

TRIO Marilys

SOUVERAINES

poems from another day





Manifesto

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Credits &
Gratitude

Gallery

Manifesto

By Chiara Bertoglio

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The red thread of female creativity unites the works recorded in this Da Vinci Classics album, which explores how poetry and music can intertwine in the form of Lieder or mélodies. In some cases, the works recorded here are offered in their original version; in others, the recording artists have put their own creativity in the front line, realizing new combinations or commissioning new works.

The opening is entrusted to two works by David Walter, a living composer who



is also the oboist in this project, permanent member of the Moragues Quintet since 1980, among others. He sets to music a poem by one of the protagonists of the French symbolism, i.e. Arthur Rimbaud. At the time of its composition, Rimbaud was just 16; whilst his young age may have prevented him from attempting novel poetical structures (as he would do later in his life), nonetheless this poem is an absolute masterpiece and one of the best-known works of his pen. The reader is drawn by the harsh contrast between an idyllic landscape and the tragic final image, which changes dramatically one's impression of the preceding lines.

The second piece by Walter is a work for oboe and piano, whose title can be translated as “Just a flutter of a wing”.

The composer makes an adroit use of the timbral and technical characteristics of both instruments, suggesting vivid



imagery and fascinating ideas.

There follows a *mélodie* for soprano and piano by Claude Debussy, on lyrics by Théodore de Banville, from a collection called *Stalactites*. Here too we have a youthful work, which, once again, is a precocious masterpiece, revealing its composer's genius. Written in 1880 by an 18-y.o. Debussy, and dedicated to Madame Moreau-Sainti, it is the first published work by the composer who is – perhaps simplistically – considered as the father of musical Impressionism. The dedicatee taught a class of singing, for which the young Debussy worked as an accompanist. Banville's lyrics offer a meditation on the "dead loves", "amours défunts"; the evocation of a deceased beloved transforms the lover's feeling into something otherworldly and, to some extent, transcendent. Debussy's setting opens with the piano's accompaniment,



in supple arpeggios which may evoke a guitar or mandolin – the typical instruments for night serenades, thus contributing to the suggestion of a night scene. Night, stars, and the rarefied atmosphere of a starry firmament have always provided an intense inspiration to Debussy, many of whose works allude to night-time and its lights. The voice's melody is frequently interspersed with rests, which powerfully evoke the idea of a lover's sighs.

Joseph Canteloube was the child of a well-to-do and cultivated family in Auvergne. Before his fifth birthday, Joseph began receiving lessons from Amélie Doetzer, who seemingly had been one of Chopin's favourite pupils and who transmitted to the child (her only student) her experience with the French-Polish master. Joseph then took violin courses, and later was enrolled at a school close to Lyons. Having lost his



father in his adolescence, Canteloube graduated in philosophy, and he became a distance-learning student of Vincent d'Indy. In 1906 he relocated to Paris, in order to complete his studies with d'Indy there. He was particularly interested in the heritage of folksong, especially in the zones of France whence he came; he published collections of songs, and created a team, called La Bourrée, for the promotion of the local folklore. In parallel with this, he wrote operas, frequently bound in turn to the rediscovery of local identity and history. He was also active as a lecturer, even on the international plane (in America, in 1948); and he wrote biographies of his friend Déodat de Séverac, and of his teacher d'Indy (1951). The two songs recorded here exemplify his research on the songs of Auvergne; Obal, din lou Limouzi is a bourrée which the composer collected in Maurs (Cantal) during a feast-day for a



religious vow. La delaissádo is a story about a forsaken girl, whose lover leaves her alone in the starry night.

The night is also protagonist of a Lied by Robert Schumann, excerpted from his Spanisches Liederspiel op. 74 on lyrics by Emanuel von Geibel. Actually, Geibel was merely translating into German a collection of ancient Spanish poems, which Schumann set for a variety of ensembles – from the voice and piano duo upwards. This was perhaps one of the reasons why this cycle – for which Schumann erroneously foresaw a dazzling success – remained among his nearly-forgotten works to this day. “Todos duermen, corazón”, “O heart, all sleep”, says the first line: but the poet’s heart is restless for the hopelessness of his desire.

Dora Pejačević was the most important Croatian composer of her



time, in spite of her short life (she did not reach her fortieth birthday). Her setting of Karl Kraus' *Verwandlung* was written to celebrate her friend Sidonija Nádherný von Borutin's wedding... which actually did not take place! Still, the Lied that had been composed for that occasion remained as a lasting legacy of Pejačević's talent: Kraus scheduled it for performance in Vienna, where he held soirées of literary readings, and Arnold Schoenberg was particularly impressed with it. Pejačević's original scoring was for alto, violin, and either organ or piano; the composer selected three stanzas from Kraus' poem and interspersed them with an instrumental interlude which becomes one of the composition's pillars. This Lied also represents one of the composer's most advanced works as concerns her treatment of harmony.

Rita Strohl, like Pejačević, lived the



passage between nineteenth and twentieth century. At thirteen, she was accepted at the Paris Conservatoire, and she was still a teenager when her Piano Trio was premiered in public. At twenty, her Mass for six-part choir, orchestra and organ was performed at Rennes and Chartres. The religious inspiration was a constant theme in her life, bearing witness to a spiritual openness which led her to explore religious traditions other than the Western one. She founded a theatre for the performance of symbolist works and operas, including her own; within her output of vocal chamber music, pride of place is due to her setting of Les Chansons de Bilitis (1898). This collection, which attracted the interest of many of her contemporaries, including Claude Debussy, was in fact a fake similar to Ossian's Songs – and, similar to Ossian's Songs, it enjoyed impressive success. Written by Pierre



Louÿs and published in 1894, the collection claimed to be the work of a poetess from ancient Greece (Louÿs even crafted archeological documents to enhance the credibility of the attribution). Even when the fake was discovered, the poems' lyrics had conquered a special place in the general public's affection. Here too, the songs selected for this Da Vinci Classics program are related to night, described in no. 11 and surrounding slumber in no. 12.

