

ABSTRACT

Title of Dissertation: **CROSSCURRENTS AND
COLLABORATIONS: SELECTIONS FROM
THE FRENCH COLLABORATIVE PIANO
REPERTOIRE OF THE EARLY 20TH
CENTURY**

Nadežda Mijatović-Sekicki, Doctor of Musical
Arts, 2019

Dissertation directed by: **Professor Rita Sloan, School of Music**

The first half of the 20th century in France is perhaps the most stylistically versatile period in music history. Paris welcomed both the domestic and foreign avant-garde. These included artists, composers, performers, poets, writers, critics, choreographers, dancers, impresarios and their rich supporters, whose interactions resulted in artistic achievements of great variety. The musical forms included ballets, operas, piano music, orchestral pieces, instrumental and vocal chamber works and art songs. The style was anything but unified – it consisted of many different currents such as impressionism, symbolism, exoticism, primitivism, neoclassicism, jazz, popular music and crossover. The period produced a wealth of remarkable musical masterpieces which continue to inform and influence us more than 100 years later.

My dissertation focused on representative works written in most of these various styles, by both French and foreign composers, composed in different forms (including works originally written for piano and transcribed pieces) and taken from both the vocal and instrumental repertoire.

Included were Ravel's transcription of Debussy's famous orchestral *Nocturnes* (completed in 1899, premiered in 1901) and his beautiful *Sonata for cello and piano* (1915), Enescu's lesser-known *Sept chansons de Clément Marot* (1907-08), Stravinsky's own four-hand transcription of his groundbreaking *Le Sacre du Printemps* (1913), Ravel's famous jazz-inspired *Sonata for violin and piano No.2* (1923-27), along with some of his vocal pieces - the symbolist *Trois Poèmes de Stéphane Mallarmé* (1913), *Shéhérazade* (1904) and *Chansons Madécasses* (1925-26), the last two cycles representing exoticism, Poulenc's *Banalités* (1940) and three anti-war songs (Poulenc's *Priez pour paix* (1938) and *C* (from *Deux poèmes de Louis Aragon*) (1944) and Debussy's *Noël des enfants qui n'ont plus de maisons* (1915).

The three recitals were all performed at the University of Maryland, the first two in Gildenhorn Recital Hall on February 17th, 2017, and on October 24th, 2018, with Christopher Koelzer, piano, Nicole Levesque, mezzo-soprano, James Stern, violin and Seth Castleton, cello, and the last in Ulrich Recital Hall on November 4th, 2018, with Dorotea Racz, cello, Yong Clark, flute and Nicole Levesque, mezzo-soprano. The recordings are available in the Digital Repository at the University of Maryland (DRUM).

CROSSCURRENTS AND COLLABORATIONS: SELECTIONS FROM THE
FRENCH COLLABORATIVE PIANO REPERTOIRE OF THE EARLY 20TH
CENTURY

by

Nadežda Mijatović-Sekicki

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Advisory Committee:

Professor Rita Sloan, Chair

Professor Delores Ziegler

Professor Irina Muresanu

Professor Craig Kier

Professor Jelena Srebrić, Dean's Representative

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2019

Dedication

To DacaNoca.

Acknowledgements

I am forever grateful to my husband, Vuk, and our children, Natalija and Aleksa, for their support, patience and love.

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RECITAL PROGRAMS

RECITAL 1
February 17, 2017

Gildenhorn Recital Hall, Clarice Smith Performing Arts Center,
University of Maryland, College Park

Nadežda Mijatović-Sekicki, piano
Christopher Koelzer, piano
Nicole Levesque, mezzo-soprano
Seth Castleton, cello
James Stern, violin

Nocturnes (1899)
Nuages
Fêtes
Sirènes

Claude Debussy
(1862-1918)

INTERMISSION

Trois poèmes de Stéphane Mallarmé (1913)
Soupir
Placet Futile
Surgi de la Croupe et du Bond

Maurice Ravel
(1875-1937)

Sonata for cello and piano (1915)
Prologue
Serenade
Finale

Claude Debussy
(1862-1918)

Sonata for violin and piano (1923-27)
Allegretto
Blues
Perpetuum Mobile

Maurice Ravel
(1875-1937)

RECITAL 2
October 24, 2018

Gildenhorn Recital Hall, Clarice Smith Performing Arts Center,
University of Maryland, College Park

Nadežda Mijatović-Sekicki, piano
Christopher Koelzer, piano
Nicole Levesque, mezzo-soprano

Sept chansons de Clément Marot (1908)

Étrenne à Anne
Languir me fais...
Aux demoiselles paresseuses d'écrire à leurs amis
Étrenne de la rose
Présent de couleur blanche
Changeons propos, c'est trop chanté
d'amours...
Du conflit en douleur

George Enescu
(1881-1955)

Banalités (1940)

Chanson d'Orkenise
Hôtel
Fagnes de Wallonie
Voyage à Paris
Sanglots

Francis Poulenc
(1899-1963)

INTERMISSION

Le Sacre du Printemps

Igor Stravinsky
(1882-1971)

RECITAL 3
November 4, 2018

Ulrich Recital Hall, Clarice Smith Performing Arts Center,
University of Maryland, College Park

Nadežda Mijatović-Sekicki, piano
Nicole Levesque, mezzo-soprano
Dorotea Racz, cello
Yong Clark, flute

Priez pour Paix (1938)	Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)
Noël des enfants qui n'ont plus de maisons (1915)	Claude Debussy (1862-1918)
C (from Deux Poèmes de Louis Aragon) (1944)	Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)
Shéhérazade (1903) Asie La flûte enchantée L'Indifférent	Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)
Chansons Madécasses (1926) Nahandove Aoua Il est doux	Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)

RECORDING TRACK LISTING

First dissertation recital – CD 1

Claude Debussy – Nocturnes

[CD 1, Track 1] Nuages

[CD 1, Track 2] Fêtes

[CD 1, Track 3] Sirènes

Maurice Ravel – Trois poèmes de Stéphane Mallarmé

[CD 1, Track 4] Soupir

[CD 1, Track 5] Placet Futile

[CD 1, Track 6] Surgi de la Croupe et du Bond

Claude Debussy – Sonata for cello and piano

[CD 1, Track 7] Prologue

[CD 1, Track 8] Serenade. Finale

Maurice Ravel – Sonata for violin and piano

[CD 1, Track 9] Allegretto

[CD 1, Track 10] Blues

[CD 1, Track 11] Perpetuum Mobile

RECORDING TRACK LISTING

Second dissertation recital – CD 2

George Enescu - Sept chansons de Clément Marot

- [CD 2, Track 1] Étrenne à Anne
- [CD 2, Track 2] Languir me fais...
- [CD 2, Track 3] Aux demoiselles paresseuses d'écrire à leurs amis
- [CD 2, Track 4] Étrenne de la rose
- [CD 2, Track 5] Présent de couleur blanche
- [CD 2, Track 6] Changeons propos, c'est trop chanté d'amours...
- [CD 2, Track 7] Du conflit en douleur

Francis Poulenc – Banalités

- [CD 2, Track 8] Chanson d'Orkenise
- [CD 2, Track 9] Hôtel
- [CD 2, Track 10] Fagnes de Wallonie
- [CD 2, Track 11] Voyage à Paris
- [CD 2, Track 12] Sanglots

Igor Stravinsky – Le Sacre du Printemps

- [CD 2, Track 13]

RECORDING TRACK LISTING

Third dissertation recital – CD 3

Lecture

[CD 3, Track 1]

Francis Poulenc – Priez pour Paix

[CD 3, Track 2]

Claude Debussy – Noël des enfants qui n'ont plus de maisons

[CD 3, Track 3]

Francis Poulenc – C (from Deux Poèmes de Louis Aragon)

[CD 3, Track 4]

Maurice Ravel – Shéhérazade

[CD 3, Track 5] Asie

[CD 3, Track 6] La flûte enchantée

[CD 3, Track 7] L'Indifférent

Maurice Ravel – Chansons Madécasses

[CD 3, Track 8] Nahandove

[CD 3, Track 9] Aoua

[CD 3, Track 10] Il est doux

Introduction

To properly understand everything that was happening in France in the beginning of the 20th century, it is necessary to investigate the last decades of the previous century. There were some obvious causes for the flowering of French music, the biggest one being France's defeat in the Franco-Prussian war. The war ended in 1871 and caused the French to search for their national identity, after being thoroughly humiliated by a quick and easy defeat. The composers were on a quest for a distinctive French style, strongly opposing the German influence that was predominant in the 19th century. Especially after the Franco-Prussian war, the need to reject German culture was palpable. Alongside the Germans, who occupied their concert halls, they were ready to cut ties with Rossini, Meyerbeer and Offenbach in the opera world. The French had options in their own old composers: Lully, Couperin and Rameau. They could also begin to look elsewhere.

