



Britten Milhaud Satie Tailleferre

La vie
est une
parade

Patrice Michaels
soprano

The Chicago
Chamber Musicians

Czech National
Symphony Orchestra

Paul Freeman
conductor

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**Czech National Symphony Orchestra / Paul Freeman, conductor

Erik Satie (1866–1925) / Casley Blackwood (b. 1933)*

- 1 La Diva de l'Empire (1904) (2:50)
- 2 Je te veux (1901) (5:00)

Erik Satie / Robert Caby (1905–1992)**

- 3 Le chapelier (from *Trois Mélodies de 1916*) (0:35)
- 4 Les anges (from *Trois Mélodies de 1886*) (1:53)
- 5 Les fleurs (from *Trois Mélodies de 1886*) (1:30)
- 6 Daphénéo (from *Trois Mélodies de 1916*) (1:08)
- 7 La statue de bronze (from *Trois Mélodies de 1916*) (1:40)

Germaine Tailleferre (1892–1983)*

from *Chansons du Folklore de France* (1952–1955)

- 8 En revenant de Nantes (2:24)
- 9 Oh, revenez-y toutes (1:10)
- 10 Mon père toujours me crie (1:30)
- 11 Mon père m'a mariée (1:32)

Benjamin Britten (1913–1976)**

Les Illuminations, Op. 18 (1939) (21:30)

- 12 I. Fanfare (2:21)
- 13 II. Villes (2:24)

- 14 IIIa. Phrase (1:06)
- 15 IIIb. Antique (1:55)
- 16 IV. Royauté (1:44)
- 17 V. Marine (1:02)
- 18 VI. Interlude (2:14)
- 19 VII. Being Beauteous (3:48)
- 20 VIII. Parade (2:56)
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Germaine Tailleferre*

from *Chansons du Folklore de France*

- 22 La pernette se lève (3:21)
- 23 Suzon va dire à sa mère (1:13)
- 24 L'autre jour en m'y promenant (2:22)
- 25 A Genn'villiers (1:47)
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Erik Satie / Robert Caby**

- 27 Tendrement (1902) (3:34)
- 28 Elégie (1887) (2:33)
- 29 Chanson médiévale (1906) (1:02)
- 30 Sylvie (from *Trois Mélodies de 1886*) (2:21)

Darius Milhaud (1892–1974)**

Quatre Chansons de Ronsard, Op. 223 (1941) (10:00)

- 31 A une fontaine (2:04)
- 32 A Cupidon (3:55)
- 33 Tais-toi, babillarde (1:16)
- 34 Dieu vous gard' (2:33)

TT: (73:37)

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I fell in love with Milhaud's music early in my singing life, and was privileged to perform these songs with the Montreal Symphony during my first international competition. The Britten setting of Rimbaud poems has also challenged and sustained me for some years now. I came to the world of song literature through my passion for theater and my fascination with folk music. The Tailleferre songs use deceptively simple material the way a master baker makes a baguette: the result appears inevitably natural and tastes irresistible. Satie's songs are an amazing collection of dramatic wit and warmth that tie the whole program together the way wine and spices unify a meal. We might well have titled this disc "La vie est un repas," except that the project really was a parade across continents, involving a legion of artists: we began performing and recording with the Czech National Symphony in Prague and ended in Chicago, assisted by the extensive vocal/instrumental archives of Editions Salabert in Paris. It was a sweet surprise to receive among the Tailleferre scores from Salabert four songs that were (to my knowledge) previously unrecorded. These, of course, joined the procession along with the newly made Satie arrangements from Easley Blackwood, all of which were a thrill for me to premiere with The Chicago Chamber Musicians.

Performing this wealth of literature with so many great musicians has been a wonderful sojourn for me. I hope listening to it will prove equally rewarding for you. Bon appetit, and enjoy the parade!

— Patrice Michaels

La vie est une parade

Notes by Erik Eriksson

Erik Satie (1866–1925): Songs

Perpetually stimulating for artists of all types, France's blend of fresh thought and strong tradition is exemplified by Erik Satie. Throughout his creative life, Satie sought to avoid the inauthentic, the falsely emotional, the unobservant glance at the commonplace. In artistic circles, Satie was a peripatetic disturber of the peace. He is owed a great debt by countless others (including the group of subsequent French composers known as "Les Six") who emulated and developed his ideas of harmony, melodic line, and musical architecture.

Satie's music does not order itself into one style. The songs presented here include three parlor tunes alongside several miniature art songs. *Tendrement* and the forthright, heady *Je te veux* would be perfectly at home in a popular music hall, and *La*

Diva de l'Empire could easily become a vehicle for a *fin du siècle grisette*. In the latter, however, Satie's uncompromising compositional integrity helps his listener focus vividly on the "leetle girl" with the mocking smile. In the two waltzes, a predictable lilt never obscures Satie's erotic intention and appreciation for his poets' ability to surprise. For this recording, arrangements of *La Diva* and *Je te veux* were commissioned from composer Easley Blackwood.

Satie's art songs have a bracing directness; they never dissemble. When the text ends, so does the music. *Elegie* is an unblinking, sad look backward, not without a certain theatricality. By contrast, *Sylvie* is a shy, adoring paean to a beloved, set over a modulating accompaniment moving in circular patterns. The art songs were arranged by Robert Caby (1905–1992), a composer and ardent admirer of Satie's music. A former classmate of Jean-Paul Sartre, Caby knew Satie for little more than a year, but became a close friend who devotedly visited the elder composer at Paris's Saint-Joseph Hospital until Satie's death on July 1, 1925. For the remainder of his own life, Caby kept fresh his devotion through the editing and orchestration of Satie's works and by contributing numerous articles to music journals. Caby employed winds and strings (as does Blackwood) to expand

upon, yet respect, the brisk simplicity of the original piano accompaniments. A subtle use of accent instruments (such as the clock-like percussion blocks in *Daphnéo* and the harp figures in *Les Anges*) keeps the music buoyant.

**Germaine Tailleferre (1892–1983):
*Chansons du Folklore de France***

Groves Dictionary of Music and Musicians, fifth edition, published in 1954, questioned the efficacy of Germaine Tailleferre's gifts, describing her talent as "slender." Since then, opinions of her work have become more favorable, although her music remains too little heard. For one thing, the composer, a member of "Les Six" (together with Georges Auric, Louis Durey, Arthur Honegger, Darius Milhaud, and Francis Poulenc) completed many significant works after 1954. For example, her 1981 *Concerto de la fidélité pour voix élevée et orchestre* won the 1982 Prix de la Ville de Paris. She also remained a force in pedagogy into her eighties.

Tailleferre's arrangements of popular French songs transcend the usual genre but never overburden the melodies with orchestrations or harmonizations that detract from their vitality. The composer's work here sparkles with the clarity of a perfectly cut

gem stone. According to soprano Patrice Michaels, "the simple melodies are underscored, overlaid, and reworked with wonderfully complex harmonies, neatly and sparsely orchestrated with an ensemble that seems at times transparent and at times surprisingly rich." These songs offer no opportunities for technical display, but rather test the singer's narrative gifts. Variety of vocal color is required in songs such as *La Pernelle se lève*, where a dialogue between daughter and mother is in play. In these nine songs, life is often hard; pleasures are simple and to be taken whenever opportunity knocks (*L'autre jour en m'y promenant*). Tailleferre's knowing way of scoring for woodwinds is everywhere evident. Whether plodding, marching, waltzing, or tripping along in 6/8 meter, the instruments propel in rhythmic figures as readily as they color the more sustained cadences.