The time of a day is also crucial for Gabriel Fauré's cycle Poème d'un jour, which originally was the setting of lyrics by Charles Grandmougin, with a high degree of sentimentality. The cycle narrated the futile and feeble parable of a love which lasted just one day. With a highly creative initiative and endeavour, Trio Marilys decided to apply other lyrics to these melodies, and



excerpted the new texts from three collections of poems by Renée Vivien. These are *Ainsi je parlerai* (from *À l'heure des mains jointes*); *Chanson* (from *Etudes et Préludes*); *Sur le rythme saphique*, from *Cendres et Poussière*. The poetess, whose true name was Pauline Mary Tarn, was born in London in 1877; in 1899 she moved to Paris, dying there ten years later, at 32. Despite this brief life, she left behind a varied body of work, sitting at the crossroads of many different literary movements. In spite of this, her poetry remained unnoticed and neglected by musicians of her time, so that none of it was set to music. Thanks to Trio Marilys, we may get a partial idea of how a setting of her works by Gabriel Fauré might have sounded like.

Another of Vivien's poems, *Nous nous sommes assises* (again from *À l'heure des mains jointes*) is set to music by



Inès Halimi in a new work recorded in this Da Vinci Classics album in a world premiere. Halimi is a composer, singer, pianist, author and comedian, and she also directs a company which realizes multidisciplinary spectacles. She receives numerous commissions from many performers and several of her works have been awarded prizes.

Night is the protagonist also of Lili Boulanger's Nocturne for oboe and piano; Lili, in spite of her short life (just twenty-five years!) was a figure of great importance in the musical panorama of her time; a pupil of Fauré, she won the Prix de Rome, and, notwithstanding her prolonged suffering and pain, managed to leave an important heritage of splendid works.

***Les Chemins de l'amour*, set by Francis Poulenc on lyrics by Jean Anouilh (1940),** is derived from a sung waltz



found in the incidental music for *Léocadia*. It was tailored upon the vocal features of Yvonne Printemps, a comedian and singer who premiered and recorded it.

Other works in this collection belong in the operatic world and are among the best-loved soprano arias (*Porgi, amor*, the Countess' sweet lament in *Le Nozze di Figaro*, or the carefree and springy *Quando m'en vo*, from Puccini's *La Bohème*, originally sung by the character of Musetta; or Nannetta's *Sul fil d'un soffio etesio* from Verdi's *Falstaff*





– one of the few enchanted moments in the plot –; and Bellini's *Ecce mi in lieta vesta*, portraying Juliet's anguish for her impending nuptials and her longing for her Romeo, from Bellini's opera *I Capuleti e i Montecchi* on a libretto by Felice Romani).

Together, these works offer us a perceptive perspective on femininity, on the world of a woman's strength, inner richness and accomplishments, and on how these are expressed through the arts of words, of music, and also through visual art (as represented in the graphic creations designed by Hélène Walter which are featured in this booklet and CD).

