champs-Élysées/Herreweghe – winner of an Edison Award); Brangäne *Tristan und Isolde* (LPO/Jurowski); Elgar's *Sea Pictures* and *The Dream of Gerontius* (BBC Symphony Orchestra/Sir Andrew Davis – winner of a Gramophone Award); Britten's *Phaedra* (BBC Symphony Orchestra/Gardner) and Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, Mozart's *Mass in C Minor* and Haydn's *Scena di Berenice* (Gabrieli Consort/McCreesh). Her roles on DVD include *Giulio Cesare*, *Nerone*, *Clairon* and Purcell's *Dido*. Her recording of Handel arias with The Sixteen and Harry Christophers was described as 'the definition of captivating' and her three solo recital discs *The Exquisite Hour*, *Songs of Love and Loss* and *My true love hath my heart* have all won universal critical acclaim.



© Christopher Pledger

HUW MONTAGUE RENDALL

Baritone Huw Montague Rendall has distinguished himself as one of the most exciting singers of his generation. His recent debut as Pelléas and Melisande prompted *Le Figaro* to say: “We are blown away by the Pelléas of Huw Montague Rendall. Son of mezzo Diana Montague and tenor David Rendall, the English baritone has the physique, the voice and the French to be “the” Pelléas of his generation”. The British baritone has already appeared on some of the world’s most important stages, including the Salzburg Festival, Zurich Opera, Festival d’Aix-en-Provence, Komische Oper Berlin and Glyndebourne Festival. Still only in his twenties, his feature engagements include leading roles at Royal Opera House, Lyric Opera of Chicago, Opera National de Paris, Dutch National Opera, Gran Teatre del Liceu, Barcelona and Bayerische Staatsoper.

Montague Rendall continues his remarkable ascent during the 2021/22 with a series of anticipated projects: Papageno *Die Zauberflöte* for his company debuts with Royal Opera House, Covent Garden and Lyric Opera of Chicago; the title role in *Le lacrime di Eros*, a world premiere of a baroque pastiche imagined by conductor Raphaël Pichon and director Romeo Castellucci at the Dutch National Opera; as well as a return to Glyndebourne Festival.

On the concert platform he sang Brahms’ *Ein Deutsches Requiem* together with the Dutch National Opera at the Concertgebouw in Amsterdam; Ned Keene *Peter Grimes* at the Enescu Festival; a “Mozart Matinee” series with Raphaël Pichon at the Salzburg Festival; Richard Blackford’s *Pietà* at the Cadogan Hall with the Bournemouth Symphony Chorus & Orchestra; Mendelssohn’s *Die Erste Walpurgisnacht* with the Scottish Chamber Orchestra; Durufle’s *Requiem* with the RTE National Symphony Orchestra and many concerts in the UK ranging from solo song recitals to sacred works by Brahms, Handel, Stainer, Fauré, Finzi and Vaughan Williams. A dedicated recitalist his most recent appearances include a liederabend with Hélio Vida in Nancy and *Die Schöne Müllerin* with pianist Gary Matthewman for Lancaster Arts.



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NICKY SPENCE

Nicky Spence is one of Scotland's proudest sons and his unique skills as a singing actor and the rare honesty of his musicianship have earned him a place at the top of the classical music profession. Nicky won a record contract with Decca records while still studying at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama and then took a place as an inaugural Harewood Artist at the ENO. Since that time, he has gone on to sing operatic roles at London's Royal Opera, the Metropolitan Opera, Deutsche Staatsoper, Opera national de Paris, Madrid's Teatro Real, La Monnaie and the Glyndebourne Festival. In demand on the recital platform, Nicky sings regularly with the Myrthen ensemble and enjoys collaborations with leading artists such as Malcolm Martineau, Julius Drake, Roger Vignoles, Graham Johnson, Sholto Kynoch, Iain Burnside, Simon Lepper and Joseph Middleton which have seen him appear at leading recital and chamber music venues the world over. Nicky has recorded prolifically and won both the BBC Music Magazine Vocal Award and Gramophone's Solo Vocal Award for his recording of Janáček's *The Diary of One Who Disappeared* with Julius Drake. Other solo recordings include recital discs with Malcolm Martineau for Chandos and Resonus, and Strauss lieder with Roger Vignoles for Hyperion and his discography ranges from Handel and Mozart to Wagner, Brahms, Britten, Dove and Turnage.



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WILLIAM THOMAS

Bass William Thomas is a graduate of the Opera Course at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama and has been a Harewood Artist at English National Opera and a BBC New Generation Artist. He is the winner of a number of major prizes, including the Kathleen Ferrier Award and John Christie Award, and the Veronica Dunne International Singing Competition.