**Benjamin Britten (1913–1976):
*Les Illuminations, Op. 18***

Through the friendship and influence of W.H. Auden, Benjamin Britten was introduced to the poetry of Arthur Rimbaud (1854–1891). Britten described Auden as "a powerful, revolutionary person," and was deeply affected by the opinions and attitudes of this writer six years his senior. In 1977 (during a radio broadcast), Swiss-

born soprano Sophie Wyss recalled that Britten had shared with her his excitement in having read Rimbaud's *Les Illuminations* for the first time, declaring "I must put them to music."

Wyss was the work's dedicatee. She did not possess a particularly sensuous voice or extraordinary interpretive skills, but was nonetheless appreciated by many twentieth-century composers as a resolute advocate of their music (Rawsthorne, Milhaud, Berkeley, and Frank Martin among them). Britten admired her singing when he heard her in a London performance of Milhaud's *Pan et Syrinx* and got to know her when she asked him to accompany her in a 1936 recital of Mahler, Walton, and Britten's own song, "The Birds." Wyss was impressed with Britten's instinctive approach to music, his ease in accompanying, and his gift for extracting a wide range of colors from each orchestral instrument. When Britten, a resolute pacifist, decided to follow Auden to America, he left England in May of 1939, carrying with him the uncompleted score to *Les Illuminations*. Wyss introduced two of the songs before the full work was finished. In Birmingham and again at the Proms on August 17, 1939, the soprano sang *Being Beauteous* and *Marine*. Soon thereafter, Britten, residing with his partner Peter Pears in the home of Dr. and Mrs. William Mayer in Amityville, New York (on

Long Island), finished the work: the date of completion was October 25, 1939. On the following January 30th, Sophie Wyss sang the premiere of the entire work in London, accompanied by the Boyd Neel Orchestra. Almost alone among British critics, Edward Sackville-West recognized the work's quality, describing each piece as, "perfectly finished and original in character." Critiques from other prominent reviewers betrayed both mistrust of Britten's musical aims and resentment over his accelerating celebrity.

Britten's scoring calls for first and second violins, violas, cellos, and double basses. Solo passages for violin occur throughout the work; viola solos are heard in IV, VII, and VIII and a solo cello passage informs VI. In IIIb, Britten specifies the balance he wishes, calling for four first violins, three violas, three cellos, and two double basses (second violins are silent).

Fanfare opens with upper strings sounding flurries of arpeggiated fanfares to herald the singer's imperious announcement: "I alone have the key to this parade." Next, over rushing, rustling cadences in the orchestra, the singer cries, "These are towns!" Disturbing towns, indeed. *Phrase* holds some of the blanched, unearthly orchestral timbres Britten was unique in conjuring. The singer rises sinuously to a very soft high B-flat, sliding quietly down

to the B-flat an octave below. In *Antique*, the sensual text is limned over the small orchestra thrumming in 6/8 time (the score indicates “staccatissimo”). *Royauté* catches exquisitely the expansive mock solemnity surrounding the couple who would be royalty, wreathing it in swirling vocal figures. In *Marine*, the sea is invoked through a suggestive *ostinato* in the orchestra and a vocal line sharply accented (marked by eighth-note rests) and broken by more flights of ascending and descending scales. The *Interlude* that follows calls to mind the interludes Britten would compose for *Peter Grimes* a half decade later. The singer enters at the end to once more assert, “I alone have the key to this parade, this savage parade.” The text of *Being Beauteous* is graphically realized in the music: quivering and moaning in the 12/8 sostenuto of the orchestra under a restless vocal line in 4/4 meter. For the contemptuous lines of *Parade*, Britten provided a dark accompaniment in 2/2 meter, under a vocal part that is near speech in several low-lying passages. At the end, “I alone have the key” is heard yet again, as the singer finishes with a defiant, sustained “savage parade!” *Départ* concludes the work as singer and orchestra often move together, sounding satiated, spent: “Enough seen — Enough had — Enough known.”

Darius Milhaud (1892–1974):
***Quatre Chansons de Ronsard*, Op. 223**

Composed in 1941, the *Quatre Chansons* marked Milhaud’s second time setting a group of poems by Pierre de Ronsard (1524–1585). Milhaud wrote the set for and dedicated it to soprano Lily Pons, the diminutive fellow French artist who, a decade earlier, captured the hearts of New York audiences with her sensational debut at the Metropolitan Opera (the first major house in which Pons sang). As Donizetti’s Lucia in that January 3, 1931 debut, Pons’s gamin charm, crystalline voice, and extraordinary vitality instantly won the hearts of opera enthusiasts. She became a celebrity from coast to coast, charging fees among the highest of her time. At the Metropolitan Opera, her presence assured large audiences, making her central to that financially challenged institution’s survival during the decade following the crash of 1929. Pons premiered the *Chansons de Ronsard* on December 8, 1941 at New York’s Waldorf-Astoria Hotel.

Milhaud’s first response to Ronsard’s verse, *Les Amours de Ronsard* from 1934, was scored for vocal quartet or chorus accompanied by small orchestra. With the National Socialists developing their agenda in neighboring Germany, the mid-1930s were an uncomfortable time in

France. These paled in comparison to 1941, however, by which time Milhaud had fled Nazi-held France to settle in Oakland, California as a visiting professor at Mills College.

One can only marvel at the composer’s ability to set aside personal turmoil and enter the world of a master poet of the French Renaissance. Ronsard was a member of the *Pléiade*, convened to replicate the purpose and accomplishment of classical writers. Many composers have been attracted to his verse including, from the poet’s own lifetime, Anthoine de Bertrand, Orlando de Lassus, Jean de Castro, and François Regnard; from the nineteenth century, Georges Bizet, Pauline Viardot, Jules Massenet, Richard Wagner, Cécile Chaminade, and Camille Saint-Saëns; and in the twentieth century, Francis Poulenc, Albert Roussel, Jacques Leguerny, Jacques Ibert, Arthur Honegger, Frank Martin, and Ned Rorem.

For this group of four songs, Milhaud designated an orchestra of strings, winds, brass, and percussion with the unusual requirement that the second clarinetist also play saxophone in the second and fourth songs. The singer’s tessitura is consistently, demandingly high. The first song, *A une fontaine*, is a waltz of champagne lightness in which the singer evokes the

1 La Diva de L'Empire

Text: Dominique Bonnaud & Numa Blès

Sous le grand chapeau Greenaway
Mettant l'éclat d'un sourire,
D'un rire charmant et frais
De baby étonné qui soupire
Little girl aux yeux veloutés
C'est la Diva de "l'Empire."
C'est la rein' dont s'éprenn'nt les gentlemen
Et tous les dandys de Piccadilly.

Dans un seul "yes" elle met tant de douceur
Que tous les snobs en gilets à Coeur
L'accueillant de hourras frénétiques,
Sur la scène lancent des gerbes de fleurs
Sans remarquer le rire narquois
De son joli minois.

Sous le grand chapeau *etc...*

Elle danse, presque automatiquement,
Et soulève, aoh! très piordiquement,
Ses jolis dessous de fanfreluches;
De ses jambes montrant le frétillement
C'est à la fois très très innocent
Et très très excitant.