Portraits

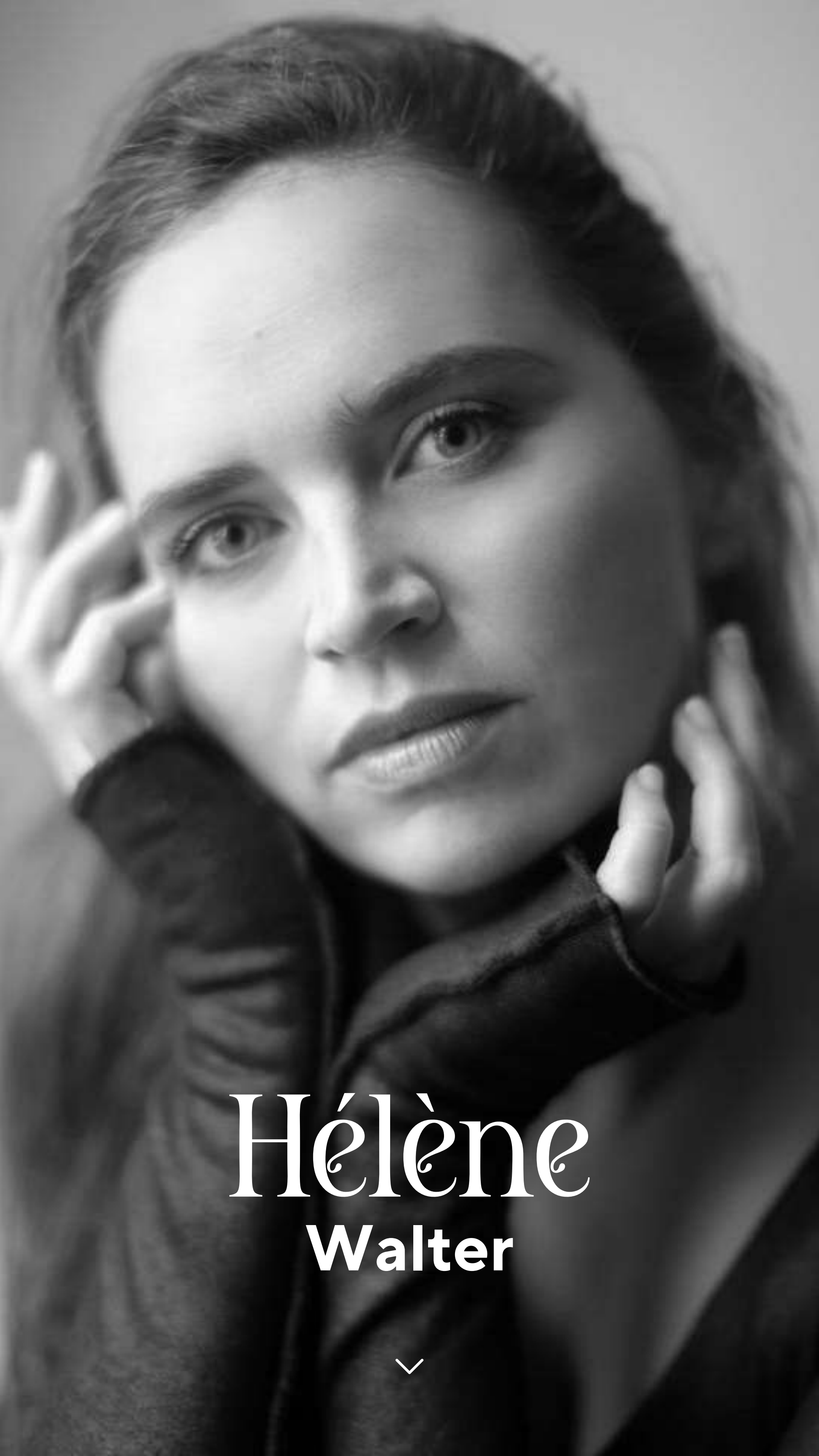
The Trio Marilyns





Founded in 2019, **the Trio Marilys brings unique colors to vocal music with its atypical ensemble.** It is dedicated to rediscovering forgotten poets and composers and enriches its repertoire with contemporary creations and transcriptions by David Walter. The trio highlights the poetry of Renée Vivien, setting her verses to music.



A black and white portrait of actress Héléne Walter. She is looking directly at the camera with a serious expression. Her hands are raised, with fingers spread, framing her face. She is wearing a dark, high-collared jacket.

Héléne

Walter



A talented lyric soprano, Hélène Walter performs on international stages such as the Müpa in Budapest, the Musikverein in Vienna, and the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées.

She interprets Mozart roles such as Pamina, Sandrina, and the Countess, as well as characters in works by Poulenc, Händel, and Massenet.

She also sings Bach's great oratorios, as well as Mahler's 2nd and 4th Symphonies.

Hélène Walter has taken part in four discographic productions. Trained by Teresa Berganza and Alessandra Rossi, she is recognized for her stage maturity and exceptional voice timbre.



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David Walter



David Walter is an award-winning **oboist** and conductor, having won several international competitions, including those in Prague and Geneva.

A professor at the CNSM in Paris and the Guildhall School in London, he is sought after as a soloist and conductor of world-renowned orchestras such as the Mariinsky in St. Petersburg and the Orchestre National d'Ile-de-France.

His discography spans from Couperin to Stockhausen.

A founding member of the Quintette Moragues, he is also a prolific transcriber and composer, having created his opera tale *La jeune fille sans mains* in 2015



© Maria Zaichikova

Marina

Saiki



French-Japanese pianist Marina Saiki captivates with her energetic and luminous playing.

A soloist and chamber musician, she performs at prestigious festivals such as La Roque d'Anthéron and the Folles Journées de Nantes.

A laureate of international competitions, she has performed in venues across Europe, the United States, and Japan.

Supported by institutions like the Meyer Foundation, she will release her first solo album, Double Reflet, in 2025.

Her unique style blends energy and sensitivity, captivating her audience at every performance.





Lyrics



1.

David Walter (2018) / Arthur
Rimbaud (1870)

Le dormeur du val



Composer's note

—

My composition on the famous 'Le Dormeur du Val' by Arthur Rimbaud originally came from a father's desire to offer his daughter an original Christmas gift. While I was contemplating the text that would serve as the basis for my composition, I was walking in the forest one day when I stumbled upon, almost as if it were a sign, the extraordinary poem by this 16-year-old genius, printed on a sheet tacked to the trunk of a tree. All the verses immediately came back to me, and the choice was clear at that very moment. What I didn't know was that this very same text had opened the doors of poetry to my daughter when she was a teenager. A happy and beautiful revelation!"

David Walter



Le dormeur du val

C'est un trou de verdure où chante une rivière
Accrochant follement aux herbes des haillons
D'argent ; où le soleil, de la montagne fière,
Luit : c'est un petit val qui mousse de rayons.

Un soldat jeune, bouche ouverte, tête nue,
Et la nuque baignant dans le frais cresson bleu,
Dort ; il est étendu dans l'herbe, sous la nue,
Pâle dans son lit vert où la lumière pleut.

Les pieds dans les glaïeuls, il dort. Souriant comme
Sourirait un enfant malade, il fait un somme :
Nature, berce-le chaudement : il a froid.

Les parfums ne font pas frissonner sa narine ;
Il dort dans le soleil, la main sur sa poitrine
Tranquille. Il a deux trous rouges au côté droit.



The Sleeper in the Valley

It is a green hollow where a stream gurgles,
Crazily catching silver rags of itself on the grasses;
Where the sun shines from the proud mountain:
It is a little valley bubbling over with light.

