

WIGMORE HALL

Monday 4 March 2024
1.00pm

Lullabies

Lucile Richardot mezzo-soprano
Anne de Fornel piano

Nadia Boulanger (1887-1979)

Versailles (1906)

Mon âme (1906)

Le couteau (1922)

Ilda (1906)

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

Les berceaux Op. 23 No. 1 (1879)

Liza Lehmann (1862-1918)

I dreamt my love was singing from *Breton Folk-Songs* (pub. 1909)

Dusk in the valley

Evensong (pub. 1916)

When I am Dead, My Dearest (1918)

Vous m'avez dit from *Les heures claires* (1909)

Nadia Boulanger

& Raoul Pugno (1852-1914)

Lili Boulanger (1893-1918)

Reflets (1911)

Le retour (1912)

Rebecca Clarke (1886-1979)

Down by the Salley Gardens (1919)

Nadia Boulanger

Doute (1922)

Désespérance (1902)

Soleils couchants (1907)

Cantique (1909)

Mon cœur (1906)



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Drawing together several leading women song composers, this recital focuses on the sister composers Lili (1893-1918) and Nadia Boulanger (1887-1979). Despite her tragically early death at the age of only 24, Lili Boulanger was one of the most significant French composers of the 20th Century. In 1913, she became the first woman to win France's prestigious composition competition, the Prix de Rome. Her sister Nadia became a conductor, organist and one of the century's foremost music teachers. This afternoon's concert also embraces the theme of the lullaby, as reflected in the works of French and British composers.

The recital opens and closes with a group of songs by **Nadia Boulanger**. Although Nadia composed steadily during her early career, she turned her efforts away from composition after Lili's death. Her last known surviving works – most of which are songs – date from the early 1920s. Marking one of her earliest important appearances as a composer-performer, Nadia premièred 'Versailles' with the famous mezzo-soprano Jane Bathori at the Grand Palais des Champs-Élysées on 30 October 1906. 'Le couteau', meanwhile, dates from the final year that Nadia was active as a composer, 1922. It sets a text by Camille Mauclair. Drawing inspiration from Mauclair's popular style, the song is marked 'populaire' and uses a colloquial vernacular which imitates everyday spoken French.

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924) was an important influence on both Lili and Nadia Boulanger. He was Nadia's teacher and, as a conductor, she became known as one of the foremost interpreters of his *Requiem*. His lullaby 'Les Berceaux', after a poem by Sully Prudhomme, explores the sorrow of parting. The lyrics describe the mothers left behind rocking cradles in a port town as their sailor husbands depart.

Liza Lehmann (1862-1918) was an English composer and soprano, who is best known for her prolific song output. Her mother Amelia Lehmann (who published under the name 'A.L.') was also a composer. Liza made her performance debut at a 'Monday Pops' Concert at St James's Hall in November 1885. After almost a decade as a solo recitalist, she decided to retire from the stage in July 1894 when she married the composer and painter Herbert Bedford. Following her marriage, she refocused her efforts upon vocal composition, writing more than 350 songs. Lehman served as the first president of the Society of Women Musicians (1911-2). In 1913 she became a professor of singing at the Guildhall School of Music. Although many of Lehman's songs are in a light style appealing to contemporary audiences, 'Evensong' is one of her more poignant works, as it was composed following the premature death of her eldest son from pneumonia whilst he was training during World War I.

Nadia Boulanger's 'Vous m'avez dit' is drawn from *Les heures claires*, a collaborative song-cycle with her mentor **Raoul Pugno** (1852-1914). Pugno nurtured

Nadia Boulanger's early career, guiding her compositions and arranging high-profile performances. *Les heures claires* (1909) consists of settings of eight poems by the Belgian poet Émile Verhaeren.