Soon after the war has ended, a new organization was born, called *Société Nationale de Musique*. Its goal was to promote French music. Once it was recognized as a united front, government-sponsored organizations started to collaborate with the *Société*. Other companies, such as the *Concert National* and even the *Société des Concerts du Conservatoire* began to program contemporary French composers. The only company that was still holding back was the *Opéra de Paris*, unlike the *Opéra-Comique*, which became the driving force behind the new movement (Smith, Potter 2008, 51).

In their attempts to prove that Paris was the center of the western world, the French organized *Expositions Universelles*, which were originally geared towards industrial trade and technology, but quickly started to include the arts, crafts and music of the host countries. These expositions were where young French composers found inspiration for new sounds and rhythms, exciting stories and sensual melodies: it was arguably the birthplace of exoticism for them. Elaine Brody, in her book *Paris-the musical kaleidoscope* gives some original details on various musical aspects of one of the Expositions: musical performances, pedagogical methods and notation, and various types of musical instruments (Brody 1987, 81-82).

The Parisian *fin-de-siècle* was an incredibly collaborative time: musicians, artists and poets socialized, and tried their talents in other artistic fields. Foreign artists immigrated to Paris and added their own flavor to the melting pot that was the art scene of the time. Lighter music emerged in the forms of café-concerts, cabarets and music halls. This period, from the end of the Franco-Prussian war until the beginning of the First World War, was known as the *Belle Époque*. It was an era of optimism and a high point in the history of French art and music.

1900 to the World War One

The momentum of the *fin-de-siècle* excitement continued into the 20th century. Composers collaborated with poets, and those interactions sometimes took interesting turns. When Debussy saw Maeterlinck's play *Pelléas et Mélisande*, he was sure that it was a perfect base for an opera; he had to get Maeterlinck's permission. In a later letter to Chausson, Debussy wrote: "When I thanked him for entrusting me with *Pelléas*, he insisted that it was he who should be grateful to me for setting it to music" (Lockspeiser 1962, 191). Unfortunately, Debussy did not choose Maeterlinck's mistress for the role of Mélisande, so the playwright challenged the composer to a duel and threatened to beat him with his walking stick (Lockspeiser 1962, 201).

Another example of a curious interaction was between Ravel and novelist Jules Renard. Ravel was interested in Renard's *Histoires Naturelles*, but the author was totally disinterested and refused him. Nevertheless, Ravel persisted and set them to music, but the cycle was not well received at the premiere.

Luckily, most of the contacts between fellow artists were positive and fruitful. According to Elaine Brody in her book *Paris-the musical kaleidoscope, 1870-1925*:

Ravel's acquaintance with prominent writers and artists was extensive[...] Regular visitors to their Sunday evening soirées included writers Andre Gide and Jean Cocteau, [...] painters La Fresnaye and d'Espagnat, musicians Albert Roussel, Florent Schmitt, Deodat de Sévéric, Darius Milhaud, Georges Auric, Maurice Delage, Roland Manuel, Ricardo Viñes, Alfredo Casella, Manuel de Falla, Igor Stravinsky, Erik Satie, and occasionally Diaghilev and Nijinsky.

Around 1900, a circle of relatively close friends: young artists, poets, writers, composers and critics, formed an informal and fluid group known as *Les Apaches* ("The Hooligans"). They considered themselves "artistic outcasts".

Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

Debussy was born in 1862, to non-musical parents. He studied piano and entered the Conservatory at the age of eleven. It is interesting to note that Debussy, whose original harmonic inventions would later set a new chapter in the history of music, was deficient in this subject at the Conservatory. He received the Prix de Rome in 1884 for his cantata *L'enfant Prodigue*. In the following years, he was influenced by Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde* and Mussorgsky's *Boris Godunov*. In the last decade of the 19th century, Debussy frequented the salon gatherings of poets, painters and critics, who discussed the principles of impressionism and symbolism. Quickly, he developed methods that were analogous to impressionism, although he refused that term: he used harmony for its coloristic effect, blurred the lines of conventional tonality and avoided the standard development of musical ideas. At the turn of the century, he wrote two important compositions: the orchestral suite *Nocturnes* (1899) and the opera *Pelléas et Mélisande* (1902). From 1901, Debussy worked as a musical critic for *La Revue Blanche*. According to Edward Burlingame Hill, in his book *Modern French Music*, Debussy argued that the beauty of music is perceptible if only a listener would clear his mind of "all scientific apparatus". Hill continues: "In fact the layman often understands and appreciates Debussy's music better than the musician because the latter stumbles over his preconceived professional prejudices" (Hill 1969, 198).

Debussy is often credited with an invention of a whole-tone scale. This is not true; however, he was the one who used it to a higher artistic purpose by sensing the "moods" in which it is appropriate. (Hill 1969, 202) He also used church modes, but

not just to create a religious atmosphere. In the field of harmony, he freed himself from theoretical bondage, and proved that expression is the highest principle, thus justifying such innovations. In addition to free chord progressions, he used parallel fifths and octaves, again in the service of atmosphere. Another idiom he is somewhat credited with is polytonality, although he was without doubt inspired by Stravinsky, who used polytonality in his ballets *Le Sacre du Printemps* and *Petrouchka*. Debussy's sound is also recognizable by pentatonic scales and pedal points.

The proof of the significance of Debussy's work is perhaps most evident in the fact that many composers tried to copy his style, some more successfully than others.

Nocturnes (1899)

Nocturnes is an orchestral piece in three movements which Debussy composed in 1899. The movements are *Nuages* (Clouds), *Fêtes* (Festivals) and *Sirènes* (Sirens).

In Debussy's introduction to *Nocturnes*, he writes:

The title "Nocturnes" is to be interpreted here in a general, and more particularly, in a decorative sense. Therefore, it is not meant to designate the usual form of the nocturne, but rather all the various impressions and the special effects of light that the word suggests. "Nuages" renders the immutable aspect of the sky and the slow, solemn motion of the clouds, fading away in gray tones lightly tinged with white. "Fêtes" gives us the vibrating, dancing rhythm of the atmosphere with sudden flashes of light. There is also the episode of the procession (a dazzling fantastic vision), which passes through the festive scene and becomes merged in it. But the background of uninterrupted festival persists: the festival with its blending of music and luminous dust participating in the cosmic rhythm. "Sirènes" depicts the sea and its countless rhythms and presently, amongst the waves silvered by the moonlight, is heard the mysterious song of the Sirens as they laugh and pass on (Brook 1977, 168).

Just as poets were dissolving the language into a musically suggestive succession of words, painters did not draw specific objects but evoked misty

reminiscences (Brody 1987, 265). These same ideals led Debussy to write *Nocturnes*. The piece was inspired by a series of paintings of the same title by the impressionist painter James Whistler.

