



CLEVELAND
CHAMBER
MUSIC
SOCIETY

PROGRAM NOTES

Holger Falk, baritone
Julius Drake, piano
October 23, 2018 – 7:30 p.m.
Forest Hills Church

Six Songs after Poems by Johann Gabriel Seidl

Franz Schubert

Born: Vienna-Himmelfortgrund, 1797

Died: Vienna, 1828

Composed: 1826-28

In 1826, an aspiring 22-year-old poet by the name of Johann Gabriel Seidl (1804-75) published a two-volume anthology from which Schubert took the texts for no fewer than twelve songs—including one of his very last works, “Die Taubenpost,” published posthumously as the last piece of the cycle *Schwanengesang*. Despite the inferiority of Seidl's poetic talents, these songs gave the composer the chance to express a wide range of feelings, including reassurance after a state of restlessness

(*Sehnsucht*); a celebration of passionate love (*Bei dir allein*); the praise of the simple pleasures in life (*Irdisches Glück*), or a meditation about where one's real home is (*Der Wanderer an den Mond*). *Im Freien* is, in the words of musicologist Susan Youens, “a nocturnal serenade to everything and everyone,” while in the ever-popular *Taubenpost*, “*Sehnsucht*” (longing) is, for once, not a cause for suffering but a source of great, quiet happiness.

Selections from *Hollywooder Liederbuch* and *Hollywood Elegies*

Hanns Eisler

Born: Leipzig, 1898

Died: East Berlin, 1962

Composed: 1941-42

Next to Kurt Weill, Hanns Eisler was Bertolt Brecht's closest musical collaborator. Exact contemporaries, Brecht and Eisler first met in Berlin in the late 1920s, and their friendship

lasted until Brecht's death in 1956. After years of wanderings in Europe (where they were sometimes together and sometimes not), the two men were reunited in 1941 in Southern

California, where a rather large group of refugees from Nazi Germany found their permanent or temporary homes (including Eisler's old composition teacher, Arnold Schoenberg). For Brecht and Eisler, who both had strong Communist sympathies, the sojourn was not to last. In 1948, the composer was expelled from McCarthy's America; the poet and playwright had departed a year earlier, only one day after testifying before the House Un-American Activities Committee. The last phase of Brecht and Eisler's working relationship took place in East Germany, where both settled in 1949-50.

Eisler, who had found work in the Hollywood studios during the war, composed about fifty art songs on Brecht poems during the same period. The songs were later arranged in various cycles,

Banalités (1940), Calligrammes (1948) **Francis Poulenc**

Born: Paris, 1899

Died: Paris, 1963

Guillaume Apollinaire (1880-1918), a leading light of French avant-garde poetry, was at the center of Francis Poulenc's artistic universe. As a young man, Poulenc had known Apollinaire personally; over the years, he set more than forty of his poems to music. His opera *Les mamelles de Tirésias* ("The Breasts of Tiresias") is based on a play by Apollinaire.

In the five *Banalités*, we hear, in turn, a sophisticated folksong imitation, an essay in decadent languor, a scherzo filled with delicious, untranslatable puns, and an ironic miniature waltz. In the last song, the longest of the set, individual pain receives a cosmic dimension as it embodies universal suffering "until the end of time."

Many of Poulenc's songs, including these two sets, were written for Poulenc's friend and frequent recital partner, the baritone Pierre Bernac. The seven songs that make up *Calligrammes* received their premieres during the duo's first American tour in the fall of 1948, a six-week coast-to-coast journey with rave

variously known as the *Hollywooder Liederbuch* (Hollywood Songbook) and *Hollywood Elegies*. All the songs are extremely short and depict the feelings of a refugee "driven to Paradise" whose thoughts and feelings are dominated on the sufferers left behind, one who is struggling with an unfamiliar new environment and is keenly aware that one person's Paradise can be another's Hell ("Diese Stadt hat mich belehrt").

In the songs, Eisler made use of Schoenberg's twelve-tone method, combining it with the idiom of the political songs he had written in Germany, with elements of the classical Lied and popular music added to the mix as well. The result was a stylistic amalgam in which, as Eisler biographer Albrecht Betz noted, "the familiar appears in an unfamiliar context," where "Eisler's experiences with...film music have left their mark."

reviews everywhere. After the premiere of *Calligrammes* at Town Hall in New York City (November 20, 1948) in particular, there were seven curtain calls and five encores.

In his memoir *Diary of My Songs*, Poulenc recalled the experiences that had led to the composition of this cycle, events that had taken place thirty years earlier while the composer was serving in the Army during World War I:

I was then in an antiaircraft section stationed at Tremblay...I would end each day in one of the little bistros in Nogent. It was actually in one of these that I first made contact with the volume of Apollinaire, thus melding what I was going to live through with the poetic fictions of *Calligrammes*.