A young soldier, open-mouthed, bare-headed,
With the nape of his neck bathed in cool blue cresses,
Sleeps; he is stretched out on the grass, under the sky,
Pale on his green bed where the light falls like rain.

His feet in the yellow flags, he lies sleeping. Smiling as
A sick child might smile, he is having a nap:
Cradle him warmly, Nature: he is cold.

No odour makes his nostrils quiver;
He sleeps in the sun, his hand on his breast
At peace. There are two red holes in his right side.

3.

Claude Debussy (1880) /
Théodore de Banville (1846)

Nuit d'étoiles



Nuit d'étoiles

Nuit d'étoiles, sous tes voiles,
sous ta brise et tes parfums,
Triste lyre qui soupire,
je rêve aux amours défunts.

La sereine mélancolie
vient éclore au fond de mon cœur,
Et j'entends l'âme de ma mie
Tressaillir dans le bois rêveur.

Dans les ombres de la feuillée,
Quand tout bas je soupire seul,
Tu reviens, pauvre âme éveillée,
Toute blanche dans ton linceuil.

Je revois à notre fontaine
tes regards bleus comme les cieux;
Cette rose, c'est ton haleine,
Et ces étoiles sont tes yeux.



Starry night

Starry night, beneath your veils,
Beneath your perfumed breezes,
With sadly sighing lyre,
I dream of love that passes.

In the depths of my heart,
Where sadness lies interred,
The soul of my beloved stirs
And in dreaming woods is heard.

In the shade of a leafy bole
When only a sigh I whisper,
You return, poor wakened soul,
Your shroud as pale as plaster.

At our fountain, I see afresh
Your glance as blue as the skies;
This rose, it is your breath
And these stars, they are your eyes.

4.

Joseph Canteloube

***Chants d'Auvergne,
O bal din lo limousin***



O bal din lo limousin

Obal din lou Limouzi, pitchoun' obal din lou
Limouzi,
Sé l'io dè dzèntoï drolloï, o bé, o bé,
Sé l'io dè dzèntoï drolloï, oïçi, o bé!
Golon, ton bèlo què siascou lèï drolloï dè toun pois,
Lous nostrès fringairès èn Limouzi,
Saboun miliour counta flourèt' o bé!
Obal, din lou Limouzi, pitchouno, sé soun golon,
Oïçi en Aoubèrgno, din moun poïs,
Lous omès bous aïmoun è soun fidèls!

Là-bas, dans le Limousin

En bas du Limousin, mon petit, en bas du Limousin,
Il y a plein de jolies filles, o oui, o oui,
Il y a beaucoup de jolies filles, ici [aussi], o oui !
Gentil garçon, si belles que soient les filles dans ton
pays,
Nos jeunes hommes du Limousin,
Savent mieux faire l'amour, o oui !
En bas, en Limousin, mon petit, ils sont galants,
Ici en Auvergne, dans mon pays,
Les hommes nous aiment et sont fidèles !



Down below in Limousin

Down below in Limousin, little one, down below in
Limousin,

There are lots of pretty girls, o yes, o yes,

There are lots of pretty girls, here [too], o yes!

Gallant lad, however beautiful the girls are in your
country,

Our young men in Limousin,

Know better how to make love, o yes!

Down below in Limousin, little one, they are galant,

Here in the Auvergne, in my country,

The men love us and are faithful!

5.

Joseph Canteloube

***Chants d'Auvergne,
La Delaissado***



La Delaissado

Uno pastourèlo èsper olaï al capt del bouès
Lou galan doguélo, mè né bèn pas!
'Ay! souï delaïssádo!
Qué n'aï pas vist lou mio galant; Crésio qué
m'aïmábo, è ton l'aïmé iéu!
Luziguèt l'estèlo, aquèlo qué marco la nuèt, E lo
pauro pastoureletto
Démouret à ploura ...

La délaissée

Une bergère attend dans la clairière sur la colline
Son galant ne vient pas !
Ah ! je suis abandonnée ! Je ne vois pas mon
amoureux ; je croyais qu'il m'aimait, et je l'aime !
L'étoile du soir brille, marquant la nuit et la pauvre
bergère reste là, en larmes...

Deserted

A shepherdess waits in the glade on the hill
Her gallant does not come!
'Ah! I am deserted! I do not see my lover;
I thought he loved me, and I love him!
The evening star shines, marking the night and the
poor little shepherdess stays there in tears...

6.

Robert Schumann (1849) /
Emanuel Geibel (1843)

In der Nacht
(Spanisches Liederspiel)



In der Nacht

Alle gingen, Herz, zur Ruh,
alle schlafen, nur nicht du.
Denn der hoffnungslose Kummer
scheucht von deinem Bett den Schlummer,
und dein Sinnen schweift in stummer
Sorge seiner Liebe zu.

Dans la nuit

Tous vont se reposer, le cœur au repos,
tous dorment, tous sauf toi.
Car le chagrin sans espoir
Chasse le sommeil de ton lit,
et tes pensées s'égarer dans l'inquiétude muette,
vers l'être aimé.

In the night

Everyone has gone, Heart, to rest;
All sleep but you.
For hopeless affliction
Shoos slumber from your bed,
And your mind wanders in silent
Worry over your loved one.

7.