Sous le grand chapeau *etc...*

2 Je te veux

Text: Henry Pacory

J'ai compris ta détresse,
Cher amoureux,
Et je cède à tes vœux, —
Fais de moi ta maîtresse.
Loin de nous la sagesse,
Plus de tristesse,

The Diva of "The Empire"

*Under the great big Greenaway hat
As she flashes her winning smile,
Her laugh is charming and fresh
Like a baby who sighs with surprise.
This little girl with velvety eyes
It's the diva of "The Empire."
She's the queen who entrances the gentlemen
And all the fops of Piccadilly.*

*She has such a sweet way with a single yes
That the snobs in their finery,
Welcoming her with frantic hurrahs,
Throw showers of flowers
Without noticing the mocking smile
On her pretty little face.*

*She dances, almost automatically,
And lifts — ah! — so coyly,
The pretty edges of her undies;
The quivering of her leg
It is at once very, very innocent
And very, very exciting.*

I Want You

*I have understood your distress,
Dear love,
And I give in to your wishes —
Make me your mistress.
Let us abandon reason,
No more sadness,*

J'aspire à l'instant précieux
Où nous serons heureux;
Je te veux.

Je n'ai pas de regrets
Et je n'ai qu'une envie:
Près de toi, là, tout près,
Vivre toute ma vie.
Que mon coeur soit le tien
Et ta lèvre la mienne,
Que ton corps soit le mien
Et que toute ma chair soit tienne.

J'ai compris ta détresse, *etc...*

Oui, je vois dans tes yeux
La divine promesse,
Que ton coeur amoureux
Vient chercher ma caresse.
Enlacés pour toujours,
Brûlés des mêmes flammes,
Dans des rêves d'amours
Nous échangerons nos deux âmes.

J'ai compris ta détresse, *etc...*

*I look forward to that precious instant
When we will be gripped by joy;
I want you.*

*I have no regrets
And only one desire:
To be close to you, there, so close
For all of my life.
Let my heart be thine
And your lips mine,
Let your body be mine
And all my flesh thine.*

*Yes, I see in your eyes
The divine promise.
Let your loving heart
Come search out my caresses.
Entwined forever
Burning with identical flames
In dreams of love
We will exchange our two souls.*

3 Le chapelier

Text: René Chalupt

Le chapelier s'étonne de constater
Que sa montre retarde de trois jours,
Bien qu'il ait eu soin de la graisser
Toujours avec du beurre de première qualité,
Mais il a laissé tomber des miettes
De pain dans les rouages,
Et il a beau plonger sa montre dans le thé,
Ça ne la fera pas avancer davantage.

The Hatter

*The hatter is stunned to notice
that his watch is three days slow,
Even though he took care to oil it
Every day with butter of the highest quality,
But he let bread crumbs
Fall in the gears,
And though he might plunge it into the tea,
That will not make it work any better.*

④ Les anges

Text: J.P. Contamine de Latour

Vêtus de blanc, dans l'azur clair,
Laisant déployer leurs longs voiles,
Les anges planent dans l'éther,
Lys flottants parmi les étoiles.

Les luths frissonnent sous leurs doigts,
Luths à la divine harmonie.
Comme un encens montent leurs voix,
Calmes, sous la voûte infinie.

En bas, gronde le flot amer;
La nuit partout étent ses voiles,
Les anges planent dans l'éther,
Lys flottants parmi les étoiles.

⑤ Les fleurs

Text: J.P. Contamine de Latour

Que j'aime à vous voir, belles fleurs
A l'aube entr'ouvrir vos corollas
Quand Iris vous fait de ses pleurs
De transparentes auréoles
Vous savez seules dans nos coeurs
Evoquer une tendre image
Et par vos suaves couleurs
Vous nous parlez un doux langage
Aussi messagères d'amour
Je vous demande avec tristesse
Pourquoi le sort en un seul jour
Vous arrache à notre tendresse

The Angels

*Clothed in white, in the clear blue sky
Leaving their long veils trailing,
The angels glide in the ether,
Lilies floating among the stars,*

*The lutes tremble under their fingers
Lutes of the divine harmony
Raise their voices like incense
Calm, under the infinite heavens.*

*Below roars the bitter flood;
The night stretches out its veils everywhere,
The angels glide in the ether,
Lilies floating among the stars.*

The Flowers

*How I love to see you, beautiful flowers,
At dawn opening your flares,
When Iris makes for you from her tears
Transparent haloes.
Only you know how to evoke
A tender image in our hearts.
And through your suave colors
You speak to us a sweet language.
Also messengers of love
I ask you with sadness
Why must it be that in one single day
Fate tears you from our affection?*

⑥ Daphénéo

Text: Mimi Godebska

Dis-moi, Daphénéo, quel est donc cet arbre
Dont les fruits sont des oiseaux qui pleurent?

Cet arbre, Chrysaline, est un oisetier.

Ah! Je croyais que les noisetiers
Donnaient des noisettes, Daphénéo.

Oui, Chrysaline, les noisetiers donnent des
noisettes,
Mais les oisetiers donnent des oiseaux qui
pleurent.

Ah! . . .

⑦ La statue de bronze

Text: Léon-Paul Fargue

La grenouille du jeu de tonneau
S'ennuie le soir sous la tonelle
Elle en a assez d'être la statue
Qui va prononcer un grand mot, le Mot. . . .

Elle aimerait mieux être avec les autres
Qui font des bulles de musique
Avec le savon de la lune
Au bord du lavoir mordoré
Qu'on voit là-bas luire entre les branches

On lui lance à coeur de journée, une pâture
de pistols
Qui la traversent sans lui profiter
Et s'en vont sonner dans les cabinets
De son piédestal numéroté
Et le soir les insectes couchent dans sa
bouche.

Daphénéo

*Tell me Daphénéo, what then, is this tree
whose fruits are weeping birds?*

This tree, Chrysaline, is a bird tree.

*Ah! I thought that hazelnut trees
bore hazelnuts, Daphénéo.*

*Yes, Chrysaline, hazelnut trees bear hazel-
nuts,
but bird trees bear weeping birds.*

Ah! . . .

The Bronze Statue

*The frog of the barrel game
Is bored in the evening under the arch
She has had enough of being the statue
Who is going to pronounce a great word,
The Word. . . .*

*She would rather be with the others
Who blow bubbles of music
With the soap of the moon
On the bank of the golden brown bath
That one sees glowing over there between the
branches*

*One throws to her in the heart of the day, a
pasture of pistols
Which cross her without doing her any good
And go sounding in the cabinets
Of her numbered pedestal
And in the evening, the insects lie in her
mouth.*

8 En revenant de Nantes

En revenant de Nantes
Il passait par Glisson
Diguedon ma dondaine. . . .

Je m'en fus sur la place
Y avait des marchands
Diguedon. . . .

Ne vendaient pas grand chose
Vendaient des porillons
Diguedon. . . .

J'en ach' ta un' douzaine
Y en eut un quarton
Diguedon. . . .

J'savais point où les mettre
Je les mis dans mes fonds
Diguedon. . . .

Je m'en fus à la danse
Les porillons sautant
Diguedon. . . .

Je relève les feuilles
De c'qu'il y a dans mes fonds
Diguedon. . . .

C'étaient point des bêtises
C'étaient des porillons
Diguedon. . . .

9 Oh, revenez-y toutes

La-bas dans la prairie j'ai fait bater moulin
Digueding! La première qui vient mondre
C'est la fille à Martin — digueding!