Each of the seven songs was dedicated to a childhood friend, two of whom were no longer alive in 1948. The memories connected to those friends—bittersweet, fierce, sarcastic, nostalgic, tragic—come close to constituting an emotional autobiography.

Ludions (1923), Rambouillet (1907), Je te veux (1897), Enfant martyr (1904) **Erik Satie**

Born: Honfleur, 1866

Died: Paris, 1925

Erik Satie was one of the greatest non-conformists in the history of music, with a deep mistrust of the establishment. He was a friend and contemporary of Debussy and Ravel who both thought highly of him, yet the path that led to *Pelléas and Daphnis* was not for Satie. As he once said of Ravel: "Ravel refused the *légion d'honneur* but all his music accepts it."

Yet during the last years of his life, Satie was taken very seriously by the musical world, as he should have been. With the advent of Dada and Surrealism after World War I, his time had really come, and pieces that would earlier have been dismissed as jokes lacking substance were received with a certain amount of reverence.

The five short songs published under the title *Ludions* were first performed at an aristocratic masked ball, with organ accompaniment no less (whose incongruity must have only increased the humoristic effect, but still, the host of the masked ball, Count Étienne de Beaumont, was a devoted patron of the composer. (*Ludions*, known as "Cartesian divers" or "bottle imps" in English, are toys devised to demonstrate the principle of buoyancy.)

The poet, Léon-Paul Fargue (1876-1947), an old friend of Ravel's, had been a member of the

latter's circle of friends known as the "Apaches" and who had more recently formed a newer coterie named "Potassons." The name, for which Fargue provided a detailed definition, may be summed up as standing for a life-loving, good-humored person. Songs 1, 3 and 5 are parodistic in their intent (the first a memorial for a pet rat, the last one for a pet cat), but Nos. 2 and 4 strike a darker tone with the "spleen" suddenly engulfing our entire life (at least for a split second), and with a silly play on words receiving a solemnly minimalistic musical treatment.

Satie had frequently exercised his parodistic in younger years, working for years as a cabaret pianist at the *Auberge du Clou* in the 9th arrondissement, collaborating with a popular singer-poet named Vincent Hyspa (1865-1938). For "*Rambouillet*" and "*Enfant martyr*," the words have not survived. The word in the first title is the name of a small town outside Paris known for its 14th-century *château*; they are both simple melodies with sometimes surprising harmonies. "*Je te veux*," on a rather risqué text by Satie's friend Henry Pacory, is a sentimental waltz popularized by one of the most famous music-hall performers in Paris, Paulette Goddard.

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Song Lyrics and Translations

Six Songs after Poems by Johann Gabriel Seidl

Franz Schubert

Der Wanderer an den Mond

Ich auf der Erd', am Himmel du
Wir wandern beide rüstig zu: -
Ich ernst und trüb, du mild und rein,
Was mag der Unterschied wol seyn?
Ich wandre fremd von Land zu Land,
So heimatlos, so unbekannt;
Bergauf, bergab, waldein, waldaus,
Doch bin ich nirgend - ach! - zu Haus.
Du aber wanderst auf und ab
Aus Ostens Wieg' in Westens Grab, -
Wallst länderein und länderaus,
Und bist doch, wo du bist, zu Haus.
Der Himmel, endlos ausgespannt,
Ist dein geliebtes Heimatland:
O glücklich, wer wohin er geht,
Doch auf der Heimat Boden steht!

Bei dir allein

Bei dir allein empfind' ich, dass ich lebe,
Dass Jugendmut mich schwellt
Dass eine heit're Welt
Der Liebe mich durchbebe;
Mich freut mein Sein Bei dir allein!
Bei dir allein weht mir die Luft so labend,
Dünkt mich die Flur so grün,
So mild des Lenzes Blüh'n,
So balsamreich der Abend,
So kühl der Hain,
Bei dir allein!
Bei dir allein verliert der Schmerz sein Herbes,
Gewinnt die Freud an Lust!
Du sicherst meine Brust des angestammten Erbes;
Ich fühl' mich mein
Bei dir allein!

The wanderer speaks to the moon

I on the earth, you in the sky -
we both wander briskly on:
I stern and troubled, you mild and pure;
what might be the difference between us?
A stranger, I wander from land to land,
so rootless and unknown;
up mountains and down, into forests and out,
but nowhere am I - alas! - at home.
But you wander up and down,
from the eastern cradle to the western grave,
on your pilgrimage from land to land;
and wherever you are, you are at home.
The sky, endlessly spreading,
is your beloved homeland;
o happy is he who, wherever he goes,
still stands on native ground!

With you alone

With you alone I feel that I am alive,
that a spirit of youth swells within me,
that a jovial world
of love surges through me;
I rejoice in my existence
with you alone!
With you alone does the breeze feel so
refreshing,
the meadow so green,
the blooming Spring so balmy,
the evening so richly fragrant,
the grove so cool;
with you alone!
With you alone, pain loses its bitterness
and joy yields such pleasure!
You safeguard the

ancient heritage of my heart;
I feel I am myself
with you alone!