Dora Pejačević (1915) /
Karl Kraus

Verwandlung



Verwandlung

Stimme im Herbst verzichtend über dem Grab
auf deine Welt, du blasse Schwester des Monds,
süsse Verlobte des klagenden Windes,
schwebend unter fliehenden Sternen --

raffte der Ruf des Geist's dich empor zu dir selbst?
Nahm ein Wüstensturm dich in dein Leben zurück?
Siehe, so führt ein erstes Menschenpaar
wieder ein Gott auf die heilige Insel!

Heute ist Frühling. Zitternder Bote des Glücks,
kam durch den Winter der Welt der goldene Falter.
Oh knieet, segnet, hört wie die Erde schweigt.
Sie allein weiß um Opfer und Thräne.

Transformation

Voix en automne renonçant sur ta tombe
à ton monde, pâle sœur de la lune,
douce fiancée du vent plaintif,
flottant sous les étoiles qui s'enfuient --

est-ce que l'appel de l'esprit t'arrache à toi-même ?
Une tempête du désert t'a-t-elle ramené à ta vie ?
Regarde, ainsi un premier couple humain conduit
Un Dieu à l'île sainte à nouveau !

Aujourd'hui, c'est le printemps. Messenger tremblant
du bonheur,
le papillon doré est arrivé à travers l'hiver du monde.
Oh, agenouille-toi, bénis, écoute comme la terre se tait.



Elle seule connaît les sacrifices et les larmes.

Transformation

Voice in autumn renouncing over the grave
to your world, you pale sister of the moon,
sweet fiancée of the wailing wind,
floating among fleeing stars --

does the spirit's call tear you from yourself?
Has a desert storm brought you back to your life?
Behold, as a first human couple leads
A god to the holy isle again!

Today is spring. Trembling messenger of happiness,
the golden butterfly has come through the world's
winter

O kneel, bless, listen as the earth falls silent.
She alone knows sacrifice and tears

8. 9.

Rita Strohl (1900),
poème de Pierre Louÿs (1894)

Douze Chants de Bilitis

La Nuit
Berceuse





La Nuit

C'est moi maintenant qui le recherche.
Chaque nuit, très doucement, je quitte la maison,
et je vais par une longue route,
jusqu'à sa prairie, le regarder dormir.

Quelquefois je reste longtemps sans parler,
heureuse de le voir seulement,
et j'approche mes lèvres des siennes,
pour ne baiser que son haleine.

Puis tout à coup je m'étends sur lui.
Il se réveille dans mes bras,
et il ne peut plus se relever car je lutte !
Il renonce, et rit, et m'étreint.
Ainsi nous jouons dans la nuit.

... Première aube, ô clarté méchante, toi déjà ?
En quel antre toujours nocturne,
sur quelle prairie souterraine pourrons-nous
si longtemps aimer, que nous perdions ton souvenir ?...



The Night

Now I'm the one looking for him.
Every night, very slowly, I leave the house,
and go the long way,
to his meadow, to watch him sleep.

Sometimes I stay a long time without speaking,
happy only to see him,
and I put my lips to his,
just to kiss his breath.

Then suddenly I lie on top of him.
He wakes up in my arms
and he can't get up again because I'm struggling!
He gives up, laughs and hugs me.
And so we play into the night.

... First dawn, oh wicked light, you already?
In what nocturnal lair
on what subterranean meadow can we love
so long, that we lose your memory?...



Berceuse

Dors, j'ai demandé à Sardes tes jouets, et tes vêtements à Babylone. Dors, tu es fille de Bilitis et d'un roi du soleil levant.

Les bois, ce sont les palais qu'on bâtit pour toi seule et que je t'ai donnés. Les troncs des pins, ce sont les colonnes ; les hautes branches, ce sont les voûtes.

Dors. Pour qu'il ne t'éveille pas, je vendrai le soleil à la mer. Le vent des ailes de la colombe est moins léger que ton haleine.

Fille de moi, chair de ma chair, tu diras quand tu ouvriras les yeux, si tu veux la plaine ou la ville, ou la montagne ou la lune, ou le cortège blanc des dieux.



Lullaby

Sleep now, I have asked Sardis for your toys and
Babylon for your clothes. Sleep, you are the
daughter
of Bilitis and of a king of the rising sun.

The woods are the palaces built for you alone
I have given you. The trunks
of the pines are the columns, the high
branches are the vaults.

Sleep. I'll sell the sun to the sea so it does not wake
you. The wind of the dove's wings is not as light as
your breath.

Daughter of mine, flesh of my flesh,
when you open your eyes you will say whether you
want
the plain or the city, or the mountain or the moon,
or the white procession of the Gods.

10. 11. 12.

Gabriel Fauré (1880) /
Renée Vivien

d'après l'op.21 Poème d'un jour

Ainsi, je parlerai
Chanson
Sur le rythme saphique



Hélène Walter's note

—

“The discovery of the poetess Renée Vivien is a red-letter day for me. Her writing immediately captivated me with its evocative power. Vivien captures in words with remarkable sharpness the depths of the human soul, the intensity of a lover's glance, desire, and melancholy. I was moved as much by her art as by the struggle of social invisibility she endured throughout her life. It seems unthinkable to me that such talent went unnoticed by her contemporaries and that so few composers have delved into her work. Vivien, who openly lived her lesbian identity at the dawn of the 20th century, was excluded from artistic circles and from Parisian society, which could and should have supported and featured her art. Fauré and Vivien never met, yet their arts and sensibilities match



perfectly. The Trio Marilys thus experiments with this fictional artistic encounter in a world that would not ostracize women and their work based on their gender or sexual orientation. Three poems were chosen for their structure and nature that followed the inflections of Fauré's music. It seems as though these poems were written for this music, and vice versa."