Despite her short career, **Lili Boulanger** explored a much greater range of musical genres than Nadia. Her output includes *Les sirènes* (1911), for soprano, chorus and orchestra; her cantata *Faust et Hélène* (1913), for which she won the Prix de Rome; and the song cycle *Clairières dans le ciel* (1914). Many of her works – such as her three large-scale orchestral psalm settings and her *Pie Jesu* for voice, string quartet, harp and organ – explore her devout Roman Catholic faith. Like Nadia, her music shows the strong influence of Fauré and Debussy, but she also pushed French Modernism further through her innovative use of form, timbre, orchestration, modality and polytonality, which often seem to point forwards to later French composers such as Francis Poulenc and Olivier Messiaen. 'Reflets' (1911) is a setting of a poem by the Belgian Symbolist poet Maurice Maeterlinck. The rippling piano accompaniment evokes the 'reflections' of the song's title. 'Le retour' (1912) describes Greek hero Ulysses setting out on his return voyage to Ithaca.

The English composer **Rebecca Clarke** (1886-1979) was also a renowned viola player. She became one of the first women to join a professional London orchestra when she played in Henry Wood's New Queen's Hall Orchestra (1912-4). Her career as a chamber musician included performing in three all-women chamber ensembles: the Norah Clench Quartet; the English Ensemble; and a quartet with the violinist d'Arányi sisters and cellist Guilhermina Suggia. She also toured internationally with the cellist May Mukle. Clarke initially studied at the Royal Academy of Music, but left after her harmony teacher, Percy Miles, proposed to her. She later studied at the Royal College of Music instead, where she became Charles Villiers Stanford's first female composition student. As a composer, she has until recently been best known for her chamber music, including her Viola Sonata and her *Rhapsody* for cello and piano. 'Down by the Salley Gardens' – which sets a poem by the Irish poet WB Yeats and in which a modal folk influence is apparent – is one of Clarke's most well-known songs.

A final group of songs by Nadia Boulanger closes this recital. 'Doute' is another of her late songs, but the other four all date from her early career and include settings of some of her favourite Symbolist poets, Paul Verlaine, Maeterlinck, and Albert Samain. 'Soleils couchants' was premièred by Fernande Reboul at the prestigious Salle Pleyel in Paris in March 1907, marking another important early performance within her nascent compositional career.

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Nadia Boulanger (1887-1979)

Versailles (1906)

Albert Samain

O Versailles, par cette après-
midi fanée,
Pourquoi, pourquoi ton
souvenir m'obsède-t-il
ainsi?
Les ardeurs de l'été
s'éloignent, et voici
Que s'incline vers nous la
saison surannée.

Je veux revoir au long d'une
calme journée
Tes eaux glauques que
jonche un feuillage
roussi,
Et respirer encore,
un soir d'or
adouci,
Ta beauté plus touchante au
déclin de l'année.

Comme un grand lys tu
meurs, noble et triste, sans
bruit;
Et ton onde épuisée
au bord moisi des
vasques
S'écoule, douce ainsi qu'un
sanglot dans la nuit.

Mon âme (1906)

Albert Samain

Mon Ame est une infante en
robe de parade,
Dont l'exil se reflète, éternel
et royal,
Aux grands miroirs
déserts d'un vieil
Escorial,
Ainsi qu'une galère oubliée
en la rade.

Son page favori,
qui s'appelle
Naguère,
Lui lit d'ensorcelants poèmes
à mi-voix,
Cependant qu'immobile, une
tulipe aux doigts,
Elle écoute mourir en elle
leur mystère...

Elle est là résignée, et douce,
et sans surprise,
Sachant trop pour lutter
comme tout est fatal,

Versailles

Oh Versailles, on this pale
afternoon,
why, why does the
memory of you obsess
me so?
Summer's heat grows
distant, and see
how the fading season
bends towards us.

I want to see once more,
for one untroubled day,
your blue-green waters
strewn with reddened
leaves,
and breathe again, on an
evening softened with
gold,
your beauty more poignant
at the year's decline.

Like a great lily you die,
noble and sad,
soundless;
and your weary water at
the mildewed edge of
the ponds
drains away, soft as a sob
in the night.

My soul

My Soul is an infanta all in
finery,
whose exile is reflected,
eternal and majestic,
in the vast abandoned
mirrors of an old
Spanish palace,
like a galley forgotten in
the harbour.

Her favourite page,
whose name is Once
Upon a Time,
reads her enchanting
poems in a soft voice,
while, motionless, a tulip
held between her fingers,
she hears their wonder
die within her...