Im Freien

Draußen in der weiten Nacht
Steh' ich wieder nun:
Ihre helle Sternenpracht
Lässt mein Herz nicht ruhn!
Tausend Arme winken mir
Süßbegehrend zu,
Tausend Stimmen rufen hier:
»Grüß dich, Trauter, du!«
O ich weiß auch, was mich zieht,
Weiß auch, was mich ruft,
Was wie Freundes Gruß und Lied
Locket durch die Luft.
Siehst du dort das Hüttchen stehn,
Drauf der Mondschein ruht?
Durch die blanken Scheiben sehn Augen, die mir gut!
Siehst du dort das Haus am Bach,
Das der Mond bescheint?
Unter seinem trauten Dach
Schläft mein liebster Freund.
Siehst du jenen Baum,
der voll Silberflocken flimmt?
O wie oft mein Busen schwoll,
Froher dort gestimmt!
Jedes Plätzchen, das mir winkt,
Ist ein lieber Platz;
Und wohin ein Strahl nur sinkt,
Lockt ein teurer Schatz.
Drum auch winkt mir's überall
So begehrend hier,
Drum auch ruft es, wie der Schall
Trauter Liebe mir.

Irdisches Glück

So Mancher sieht mit finstrier Miene

Outdoors

Outside in the vast night
Now once more I stand;
Its bright, starry splendour
Grants my heart no peace.
A thousand arms beckon to me
With sweet longing
A thousand voices call to me:
'Greetings, thou dear friend!
Oh, I know what draws me,
What calls to me,
Like a friend's greeting, a song
Floating enticingly through the air.
Do you see there the cottage
On which the moonlight is lingering?
From its sparkling windows gaze out
Fond eyes.
Do you see the house there by the brook,
Lit by the moon?
Beneath its homey roof
My dearest friend sleeps.
Do you see that tree,
Glittering with flakes of silver?
Oh, how often did my heart
Swell there with joy!
Every little place that beckons
Is precious to me
And wherever a moonbeam falls,
Cherished treasure entices.
So everything here
Beckons to me with longing
And calls to me
With the sounds of true love.

Earthly Happiness

Not so few look with grim faces

Die weite Welt sich grollend an,
Des Lebens wunderbare Bühne
Liegt ihm vergebens aufgetan.
Da weiß ich besser mich zu nehmen,
Und fern, der Freude mich zu schämen,
Genieß' ich froh den Augenblick:
Das ist denn doch gewiss ein Glück.
Um manches Herz hab ich geworben,
Doch währte mein Triumph nicht lang,
Denn Blödheit hat mir oft verdorben,
Was kaum mein Frohsinn mir errang.
Drum bin ich auch dem Netz entgangen;
Denn, weil kein Wahn mich hielt umfassen,
Kam ich von keinem auch zurück:
Und das ist doch gewiss ein Glück!
Kein Lorbeer grünte meiner Scheitel,
Mein Haupt umstrahlt' kein Ehrenglanz;
Doch ist darum mein Thun nicht eitel;
Ein stiller Dank ist auch ein Kranz!
Wem, weit entfernt von kecken Flügen,
Des Thales stille Freuden g'nügen,
Dem bangt auch nie für sein Genick:
Und das ist doch gewiss ein Glück!
Und ruft der Bot' aus jenen Reichen
Mir einst, wie Allen, ernst und hohl,
Dann sag ich willig, im Entweichen,
Der schönen Erde »Lebe wohl!«
Sei's denn, so drücken doch am Ende
Die Hand mir treue Freundeshände,
So segnet doch mich Freundesblick:
Und das ist, Brüder, doch wohl Glück!

Die Taubenpost

Ich hab' eine Brieftaub' in meinem Sold,
Die ist gar ergeben und treu,
Sie nimmt mir nie das Ziel zu kurz,
Und fliegt auch nie vorbei.
Ich sende sie vieltausendmal
Auf Kundschaft täglich hinaus,

And resentment on the wide world;
Life's wondrous stage
Lies open to them, though in vain.
But I know better what to do,
And, far from ashamed of my joy,
do happily enjoy the moment.
And this, certainly, is happiness!
Many a heart have I wooed
though my triumph did not last long
For my stupidity often ruined
What my cheerful spirit had scarce achieved.
And so I did escape the net;
For since no illusion held me captive
I had no need to escape from one:
And that, certainly, is happiness!
No laurels have adorned my brow,
Nor halo of glory shone about my head,
Yet my life is not in vain;
Quiet thanks are also a wreath!
And he who, far from bold flights,
Is content with the valley's quiet joys,
Never fears for his neck.
And that, certainly, is happiness!
And when the messenger from the world beyond
Calls me, as he does all, in a voice serious and
hollow,
Then, in parting, I bid willingly
To this beautiful earth "farewell".
Maybe, at the end,
the hands of true friends hold mine
And friendly eyes will bless me;
And that, brothers, is happiness indeed!