Ainsi, je parlerai

(Recueil : À l'heure des mains jointes, 1906)

[...]

Le ciel, d'un bleu velours, s'étalait comme un dais...
Une vierge parut sur mon seuil. J'attendais.

Le soleil me ceignait, de ses plus vives flammes,
Et l'amour m'inclina vers la beauté des femmes.

La nuit tomba... Puis le matin nous a surprises
Maussadement, de ses maussades lueurs grises.

Depuis lors j'ai vécu dans le trouble du rêve,
Toute une éternité dans la minute brève. [...]

Déjà, la nuit approche, et mon nom périssable
S'efface, tel un mot qu'on écrit sur le sable. [...]

Et, maintenant, Seigneur, juge-moi. Car nous
sommes
Face à face, devant le silence des hommes. [...]

Je n'ai jamais tenté de révolte farouche :
Le baiser fut le seul blasphème de ma bouche.

Laisse-moi, me hâtant vers le soir bienvenu,
Rejoindre celles-là qui ne t'ont point connu !



Thus, I shall speak

The sky, of velvet blue, spread like a canopy...
A maiden appeared on my threshold. I was waiting."

The sun girded me with its most vivid flames,
And love inclined me toward the beauty of women.

Night fell... Then morning surprised us
Sullenly, with its sullen gray glimmers.

Since then I have lived in the turmoil of dreams,
An entire eternity within a brief moment.

Already, night approaches, and my perishable name
Fades away, like a word written in the sand.

And now, Lord, judge me. For here we stand
Face to face, before the silence of men.

I have never attempted a fierce revolt:
The kiss was the only blasphemy of my lips.

Let me, hastening toward the welcome evening,
Join those who never knew you



Chanson

(Recueil : Etudes et préludes, 1901)

Ta voix est un savant poème...
Charme fragile de l'esprit,
Désespoir de l'âme, je t'aime
Comme une douleur qu'on chérit.

Dans ta grâce longue et blémie,
Tu revins du fond de jadis...
O ma blanche et lointaine amie,
Je t'adore comme les lys!

On dit qu'un souvenir s'émousse,
Mais comment oublier jamais
Que ta voix se faisait très douce
Pour me dire que tu m'aimais?



Song

Your voice is a skillful poem...
A fragile charm of the mind,
Despair of the soul, I love you
Like a cherished pain.

In your pale, languid grace,
You returned from the depths of the past...
O my distant, white friend,
I adore you like lilies!

They say a memory fades,
But how could I ever forget
That your voice grew very soft
To tell me that you loved me?



Sur le rythme saphique

(Recueil : Cendres et Poussière, 1902)

L'ombre se drapait en des voiles de veuves,
La mer aspirait le sang tiède des fleuves,
La [...] blonde au regard décevant
Riait en rêvant.

J'entendis gémir, au profond de l'espace,
Celle qui versa la strophe lasse, [...] ardente,
Et dont le laurier fleurit [...].

Le rossignol râle et frémit par saccades, [...]
Parmi les parfums glorieux de la terre,
Je rêve d'amour et je dors solitaire,
O vierge au beau front pétri d'ivoire et d'or
Que je pleure encor !



On the Sapphic Rhythm

The shadow draped itself in widows' veils,
The sea drank the warm blood of rivers,
The blonde with deceiving eyes
Laughed while dreaming.

I heard her moan, deep in space,
She who poured the weary, ardent strophe,
And whose laurel blooms.

The nightingale gasps and trembles in bursts,
Amidst the glorious scents of the earth,
I dream of love and sleep alone,
O maiden with a fair brow, sculpted of ivory and
gold,
Whom I still mourn!

13.

Francis Poulenc (1940)
poème de Jean Anouilh

Chemins de l'amour



Chemins de l'amour

Les chemins qui vont à la mer
ont gardé de notre passage
Des fleurs effeuillées et l'écho sous leurs arbres
de nos deux rires clairs.

Hélas ! des jours de bonheur
radieuses joies envolées,
Je vais sans retrouver traces dans mon cœur.

Chemins de mon amour
je vous cherche toujours,
Chemins perdus vous n'êtes plus
et vos échos sont sourds.

Chemins du désespoir,
chemins du souvenir,
chemins du premier jour
Divins chemins d'amour.

Si je dois l'oublier un jour,
la vie effaçant toutes choses
Je veux qu'en mon coeur un souvenir
repose plus fort que l'autre amour
Le souvenir du chemin
où tremblante et toute éperdue
Un jour j'ai senti sur moi brûler tes mains.

Chemins de mon amour, etc.



The paths of love

The paths leading to the sea
since last we passed,
are strewn with bruised flowers and their trees
echo with our clear laughter.

Alas, no trace of those happy days
of those lost radiant joys
can I find in my heart.

Paths of my love
I seach for you ceaselessly
lost paths you are no more
and your echoes are dull
paths of despair
paths of memory
paths of the first day
divine paths of love.

If one day I must forget it
life blots out everything
in my heart I want one memory
to remain more vivid than the other love.

The memory of the path
where trembling and dazed
I one day felt your burning hands on me.

Paths of love, etc.

14.