There she is, resigned, and
quiet, and unsurprised,
knowing too much to fight
since everything is fatal,

Et se sentant, malgré
quelque dédain natal,
Sensible à la pitié comme
l'onde à la brise.

Elle est là résignée, et douce
en ses sanglots,
Plus sombre seulement quand
elle évoque en songe
Quelque Armada sombrée à
l'éternel mensonge,
Et tant de beaux espoirs
endormis sous les
flots.

Des soirs trop lourds de
pourpre où sa fierté
soupire,
Les portraits de Van Dyck
aux beaux doigts longs et
purs,
Pâles en velours noir
sur l'or vieilli des
murs,
En leurs grands airs
défunts la font rêver
d'empire.

Les vieux mirages
d'or ont dissipé son
deuil,
Et, dans les visions où son
ennui s'échappe,
Soudain - gloire ou soleil - un
rayon qui la frappe
Allume en elle tous les rubis
de l'orgueil.

Mais d'un sourire triste elle
apaise ces fièvres;
Et, redoutant la foule aux
tumultes de fer,
Elle écoute la vie - au loin -
comme la mer...
Et le secret se fait plus
profond sur ses lèvres.

L'eau vaine des jets d'eau
là-bas tombe en
cascade,
Et, pâle à la croisée, une
tulipe aux doigts,
Elle est là, reflétée aux
miroirs d'autrefois,
Ainsi qu'une galère oubliée
en la rade.

Mon Ame est une infante en
robe de parade.

and feeling, despite an
innate disdain,
sensitive to pity like water
to the wind.

There she is, resigned, and
quiet in her weeping,
more sombre only when
she conjures in dreams
some Armada sinking
into eternal illusion,
and all those beautiful
hopes asleep beneath
the waves.

On evenings heavy with
crimson where her
pride aches,
portraits by Van Dyck
with lovely long perfect
fingers,
pale figures in black
velvet on the antique
gold of the walls,
with their grand air of
mourning, make her
dream of empire.

The old golden mirages
have diffused her
mourning,
and, in the visions to which
her boredom escapes,
suddenly - glory or sunlight -
a ray that strikes her
lights up within her all the
ruby jewels of vainglory.

But with a sad smile she
quells these fevers;
and, fearing the mob with
its frenzy of iron,
she listens to life - far
away - like the sea...
and the secret becomes still
more hidden on her lips.

The vain water of the
fountains below falls in
cascades,
and, pale at the window, a
tulip held in her fingers,
she is there, reflected in the
mirrors of a time gone by,
like a galley forgotten in
the harbour.

My soul is an infanta all in
finery.

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

Le couteau (1922)

Camille Mauclair

J'ai un couteau dans l' cœur
- Une belle, une belle l'a planté -
J'ai un couteau dans l' cœur
Et ne peux pas l'ôter.

C' couteau, c'est l'amour d'elle
- Une belle, une belle l'a planté -
Tout mon cœur
sortirait
Avec tout mon regret.

Il y faut un baiser.
- Une belle, une belle l'a
planté -
Un baiser sur le cœur
Mais ell' ne veut l' donner.

Couteau, reste en mon cœur
Si la plus belle t'y a
planté!
J' veux bien me mourir d'elle,
Mais j' veux pas
l'oublier!

Ilda (1906)

Albert Samain

Pâle comme un matin de
septembre en Norvège,
Elle avait la douceur
magnétique du nord;
Tout s'apaisait près d'elle en
un tacite accord,
Comme le bruit des pas
s'étouffe dans la neige.

Son visage, par un étrange
sortilège,
Avait pris dès l'enfance et
gardait sans efforts
Un peu de la beauté sublime
qu'ont les morts;
Et le rire près d'elle semblait
sacrilège.

Triste avec passion,
sur l'eau de ses grands
yeux
Le songe errait comme un
rameur silencieux.
Tout ce qui la touchait
s'imprégnait de mystère.

The knife

I have a knife in my heart -
planted by her fair hand -
I have a knife in my heart
and cannot extract it.

This knife is her love -
planted by her fair hand -
my whole heart would
fain escape
with all my sorrow.

A kiss is needed.
Her fair mouth planted
it -
a kiss on my heart
but she will not give it.

Knife - remain in my heart,
since the fairest hand
planted it there!
I wish so much to die of her
but do not wish to forget
her!