The pigeon post

In my pay I have a carrier-pigeon
Who is utterly loyal and true.
She never stops too short of her goal,
Nor ever flies too far.
A thousand times I send her out
To gather everyday information,

Vorbei an manchem lieben Ort,
Bis zu der Liebsten Haus.
Dort schaut sie zum Fenster heimlich hinein,
Belauscht ihren Blick und Schritt,
Gibt meine Grüße scherzend ab
Und nimmt die ihren mit.
Kein Briefchen brauch' ich zu schreiben mehr,
Die Thräne selbst geb' ich ihr:
O sie verträgt sie sicher nicht,
Gar eifrig dient sie mir.
Bei Tag, bei Nacht, im Wachen, im Traum,
Ihr gilt das alles gleich:
Wenn sie nur wandern, wandern kann,
Dann ist sie überreich!
Sie wird nicht müd, sie wird nicht matt,
Der Weg ist stets ihr neu;
Sie braucht nicht Lockung, braucht nicht Lohn,
Die Taub' ist so mir treu!
Drum heg' ich sie auch so treu an der Brust,
Versichert des schönsten Gewinns;
Sie heißt - die Sehnsucht! Kennt ihr sie? -
Die Botin treuen Sinns.

Past many of my favorite places
To my beloved's house.
There she peeps in secretly at the window,
Eavesdropping on every look and step;
Banteringly she conveys my greetings
And brings my beloved's back to me.
I don't even need to write a note any longer;
Tears alone I give her.
Oh, she hardly tolerates those,
So fervently does she serve me.
By day, by night, awake or in a dream,
It is all the same to her:
Only when she is in flight, and can be in flight,
Then she is happy!
She never grows tired, she never feels dull,
The way always feels new to her;
She needs no enticement, needs no reward,
So true to me is this pigeon!
And so I cherish her so truly in my heart,
Assured of the fairest prize;
Her name is -- Longing! Do you know her? --
The messenger of a devoted heart!

Selections from Hollywooder Liederbuch

Hanns Eisler

An den kleinen Radioapparat

Du kleiner Kasten, den ich flüchtend trug,
dass meine Lampen mir auch nicht zerbrächen,
besorgt vom Haus zum Schiff, vom Schiff zum
Zug,
dass meine Feinde weiter zu mir sprächen,
an meinem Lager und zu meiner Pein,
der letzten nachts, der ersten in der Früh',
von ihren Siegen und von meiner Müh.
Versprich mir, nicht auf einmal stumm zu sein!

Über den Selbstmord

In diesem Lande und in dieser Zeit
dürfte es trübe Abende nicht geben,

To My Little Radio

You little box I carried on as I fled,
Concerned to save your lamps from getting
broken
Fleeing from house to train, from train to ship
So I might hear my enemies keep talking to me.
Beside my bedside and to give me pain
Last thing at night, once more as dawn appears
Shouting their victories and my troubles:
Promise at least you won't go dead again!

On Suicide

In such a country and at such a time
There should not be any melancholy evenings,

auch hohe Brücken über die Flüsse.
Selbst die Stunden zwischen Nacht und Morgen
und die ganze Winterzeit dazu;
das ist gefährlich!
Denn angesichts dieses Elends
werfen die Menschen in einem Augenblick
ihr unerträgliches Leben fort.
Die Flucht
Auf der Flucht vor meinen Landsleuten
bin ich nun nach Finnland gelangt,
freunde, die ich gestern nicht kannte,
stellten uns Betten in saubere Zimmer.
Im Lautsprecher höre ich die Siegesmeldungen des
Abschaums.
Neugierig betrachte ich die Karte.
Hoch oben in Lappland, nah dem nördlichen
Eismeer zu,
seh' ich noch eine kleine Tür.

Die Flucht

Auf der Flucht vor meinen Landsleuten
bin ich nun nach Finnland gelangt,
freunde, die ich gestern nicht kannte,
stellten uns Betten in saubere Zimmer.
Im Lautsprecher höre ich die Siegesmeldungen des
Abschaums.
Neugierig betrachte ich die Karte.
Hoch oben in Lappland, nah dem nördlichen
Eismeer zu,
seh' ich noch eine kleine Tür.

Ostersonntag

Heute, Ostersonntag früh,
ging ein plötzlicher Schneesturm über die Insel,
zwischen den grünenden Hecken lag Schnee.
Mein junger Sohn holte mich
zu einem Aprikosenbäumchen an der Hausmauer
von einem Verse weg,
in dem ich auf diejenigen mit dem Finger deutete,
die diesen Krieg vorbereiteten,

or high bridges over the rivers.
Even the hours between night and morning
And the winter season too each year,
are full of danger.
For, having seen all this misery
People will, in a moment,
throw away their unbearable lives.
Escape
In my flight from my countrymen
I have got as far as Finland.
Friends whom I didn't know yesterday,
set up beds for us in clean rooms.
Through the loudspeakers I hear
about the victories of the bastards.
I eagerly study the map.
At the top, in Lapland, near the Arctic Sea,
I can see a tiny door.