Inès Halimi (2022),
sur un poème de Renée Vivien

Recueil : *À l'heure des mains jointes*, 1906

Nous nous sommes assises



Composer's note

—

Renée Vivien, a 19th-century poet, was, so to speak, "only passing through." She died at the age of 32, leaving behind a body of work that was, at the very least, exhaustive, with more than five hundred poems. This great lover of women lived through several passions, from which she did not emerge unscathed. Hélène Walter allowed me to discover the work by commissioning a piece for soprano voice, oboe, and piano, based on a poem by Renée Vivien. Over the course of readings, I discovered a striking, overflowing, carnal, and intoxicating poetry! Without consulting each other beforehand, Hélène and I arrived at the obvious choice: *Nous nous sommes assises* was the poem to select.

I therefore undertook a dialogue between the soprano and the oboe,



where the two instruments question each other in echo, converse, merge, detach, and intertwine even more beautifully...

The piano—expression of the passionate impulses between the poetess and the beloved woman—only makes its presence felt in the middle of the piece, before fading away.

Unspeakable love is born and dies, in intimacy. The work of Renée Vivien is overwhelming—a manifesto of a woman in love with freedom, ahead of her time—and shouts her desire to the world, but in secret. It is this secret that I wanted to express in music.

Inès Halimi



Nous nous sommes assises

Ma douce, nous étions comme deux exilées,
Et nous portions en nous nos âmes désolées.

L'air de l'aurore était plus lancinant qu'un mal...
Nul ne savait parler le langage natal...

Alors que nous errions parmi les étrangères,
Les odeurs du matin ne semblaient plus légères. [...]

Voyant tomber la nuit, nous nous sommes assises,
Pour sentir la fraîcheur amicale des bises.

Puisque nous n'étions plus seules dans l'univers,
Nous goûtions avec plus de langueur les beaux vers.

Chère, nous hésitions, sans oser croire encore,
Et je te dis : « Le soir est plus beau que l'aurore. »

Tu me donnas ton front, tu me donnas tes mains,
Et je ne craignis plus les mauvais lendemains.

Les couleurs éteignaient leurs splendide insolence ;
Nulle voix ne venait troubler notre silence...

J'oubliai les maisons et leur mauvais accueil...
Le couchant empourprait mes vêtements de deuil.

Et je te dis, fermant tes paupières mi-closes :
« Les violettes sont plus belles que les roses. »



Les ténèbres gagnaient l'horizon, flot à flot...
Ce fut autour de nous l'harmonieux sanglot...

Une langueur noyait la cité forte et rude,
Nous savourions ainsi l'heure en sa plénitude.

La mort lente effaçait la lumière et le bruit...
Je connus le visage auguste de la nuit.

Et tu laissas glisser à tes pieds nus tes voiles...
Ton corps m'apparut, plus noble sous les étoiles.

C'était l'apaisement, le repos, le retour...
Et je te dis : « Voici le comble de l'amour... »

Jadis, portant en nous nos âmes désolées,
Ma Douce, nous étions comme deux exilées...



We sat down

My sweet, we were like two exiles,
And within us, we carried our desolate souls.

The morning air was more piercing than pain...
No one knew how to speak the native tongue...

As we wandered among strangers,
The morning scents no longer seemed light. [...]

Seeing night fall, we sat down,
To feel the friendly coolness of the breeze.

Since we were no longer alone in the universe,
We savored the beautiful verses with more languor.

Dear one, we hesitated, not daring to believe yet,
And I said to you: "Evening is more beautiful than
dawn."

You gave me your forehead, you gave me your
hands,
And I no longer feared the dark tomorrows.

The colors dimmed their splendid insolence;
No voice came to disturb our silence...

I forgot the houses and their cold welcome...
The sunset dyed my mourning clothes crimson.



And I said to you, closing your half-closed eyelids:
"Violets are more beautiful than roses."

The darkness spread across the horizon, wave by
wave...

Around us was a harmonious sob...

A languor engulfed the strong and harsh city,
We thus savored the hour in its fullness.

The slow death erased the light and the noise...
I came to know the august face of the night.

And you let your veils slip to your bare feet...
Your body appeared to me, nobler under the stars.

It was peace, rest, the return...
And I said to you: "This is the height of love..."

Once, carrying within us our desolate souls,
My Sweet, we were like two exiles...

16.

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart,
livret de Lorenzo Da Ponte

Porgi amor, Le Nozze di Figaro
(Contessa Almaviva) 1786



Porgi amor, Le Nozze di Figaro

(Contessa Almaviva) 1786

Porgi, amor, qualche ristoro
Al mio duolo, a' miei sospir.
O mi rendi il mio tesoro,
O mi lascia almen morir.

Accorde-moi, ô amour, quelque réconfort
À ma douleur, à mes soupirs.
Rends-moi mon trésor,
Ou permets-moi au moins de mourir.

Grant me, O Love, some comfort
For my sorrow, for my sighs.
Either return my treasure to me,
Or let me at least die.

17.

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart,
Giacomo Puccini / Luigi Illica,
Giuseppe Giacosa

Quando m'en vo
(La Bohème) 1895



Quando m'en vo

Quando m'en vo' soletta per la via,
La gente sosta e mira
E la bellezza mia tutta ricerca in me,
Ricerca in me da capo a piè.
Ed assaporo allor la bramosia
Sottil che dagli occhi traspira
E dai palesi vezzi intender sa
Alle occulte beltà.
Così l'effluvio del desio
Tutta m'aggira,
Felice mi fa!
E tu che sai, che memori e ti struggi
Da me tanto rifuggi?
So ben: le angosce tue non le vuoi dir,
Non le vuoi dir, so ben.
Ma ti senti morir!