Ilda

Pale as a September
morning in Norway,
she had the magnetic
tenderness of the North;
all became calm around
her in silent accord,
like the sound of footsteps
muffled by snow.

Her face, by a strange
sorcery,
had since childhood taken
on and effortlessly kept
a little of the sublime
beauty of the dead;
and laughter near her
seemed like sacrilege.

Disconsolate with
passion, on the waters
of her wide eyes
dream drifted like a silent
oarsman.
All that touched her was
charged with mystery.

Et si douce, enroulant ses
boucles à ses doigts,
Avec une pudeur farouche
de sa voix,
Elle vivait pour la volupté de
se taire.

And so sweet, winding her
curls around her fingers,
with an unassailable
reticence to her voice,
she lived for the pleasure
of staying silent.

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

Les berceaux Op. 23

No. 1 (1879)

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
leurent.

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

The cradles

Along the quay the great
ships,
listing silently with the
surge,
pay no heed to the
cradles
rocked by women's
hands.

But the day of parting will
come,
for it is decreed that
women shall weep,
and that men with
questing spirits
shall seek enticing
horizons.

And on that day the great
ships,
leaving the dwindling
harbour behind,
shall feel their hulls held
back
by the soul of the distant
cradles.

Liza Lehmann (1862-1918)

I dreamt my love was singing from Breton

Folk-Songs (pub. 1909)

Frances Marion Gostling

I dreamt my love singing down by the sea,
His voice was sweeter far than the blackbird's on the tree;
I wove a charm about him, but he came not at my spell,
His voice died away in the moaning of the swell.

And all day have I waited by the desolate sea-foam,
But the only voice I hear is the sea-gull's flying home,
As his lonely wings flap o'er me in the pearl grey height,
Till the waves sink to rest at the hushing of the night.

Dusk in the valley

George Meredith

Lovely are the curves of the white owl sweeping
Wavy in the dusk lit by one large star.
Lone in the fir-branch, his rattle-note unvaried,
Brooding o'er the gloom, spins the brown evejar.
Darker grows the valley, more and more forgetting:
So were it with me if forgetting could be will'd.

Evensong (pub. 1916)

Constance Morgan

Fold your white wings, dear Angels,
Fold your white wings;
Dew falls and nightingale softly now sings.
Across the lawn lie shadows, so still, so deep,
Dear loving Angels, pass not by,
Hush me to sleep.
Night falls, and whisp'ring goes the wind
Along the sea;
Fold your white wings, dear Angels,
Fold them, dear Angels,
Fold them round me.

When I am Dead, My Dearest (1918)

Christina Rossetti

When I am dead, my dearest,
Sing no sad songs for me;
Plant thou no roses at my head,
Nor shady cypress tree:
Be the green grass above me
With showers and dewdrops wet;
And if thou wilt, remember,
And if thou wilt, forget.

I shall not see the shadows,
I shall not feel the rain;
I shall not hear the nightingale
Sing on, as if in pain:
And dreaming through the twilight
That doth not rise nor set,
Haply I may remember,
And haply may forget.

Nadia Boulanger

& Raoul Pugno (1852-1914)

Vous m'avez dit from

Les heures claires

(1909)

Émile Verhaeren

Vous m'avez dit, tel soir, des
paroles si belles
Que sans doute les fleurs, qui
se penchaient vers nous,

Soudain nous ont aimés et
que l'une d'entre elles,
Pour nous toucher tous deux,
tomba sur nos genoux.

Vous me parliez des temps
prochains où nos années,
Comme des fruits trop mûrs,
se laisseraient cueillir;
Comment éclaterait le glas
des destinées,
Et comme on s'aimerait,
en se sentant
vieillir.

Votre voix m'enlaçait comme
une chère étreinte,
Et votre cœur brûlait si
tranquillement beau
Qu'en ce moment, j'aurais
pu voir s'ouvrir sans
crainte
Les tortueux chemins qui
vont vers le tombeau.

You said to me from

The bright hours

You said to me, that
night, words so lovely
that doubtless the
flowers, which inclined
towards us,
suddenly fell in love with us
and one among them,
in order to touch us both,
fell into our laps.