Escape

In my flight from my countrymen
I have got as far as Finland. Friends
Who till yesterday were strangers, let us have
beds
In the most spotless bedrooms. The bulletins on
the wireless
Tell how the bastards are winning. Curious
I study what the map says. At the top, in Lapland
Where the Arctic Circle lies
I can see there's a tiny door.

Easter Sunday

Easter day a cold wind blew
And a flurry of snow swept over the island.
In among burgeoning hedges it lay.
My young son
Dragged me out to save a little apricot tree up
against the house
Putting aside a verse in which I'd done the best
I could to expose that group of men

der diesen Kontinent, diese Insel,
mein Volk und meine Familie
und mich vertilgen muss.
Schweigend legten wir einen Sack
um den frierenden Baum.

Der Kirschdieb

An einem frühen Morgen lange vor Morgengraun
wurde ich geweckt durch ein Pfeifen
und ging zum Fenster.
Auf meinem Kirschbaum,
Dämmerung füllte den Garten,
saß ein junger Mann mit geflickter Hose
und pflückte lustig meine Kirschen.
Mich sehend nickte er mir zu,
mit beiden Händen holte er die Kirschen
aus den Zweigen in seine Taschen.
Noch eine ganze Zeitlang,
als ich wieder in meiner Bettstatt lag,
hört' ich ihn sein lust'ges kleines Lied pfeifen.

Who were preparing this war
Which must wipe out this continent,
and this island, my people and my family.
Silently we wrapped a sack
Round the shivering tree.

The cherry thief

Early the other morning, long before it was light
I was woken up by someone whistling
And went to the window.
From up my cherry tree,
Twilight was filling the garden.
A young man sat with a patch in his pants
Cheerfully plucking my cherries.
When he saw me, he gave me a nod,
and with both hands
Started stuffing cherries from the branches into
his pockets.
For quite a moment longer, when I'd once again
got into my bed
I could hear him whistle his happy little song.

Selections from Hollywood-Elegien

Hanns Eisler

I. Unter den grünen Pfefferbäumen

gehn die Musiker auf den Strich,
zwei und zwei
mit den Schreibern. Bach
hat ein Strichquartett im Täschchen,
Dante schwenkt
den dürren Hintern.

II. Die Stadt ist nach den Engeln genannt

und man begegnet allenthalben Engeln.
Sie riechen nach Öl und tragen goldene Pessare,
und mit blauen Ringen um die Augen füttern sie
allmorgentlich die Schreiber in ihren
Schwimmpfählen.

III. Jeden Morgen, mein Brot zu verdienen,

I. Beneath the green pepper trees

The musicians play the whore,
Two by two
With the writers. Bach
Has a Strumpet Voluntary in his pocket.
Dante wriggles
His shriveled bottom.

II. The city is named after the angels

And you meet angels everywhere.
They smell of oil and wear golden pessaries,
And, with blue rings round their eyes,
Feed the writers in their swimming puddles
every morning.

III. Every day, to earn my daily bread,

Geh' ich zum Markt, wo Lügen verkauft werden.
Hoffnungsvoll
Reihe ich mich ein unter die Verkäufer

IV. Diese Stadt hat mich belehrt,
Paradies und Hölle können eine Stadt sein.
Für die Mittellosen
Ist das Paradies die Hölle.

V. In den Hügeln wird Gold gefunden
An der Küste findet man Öl.
Größere Vermögen
Bringen die Träume vom Glück
Die man hier auf Zelluloid schreibt.

Die Heimkehr

Die Vaterstadt, Wie find ich sie doch?
Folgend den Bombenschwärmen
Komm ich nach Haus.
Wo liegt sie mir,
Wo liegt sie mir?
Dort, wo die ungeheuren Gebirge von Rauch
stehn,
das in den Feuern dort ist sie.
Die Vaterstadt, wie empfängt sie mich wohl?
Vor mir kommen die Bomber,
tödliche Schwärme melden euch meine
Rückkehr,
Feuersbrünste gehen dem Sohn voraus.

I go to the market where lies are sold.
Hopeful
I take up my place among the sellers.

IV. This city has taught me:
Paradise and hell can be the same city.
For the destitute,
Paradise is hell.

V. In the hills, gold is found,
by the sea you come upon oil.
Greater fortunes
are won from those dreams of happiness
which are written on celluloid spoils.

Homecoming

My native town: how will I find it?
Guided by bomber squadrons
I shall come home.
Where will it lie?
There, where those enormous mountains of
smoke are standing,
There is it, in the fire.
My native town: how will it greet me?
Before me go the bombers.
Death-dealing locusts announce my return.
Conflagrations are preceding the native son.