The first two *Nocturnes* were premiered in 1900, and the whole set was performed in 1901. At that time, Ravel started working on a transcription for two pianos, which was first performed in 1911 by Ravel and Louis Aubert. Ravel was an excellent arranger and transcriber; many of his own pieces exist in both forms, orchestral and piano. As with any work that is originally written for an orchestra, it is a great challenge for pianist(s) to bring out all the colors, atmosphere, intimacy and brilliance of the orchestral sound; this is especially complex in impressionist works, since the play of colors, lights and implications is the main expressive tool. *Fêtes* is technically challenging, fast, brilliant and bursting with energy; however, there should not be one moment of heaviness in it. *Sirènes* poses yet another obstacle for pianists: many repetitions of the motif, although always changing and building up, are easily achieved in the orchestral medium through different orchestration and coloring; it is much more difficult to get the same effect in the two-piano version. Additionally, the slow sections pose another challenge to the relatively short-lived sustained sound of the piano: the performers must find a balance between a sensible tempo and composer's instructions.

Sonata for cello and piano (1915)

This sonata is a part of Debussy's project *Six sonates pour divers instruments* (Six sonatas for various instruments), which he did not finish; he only wrote three of them before he died in 1918. The idea behind this set is an homage to the French

composers of the 18th century.

The first sonata in the set is the sonata for cello and piano. It has three movements: Prologue, Serenade and Finale. These titles bring to mind *Comedia dell'arte* characters, and it seems that the second movement, *Serenade*, is dominated by Pierrot. The two last movements are to be performed *attacca*. In the first movement, the rhythmic-melodic figuration might resemble music of the French baroque. The theme is stuck halfway between a major and minor key. The form of this sonata is that of an 18th-century monothematic sonata, which suggests an homage to Couperin. While structurally traditional, the cello sonata is full of daring moments: accents, tempo changes, harmonic excursions to non-tonality and extended cello technique.

This sonata is rather short, but full of contrasts; thus, the challenge for the performers is to keep the coherence of the piece. Piano and cello are, in many ways, incompatible instruments, and while that difference is exploited fully, there are instances where they need to make similar effects. One such instance is the *pizzicati* whose lengths need to match. On occasion, the texture gets thicker in the piano or the register gets lower, and it is imperative for the pianist to find ways to lighten up their part so that the cello can be heard.

This sonata is one of Debussy's last pieces and is important in showing his mental state and patriotic feelings while his beloved country was in the middle of the First World War. He saw this piece as an affirmation of French culture; it was his way to fight the war.

Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)

Ravel was of Swiss-Basque origin, but he spent his life in France. His father was an engineer who supported his son's musical career. Ravel's achievements at the Conservatory were not high; he was more interested in experiential learning. Young Ravel attended the Great Exposition of 1889 where he heard exotic instruments and musical traditions; he attended concerts of Russian music given by Rimsky-Korsakov, which had lasting effect on his orchestral writing; he was friends with the pianist Ricardo Viñes, with whom he discussed contemporary art.

Ravel was in and out of the Conservatory. He returned to study composition with Faure. He tried to win the Prix de Rome, but never succeeded. He left the Conservatory again because he could not pass the fugue-writing class.

Regardless of his struggles with the Conservatory administration and inability to get the Prix de Rome, he was well established in musical and artistic circles. However, the shadow of Debussy seemed to always hang over his head. Critics often took the stance that everything worthwhile in new music had to be traced back to Debussy. The comparisons were constant. Ravel was, in fact, drawing from Satie and Chabrier. He also had a taste for quasi-archaic style, dating back to Couperin and Rameau. Ravel did derive much from Debussy, just like any composer from his predecessor, but the distinction between the two was clear, and was getting clearer with every new piece.

Shéhérazade (1903)

In 1903 Ravel met the poet Tristan Klingsor. The poet had just published a collection of Arabian-inspired prose poems under the title *Shéhérazade* in homage to

Rimsky-Korsakov's symphonic suite of the same name, a work that Ravel also greatly admired.

Klingsor immediately joined *Les Apaches*, Ravel's group of young musicians and intellectuals. At the same time, Ravel began setting three of Klingsor's poems. The result was the song cycle *Shéhérazade*, which was first performed in its orchestral version in 1904.

Pierre Bernac, in his book *The Interpretation of French Song*, quotes Ravel: "These three poems for voice and orchestra, where Debussy's spiritual influence is at least fairly obvious, date from 1903. In them, I have succumbed again to the profound fascination which the East has held for me since childhood" (Bernac 1978, 241-242).

Klingsor wrote:

Ravel immediately wanted to set some of my poems. His love for the difficulty made him choose, together with *La flûte enchantée* and *L'indifférent*, one, the long narrative of which made it appear quite unsuitable for his purpose: *Asie*. For at that time, he was engaged in a study of spoken verse, and was aiming at emphasizing accents and inflexions, and magnifying them by melodic transposition. To fix his concept firmly, he insisted on my reading the lines aloud (Bernac 242)

The cycle consists of three songs: *Asie*, *La Flute Enchantée* and *L'Indifférent*. Ravel's magically evocative setting brims with mystery and desire. All three songs are tranquil and reflective.

The first and longest song *Asie* is a panorama of oriental fantasy evoking Arabia, India and, at a dramatic climax, China. The second song depicts a young girl who is taking care of her master and cannot join her lover whose flute playing caresses her from afar. The third song is a hopeless longing for fulfillment: the narrator tries in vain to interest a passing stranger; whether it is due to the boy-of-

feminine-beauty's sexual orientation, or simple disinterest, it is left to the performers' and listeners' imagination.

Both Pierre Bernac and Graham Johnson suggest that one should not attempt to perform *Asie* with a piano. While the final product is destined to be unsatisfactory if one has the orchestral sound in mind, it is possible to come close with careful planning and knowledge of playing transcriptions. Everything about this set is challenging: it is hard to match the grandeur of an orchestra, its colors and expressiveness. However, one can find courage in the fact that the composer was a pianist himself. In *Asie* every new picture brings new tempo, meter and character. The bulk of the musical content is in the orchestral/piano part, while the voice is mainly declamatory. Once those difficulties are overcome, the experience of performing this piece is very satisfactory: particularly the big, sweeping interlude that was given to the piano, after the words "Je voudrais voir mourir d'amour ou bien de haine". (I would like to see people dying of love or else of hatred.)

Shéhérazade represents a perfect example of the *Belle Epoque*'s oriental exoticism.

Trois poèmes de Stéphane Mallarmé (1913)

While Ravel was in Switzerland, working on a project for the *Ballets Russes* with Stravinsky, he saw Stravinsky's score for *Poèmes de la lyrique japonaise* and became interested in the setting for voice and chamber ensemble. Stravinsky explained that the instrumentation was derived from Schoenberg's score of *Pierrot Lunaire*. Ravel was impatient to try out coloristic possibilities, and he wrote *Soupir*, the first of the three of his Mallarmé songs. At the same time, Debussy was writing

his own set of Mallarmé poetry, and it turned out that two out of three poems were identical to Ravel's selections. Both sets were published by Durand at about the same time.

Mallarmé was a French symbolist poet, whose work is difficult to translate. This is partially due to the complexity of his texts, but possibly more so due to the importance of the sound rather than the meaning. In the "Notes on the music" chapter of Ravel's songs by Dover Publications, Ravel is quoted to have written to a friend about the second song, *Placet Futile*:

[...] *Placet Futile* was completed, but I retouched it. I fully realize the great audacity of having attempted to interpret this sonnet in music. It was necessary that the melodic contour, the modulations, and the rhythms be as precious, as properly contoured as the sentiment and the images of the text. Nevertheless, it was necessary to maintain the elegant deportment of the poem. Above all it was necessary to maintain the profound and exquisite tenderness which suffuses all of this. Now that it's done, I'm a bit nervous about it.

The third song, *Surgi de la croupe et du bond*, is undoubtedly the most obscure one. Ravel matched its language by completely abandoning tonality; thus, he moved from the tonality of the first song, which in Mallarmé's words represents "autumnal reverie", through occasional atonality within a tonal framework of the second song (arguably an evocation of a painting by Boucher or Watteau) to the complexity of the third one expressed in atonality.