You spoke to me of the time
to come when our years,
like overripe fruit, would
come to be gathered;
how the tolling bell of the
fates would crack,
and how we would love
one another, feeling
ourselves grow old.

Your voice encircled me
like a beloved embrace,
and your heart blazed with
such serene beauty
that in that moment, I
could have beheld
unfolding without fear
the winding paths that
lead towards the tomb.

Lili Boulanger (1893-1918)

Reflets (1911)

Maurice Maeterlinck

Sous l'eau du songe qui
s'élève
Mon âme a peur, mon âme a
peur.
Et la lune luit dans mon
cœur
Plongé dans les sources du
rêve!

Sous l'ennui morne des
roseaux,
Seul le reflet profond des
choses,
Des lys, des palmes et des
roses
Pleurent encore au fond des
eaux.

Les fleurs s'effeuillent une à
une
Sur le reflet du
firmament.
Pour descendre, éternellement
Sous l'eau du songe et dans
la lune.

Le retour (1912)

Georges Delaquys

Ulysse part la voile au
vent,
Vers Ithaque aux ondes
chéries,
Avec des bercements la
vague roule et plie.
Au large de son cœur la mer
aux vastes eaux
Où son œil suit les blancs
oiseaux
Egrène au loin des
pierreries.

Ulysse part la voile au
vent,
Vers Ithaque aux ondes
chéries!

Penché œil grave et cœur
battant
Sur le bec d'or de sa
galère
Il se rit, quand le flot est noir,
de sa colère
Car là-bas son cher fils pieux
et fier attend
Après les combats éclatants,

Reflections

Beneath the water of the
dream that rises,
my soul is afraid, my soul
is afraid.
And the moon shines into
my heart
that is bathed in the
dream's source!

Beneath the sad tedium
of the reeds,
only the deep reflection
of things,
of lilies, palms and
roses,
still weep on the water's
bed.

One by one the flowers
shed their leaves
upon the firmament's
reflection
to descend, eternally,
beneath the dream's water
and into the moon.

The return

Ulysses sets out, sails to
the wind,
towards Ithaca on
beloved waves,
which rise and fall and
sway.
Before the open sea of his
heart, the vast ocean,
where his eyes follow the
white birds,
scatters in the distance
precious jewels.

Ulysses sets out, sails to
the wind,
towards Ithaca on
beloved waves.

Leaning, with serious
gaze and beating heart,
on the golden prow of his
boat,
he laughs at his anger, when
black waves threaten,
for yonder his dear, devout
and proud son awaits,
after astounding victories,

La victoire aux bras de son père. his triumphant father.
Il songe, œil grave et cœur He dreams, with serious
battant gaze and beating heart,
Sur le bec d'or de sa By the golden prow of his
galère. boat.

Ulysse part la voile au Ulysses sets out, sails to
vent, the wind,
Vers Ithaque aux ondes towards Ithaca on
chéries. beloved waves.

Rebecca Clarke (1886-1979)

Down by the Salley Gardens (1919)

WB Yeats

Down by the salley gardens my love and I did meet;
She passed the salley gardens with little snow-white feet.
She bid me take love easy as the leaves grow on the tree;
But I, being young and foolish, with her would not agree.

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

Nadia Boulanger

Doute (1922)

Séverin Faust

Il y a si
longtemps
Que ton âme est en chemin,
A ce que m'ont dit les anges,
Vers moi qui l'attends
En joignant les mains,

Il y a si longtemps
Que peut-être elle perdit la
route
Puisque je ne vois rien
Au lointain des quatre chemins
Qui font croix au carrefour du
doute.

Voici venir le souffle froid
Qui chasse oiseaux, soleil et
feuilles,
Et ramène brouillard et
deuil
Sur mon espoir et sur ma foi:
Faudra-t-il m'en aller comme
un qui n'attend plus
Et s'en retourne, en la nullité
de la nuit,
Vers la maison et vers
l'ennui?

Doubt

From what the angels tell
me,
your soul has been so long
on its way to me –
and I await it
with joined hands.

So long that
it has perhaps lost its
way,
since I see nothing
far away at the four roads
which meet at the
crossroads of doubt.