His opera engagements include appearances at the Vienna State Opera; Teatro alla Scala, Milan; Opéra national de Paris; the Glyndebourne Festival; Grange Festival; Garsington Opera; the Théâtre des Champs Elysées; the English National Opera and the Opéra de Rouen Normandie.

His recital appearances include London's Wigmore Hall with Graham Johnson and Joseph Middleton, the Oxford Lieder Festival with Eugene Asti and the Edinburgh Festival with Malcolm Martineau. On the concert platform he has sung Mozart's *Requiem* at the BBC Proms with the Britten Sinfonia/David Bates; Berlioz' *L'enfance du Christ* with the Tonhalle-Orchester Zürich/Sir John Eliot Gardiner; Bach's *Johannes-Passion* and Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis* with the Orchestre Révolutionnaire et Romantique/Sir John Eliot Gardiner; Janacek's *The Cunning Little Vixen* with the CBSO/Mirga Gražinytė-Tyla; Handel's *Messiah* with the Orchestra of the English National Opera/Laurence Cummings; Bartok's *Cantata Profana* with the London Symphony Orchestra/François-Xavier Roth and Beethoven's Symphony No. 9 with the Orchestre national de Lyon/Alan Gilbert.



MALCOLM MARTINEAU

Malcolm Martineau is a Scottish pianist. He read Music at St Catharine's College, Cambridge before studying with Geoffrey Parsons at the Royal College of Music.

Recognised at the highest international level as one of the UK's leading accompanists, he has performed worldwide alongside the world's greatest singers including John Mark Ainsley, Sir Thomas Allen, Lorna Anderson, Dame Janet Baker, Florian Boesch, Barbara Bonney, Dame Sarah Connolly, Sasha Cooke, Lucy Crowe, Mojca Erdmann, Christina Gansch, Elina Garanča, Angela Gheorghiu, Susan Graham, Thomas Hampson, Christiane Karg, Sir Simon Keenlyside, Angelika Kirchschrager, Magdalena Kožená, Dame Felicity Lott, Christopher Maltman, Karita Mattila, Catriona Morison, Dame Ann Murray, Paula Murrihy, Anna Netrebko, Thomas Oliemans, Anne Sofie von Otter, Miah Persson, Luca Pisaroni, Christoph Prégardien, Thomas Quasthoff, Joan Rodgers, Dorothea Röschmann, Kate Royal, Fatma Said, Michael Schade, Nicky Spence, Anne Schwanewilms, Frederica von Stade, Sylvia Schwartz, Sir Bryn Terfel, Sarah Walker and Sonya Yoncheva.

As a prolific recording artist, Martineau's discography of over 100 CDs includes the following Award-winning recordings: *The Vagabond* with Sir Bryn Terfel (Gramophone Award), *Songs of War* with Sir Simon Keenlyside (Grammy and Gramophone Awards), *Schumann and Mahler Lieder* with Florian Boesch (BBC Music Magazine Award), *Mahler Lieder* with Christiane Karg (Diapason d'or), *El Nour* with Fatma Said (Gramophone Award).

Recording labels include Berlin Classics, Champs Hill, Chandos, Decca, Deutsche Grammophon, EMI, Erato, Harmonia Mundi, Hyperion, Linn, Onyx, Signum, Sony Classics, Warner Classics and Wigmore Hall Live amongst others.

Malcolm is a Professor of piano accompaniment at the Royal Academy of Music and an Honorary Doctor and International Fellow of Accompaniment at the Royal Conservatoire of Scotland. He was Artistic Director of the 2011 Leeds Lieder Festival and he is the Artist Director of Oxenfoord International. His awards include the Walther Grüner International Lieder competition. He was made an OBE in the 2016 New Year's Honours for his services to music and young singers.



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Producer & Editor – Mark Brown
Recording Engineers – Andrew Mellor (3–4 April 2019),
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Design & Artwork – Darren Rumney

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|--|--------|--|---------|
| 1. Chanson triste (SC)..... | [3.18] | 10. Élégie (SC)..... | [2.58] |
| 2. Soupir (NS)..... | [3.16] | 11. Le manoir de Rosemonde (HMR)..... | [2.51] |
| 3. Romance de Mignon (SC)..... | [4.05] | 12. Sérénade florentine (NS)..... | [2.17] |
| 4. Sérénade (NS)..... | [2.25] | 13. Lamento (HMR)..... | [3.16] |
| 5. Le galop (WT)..... | [3.06] | 14. Phidylé (HMR)..... | [5.44] |
| 6. Au pays où se fait la guerre (SC)..... | [5.11] | 15. Testament (SC)..... | [3.05] |
| 7. L'invitation au voyage (SC)..... | [4.47] | 16. La vie antérieure (WT)..... | [4.34] |
| 8. La vague et la cloche (WT)..... | [5.47] | | |
| 9. Extase (SC)..... | [3.16] | <i>Total timings</i> | [60.04] |

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