Returning from Nantes

*Returning from Nantes
He passed by Glisson.
Digedon my dondan. . . .*

*I went to the square
And found the merchants.
Digedon. . . .*

*There wasn't a lot for sale —
They were selling daffodils.
Digedon. . . .*

*I bought a dozen
There were fourteen in the bunch.
Digedon. . . .*

*I didn't know where to put them —
I put them in my pockets.
Digedon. . . .*

*I went to the dance.
The daffodils were bouncing.
Digedon. . . .*

*I pull out the leaves
Of the those things in my pockets.
Digedon. . . .*

*It was not nonsense,
It was daffodils.
Digedon. . . .*

Oh, Come Again

*Down by the meadow I start my mill
And the first one to come grind her grain
Is Martin's girl — dagadang!*

Oh, revenez-y toutes les belles jolies filles
Mondre dedans mon moulin — digueding
Car il est en train de mondre.

Elle apporte trois coupes, elle en retourne cinq
Digueding! La belle y s'endort
Au tictac du moulin — digueding!

Oh, revenez-y toutes. . . .

Ça répondit sa mere, ça revenge donc bien
Digueding! Le Meunier lui fait dire
C'est de la bonne en grain — digueding!

Oh, revenez-y toutes. . . .

10 Mon père toujours me crie

Mon père toujours me crie
Fille, ne te marie pas.
Tu vivras à l'aise,
Nulle part tu n'feras mieux
Qu'au foyer de ton père.

J'nai pas écouté mon père
Et je me suis mariée.
Pauvre malheureuse!
Avec un vieillard jaloux
Qui toute la nuit ronfle.

Il me mord et il me pince,
Et me donn' des coups de pied,
Ce vieux turelure.
Je l'prendrai pas les cheveux
Et l'jett'rai par la porte.

Le soir je vais sur la place
Voir danser mes compagnons.
Mon mari y veut,
Jaloux de ma joie.
S'il doit mourrir de ce mal,
Que c'la ne tarde guère.

*Oh, come again all you lovely girls
Grind your grain in my mill — dagadang!
Because the mill is going strong.*

*She brings three cups, returns with five
Digedang! The darling falls asleep
To the ticking of the mill — dagadang!*

Oh, come again. . . .

*That, her mother says, works out fine.
Dagadang! The miller has sent word that
It's very good grain — dagadang!*

Oh, come again. . . .

My Father Always Tells Me

*My father always tells me
Daughter, don't ever marry.
You will live at leisure,
Nowhere will you fare better
Than at the hearth of your father.*

*I didn't listen to my father
And I got myself married,
Woe is me,
To a jealous old thing
Who snores all night long.*

*He bites me and he pinches me,
And he kicks me with his feet,
This old idiot.
I should take him by the hair
And throw him out the door.*

*At night I go to the square
To watch my buddies dance.
My husband is resentful —
Jealous of my pleasure.
He should die from this misery,
Not a moment too soon.*

Assemblons nous donc les femmes
Qui avons des maris jaloux;
Nous les mettrons dans un puits,
Ces vieill' barbes grises,
Eil' ne s'aviseront plus
De caresser le filles.

11 Mon père m'a mariée

Mon père m'a mariée
A la nouvelle façon
Le Douaire qu'il me donne
Une robe, un cotillon.
Boi lan la landre rettola
Boi lan la de reto.

Le Douaire qu'il me donne
Une robe, un cotillon.
Et les bas en peau de chèvre
Les son {nouvelle façon.}
Boi lan la. . . .

Et les bas en peau de chèvre
Les son {nouvelle façon.}
Le tablier est de merluche
Et le liens en clematit!
Boi lan la. . . .

Le tablier est de merluche
Et les liens en clematit!
Le tablier est de merluche
Et les liens en clematit!
Boi lan la. . . .

Les aiguill' de la mariée
Un cent de clous à ferrer.
Les aiguill' de la mariee
Un cent de clous à ferrer.
Boi lan la. . . .

*Lets all of us women unite
Who have jealous husbands;
We'll throw them down a well,
Those old greybeards,
So they'll know better
Than to touch young girls.*

My Father Has Married Me Off

*My father has married me off
In the new fashion
The dowry he gives me
Is a dress — a petticoat.
Boi lan la. . . .*

*The dowry he gives me
Is a dress — a petticoat.
And the stockings are of goatskin
In this new fashion.
Boi lan la. . . .*

*And the stockings are of goatskin
In this new fashion.
The apron is of catfish
And the apron strings of vines!
Boi lan la. . . .*

*The apron is of catfish
And the apron strings of vines!
The apron is of catfish
And the apron strings of vines!
Boi lan la. . . .*

*The brides knitting needles
Are one hundred horseshoe nails.
The brides knitting needles
Are one hundred horseshoe nails.
Boi lan la. . . .*

Les Illuminations

Text: Arthur Rimbaud

12 I. Fanfare

J'ai seul la clef de cette parade sauvage.

I. Fanfare

I alone hold the key to this savage parade.

13 II. Villes

Ce sont des villes! C'est un peuple pour qui se sont montés ces Alleghanys et ces Libans de rêve! Des chalets de cristal et de bois se meuvent sur des rails et des poulies invisibles. Les vieux cratères ceints de colosses et de palmiers de cuivre rugissent mélodieusement dans les feux. . . . Des cortèges de Mabs en robes rousses, opalines, montent des ravines. Là-haut, les pieds dans la cascade et les ronces, les cerfs tettent Diane. Les Bacchantes des banlieues sanglotent et la lune brûle et hurle. Vénus entre dans les cavernes des forgerons et des ermites. Des groupes de beffrois chantent les idées des peuples. Des châteaux bâtis en os sort la musique inconnue. . . . Le paradis des orages s'effondre. Les sauvages dansent sans cesse la fête de la nuit. . . .

Quels bons bras, quelle belle heure me rendront cette région d'où viennent mes sommeils et mes moindres mouvements?

II. Towns

These are towns! It is for the inhabitants of towns that these dream Alleghanies and Lebanons have been raised. Castles of crystal and wood move on rails and invisible pulleys. Old craters, encircled with colossal statues and palms of copper, roar melodiously in their fires. . . . Corteges of Queen Mabs in robes red and opaline climb the ravines. Up there, their hoofs in the cascades and the briars, the stags give Diana suck. Bacchantes of the suburbs sob, and the moon burns and howls. Venus enters the caves of the blacksmiths and hermits. Groups of bell-towers sing aloud the ideas of the people. From castles built of bones proceeds unknown music. . . . The paradise of storms collapses. Savages dance unceasingly the Festival of the Night. . . .

What strong arms, what good hour will restore to me that region from which comes my slumbers and the least of my movements ?

14 IIIa. Phrase

J'ai tendu des cordes de clocher à clocher; des guirlandes de fenêtre à fenêtre; des chaînes d'or d'étoile à étoile, et je danse.

IIIa. Phrase

I have hung ropes from bell-tower to bell-tower; garlands from window to window; golden chains from star to star — and I dance.

15 **IIIb. Antique**

Gracieux fils de Pan! Autour de ton front couronné de fleurettes et de baies, tes yeux, des boules précieuses, remuent. Tachées de lie brune, tes joues se creusent. Tes crocs luisent. Ta poitrine ressemble à une cithare, des tintements circulent dans tes bras blonds. Ton cœur bat dans ce ventre où dort le double sexe. Promène-toi, la nuit, en mouvant doucement cette cuisse, cette seconde cuisse et cette jambe de gauche.

IIIb. Antique

Oh, graceful son of Pan! Thine eyes — those precious globes — glance slowly; thy brow is crowned with little flowers and berries. Thy hollow cheeks are spotted with brown lees; thy fangs shine. Thy breast resembles a cithara; tinkling sounds run through thy blond arms. Thy heart beats in that womb where sleeps Hermaphrodite. Walk at night, softly moving this thigh, this other thigh, this left leg.