This set is not among Ravel's better-known pieces; however, it is very important because Ravel never again went this far into the atonal world.

Just like the *Shéhérazade*, this set is an exciting project for a pianist, given the fact that it was conceived for a chamber ensemble; the piano, once again, needs to

sound like each one of those instruments, a combination, or all of them. The piano part itself is technically very challenging, on top of which comes the layer of obscure symbolist poetry which is mainly brought to life in the piano part, much as in *Shéhérazade*.

Influence of the Foreigners

Paris in the early 20th century was the center of the artistic world, and as such, a promised land for foreign artists. The Spaniards came as poor immigrants, with hopes of learning their craft, making contacts and career, and improving their financial and social situation. In the book *Manuel de Falla*, Suzanne Demarquez is quoting the composer:

[...] without Paris I would have remained buried in Madrid, done for and forgotten, laboriously leading an obscure existence, living miserably and keeping my first prize in a frame, like in a family album, with the score of my opera in a cupboard. To be published in Spain is worse than not being published at all. It's like throwing the music into a well (Demarquez 34).

Among the Spanish musicians in Paris were Isaac Albeniz, Ricardo Viñes, Enrique Granados, Manuel de Falla, Pablo Casals and Joaquin Turina, to name a few.

The arrival of the Russians to the Parisian art scene was the culmination of a musical partnership between the two countries that started in the last decades of the 19th century.

Sergey Diaghilev was an impresario, who first organized an exhibition of Russian art in 1906; in 1907 he arranged a series of concerts of Russian music; in 1908 Diaghilev brought Mussorgsky's *Boris Godunov* to the Opéra de Paris, with

Feodor Chaliapin in the title role. All these events were carefully planned to the last detail and aimed at taking the French by surprise. Finally, in 1909, he brought with him a troupe of dancers, scenic designers, choreographers, musicians and artists, and started the *Ballets Russes*, a dance company that was arguably the most influential such organization in Western Europe. Many of the Russian artists did not initially settle in Paris but kept coming back for performances and collaborations.

Although the Spaniards and the Russians were the two largest groups of foreign artists who settled in early 20th-century Paris, there were other foreign nationals, mostly Europeans, but also Americans, who frequented Paris and left their mark on the city's music life.

Igor Stravinsky (1882-1971)

Stravinsky was born in a musical household; his father was a famous bass in the St. Petersburg opera. Young Stravinsky studied piano and was exposed to the highest quality operatic repertoire; however, he went on to study law. One of his friends at the university was Rimsky-Korsakov's son. Stravinsky asked for the composer's advice on whether he should pursue composition. After some time, Rimsky-Korsakov accepted him as a private student; they worked together from 1903 until the composer's death in 1908. While Stravinsky was bored at school, he willingly submitted himself to the firm discipline of Korsakov's teachings.

In the following years, thanks to a collaboration with Diaghilev, Stravinsky experienced immense success. He initially orchestrated some works for the 1909 season, but he was immediately established after the ballet *L'oiseau de Feu* in the 1910 *Ballets Russes* season; he worked night and day on this project, updating

Fokine, the choreographer, section by section. Only 28 at the premiere, he was already considered a first-rate composer, and was introduced to Debussy. Soon after, another masterpiece ensued: *Petruchka*. It was the most memorable dramatic role for the famous dancer and choreographer Nijinsky.

The climax of his early ballets was *Le Sacre du Printemps*.

Le Sacre du Printemps (1913)

“I saw in imagination a solemn pagan rite; sage elders, seated in a circle, watched a young girl dance herself to death. They were sacrificing her to propitiate the god of Spring”. – Stravinsky (Austin 252).

The 1913 premiere of *Le Sacre du Printemps* provoked a scandal. French ears could not grasp the primitive rhythms or Nijinsky’s “perverse” choreography. Debussy played through the piano-duet version with Stravinsky before the premiere; he stated that he was “stupefied” and then “haunted as by a beautiful nightmare”.

William W. Austin in his book *Music in the 20th century from Debussy through Stravinsky*, argues that, with repeated listening, the first impressions (overwhelming rhythm and loudness, and pictorial associations) fade somewhat to make way for deeper impressions: the peculiar chords and polychords get rooted in a listener’s memory, along with fragments of the patterns of the rhythm in which these chords are relentlessly repeated (Austin 1966, 252).

The melodies are folk-like, fragmented; they are not treated as themes, but rather as fragments of a current, unified by other elements. The rhythm is undoubtedly the most innovative aspect of the piece; it is made up of units of time too short to be called beats. They are combined into beats of different lengths, and then

those different beats occur in complex patterns, to defy expectation. To add to it, Stravinsky marks the beats by a thud in the accompaniment, while the melody has a gasp of silence; the melody then appears as a syncopation. (Austin 1966, 258)

When it comes to harmony, it is hard to analyze it conventionally. Stravinsky seemed to have been working intuitively, but he gave a term “polarity” when describing harmonic methods.

The form is not a suite nor detached numbers. It is somehow connected with the melodic material that flows, fragmentary as it is, towards a conclusion.

Stravinsky was only 32 when he composed *Le Sacre du Printemps*. After this piece, his style changed dramatically, but never stayed in one place. He could write in the twelve-tone technique, or for a jazz ensemble, or liturgical music, or in a neoclassical style. Many of the fans, who were excited about superficial effects of the *Le Sacre du Printemps*, could not digest these changes.

The challenges of presenting this masterpiece in a piano-duet form are numerous, which is clear just from the above detailed explanations of the structure of the piece. In my recital, my colleague Christopher Koelzer and I took another step further and played it on two pianos (rather than on one piano 4 hands, as it was originally written by Stravinsky). This gave us more freedom to experiment with registers and colors, to go back to the original orchestral score and apply whatever we thought was important and prominent. It was a laborious project, but the product was beyond exciting and utterly satisfactory.

George Enescu (1881-1955)

Enescu was a Romanian composer, pianist, violinist, conductor and teacher. At the age of 7 he entered the Vienna Conservatory and graduated before he turned 13. The next year, in 1895, he went to Paris to continue his studies at the Paris Conservatory with Jules Massenet and Gabriel Fauré. He was active as a conductor and violinist, but Alfred Cortot, the famous pianist, once said that Enescu had a better piano technique than his own (Anderson 2018).

Yehudi Menuhin, the famous violinist who was Enescu's student, liked to tell the story about Enescu's amazing intellect: Menuhin and his father were with Enescu, when Ravel showed up with his violin sonata and asked Enescu to play through. After they did it once and Enescu asked for some clarifications, they played through it again, this time Enescu played from memory (Anderson 2018).

Enescu lived in Paris on and off for decades, until he permanently settled there after the World War Two.

Sept chansons de Clément Marot (1908)

Clément Marot was a 16th-century court poet to Francois I. Enescu set his seven poems to music, which resulted in a masterpiece of early 20th-century song, albeit not a familiar one. Ravel also set two of Marot's songs, in which the same woman, Anne, is a main character. Enescu's songs stand effortlessly next to Ravel's.

His musical style has a distinct French flavor; however, no parallels can be drawn with his French contemporaries. The vocal lines are elegant and lyrical, while the harmony captures the ambiance of Marot's time, using modality. The piano

writing uses figures that suggest the accompaniment of a lute or a harp (Johnson, Stokes 2000, 154).

The set is full of contrasting emotional states: from love, languor, dedication, passion and impatience, to humor, pain and resignation. If there is one unifying theme to this set, it is an intimate meditativeness.

The *Sept Chansons de Clément Marot* is a fine example of the influence of French culture on foreign musicians, as well as the contribution they gave back to it. From a technical standpoint, this set is not one of the extremely difficult ones; nevertheless, both its challenge and attractiveness lie in the special mood that needs to be quickly established for each song. A special treat for the singer is the language: it is written in old French but should be sung with modern pronunciation.