The cold wind now blows,
chasing birds, sun and
leaves
and bringing mist and
mourning
to my hope and my faith:
must I depart like one
who can no longer wait
and who returns, in the
nullity of night,
to his home and his
ennui?

Désespérance (1902)*Paul Verlaine*

Un grand sommeil noir
 Tombe sur ma vie:
 Dormez, tout espoir,
 Dormez, toute envie!

Je ne vois plus rien,
 Je perds la mémoire
 Du mal et du bien...
 O la triste histoire!

Je suis un berceau
 Qu'une main balance
 Au creux d'un caveau:
 Silence, silence!

Despair

A vast dark sleep
 falls on my life;
 slumber, all hope,
 slumber, all desire!

I have lost my sight,
 all memories fail
 of good and evil...
 Oh dismal tale!

I am a cradle
 rocked by a hand
 in a hollow vault:
 silence, silence!

Soleils couchants (1907)*Paul Verlaine*

Une aube affaiblie
 Verse par les champs
 La mélancolie
 Des soleils couchants.
 La mélancolie
 Berce de doux chants
 Mon cœur qui
 s'oublie
 Aux soleils couchants.
 Et d'étranges rêves,
 Comme des soleils
 Couchants sur les grèves,
 Fantômes vermeils,
 Défilent sans trêves,
 Défilent, pareils
 A des grands soleils
 Couchants sur les grèves.

Setting suns

A fading dawn
 pours over the fields
 the gloom
 of setting suns.
 The gloom
 lulls with sweet songs
 my heart which abandons
 itself
 to the setting suns.
 And from strange dreams,
 like the suns
 setting on the banks,
 crimson phantoms
 file past unendingly,
 file past, just like
 the vast suns
 setting on the banks.

Cantique (1909)*Maurice Maeterlinck*

A toute âme qui pleure,
 A tout péché qui passe,
 J'ouvre au sein des
 étoiles
 Mes mains pleines de grâces.

Il n'est péché qui vive
 Quand l'amour a parlé;
 Il n'est âme qui meure
 Quand l'amour a pleuré...

Et si l'amour s'égare
 Aux sentiers d'ici-bas,
 Ses larmes me retrouvent
 Et ne s'égareront pas...

Hymn

To every weeping soul,
 to every passing sin,
 I open my hands full of
 grace,
 surrounded by stars.

Sins cannot abide
 when love has spoken;
 souls cannot die
 when love has wept...

And if love loses its way
 along terrestrial paths,
 its tears will find me
 and not go astray...

Mon cœur (1906)*Albert Samain*

Mon cœur, tremblant des
 lendemains,
 Est comme un oiseau dans
 tes mains
 Qui s'effarouche et qui
 frissonne.

Il est si timide qu'il faut
 Ne lui parler que pas trop
 haut
 Pour que sans crainte il
 s'abandonne.

Un mot suffit à le
 navrer,
 Un regard en lui fait
 vibrer
 Une inexprimable amertume.

Et ton haleine seulement,
 Quand tu lui parles
 doucement,
 Le fait trembler comme une
 plume.

Et quand tu le ferais souffrir
 Jusqu'à saigner, jusqu'à
 mourir,
 Tu pourrais en garder le
 doute,

Et de sa peine ne
 savoir
 Qu'une larme tombée un
 soir
 Sur ton gant taché d'une
 goutte.

My heart

My heart, fearing the
 future,
 is like a bird in your hands
 that startles and
 shivers.

It is so skittish that
 you must only speak
 gently to it,
 so it may surrender
 without fear.

One word is enough to
 dispirit it,
 one look makes an
 inexpressible
 bitterness pulse within it.

And just your breath,
 when you speak softly to
 it,
 makes it tremble like a
 feather.

And should you wound it
 to the point of blood, to
 the point of death,
 you might still not be
 sure,

And know nothing of its
 pain
 but a tear that fell one
 evening
 onto your glove, stained
 with a single drop.

Translations of all Nadia Boulanger except where indicated by Jean du Monde. 'Le couteau', 'Doute', 'Désespérance', 'Cantique' and Lili Boulanger by Richard Stokes. Fauré by Richard Stokes from A French Song Companion (Johnson/Stokes) published by OUP.