16 **IV. Royauté**

Un beau matin, chez un peuple fort doux, un homme et une femme superbes criaient sur la place publique: “Mes amis, je veux qu'elle soit reine! Je veux être reine!” Elle riait et tremblait. Il parlait aux amis de révélation, d'épreuve terminée. Ils se pâmaient l'un contre l'autre.

En effet, ils furent rois toute une matinée, où les tentures carminées se relevèrent sur les maisons, et tout l'après-midi, où ils s'avancèrent du côté des jardins de palmes.

IV. Royalty

On a beautiful morning, in a country inhabited by a mild and gentle people, a splendid man and woman stood in the public square and cried aloud: “My friends, I want her to be queen! I want to be queen!” She laughed and trembled. He spoke to his friends of a revelation, of a test concluded. Swooningly they leaned one against the other.

And during one whole morning, whilst the crimson hangings were displayed on the houses, and during the whole afternoon, while they advanced towards the palm gardens, they were indeed royalty.

17 **V. Marine**

Les chars d'argent et de cuivre,
Les proues d'acier et d'argent,
Battent l'écume,
Soulèvent les souches des ronces.
Les courants de la lande,
Et les ornières immenses du reflux,

V. Marine

*Chariots of silver and of copper
Prows of steel and of silver
Beat the foam,
Raise the roots of the brambles.
The streams of the barren parts
And the immense tracks of the ebb
Flow circularly towards the east,*

Filent circulairement vers l'est,
Vers les piliers de la forêt,
Vers les fûts de la jetée,
Dont l'angle est heurté par des
tourbillons de lumière.

*Towards the pillars of the forest,
Towards the piles of the jetty,
Whose angles are jostled by
whirlpools of light.*

VI. Interlude

I alone hold the key to this savage parade.

18 **VI. Interlude**

J'ai seul la clef de cette parade sauvage.

19 **VII. Being Beauteous**

Devant une neige, un Etre de Beauté de haute taille. Des sifflements de mort et des cercles de musique sourde font monter, s'élargir et trembler comme un spectre ce corps adoré; des blessures écarlates et noires éclatent dans les chairs superbes. Les couleurs propres de la vie se foncent, dansent, et se dégagent autour de la Vision, sur le chantier. Et les frissons s'élèvent et grondent, et la saveur forcenée de ces effets se chargeant avec les sifflements mortels et les rauques musiques que le monde, loin derrière nous, lance sur notre mère de beauté, — elle recule, elle se dresse. Oh! nos os sont revêtus d'un nouveau corps amoureux.

O la face cendrée, l'écusson de crin, les bras de cristal! Le canon sur lequel je dois m'abattre à travers la mêlée des arbres et de l'air léger!

VII. Being Beauteous

Against a background of snow is a Beautiful Being of majestic stature. Death is all round her, and whistling, dying breaths, and circles of hollow music cause this adored body to rise, to swell, and to tremble like a spectre. Scarlet and black wounds break out on the superb flesh. Life's regular colors deepen, dance, and separate themselves around the vision, on the work yard. Shudders rise and mutter, and the mad savour of all these things, heavy with dying groans and raucous music, is hurled at our Mother of Beauty by the world far behind us. She recoils, she stands erect. Oh rapture! Our bones are covered anew with a body of love.

Ah! The pale ashen face, the mane-like hair, the arms of crystal. And there is the cannon upon which I must cast myself through the tangle of trees and light winds.

20 **VIII. Parade**

Des drôles très solides. Plusieurs ont exploité vos mondes. Sans besoins, et peu pressés de mettre en oeuvre leurs brillantes facultés et leur expérience de vos consciences. Quels hommes mûrs! Des yeux hébétés à la façon de la nuit d'été, rouges et noirs, tricolores, d'acier

piqué d'étoiles d'or; des facies déformés, plombés, blêmis, incendiés; des enrouements folâtres! La démarche cruelle des oripeaux! Il y a quelques jeunes! . . .

O le plus violent Paradis de la grimace enragée! . . . Chinois, Hottentots, bohémiens, niais, hyènes, Molochs, vieilles démenées, démons sinistres, ils mêlent les tours populaires, maternels, avec les poses et les tendresses bestiales. Ils interpréteraient des pièces nouvelles et des chansons "bonnes filles." Maîtres jongleurs, ils transforment le lieu et les personnes, et usent de la comédie magnétique.

J'ai seul la clef de cette parade sauvage!

VIII. Parade

These are very sturdy rogues. Many of them have made use of you and your like. Without wants, they are in no hurry to put into action their brilliant faculties and their experience of your consciences. What mature men! Here are sottish eyes out of a midsummer night's dream—red, black, tricoloured; eyes of steel spotted with golden stars; deformed faces, leaden-hued, livid, enflamed; wanton hoarseness. They have the ungainly bearing of rag dolls. There are youths among them. . . .

O the most violent Paradise of enraged grimaces. . . . Chinese, Hottentots, gypsies, simpletons, hyaenas, Molochs, old insanities, sinister demons; they alternate popular or maternal tricks with bestial poses and caresses. They would perform modern plays and songs of a simple naivety at will. Master jugglers, they transform places and people, and make use of magnetic comedy.

I alone hold the key to this savage parade!

IX. Départ

Assez vu. La vision s'est rencontrée à tous les airs.
Assez eu. Rumeurs des villes, le soir, et au soleil, et toujours.
Assez connu. Les arrêts de la vie. — O Rumeurs et Visions!
Départ dans l'affection et le bruit neufs!

IX. Departure

*Enough seen. The vision has been met in all guises.
Enough heard. Rumours of the town at night, in the sunlight, at all times.
Enough known. Life's decrees. — Oh Rumours and Visions!
Departure in the midst of new love and new noise!*

22 La Pernette se lève

La Pernette se lève
Tra la la la Landerina!
La Pernette se lève
Deux heures d'avant jour.

Y prend la quenouillette
Son joli petit tour —
Tra la la la Landirida!
A chaqu' tour qu'elle file
Fait un soupir d'amour.

Sa mère lui vient dire
Pernette qu'avez vous?
Tra la la la Landerina!
Non pas le mal de tête
Mais bien le mal d'amour.

Ne pleurez pas, Pernette,
Nous vous mariderons.
Vous donnerons un prince
Ou le fils de baron.
Tra la la la Landerina.

Je ne veux pas un prince
Ni le fils d'un baron.
Je veux mon ami Pierre
Qu'est dedans la prison.
Tu n'auras pas ton Pierre —
Nous le pendolerons.
Tra la la la Landerina.

Si vous pendolez Pierre
Pendolez nous tous deux
Au chemin de Saint-Jacques.
Couvrez Pierre de roses
Et moi de mille fleurs.

Les pèlerins qui passent
En prennent quelque peu
Diront que Dieu est l'âme
Des pauvres amoureux.

Pernette Gets Up

*Pernette gets up
Tra la la la Landerina!
Pernette gets up
Two hours before sunrise.*

*She takes her little bunch of flax
And her pretty spindle —
Tra la la Landirida!
With every turn she spins
She heaves a sigh of love.*

*Her mother comes to her saying
Pernette, what's with you?
Tra la la Landerina!
Not a headache
But surely a heartache.*

*Don't cry, Pernette,
We'll find you someone to marry.
We'll get you a prince
Or the son of a baron.
Tra la la la Landerina.*

*I don't want a prince
Nor the son of a baron.
I want my dear Pierre
Who's in prison now.
You won't have your Pierre —
We will hang him.
Tra la la la Landerina.*

*If you hang Pierre
Hang us both together
On the route to Saint-Jacques.
Cover Pierre in roses
And me with a thousand flowers.*

*The pilgrims who pass
When they take a few
Will say that God is the soul
Of poor lovers.*

23 Suzon va dire à sa mère

Suzon va dire à sa mère
Quel remède a l'amour?
Pauvre innocente,
Maudit soit le mal d'amour
Qui tant me tourmente.