The Americans

The American relationship with Paris began in the last decades of the 19th century. Americans traveled to Paris to study music, art and literature. Because of World War One and anti-German sentiment, this relationship intensified between 1910-1920. Still, the biggest flow of American artists happened after the war and Paris welcomed them. They were nurtured by Nadia Boulanger at her School of Fontainebleau, which became known as the “American Conservatory of Music, a summer school for American students”. She taught George Antheil, Virgil Thomson, Aaron Copland, David Diamond, Roy Harris, and many others. Nadia spoke of herself: “There were three kinds of music students, the kind who had money and no talent, and those I took; the kind who had talent and no money, and those I took; and the kind who had money and talent and those I never got” (Brody 1987, 238).

In 1928 George Gershwin came to Paris and experienced great success with *Rhapsody in Blue* and Concerto in F. He has already begun sketching *An American in Paris*. Gershwin tried to study with Ravel and Stravinsky, but they both declined, insisting that his own talents were more than enough.

This was the time when composers slowly started to see jazz as a possibility in their music writing. Debussy was among the first ones to incorporate jazz elements in his Preludes of 1910-1913; Milhaud wrote a long jazz section in his *La Creation du Monde* of 1923; Ravel used the blues in his Sonata for Violin and Piano of 1923.

Between the wars

Ravel: Sonata for Violin and Piano (1923-1927)

Writing the sonata for violin and piano was a laborious project for Ravel, due to his feeling that the instruments were incompatible. He premiered it with Enescu in 1927.

The first movement alternates gentle lyricism with angular themes. The parts are very individual. Throughout the sonata Ravel emphasizes unique qualities of each of the instruments and, by doing so, he is shifting the attention to the material of the music itself. The second movement is the famous blues-inspired one. Upon finishing this sonata, Ravel visited America, and said about it:

To my mind, the 'blues' is one of your greatest musical assets, truly American despite earlier contributory influences from Africa and Spain. Musicians have asked me how I came to write 'blues' as the second movement of my recently completed sonata for violin and piano.... While I adopted this popular form of your music, I venture to say that nevertheless it is French music, Ravel's

music, that I have written. Indeed, these popular forms are but the materials of construction, and the work of art appears only on mature conception where no detail has been left to chance. (Wise)

Ravel did use some typical jazz elements, such as flat sevenths and syncopated rhythms, but most of the idiom benefits through the addition of bitonality.

The third movement, *Perpetuum Mobile*, is written as in a big sweep: it does not let the violin breathe for even a second and the musical current flies all the way to the spectacular end of this marvelous sonata.

This is an extremely challenging piece; performers must capture the ambiguous juxtaposition of aesthetics of not overly emotional, precise, clear and balanced with sweeping gestures, jazz elements and big climaxes. Furthermore, as Ravel pointed out, the instruments are somewhat incompatible; however, they are presented with a task of continuing the same accompaniment, imitating each other's pizzicato, playing the same fragments, etc. This is a truly exciting and enjoyable piece to perform.

Ravel: Chansons Madécasses (1926)

Chansons Madécasses (Madagascan Songs) is a collection of three art songs (*Nahandove*, *Aoua*, and *Il est doux*) for voice, flute, cello and piano with words by Évariste de Parny, the late 18th-century Creole poet.

Although Parny never traveled to Madagascar, he falsely claimed to have translated the songs he collected from the natives. In the preface of the 1787 publication of his prose poems, Parny explains:

The isle of Madagascar is divided into an endless number of small territories which belong to as many princes. These princes are always battling one another, the purpose of these wars being to take prisoners to sell them to Europeans. Thus, without us, people would be peaceful and happy. They are skillful, intelligent, kind, and in their treaties, they take all the precautions dictated by prudence and even shrewdness. The Madagascans are happy by nature. The men live in idleness and the women work. They are passionately fond of music and dance. I have collected and translated several songs, which may give an idea of their customs and habits. They possess no verse; the poetry is nothing but an elaborate prose. Their music is simple, gentle, and always melancholic.

Chansons Madécasses represents the native Madagascans' point of view on different matters. The second song is about colonialism, slavery, massacre, distrust and betrayal. The premiere created criticism on political grounds, thanks to the second song.

“[...] Here we discover the left-wing, anti-colonial agnostic who has little respect for the benefits of Christian civilization” (Johnson, Stokes 2000, 409)

The question of the extent of authentic Malagasy music in Ravel's setting is always open for debate and it is possible that he was exposed to Malagasy music in Paris, where many African natives studied.

From a performer's perspective, the second song is emotionally invariably exhausting, as one cannot disconnect oneself from the protagonist's perspective. At the same time, it is easy to perform it because Ravel gave us a powerful and direct reading and we don't need to wander around searching for answers.

The first song is sensual, it depicts an encounter between two lovers, or maybe just a dream. It is ambiguous and understated. The third song is a picture of a pre-colonial life in the sun, while awaiting a bit of breeze and evening. The instrumentation is minimal, or better yet – just right.

The influence of Eric Satie and Jean Cocteau

Wagner's works are long works which are long, and long drawn out, because this old sorcerer looked upon boredom as a useful drug for the stupefaction of the faithful. [...]

Debussy missed his way because he fell from the German frying pan into the Russian fire. [...] Enough of hammocks, garlands and gondolas; I want someone to build me music I can live in, like a house. Enough of clouds, waves, aquariums, water-spirits, and nocturnal scents; what we need is a music of the earth, everyday music.
(Cocteau, 4 *ff*)

Jean Cocteau (1891-1963) was a poet, artist, playwright, producer and director; he propagated many of the new ideas in the arts. In his 1918 book *Coq et Arlequin*, Cocteau expressed new aesthetics that refuted Wagner as well as impressionism.

After World War One, Diaghilev returned to Paris to reestablish his ballets and he invited Cocteau to collaborate. New ballets were not as grand as in the pre-war era; they now wanted to startle, shock and amaze.

The one composer who was praised in *Coq et Arlequin* was Erik Satie (1866-1925). Chronologically he also belonged to the pre-war era, but his work was widely recognized only after the 1920s. Satie gave ridiculous titles to his pieces (*Three pieces in the shape of a pear*, *Three Flabby Preludes for a Dog*, *Desiccated Embryos*), gave ridiculous directions to performers ("play like a nightingale with a toothache"), wrote out easy passages in an extremely complicated notation and suddenly quoted popular tunes (Hansen 1979, 112).

At an opening of an art gallery, Satie was annoyed with the audience because they were not following the instructions which said to not listen to the music, but to talk and mingle and pay no attention.

The result of his collaboration with Diaghilev was his ballet *Parade*. It was an

important piece in the history of ballet because it brought cubism to the stage: Picasso designed the curtain, stage settings and costumes. Two other important names were Cocteau, who provided the subject and Massine, a choreographer.

Satie's 1918 symphonic drama *Socrate* is considered his most important work.

Les Six

Quite arbitrarily Collet had chosen six names: Auric, Durey, Poulenc, Tailleferre, Honegger, and my own, merely because we knew one another, were good friends, and had figured on the same programs; quite irrespective of our different temperaments and wholly dissimilar characters. Auric and Poulenc were partisans of Cocteau's ideas, Honegger derived from the German Romantics, and I from the Mediterranean lyricism. I fundamentally disapproved of joint declarations of aesthetic doctrines, and felt them to be a drag, an unreasonable limitation on the artist's imagination, who must for each new work find different, often contradictory, means of expression. But it was useless to protest. Collet's article excited such world-wide interest that the "Group of Six" was launched and willy-nilly I formed part of it. (Milhaud, 85)

In 1920, Henri Collet, a French critic, published an article *The Russian Five and the French Six and Erik Satie*. These six composers were friends and were not united by anything such as style, ideology, program or manifesto. Cocteau was their leader and there have been speculations about his interference with the organization of *Les Six* because he, apparently, wanted to be the leader of a musical avant-garde group. One unifying element was their defiance of 19th-century heritage and the impressionism of Debussy and Ravel.