Calligrammes sur des poèmes de Guillaume Apollinaire

Francis Poulenc

L'Espionne

Pâle espionne de l'Amour
Ma mémoire à peine fidèle
N'eut pour observer cette belle Forteresse
qu'une heure un jour
Tu te déguises
A ta guise

The Spy

Pale spy of love
My barely faithful memory
Could only watch this beautiful Fortress
for one hour one day
Disguise yourself
as you will

Mémoire espionne du cœur
Tu ne retrouves plus l'exquise Ruse
et le cœur seul est vainqueur
Mais la vois-tu cette mémoire
Les yeux bandés prête à mourir
Elle affirme qu'on peut l'en croire
Mon cœur vaincra sans coup férir

Mutation

Une femme qui pleurait
Eh! Oh! Ha!
Des soldats qui passaient
Eh! Oh! Ha!
Un éclusier qui pêchait
Eh! Oh! Ha!
Les tranchées qui blanchissaient
Eh! Oh! Ha!
Des obus qui pétaient
Eh! Oh! Ha!
Des allumettes qui ne prenaient pas
Et tout
A tant changé
En moi
Et tout a tant changé
Tout
Sauf mon amour.
Eh! Oh! Ha!

Vers le sud

Zénith
Tous ces regrets
Ces jardins sans limite
Où le crapaud module un tendre cri d'azur
La biche du silence éperdu passe vite
Un rossignol meurtri par l'amour
chante sur le rosier de ton corps
dont j'ai cueilli les roses
Nos cœurs pendent ensemble au même grenadier
Et les fleurs de grenade en nos regards écloses
En tombant tour à tour ont jonché le sentier.

Memory spy of the heart
You will no longer find the exquisite Ruse
and the heart is victorious
But can you see this memory
Eyes blindfolded willing to die
She claims she can be trusted
My heart will conquer without a shot

Mutation

A woman who cried
Eh! Oh! Ah!
Soldiers who passed
Eh! Oh! Ah!
A lock keeper who fished
Eh! Oh! Ah!
The trenches that grew white
Eh! Oh! Ah!
Shells that went off
Eh! Oh! Ah!
Matches that did not catch
And all
Has changed so much In me
And all has changed so much
All
But my love
Eh! Oh! Ah!

Towards the South

Zenith
all these regrets
these gardens without limits
where the toad modulates a tender azure cry
the doe of boundless silence passes quickly
a nightingale wounded by love
sings on the rosebush of your body
from which I have picked the roses
our hearts hang together on the same
pomegranate tree
and the pomegranate flowers

Il pleut

Il pleut des voix de femmes
comme si elles étaient mortes
même dans le souvenir
C'est vous aussi qu'il pleut
merveilleuses rencontres de ma vie
ô gouttelettes
Es ces nuages cabrés
se prennent à hennir
tout un univers de villes auriculaires
Écoute s'il pleut tandis que le regret
et le dédain pleurent une ancienne musique
Écoute tomber les liens qui te retiennent
en haut et en bas

La grâce exilée

Va-t'en va-t'en mon arc-en-ciel
Allez-vous-en couleurs charmantes
Cet exil t'est essentiel
Infante aux écharpes changeantes
Et l'arc-en-ciel est exilé
Puisqu'on exile qui l'irise
Mais un drapeau s'est envolé
Prendre ta place au vent de bise

Aussi bien que les cigales

Gens du midi, Gens du midi
vous n'avez donc pas regardé les cigales
que vous ne savez pas creuser
que vous ne savez
pas vous éclairer ni voir
Que vous manque-t-il donc pour voir
aussi bien que les cigales
Mais vous savez encore boire
comme les cigales
ô gens du midi gens du soleil
gens qui devriez savoir creuser

that bloomed before our eyes
falling one by one have strewn the path

It rains

It is raining of the voices of women
as if they were dead even in memory
It is you also that it is raining
marvellous encounters of my life,
O droplets
and these reared up clouds start to neigh
a whole universe of auricular cities
listen if it is raining
while regret and disdain are weeping an
ancient music
listen to the falling of the bonds
that restrain you from top to bottom

Exiled Grace

Go away, go away my rainbow
Go away charming colours
you need this exile
Infanta of the multi-coloured scarves
and the rainbow is exiled
As we exile all that is iridescent but a flag
flew off
to take your place in the wind

As Well as the Cicadas

People of the south people of the south
so you have not watched the cicadas
since you cannot dig
since you cannot make light or see
What do you lack to see as well as the cicadas
But you can still drink like the cicadas
O people of the south people of the sun
people who should know how to dig and see
as well as least as well as the cicadas
And what! you know how to drink and no
longer know

et voir aussi bien pour le moins
aussi bien que les cigales
Eh quoi! vous savez boire
et ne savez plus
pisser utilement comme les cigales
le jour de gloire sera celui où vous saurez
creuser pour bien sortir au soleil
creusez voyez buvez pissez
comme les cigales
gens du midi il faut creuser voir boire pisser
aussi bien que les cigales pour chanter comme
elles
La joie adorable de la paix solaire.