Mais lui répondit sa mère
"Le remède a l'amour?
Le remède a l'amour, être vaillante
Se lever au point du jour
Et être contente."

Tout cela ne fait pas guère
Un remède à l'amour!
Un remède à l'amour — je suis malade!
C'est le triste mal d'amour
Qui tant me tourmente.

Ell' va d'mander à sa tante
Quel remède a l'amour?
Un galant ferait pour toi
Pauvre innocente
Oh tu as deviné le mal
Qui tant me tourmente.

24 L'autre jour en m'y promenant

L'autre jour en m'y promenant
Le long de ce rivage
A mon chemin j'ai rencontré
Une bergère aimable
Je lui ai dit: Belle en passant
Causerez vous à votre amant
Si vous l'aimez si tendrement
Je vous ferai des compliments.

Oh! Oui oh! Oui mon beau monsieur entrez
Entrez dans mon rivage
Entrez y tant que vous voudrez

Suzanne Goes to Say to her Mother

*Suzanne goes to say to her mother,
What remedy is there for love?
(Poor innocent dear)
Damned be love sickness
Which tortures me so.*

*So her mother responds
"The remedy for love?
The remedy for love is to be brave.
To rise at daybreak
And be content."*

*All that doesn't make at all
A remedy for love!
A remedy for love — I am sick
It's the misery of love
Which tortures me so.*

*She goes to ask her aunt,
What remedy is there for love?
A beau will do for you,
Poor innocent dear,
Oh you have fathomed the misery
Which tortures me so.*

The Other Day While Strolling

*The other day while strolling
Along the riverbank,
On my path I chanced upon
A lovely shepherdess.
I said to her: passing Beauty,
Will you chat with your lover?
If you love him very tenderly
I will shower you with compliments.*

*Oh yes, oh my dear sir, welcome,
Welcome to my riverbank.
You're welcome to come as often as you like.*

N'avons qu'un p'tit bois à passer
Je vous dirai mes volontés.

Ils n'en fur' pas dehors du bois
La bell' se mit à rire.
Qu'avez vous bell' quand vous riez,
La belle, qui vous fait rire?
Je ris de toi qu'es si amoureux.
D'avoir passé le bois tous les deux
Tenant ta mie à ton côté
Sans lui avoir rien demandé.

La belle retournons au bois
La belle je te donnerai cent livres
Oh non au bois je n'irai pas
Car les chemins sont des appats.
Quand tu tenais la caille au blé
Galant, tu devais la plumer.

26 A Genn'villiers

A Genn'villiers y a d'si tant belles filles
Y en a t'une si parfaite en beauté
Qu'elle a seduit tambours et grenadiers
Qu'elle a seduit...

Beau grenadier monte dedans ma chamber
Nous parlerons d'amour en liberté
Et n'aurons pas besoin de nous cacher.
Et n'aurons pas...

Le grenadier monte dedans sa chamber
Contre la porte un homme est a pleurer
Disant "Mon Dieu, que je suis malheureux."
Disant "Mon Dieu..."

Ah! J'ai z aimé une tant belle fille
J'ai dépensé mon or et mon argent
Sans en avoir en-z-aucun-z agrément.

Il dit Bon Dieu, que ma douleur est grande
Et son épée au ventr' s'y est passée.
Si bien passée qu'il en est trepassé.

*We must only cross a little wood,
I'll tell you what I want.*

*As soon as they came out of the wood
The beauty began to laugh.
What makes you laugh, Beauty,
Beauty, who is it that makes you laugh?
I'm laughing at you who are so in love.
Going together through the wood
With your love at your side,
You asked nothing of her.*

*Beauty, let's go back to the wood
Beauty, I'll give you a hundred pounds.
Oh no, I won't go back to the wood,
For its paths are a lure.
When you had the bird in hand,
Sir, you should have plucked her.*

In Genn'villiers

*In Genn'villiers there are so many beautiful girls
But there is one so perfectly beautiful
That she has seduced drummers and grenadiers*

*Handsome grenadier, come up to my room
We will talk about love at leisure
We will not need to hide from others*

*The grenadier went up to her room
Against the door a man was crying
Saying, "My God, I am so unhappy."*

*Ah! I have loved a girl of such beauty
I have spent my gold and my silver
Without having gotten anything in return*

*He said Good God, my pain is so great
And pressed his sword against his stomach
Pressed so hard that it killed him.*

26 Jean d'la Réole

Jean d'la Réole, mon ami,
Tu as ta femme mal coiffée.
Si je l'avais je la coiffrai
Tant la nuit comme le jour
Tant le soir que le matin.

Jean d'la Réole, mon ami
Tu as ta femme mal peignée.
Si je l'avais je la peign'rais
Tant la nuit comme le jour.
Si je l'avais je la peign'rais
Tant le soir que le matin.

Jean d'la Réole, mon ami
Tu as ta femme mal lavée.
Si je l'avais je la lavrais
Tant le nuit comme le jour.
Si je l'avais je la lavrais
Tant le soir que le matin.

27 Tendrement

Text: Vincent Hyspa

D'un amour tendre et pure
afin qu'il vous souvienne,
Voici mon cœur, mon cœur tremblant,
Mon pauvre cœur d'enfant
Et voici, pâle fleur que vous fîtes éclore,
Mon âme qui se meurt de vous
Et de vos yeux si doux.

Mon âme est la chapelle,
Où la nuit et le jour
Devant votre grâce immortelle,
Prie à deux genoux mon fidèle amour.
Dans l'ombre et le mystère,
Chante amoureuxment

Jean d'la Réole

*Jean d'la Réole, my friend,
Your wife's hair is a mess.
If she were mine, I'd do her hair
Night and day
Morning and evening.*

*Jean d'la Réole, my friend,
Your wife is badly combed.
If she were mine, I'd comb her
Night and day.
If she were mine, I'd comb her
Morning and evening.*

*Jean d'la Réole, my friend,
Your wife is poorly bathed.
If she were mine, I'd bathe her
Night and day.
If she were mine, I'd bathe her
Morning and evening.*

Tenderly

*Of a love tender and pure
So that it remembers you
Here is my heart, my trembling heart,
My poor childish heart
And here is, pale flower that you made blossom,
My soul that dies for you
And for your eyes so sweet.*

*My soul is the chapel,
Where night and day
Before your immortal grace,
My faithful love prays on two knees.
In the shade and mystery
Sings, lovingly,*

Une douce prière
Païenne si légère
C'est votre nom charmant.

Des roses sont écloses
Au jardin de mon cœur,
Ces roses d'amour sont moins roses
Que vos adorables lèvres en fleur.
De vos mains si cruelles
Et dont je suis jaloux,
Effeuiliez les plus belles,
Vous pouvez les cueillir,
Le jardin est à vous.

28 Elégie

Text: J.P. Contamine de Latour

J'ai vu décliner comme un songe,
Cruel mensonge!
Tout mon bonheur.
Au lieu de la douce espérance,
J'ai la souffrance et la douleur.