Milhaud and Cocteau's ballet *Le Boeuf sur le Toit* was a great success. The libretto was outrageous, and the music was inspired by South American popular music: tangos, rumbas, sambas, street marches and fados. The melody and the

accompaniment were often in different keys and were perceived as separate entities, on two different planes (Hansen 1979, 121).

Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)

Poulenc was born to an affluent, artistic, musical family. His mother was a fine pianist, so young Poulenc started learning piano from an early age. He developed into an excellent pianist after working with Ricardo Viñes. In his teens, Poulenc met Satie, who strongly influenced the young man. His irreverent spirit and lightheartedness made him a fitting member of *Les Six*. In his later works, he became more serious and wrote religious pieces as well as lighter, secular ones.

Poulenc's melodic gift was a main feature of his art; therefore, his musical interests were primarily lyric. He collaborated with the famous baritone, Pierre Bernac, and Bernac's input helped him develop a great skill in writing for the human voice.

Banalités (1940)

Banalités is a set of songs based on Apollinaire's poetry. The set incorporates everything from the first song's popular style to the longest last song, which is anything but "banal". In between, the second song features lazy café-music, the third is turbulent and gloomy and a fourth is a valse-musette. The fifth and last song, *Sanglots*, is rather difficult to comprehend, because of "a song within a song": the main narrative is juxtaposed with "asides". It helps for the audience to know this before listening to a performance.

Banalités is among the most popular of Poulenc's sets and justly so; it is a collage of many sides of his songwriting styles and brilliantly represents the period where the sounds of the dance-hall and café-music mix with deep emotions of more serious poetry.

Anti-war songs

The first half of the 20th century witnessed two horrific wars. The loss of life and purpose, fear, anger and sadness were unbearable. Many artists fought, and those who did not, did what they knew best – created art.

Debussy: Noël des enfants qui n'ont plus de maisons (1915)

This Christmas carol was written in 1915. Debussy wrote both the text and the music. It was his last song.

Noël des enfants was a condemnation of the German occupation of France. The text, a prayer by French children, orphaned and homeless, called on the Infant Jesus to avenge them (and the little Belgians, Serbs and Poles) by inflicting severe punishment on the German invaders or by not visiting them on the Christmas day. For this Christmas, they did not ask for toys, but bread to survive, and that France would win the war. The song was simple, almost a crossover between a popular and a classical song.

Noël des enfants qui n'ont plus de maisons was especially meaningful to me because of the mention of Serbian children in World War One.

Poulenc: Priez pour Paix (1938)

In 1938, the world seemed poised for war once again. At the height of the tension, the Paris newspaper *Le Figaro* published a poem by Charles d'Orleans in the form of a prayer to the Virgin Mary for peace. Charles Orleans was a medieval prisoner of war, who fell into English hands in 1415. They held him hostage in England for 25 years.

Poulenc said, "This is a prayer to be spoken in a country church." As such, the song was quiet, simple, and reverent in a manner that is filled with awe at the seriousness of the prayer. "I have tried in this *mélodie* to give a feeling of fervor and above all, of humility, which for me is the finest quality of prayer" (Bernac 1978, 275)

Poulenc: C (from Deux Poèmes de Louis Aragon) (1944)

Poulenc's *Deux Poèmes de Louis Aragon* was published in 1944, during one of the bloodiest periods of time in France's tragic history.

The title of the song, "C", was taken from the name of a commune in France called *Les Ponts de Ce*. It had been the site of a large number of battles throughout history, beginning with the nearby Battle of Tours in 732. This battle was considered to be one of the turning points in European history. *Ce* also saw decisive battles during the Hundred-Years War in the 14th and 15th centuries and saw the end of a civil war in the 17th century. Ultimately, the song is about the 1940 exodus of the French, who fled before the invaders and crossed the Loire at *Les Ponts de Ce*. The poet, Louis Aragon, was among the fleeing people.

The song was and remains quite a powerful statement as to the devastating effects of war and conflict on common people.

Conclusion: Final thoughts

This period marks one of the greatest creative outbursts in Western musical history. The collaboration between the artists and the subsequent cross-pollination of ideas and concepts brought forward enormous energy that resulted in refreshing and bold masterpieces.

This era dissolved many boundaries: between different nationals, between popular and classical music, between sister arts, between distant lands, between past and present. It was an incredible gift to musicians and artists alike. For the French it meant even more: they cut ties with a habit of imitating foreign music and proved to themselves that their own creative forces were alive and ready to take over.

Lastly, pianists, particularly collaborative pianists, were gifted with a wealth of repertoire choices: whether instrumental or vocal, the pieces ranged from duets to big chamber ensembles and encompassed both transcriptions and original pieces. I personally found it invariably challenging to pick the pieces to present in my recitals, since this period is bursting with materials rich in collaborative piano music. After much consideration, I believe I found a way to include pieces representative of the main currents and styles, which hopefully inspired and intrigued the listeners to dig deeper into the lushness of this incredible musical era.

Appendix: Texts and Translations

Sheherazade (Ravel/Klingsor)

I Asie

Asie, Asie, Asie.
Vieux pays merveilleux des contes de
nourrice
Où dort la fantaisie comme une
impératrice
En sa forêt tout emplie de mystère.
Asie,
Je voudrais m'en aller avec la goëlette
Qui se berce ce soir dans le port
Mystérieuse et solitaire
Et qui déploie enfin ses voiles violettes
Comme un immense oiseau de nuit
dans le ciel d'or.

Je voudrais m'en aller vers des îles de
fleurs
En écoutant chanter la mer perverse
Sur un vieux rythme ensorceleur.
Je voudrais voir Damas et les villes de
Perse
Avec les minarets légers dans l'air.
Je voudrais voir de beaux turbans de
soie
Sur des visages noirs aux dents claires;
Je voudrais voir des yeux sombres
d'amour
Et des prunelles brillantes de joie
En des peaux jaunes comme des
oranges;
Je voudrais voir des vêtements de
velours
Et des habits à longues franges.
Je voudrais voir des calumets entre des
bouches
Tout entourées de barbe blanche;
Je voudrais voir d'âpres marchands aux
regards louches,
Et des cadis, et des vizirs

Sheherazade

I Asia

Asia, Asia, Asia,
Old marvelous land from childhood
tales
Where fantasy sleeps like an empress
In her forest filled with mystery.

Asia,
I wish to go away with the boat
Cradled this evening in the port
Mysterious and solitary
And that finally deploys her violet
sails
Like an enormous night-bird in the
golden sky.

I wish to go away, toward the isles of
flowers,
Listening to the perverse sea sing
Over an old, bewitching rhythm.
I wish to see Damascus and the cities
of Persia,
With their light minarets in the air;
I wish to see beautiful silk turbans
On dark faces with bright teeth;

I wish to see eyes dark with love
And pupils shining with joy
In skin yellowed like oranges;

I wish to see velvet robes
And clothes with long fringes.

I wish to see pipes in mouths
Surrounded by white beards;

I wish to see harsh merchants with
cross-eyed gazes,
And judges, and viziers

Qui du seul mouvement de leur doigt
qui se penche
Accordent vie ou mort au gré de leur
désir.
Je voudrais voir la Perse, et l'Inde, et
puis la Chine,
Les mandarins ventrus sous les
ombrelles,

Et les princesses aux mains fines,
Et les lettrés qui se querellent
Sur la poésie et sur la beauté;
Je voudrais m'attarder au palais
enchanté
Et comme un voyageur étranger
Contempler à loisir des paysages
peints
Sur des étoffes en des cadres de sapin
Avec un personnage au milieu d'un
verger;

Je voudrais voir des assassins souriant
Du bourreau qui coupe un cou
d'innocent
Avec son grand sabre courbé d'Orient.
Je voudrais voir des pauvres et des
reines;
Je voudrais voir des roses et du sang;
Je voudrais voir mourir d'amour ou
bien de haine.
Et puis m'en revenir plus tard
Narrer mon aventure aux curieux de
rêves
En élevant comme Sindbad ma vieille
tasse arabe
De temps en temps jusqu'à mes lèvres
Pour interrompre le conte avec art..