Voyage

Adieu Amour nuage qui fuis
et n'a pas chu pluie féconde
refais le voyage de Dante.
Télégraphe
Oiseau qui laisse tomber ses ailes partout
Où va donc ce train qui meurt au loin
Dans les vals et les beaux bois frais
du tendre été si pâle?
La douce nuit lunaire et pleine d'étoiles
C'est ton visage que je ne vois plus.

I. Air du rat

Abi Abirounère
Qui que tu n'étais don ?
Une blanche monère Un jo
Un joli goulifon
Un œil
Un œil à son pépère Un jo
Un joli goulifon.

how to pee usefully like the cicadas
The day of glory will come when you will
know
how to dig your way out into the sun
dig, see, drink, pee like the cicadas
people of the south you must dig, see, drink,
pee
as well as the cicadas so as to sing like they
do
The lovable joy of the sun-filled peace

Journey

Farewell love cloud that flees
and has not dropped fertile rain
make again the journey of Dante
Telegraph
Bird that lets fall its wings everywhere
Where is this train heading that dies in the
distance
In the valleys and the beautiful fresh woods of
The tender summer so pale?
A sweet dreamy night full of stars
It is your face that I no longer see.

Ludions

Erik Satie

I. Song of the Rat

Abi-Abirounère,
so who then were you not?
A white monera,
A han-
A handsome little ogre
An eye -
An eye for watching granpop
A han -
A handsome little ogre.

II. Spleen

Dans un vieux square où l'océan
Du mauvais temps met son séant
Sur un banc triste aux yeux de pluie
C'est d'une blonde
Rosse et gironde
Que tu t'ennuies
Dans ce cabaret du Néant
Qu'est notre vie?

III. La grenouille américaine

La gouénouille améouicaine
Me regarde par-dessus
Ses bésicles de futaine.
Ses yeux sont des grogs massus
Dépourvus de jolitaine.
Je pense à Casadesus
Qui n'a pas fait de musique
Sur cette scène d'amour
Dont le parfum nostalgique
Sort d'une boîte d'Armour.
Argus de table tu gardes
L'âme du crapaud Vanglor
Ô bouillon qui me regardes
Avec tes lunettes d'or.

IV. Air du poète

Au pays de Papouasie
J'ai caressé la Pouasie...
La grâce que je vous souhaitez
C'est de n'être pas Papouète.

V. Chanson du chat

Il est une bête
Ti Li petit n'enfant Tirelan
C'est une byronette
La beste à sa moman Tirelan
Le peu Tinan faon
C'est un ti blanc-blanc
Un petit potasson ?

II. Melancholy

In an old park where an ocean
Of foul weather has planted its behind
On a sad bench with rain-filled eyes,
is it a vicious
and plump blonde
who annoys you
in this cabaret of nothingness
which is our life?

III. The American Frog

The Amehwican Fwog ogles me from over
his fustian spectacles.
His eyes are bulging globes Totally devoid of
prettiness.
I think of Casadesus
who has devised no music
for this scene of love
Whose nostalgic perfume
Comes from a can of Armour beef.
O Argus of the table, you keep
the soul of the toad Vainglory,
O bubble who looks at me through its golden
glasses.

IV. Song of the Poet

In the land of Papua
I caressed the Papoetry.
The best favour I wish for you
Is not to be a Papoet.

V. Song of the Cat

Oh he's a leetle amnal,
A little kittycat,
Tirelo.
A leetle byronette,
His mommy's beast, Tirelo.
The little baby
He's a wee blan-blanc

C'est mon goret
C'est mon pourçon
Mon petit potasson.

Il saut' sur la fenêtre
Et groume du museau
Pasqu'il voit sur la crête
S'découper les oiseaux
Tirelo
Le petit n'en faut
C'est un ti bloblo
Un petit Potaçao
C'est mon goret
C'est mon pourceau
Mon petit potasseau.

A little potasso?
He's my piglet,
my teeny-weeny boar my little potasso.
He jumps up by the window
And grumbles with his muzzle,
Coz he sees on the rooftop
A birdie's silhouette,
Tirelo.
The little kittycat
The wee blan-blanc
A little potasso
He's my piglet,
My teeny-weeny boar
My little potasso.

Banalités, FP 107

Francis Poulenc

Chanson d'Orkenise

Par les portes d'Orkenise
Veut entrer un charretier.
Par les portes d'Orkenise
Veut sortir un va-nu-pieds.
Et les gardes de la ville
Courant sus au va-nu-pieds:
"Qu'emportes-tu de la ville?"
"J'y laisse mon cœur entier."
Et les gardes de la ville
Courant sus au charretier:
"Qu'apportes-tu dans la ville?"
"Mon cœur pour me marier."
Que de cœurs dans Orkenise!
Les gardes riaient, riaient,
Va-nu-pieds, la route est grise,
L'amour grise, ô charretier.
Les beaux gardes de la ville
Tricotaient superbement;
Puis les portes de la ville
Se fermèrent lentement.