Autre fois ma folle jeunesse,
Chantait sans cesse
L'hymne d'amour.
Mais la chimère caressée,
S'est effacée.
En un seul jour.

J'ai dû souffrir mon long martyr,
Sans le maudire,
Sans soupirer.
Le seul remède sur la terre,
A ma misère,
Est de pleurer.

*A sweet prayer,
Pagan so light
Is your charming name.*

*Roses have bloomed
In the garden of my heart,
These roses of love are less pink
Than your adorable flowery lips.
Of your hands so cruel
And of which I am jealous,
Pull off the most beautiful petals,
You can gather them,
The garden is yours.*

Elegy

*I saw decline like a dream,
— Cruel lie —
All my happiness.
Instead of sweet hope
I have suffering and sadness.*

*In the past, my wild youth
Sang without end
The hymn of love.
But the pipe dream
Has been erased.
In one single day.*

*I have had to suffer my long martyrdom
Without speaking ill of it,
Without sighing.
The only remedy on earth
For my misery
Is to cry.*

29 Chanson médiévale

Text: Catulle Mendès

Comme je m'en retournais de la fontaine
avec ma servante
Un chevalier avec son écuyer passa par le
chemin
Je ne sais si l'écuyer s'inquiéta de ma
servante,
Mais le chevalier s'arrêta pour me regarder
à l'aise
Et il me regarda d'une telle ardeur que je
crus dans ses yeux voir briller son coeur.

30 Sylvie

Text: J.P. Contamine de Latour

Elle est si belle, ma Sylvie,
Que les anges en sont jaloux.
L'amour sur sa lèvre ravie
Laissa son baiser le plus doux.

Ses yeux sont de grandes étoiles,
Sa bouche est faite de rubis,
Son âme est un zénith sans voiles,
Et son coeur est mon paradis.

Ses cheveux sont noirs comme l'ombre,
Sa voix plus douce que le miel,
Sa tristesse est une pénombre
Et son sourire un arc en ciel.

Elle est si belle, ma Sylvie. . . .

Medieval Song

*As I was returning from the fountain with my
maid
A knight with his horseman passed along the
path
I don't know if the horseman bothered about
my maid
But the knight stopped to take a leisurely
look at me,
And he looked at me with such ardor that I
believed I'd seen his heart shining in his
eyes.*

Sylvie

*She is so beautiful, my Sylvie
That the angels are jealous of her;
Love left upon her ravished lip,
The most sweet kiss —*

*Her eyes are great stars.
Her mouth is made of rubies
Her soul is a zenith without veils.
And her heart is my paradise*

*Her hair is black like the shade
Her voice sweeter than honey
Her sadness is a half-light
And her smile a rainbow*

She is so beautiful, my Sylvie. . . .

31 A une fontaine

Text: Pierre de Ronsard

Ecoute moi, fontaine vive,
En qui j'ai rebu si souvent
Couché tout plat dessus ta rive,
Oisif à la fraîcheur du vent;

Quand l'été ménager moissonne
Le sein de Cérès dévêtu,
Et l'air par compas résonne
Gémissant sous le blé battu.

Ainsi toujours puisses-tu être
En religion à tous ceux
Qui te boiront ou fairont paître
Tes verts rivages à leurs boeufs;

Ainsi toujours la lune claire
Voie à minuit au fond d'un val
Les nymphes, près de ton repaire,
A mille bonds mener le bal!

32 A Cupidon

Text: Pierre de Ronsard

Le jour pousse la nuit
Et la nuit sombre
Pousse le jour qui luit
D'une obscure ombre.

L'automne suit l'été,
Et l'âpre rage
Des vents n'a point été
Après l'orage.

Mais la fièvre d'amours
Qui me tourmente
Demeure en moi toujours
Et ne s'alente.

To a Fountain

*Listen to me, lively fountain,
You who quench my thirst so often
Lying all still above the bank,
Idle in the fresh breeze;*

*When the summer gently gathers
The bounty of Ceres's breasts
And the air resounds in every direction
With the moaning of the threshed wheat.*

*Then always may you remain
A religion for all those
Who will drink from you or will graze their oxen
On your green banks;*

*Then always may the clear moon
See at midnight at the bottom of the valley
The nymphs, close to your hideaway,
With a thousand leaps leading the dance!*

To Cupid

*The day pursues the night
And the dark night
Pursues the shining day with a
Dark shadow.*

*Autumn follows summer
And the bitter rage
Of the winds does not remain
After the storm.*

*But the fever of love
That torments me
Resides within me always
And will not subside.*

Ce n'était pas moi, Dieu,
Qu'il fallait poindre.
Ta flèche en d'autre lieu
Se devait joindre.

Poursuis les paresseux
Et les amuse,
Mais non pas moi, ni ceux
Qu'aime la Muse.

83 Tais-toi, babillarde

Text: Pierre de Ronsard

Tais-toi, babillarde Arondelle,
Ou bien je plumerai ton aile
Si je t'empongne, ou d'un couteau
Je te couperai la languette,
Qui matin sans repos caquette
Et m'estourdit tout le cerveau.

Je te preste ma cheminée
Pour chanter toute la journée,
De soir, de nuit, quand tu voudras.
Mais au matin ne me reveille
Et ne m'oste quand je sommeille
Ma Cassandre d'entre mes bras.

*It was not me, God of Love,
That you should have pierced.
Your arrow should have
landed in another place.*

*Pursue the lazy ones
And amuse them,
But not me, nor anyone
Who loves the Muse.*

Be Quiet, Babbler!

*Be quiet, babbling swallow
Or the feathers of your wing I'll surely
Pluck if I grasp you, or with a blade
I'll cut off the little tongue
That cackles without ceasing in the morning
And drives me out of my mind.*

*I'll give you my chimney
For singing all the day,
The evening, the night, anytime you want.
But in the morning don't wake me
And when I'm sleeping don't take
My Cassandra away from my embrace.*

84 Dieu vous gard'

Text: Pierre de Ronsard

Dieu vous gard', messagers fidèles
Du printemps, gentes hirondelles,
Huppés, coucous, rossignolet,
Tourtres, et vous oiseaux sauvages
Qui de cent sortes de ramages
Animez les bois verdelets.

Dieu vous gard' belles pâquerettes,
Belles roses belles fleurettes,
Et vous, boutons jadis connus
Du sang d'Ajax et de Narcisse;
Et vous, thym, anis et mélisse,
Vous soyez les bien revenus.

Dieu vous gard' troupe diaprée
Des papillons, qui par la préé
Les douces herbes suçotez;
Et vous, nouvel essaim d'abeilles,
Qui les fleurs jaunes et vermeilles
De votre bouche baisotez.

Cent mille fois je resalue
Votre belle et douce venue.
O que j'aime cette saison
Et ce doux caquet des rivages,
Au prix des vents et des orages
Qui m'enfermaient à la maison.