Who with a single movement of their
crooked finger
Grant life, or death, according to their
desire.
I wish to see Persia, and India, and
then China,
The pot-bellied mandarins under their
umbrellas,

And the princesses with dainty hands,
And the literary men who quarrel
Over poetry and over beauty;
I wish to linger in the enchanted
palace,
And like a foreign traveler
Contemplate at leisure painted
countrysides,
On fabrics in fir frames,
With a person standing in the middle
of an orchard;

I wish to see smiling assassins,
The executioner who cuts an innocent
neck
With his great curved Oriental blade.
I wish to see paupers and queens;
I wish to see roses and blood;
I wish to see death caused by love or
even by hate.

And then returning, later
Tell my story to the dreaming and
curious
Raising, like Sinbad, my old Arab cup
From time to time to my lips
To interrupt my tale with art. . . .

II La flûte enchantée

L'ombre est douce et mon maître dort
Coiffé d'un bonnet conique de soie
Et son long nez jaune en sa barbe
blanche.

Mais moi, je suis éveillée encor
Et j'écoute au dehors
Une chanson de flûte où s'épanche
Tour à tour la tristesse ou la joie.

Un air tour à tour languoureux ou
frivole
Que mon amoureux chéri joue,
Et quand je m'approche de la croisée
Il me semble que chaque note s'envole
De la flûte vers ma joue
Comme un mystérieux baiser.

III L'Indifférent

Tes yeux sont doux comme ceux d'une
fille,
Jeune étranger,
Et la courbe fine
De ton beau visage de duvet ombragé
Est plus séduisante encor de ligne.
Ta lèvre chante sur le pas de ma porte
Une langue inconnue et charmante
Comme une musique fausse.
Entre! Et que mon vin te reconforte...
Mais non, tu passes
Et de mon seuil je te vois t'éloigner
Me faisant un dernier geste avec grâce
Et la hanche légèrement ployée
Par ta démarche féminine et lasse...

II The enchanted flute

The shade is sweet and my master
sleeps,
Wearing a conical silk bonnet,
With his long yellow nose in his white
beard.

But I, I awaken again
And I hear outside
The song of a flute from whence pours
forth

By turns sadness or joy.
A song by turns languorous or
frivolous
Which my dear lover plays,
And when I approach the window.
It seems to me that each note steals
away
From the flute toward my cheek
Like a mysterious kiss.

III The indifferent one

Your eyes are soft, like those of a girl,
Young stranger,
And the fine curve
Of your handsome face with shadowed
down
Is more seductive still.
Your lip sings, on the step of my door,
A tongue unknown and charming
Like dissonant music.
Enter! And let my wine comfort you...
But no, you pass by
And from my door I watch you depart,
Making a last graceful gesture to me,
Your hip lightly bent
In your feminine and weary gait...

Trois poèmes de Stéphane Mallarmé
(Ravel/Mallarmé)

I Soupir

Mon âme vers ton front où rêve, ô
calme sœur,
Un automne jonché de taches de
rousseau,
Et vers le ciel errant de ton œil
angélique
Monte, comme dans un jardin
mélancolique,
Fidèle, un blanc jet d'eau soupire vers
l'Azur !
-- Vers l'azur attendri d'octobre pâle et
pur
Qui mire aux grands bassins sa
langueur infinie
Et laisse, sur l'eau morte où la fauve
agonie
Des feuilles erre au vent et creuse un
froid sillon,
Se trainer le soleil jaune d'un long
rayon.

II Placet Futile

Princesse! à jalouser le destin d'une
Hébé
Qui point sur cette tasse au baiser de
vos lèvres;
J'use mes feux mais n'ai rang discret
que d'abbé
Et ne figurerai même nu sur le Sèvres.

Comme je ne suis pas ton bichon
embarbé
Ni la pastille ni du rouge, ni jeux
mièvres
Et que sur moi je sens ton regard clos
tombé

I Sigh

My soul rises towards your brow o
calm sister, where there lies dreaming
An autumn strewn with russet freckles,
And towards the restless sky of your
angelic eye,
As in a melancholy garden,
A white fountain faithfully sighs
towards the Azure!
Towards the compassionate azure of
pale and pure October,
Which mirrors its infinite languor in
the great pools
And, on the stagnant water where the
tawny agony
Of the leaves stirs in the wind and digs
a cold furrow,
Lets the yellow sun drag itself out in a
long ray.

II Futile Petition

Princess! in envying the fate of a
Hebe,
Who appears on this cup at the kiss of
your lips,
I use up my ardor, but my modest
station is only that of abbé
And I won't even appear nude on the
Sèvres porcelain.

Since I am not your bewhiskered
lapdog,
Nor lozenge, nor rouge, nor affected
games,
And since I know that you look on me
with indifferent eyes

Blonde dont les coiffeurs divins sont
des orfèvres!

Nommez-nous... toi de qui tant de ris
framboisés
Se joignent en troupeau d'agneaux
apprivoisés
Chez tous broutant les vœux et bêlant
aux délires,

Nommez-nous... pour qu'Amour ailé
d'un éventail
M'y peigne flûte aux doigts endormant
ce bercail,
Princesse, nommez-nous berger de vos
sourires.

III Surgi de la Croupe et du Bond

Surgi de la croupe et du bond
D'une verrerie éphémère
Sans fleurir la veillée amère
Le col ignoré s'interrompt.

Je crois bien que deux bouches n'ont
Bu, ni son amant ni ma mère,
Jamais à la même chimère,
Moi, sylphe de ce froid plafond!

Le pur vase d'aucun breuvage
Que l'inexhaustible veuvage
Agonise mais ne consent,

Naïf baiser des plus funèbres!
À rien expirer annonçant
Une rose dans les ténèbres.

Blonde whose divine hairdressers are
goldsmiths!

Appoint me ... you whose many
raspberried laughs
Are gathered into flocks of docile
lambs,
Nibbling at all vows and bleating
deliriously,

Appoint me ... in order that Love, with
a fan as his wings,
May paint me fingering a flute and
lulling this sheepfold,
Princess, appoint me shepherd of your
smiles.

III Rising up from its Bulge and Stem

Rising up from its bulge and stem
of fragile glassware
- with no flowers to crown its vigil -
the vase's neglected neck stops short.

I do believe the mouths
of my mother and her lover
never drank from the same love-cup
(I, sylph of this cold ceiling).

The vase untouched by any drink
except eternal widowhood
is dying yet never consents

- oh naïve funereal kiss! -
to breathe out anything that might
herald
a rose in the darkness.

Sept chansons de Clément Marot
(Enescu/Marot)

Seven songs by Clement Marot

I Étrenne à Anne

I Gift to Anne

Ce nouvel an pour étrennes vous
donne
Mon cœur blessé d'une nouvelle plaie;
Contraint y suis, Amour ainsi
l'ordonne,
En qui un cas bien contraire j'essaye:

This new year as a gift I give you
my heart, pierced by a new wound;
I am thereto constrained, Love ordains
it so,
in whom a quite contrary course I try
to follow,

Car ce cœur-là, c'est ma richesse vraie,
Le demeurant n'est rien où je me
fonde;
Et faut donner le meilleur bien que
j'aie
Si j'ai vouloir d'être riche en ce monde.

For that heart is my true wealth
The rest is for nothing where I am
founded;
I must give the greatest good that I
possess
if I would be rich in this world.

II Languir me fais...

II You make me languish...

Languir me fais sans t'avoir offensée;
Plus ne m'écris, plus de moi ne
t'enquiers;
Mais nonobstant, autre dame ne quiers:
Plustôt mourir que changer ma pensée.

You make me languish without my
having offended you;
you no longer write to me, no longer
enquire after me;
yet nevertheless, I search for no other
lady: Rather die than change my
thought.

Je ne dis pas t'amour être effacée.
Mais je me plains de l'ennui que
j'acquiers,
Et loin de toi humblement je te
requiers
Que loin de moi de moi ne sois fâchée.