Song of Orkenise

Through the gates of Orkenise
a carter wants to enter.
Through the gates of Orkenise
a vagrant wants to leave.
And the sentinels of the town
charging at the vagrant
'What are you taking out of the town?'
'I'm leaving my whole heart behind.'
And the sentinels of the town
charging at the carter:
'What are you bringing into the town?'
'My heart to be married!'
What a lot of hearts in Orkenise!
The sentinels laughed and laughed.
O vagrant, the road is dreary,
love makes the head spin, O carter.
The handsome sentinels of the town Knitted
superbly;
Then the gates of the town
closed slowly.

Hôtel

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

Fagnes de Wallonie

Tant de tristesses plénières
Prirent mon cœur aux fagnes désolées
Quand las j'ai reposé dans les sapinières
Le poids des kilomètres
pendant que râlait le vent d'ouest.
J'avais quitté le joli bois
Les écureuils y sont restés
Ma pipe essayait de faire des nuages
Au ciel
Qui restait pur obstinément.
Je n'ai confié aucun secret
sinon une chanson énigmatique
Aux tourbières humides
Les bruyères fleurant le miel
Attiraient les abeilles
Et mes pieds endoloris
Foulaient les myrtilles et les airelles
Tendrement mariée Nord
Nord
La vie s'y tord
En arbres forts
Et tors.
La vie y mord La mort
À belles dents
Quand bruit le vent

Voyage à Paris

Ah! la charmante chose
Quitter un pays morose
Pour Paris
Paris joli

Hotel

My room has the form of a cage
the sun reaches its arm through the window
but I who want to smoke to make shapes in
the air
I light my cigarette at the fire of the day
I do not want to work, I want to smoke.

Walloon Marshlands

So much dreariness
seized my heart in the desolate marshes
when I rested weary among the firs
the weight of the kilometres while
the west wind growled
I had left the pretty woods
the squirrels stayed there
my pipe tried to make clouds
in the sky
which stubbornly stayed clear
I did not confide any secret
except an enigmatic song to the damp peat
bog
The heather smelling of honey
was attracting the bees
and my aching feet
trampled bilberries and whortleberries
Tenderly united North
North
There life twists in trees
that are strong and gnarled.
There life bites
death
with greedy teeth
when the wind howls

Trip to Paris

Ah! how charming it is
To leave a gloomy place
For Paris
Beautiful Paris

Qu'un jour dût créer l'amour.

Sanglots

Notre amour est réglé par les calmes étoiles
Or nous savons qu'en nous beaucoup d'hommes
respirent
Qui vinrent de très loin et sont un sous nos fronts
C'est la chanson des rêveurs
Qui s'étaient arraché le cœur
Et le portaient dans la main droite ...
Souviens-t'en cher orgueil de tous ces souvenirs
Des marins qui chantaient comme des conqué-
rants.
Des gouffres de Thulé des tendres cieux d'Ophir
Des malades maudits de ceux qui fuient leur
ombre
Et du retour joyeux des heureux émigrants
De ce cœur il coulait du sang
Et le rêveur allait pensant
À sa blessure délicate ...
Tu ne briseras pas la chaîne de ces causes ...
... Et douloureuse et nous disait:
... Qui sont les effets d'autres causes
Mon pauvre cœur, mon cœur brisé
Pareil au cœur de tous les hommes ...
Voici nos mains que la vie fit esclaves ...
Est mort d'amour ou c'est tout comme
Est mort d'amour et le voici.
Ainsi vont toutes choses
Arrachez donc le vôtre aussi!
Et rien ne sera libre jusqu'à la fin des temps
Laissons tout aux morts
Et cachons nos sanglots

That one day love must have created

Sobs

Our love is ruled by the calm stars
We know that within us many men breathe
who came from very far away and are one
behind our brows
It is the song of the dreamers
who had torn out their heart
and carried it in their right hand
(remember, oh dear pride, all these memories
the sailors who sang like conquerors
the chasms of Thule the tender skies of Ophir
the cursed sick, those who flee their own
shadow
and the joyful return of the happy emigrants)
blood was flowing from this heart
and the dreamer went on thinking
of his delicate wound
(You will not break the chain of these
causes...)
and painful; and he kept telling us:
(which are the effects of other causes)
my poor heart, my broken heart
just like the heart of all men...
(Look, here are our hands that life enslaved)
has died of love or so it seems
has died of love and here it is
This is the way of all things
So tear out yours too
(and nothing will be free until the end of time)
let us leave everything to the dead
and let us hide our sobs