God Keep You

*God keep you, faithful messengers
Of spring, kindly swallows,
Crested ones, cuckoos, nightingales,
Doves, and you wild birds
Who with a hundred kinds of song
Animate the verdant trees.*

*God keep you, beautiful daisies,
Beautiful roses beautiful little flowers,
And you, new buds, who once knew
The blood of Ajax and Narcissus;
And you, thyme, anise, and melissum,
May you always bloom again.*

*God keep you, diaphanous company
Of butterflies, who in the meadow
Sip from sweet herbs;
And you, new swarm of honeybees,
Who kiss the yellow and magenta flowers
With your mouth.*

*A hundred times I reacquaint myself with
Your beautiful and gentle arrival.
Oh how I love this season
And the sweet babble of the waters.
It's a reward for the winds and the storms
Which kept me shut inside at home.*



Soprano Patrice Michaels concertizes extensively, appearing with noted ensembles including the St. Louis, Atlanta, Milwaukee, San Antonio, Phoenix, Czech National, Shanghai, and Omaha Symphonies; the Minnesota Orchestra; Chicago's Grant Park Orchestra and Music of the Baroque; the Maryland Handel Festival, Dallas Bach Society, and Los Angeles Master Chorale; the Chicago Baroque Ensemble; and Boston Baroque. Conductors with whom she has collaborated include Robert Shaw, Stanislaw Skrowaczewski, Nicolas McGegan, Joseph Silverstein, Anne Manson, Andrew Parrott, Zdenek Macal, Joanne Falletta, Andreas Delfs, and Viktor Yampolsky.

Ms. Michaels has sung with opera companies throughout North America including Lyric Opera of Chicago, Cleveland Opera, Milwaukee's Florentine Opera, Tacoma Opera, Colorado's Central City Opera, Chicago Opera Theater, and The Banff Centre, Canada. She has appeared as recitalist in Japan, Cuba, Belize, Mexico, Venezuela, Barbados, and throughout North America.

Patrice Michaels has made twelve recordings for Chicago-based Cedille Records, including *A Vivaldi Concert*, *Divas of Mozart's Day*, and *Songs of the Romantic Age*. Her recordings for other labels include Bach's *St. Matthew Passion* with Sir Georg Solti and the Chicago Symphony for London Records, Mozart's *Requiem* on the Amadis label, Mozart's *C Minor Mass* with Chicago's Music of the Baroque, and *The Music of Edward Joseph Collins* on the Albany label (forthcoming).

Patrice Michaels is Associate Professor of Opera Theater and Studio Voice at Lawrence University's Conservatory of Music in Appleton, Wisconsin.

patrice michaels

Now in its 17th season, The Chicago Chamber Musicians (CCM) enjoys an outstanding reputation both for its artistic excellence and for its strong commitment to community service. Since its founding in 1986, CCM has assembled a resident ensemble of twelve world-class artists who collaborate closely to present a broad spectrum of the chamber music repertoire. CCM has toured nationally, including performances at the Ravinia Festival and the Wolf Trap Center for the Performing Arts, and internationally in Tokyo, Salzburg, and Paris, receiving many repeat engagement invitations. More than 27 million listeners have heard CCM through performances broadcast on WFMT, National Public Radio's Performance Today, and Minnesota Public Radio. A two-time Chamber Music America / ASCAP winner of the Award for Adventurous Programming for both its Music at the Millennium and Composer Perspective series, CCM has commissioned eleven works from John Harbison, William Russo, Bruce Adolphe, and others, and has further collaborated with composers such as Pierre Boulez, Ellen Taaffe Zwilich, John Corigliano, and Bright Sheng. Mr. Boulez is CCM's Musical Advisor for contemporary programming.

The members of CCM are current and former members of prestigious ensembles such as the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Los Angeles and Israel Philharmonics, Chicago Lyric Opera and Paris National Opera Orchestras, Music of the Baroque, Cologne Radio Symphony Orchestra, Orchestre National du Capitole de Toulouse, Muir Quartet, and Los Angeles Piano Quartet. The CCM musicians are on the faculties of Northwestern, DePaul, and Roosevelt Universities. The Chicago String Quartet and the CCM BRASS are ensembles-in-residence with CCM; the Chicago String Quartet is also a resident quartet of the Taos School of Music in New Mexico.

CCM reaches more than 50,000 people annually in Chicago through more than 45 distinctive performance and community programs. With its hallmark combination of artistic drive and social concern, CCM has enriched the city of Chicago and established itself as a national leader in musical performance, education, and outreach.



Featured on this recording are CCM member artists Michael Henoeh, oboe; Larry Combs, clarinet; William Buchman, bassoon; Gail Williams, french horn; Joseph Genualdi and Jasmine Lin, violins; Rami Solomonow, viola; Christopher Costanza, cello; Bradley Opland, double bass; and guest artists Alison Attar, harp and Fred Selvaggio, percussion.

the chicago chamber musicians

One of America's leading conductors, Maestro Paul Freeman became the Founding Music Director of the Chicago Sinfonietta in 1987. He was appointed Music Director and chief conductor of the Czech National Symphony Orchestra in Prague in January 1996. From 1979 to 1989, Maestro Freeman served as Music Director of the Victoria Symphony in Canada. Prior to that post, he served as Principal Guest Conductor of the Helsinki Philharmonic and as Associate Conductor of the Dallas and Detroit Symphonies. He also served for six years as Music Director of the Opera Theatre of Rochester, New York.

Maestro Freeman has conducted over 100 orchestras in 28 countries, including the National Symphony, New York Philharmonic, Cleveland Orchestra, Chicago Symphony, London Philharmonic, Royal Philharmonic, Orchestre de la Suisse Romande, St. Petersburg Philharmonic, Moscow Philharmonic, Warsaw Philharmonic, Berlin Symphony, Tonkünstler Orchester (Vienna), National Orchestra of Mexico, and Israel Sinfonietta.

Dr. Freeman received his Ph.D. from the Eastman School of Music and studied on a U.S. Fulbright Grant at the Hochschule für Musik in Berlin. He also studied with the renowned conductor Pierre Monteux and has received numerous awards including a top prize in the Mitropoulos International Conducting Competition, and, most recently, the Mahler Award from the European Union of Arts. With over 200 recordings to his credit, Maestro Freeman has won widespread acclaim for his interpretations of classical, romantic, and modern repertoire. Recently, he was awarded Doctor of Humane Letters degrees from both Dominican and Loyola Universities in Chicago. This is Dr. Freeman's tenth recording for Cedille.



czech national symphony

Founded in the early 1990s by Jan Hasenöhril and a small group of dedicated musicians, the Czech National Symphony Orchestra (under the corporate umbrella of ICN-Polyart) has established itself as one of the premiere orchestras of the Czech Republic. Its first Music Director was Zdeněk Košler, a leading Czech conductor and former Music Director of the Czech Philharmonic. Since Maestro Paul Freeman was appointed chief conductor of the Czech National Symphony Orchestra (CNSO) in January 1996, the musical body has continued to develop under his leadership. He has already recorded 20 CDs with the orchestra and arranged a 1997 UK Tour during which Maestro Freeman shared the podium with the distinguished Czech conductor Libor Pešek. Recently, the CNSO entered into a five-year agreement with IMG Artists Management to tour extensively in Europe, Asia, and North and South America. The CNSO has also collaborated with the conductor Gaetano Delogu, with whom it appeared at the Messino

Festival in September 2000. In addition to these activities, there are also several film music projects under way with the Rome agency AMIT, giving the CNSO an opportunity to work with such film composers as Ennio Morricone, F. Piersanti, and others. This is the orchestra's sixth recording with Paul Freeman for Cedille Records.



paul freeman

Also with Patrice Michaels on Cedille Records



Divas of Mozart's Day
CDR 90000 064



The Virtuoso Handel
CDR 90000 057



Clearings in the Sky
CDR 90000 054



Songs of the Classical Age
CDR 90000 049



The World of Lully
CDR 90000 043



Menotti: The Medium
CDR 90000 034



To be Sung Upon the Water
CDR 90000 029



A Vivaldi Concert
CDR 90000 025



Songs of the Romantic Age
CDR 90000 019