La Bohème

Quand je me promène seule dans la rue,
Les gens s'arrêtent et me regardent
Et ma beauté ils recherchent toute en moi,
Ils recherchent en moi de la tête aux pieds.
Et je savoure alors la convoitise
Subtile qui transpire des yeux
Et des charmes évidents sait comprendre
Les beautés cachées.
Ainsi le parfum du désir
M'entoure complètement,
Me rend heureuse!
Et toi qui sais, qui te souviens et souffres,
Pourquoi t'éloignes-tu tant de moi?
Je sais bien: tu ne veux pas dire tes angoisses,
Tu ne veux pas les dire, je le sais bien.
Mais tu te sens mourir!



Bohemian

When I go my way alone along the street,
People stop and stare
And seek my beauty in me,
They examine me from head to toe.
And I savor the subtle longing
Transpiring from their eyes
That from my obvious charms can understand my
hidden beauties.
So the scent of desire
Surrounds me completely,
It makes me happy!
And you who know, who remember and suffer,
Why do you stay so far from me?
I know it well: you don't want to reveal your anguish,
You don't want to say it, I know it well.
But you feel like dying!

18.

Giuseppe Verdi / Arrigo Boito

Sul fil d'un soffio etesio

(Falstaff) 1893



Sul fil d'un soffio etesio

(Falstaff) 1893

Sul fil d'un soffio etesio

Scorrete, agili larve;

Fra i rami un baglior cesio

D'alba lunare apparve.

Danzate! e il passo blando

Misuri un blando suon.

Le magiche accoppiando

Carole alla canzon.

Erriam sotto la luna

Scegliendo fior da fiore,

Ogni corolla in core

Porta la sua fortuna.

Coi gigli e le viole

Scrivian de' nomi arcani,

Dalle fatate mani

Germoglino parole,

Parole illuminate

Di puro argento e d'or,

Carni e malie. Le Fate

Hanno per cifre i fior.



Sur le souffle d'un vent léger
Défilez, esprits agiles.
Parmi les branches, une lueur de césium
de l'aube lunaire est apparue.
Dansez ! et que le pas doux
Mesure un doux son.
Unissant magiquement
Les caroles à la chanson.
Errant sous la lune,
Choisissant des fleurs en éclosion,
Chaque corolle au cœur
Apporte sa fortune.
Avec des lys et des violettes,
Écrivant des noms occultes,
Des mains enchantées
Germent des mots,
Des mots illuminés
D'argent pur et d'or,
Des charmes et des enchantements. Les fées
Ont les fleurs en abondance.



On the edge of a breath of ethesis
Scroll, agile larvae;
Among the branches a cesium glow of
lunar dawn appeared.
Dance on! and the bland pace
Measure a bland sound.
The magic coupled
Carole to the song.
Wandering under the moon
Choosing blooming flowers,
Each corolla in core
Brings his fortune.
With lilies and violets,
writing of arcane names,
from the enchanted hands
Germoglino words,
Illuminated words
Of pure silver and d'or,
Meats and malie. The fairies
have the flowers in numbers.

19.

Vicenzo Bellini, Felice Romani

Eccomi in lieta vesta
(I Capuletti e i Montecchi) 1830



Eccomi in lieta vesta

(I Capuletti e i Montecchi) 1830

Eccomi in lieta vesta,

Eccomi adorna... come vittima all'ara.

Oh! almen potessi qual vittima cader dell'ara al piede!

O nuziali tede, abborite così, così fatali,

Siate, ah! siate per me faci ferali.

Ardo... una vampa, un foco, tutta mi strugge

Un refrigerio ai vento io chiedo invano.

Ove sei tu Romeo? in qual terra t'aggiri?

Dove, dove inviarti i miei sospiri?

Oh, quante volte, oh, quante,

Ti chiedo al ciel piangendo;

Con quale ardor t'attendo,

E inganno il mio desir!

Raggio del tuo sembiante tu pur vieni a me,

ah! parmi il brillar del giorno:

ah! l'aura che spira intorno mi sembra un tuo sospir.



Me voici en joyeux habits,
Me voici parée... comme une victime devant l'autel.
Oh ! si seulement je pouvais, telle une victime,
tomber aux pieds de l'autel !
Ô torches nuptiales, si détestées, si fatales,
Soyez, ah ! soyez pour moi des flambeaux
funéraires.
Je brûle... une flamme, un feu, tout me consume.
Je demande en vain un soulagement au vent.
Où es-tu, Roméo ? Dans quelle terre erres-tu ?
Où, où t'envoyer mes soupirs ?

Oh, combien de fois, oh, combien,
Je t'implore au ciel en pleurant ;
Avec quel ardent désir je t'attends,
Et je trompe mon désir !
Rayon de ton visage, tu viens pourtant à moi,
Ah ! il me semble voir briller le jour :
Ah ! l'air qui souffle autour de moi me semble être
un de tes soupirs.



Here I am in joyful attire,

Here I am adorned... like a victim at the altar.

Oh! If only I could, like a victim, fall at the foot of the altar!

O nuptial torches, so abhorred, so fatal,

Be, ah! be for me funeral flames.

I burn... a flame, a fire, consumes me entirely.

I ask in vain for a relief from the wind.

Where are you, Romeo? In what land do you wander?

Where, where shall I send my sighs?

Oh, how many times, oh, how many,

I beg you to heaven in tears;

With what ardent longing I await you,

And deceive my desire!

Ray of your face, you come to me,

Ah! it seems to me the day is shining:

Ah! the breeze that blows around me seems to be one of your sighs.

Credits & Gratitude



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Hélène Walter, soprano

Marina Saiki, piano



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