I do not say your love has been
effaced,
but I bemoan the loneliness that I
acquire,
and far from you I humbly beseech
you,
far from me be not angry with me.

III Aux demoiselles paresseuses
d'écrire à leurs amis

Bon jour! et puis: quelle nouvelles?
N'en saurait-on de vous avoir?
S'en bref ne m'en faites savoir,
J'en ferai de toutes nouvelles.

Puisque vous êtes si rebelles:
Bon vêpre! bonne nuit! bon soir!
Bon jour!

Mais si vous cueillez des groiselles,
Envoyez m'en; car, pour tout voir,
Je suis gros: mais c'est de vous voir
Quelque matin, mes demoiselles:
Bon jour!

IV Étrenne de la rose

La belle rose, à Vénus consacrée,
L'œil et le sens de grand plaisir
pourvoit;
Si vous dirai, dame qui tant m'agrée,
Raison pourquoi de rouges on en voit.
Un jour, Vénus son Adonis suivait
Parmi jardins pleins d'épines et
branches,
Les pieds tous nus et les deux bras
sans manches,
Dont d'un rosier l'épine lui méfait;

Or étaient lors toutes les roses
blanches,
Mais de son sang de vermeilles en fait.
De cette rose ai-jà fait mon profit
Vous étrennant, car plus qu'à autre
chose
Votre visage en douceur tout confit
Semble à la fraîche et vermeille rose.

III To the young ladies too lazy to
write to their beloveds

Good day, and then, what news?
Would it not be possible to have some
from you?
Unless you let me have some in brief
I shall invent some totally new.

Since you are so defiant: good vespers,
good night, good evening!
good day!

But if ever you pick gooseberries,
send me some; for, it is plain for all to
see,
I am crude: but it is in the hope of
seeing you
some morning, my ladies:
good day!

IV Gift of the rose

The fair rose, consecrated to Venus,
affords great pleasure to the eye and
sense;
if I tell you, lady who so delighted me,
Reason why the red ones we see.
One day, Venus her Adonis was
following through gardens full of
thorns and branches,
with feet quite bare and no sleeves on
either arm, which the thorn of a rose
bush scratched;
Now, at that time all the roses were
white,
but with her blood crimson ones she
made.
With this rose have I made my profit
offering it to you, for more than
anything else
your face in sweetness confected
Resembles the fresh and crimson rose

V Présent de couleur blanche

Présent de couleur de colombe,
Va où mon cœur s'est le plus adonné;
Va doucement, et doucement y tombe,
Mais au parler ne te montre étonné;
Dis que tu es pour foi bien ordonné,
Dis outre plus - car je te l'abandonne,
Que le seigneur à qui tu es donné
N'a foi semblable à qui te donne.

VI Changeons propos, c'est trop chanté
d'amours...

Changeons propos, c'est trop chanté
d'amours:
Ce sont clamours, chantons de la
serpette;
Tous vigneron ont à elle recours.
C'est leur secours pour tailler la
vignette;

O serpillette, ô la serpillonette,
La vignolette est par toi mise sus,
Dont les bons vins tous les ans sont
issus.

Le dieu Vulcain, forgeron des hauts
dieux,
Forgea au cieux la serpe bien taillante,
De fin acier trempé en bon vin vieux,
Pour tailler mieux et être plus
vaillante.
Bacchus la vante, et dit qu'elle est
séante
Et convenante à Noé le bon hom
Pour en tailler la vigne en la saison.
Bacchus alors chapeau de treille avait,
Et arrivait pour bénir la vigne;
Avec flacons Silenus le suivait,
Lequel buvait aussi droit qu'une ligne,

V Gift of white colour

Gift of the colour of a dove,
go to where my heart has devoted itself
most; go quietly, and gently fall there,
but to my words do not be surprised;
I say that you are well disposed for
love, I say above all, for I abandon you
to him, that the lord to whom you are
pledged Has no love comparable to
that which I give you

VI Let us change subject, we have
sung too much of love

Let us change subject, we have sung
too much of love:
it's empty noise, let us sing of the
pruning-knife;
All wine growers have recourse to it,
it helps them in trimming the sweet
vine;

O pruning-knife, o sweet little
pruning-knife
the little vine is by you trimmed,
whereby the good wines each year
flow.
The god Vulcan, blacksmith to the
high gods,
forged in the heavens the well-cutting
knife,
of fine steel drenched in fine old wine,
To prune better and to be more valiant.
Bacchus boasts of it and says that it is
fitting
and suited to the good man Noah
to prune the vine in the right season
In those days Bacchus had a hat of
vine shoots and would come to bless
the vine; following him with flasks
came Silenus,
who could drink as straight a line,

Puis il trépigne, et se fait une bigne;
Comme une guigne était rouge son
nez;

Beaucoup de gens de sa race sont nés.

VII Du conflit en douleur

Si j'ai du mal, malgré-moi je le porte;
Et s'ainsi est qu'aucun me reconforte,
Son reconfort ma douleur point
n'appaise;
Voilà comment je languis en malaise,
Sans nul espoir de liesse plus forte.
Et faut qu'ennui jamais de moi ne
sorte,
Car mon état fut fait de telle sorte
Dès que fus né; pourtant ne vous
déplaise
Si j'ai du mal.

Quant je mourrai ma douleur sera
morte;
Mais cependant mon pauvre cœur
supporte
Mes tristes jours en fortune mauvaise,
Dont force m'est que mon ennui me
plaise,
Et ne faut plus que je me déconforte
Si j'ai du mal.

then he would stamp, and give himself
a bruise;
his nose was red like a cherry;

Many people of his race are born.

VII Of the conflict in pain

If I am in pain, in spite of myself I bear
it;
and if then any should try to comfort
me,
his comforting would not calm my
pain;
that is how I languish in discomfort,
With no hope of greater happiness.
And trouble must never leave me
for my state was made such
as soon as I was born; and yet do not
grieve
if I am in pain.

When I die my pain will be dead;
yet nonetheless my poor heart bears
my sad days of ill-fortune,
whereby I am obliged to take pleasure
in my trouble,
and I must no longer be unhappy
If I am in pain.

Chansons madecasses (Ravel/Parny)

Madagascan songs

I. Nahandove

I Nahandove

Nahandove, ô belle Nahandove!
L'oiseau nocturne a commencé ses
cris,
la pleine lune brille sur ma tête,
et la rosée naissante humecte mes
cheveux.
Voici l'heure; qui peut t'arrêter,
Nahandove, ô belle Nahandove!

Nahandove, oh beautiful Nahandove!
The night bird has begun to sing, the
full moon shines overhead, and the
first dew is moistening my hair.
Now is the time: who can be delaying
you?
Oh beautiful Nahandove!

Le lit de feuilles est préparé;
je l'ai parsemé de fleurs et d'herbes
odoriférantes;
il est digne de tes charmes,
Nahandove, ô belle Nahandove!

The bed of leaves is ready;
I have strewn flowers and aromatic
herbs;
it is worthy of your charms,
oh beautiful Nahandove!

Elle vient. J'ai reconnu la respiration
précipitée que donne une marche
rapide;
j'entends le froissement de la pagne qui
l'enveloppe;
c'est elle, c'est Nahandove, la belle
Nahandove!

She is coming. I recognize the rapid
breathing
of someone walking quickly;
I hear the rustle of her skirt.
It is she, it is the beautiful Nahandove!

Reprends haleine, ma jeune amie;
repose-toi sur mes genoux.
Que ton regard est enchanteur!
Que le mouvement de ton sein est vif
et délicieux
sous la main qui le presse! Tu souris,
Nahandove, ô belle Nahandove!

Catch your breath, my young
sweetheart;
rest on my knees.
How enchanting your gaze is!
How lively and delicious is the motion
of your breast
as my hand presses it!
You smile, oh beautiful Nahandove!

Tes baisers pénètrent jusqu'à l'âme;
tes caresses brûlent tous mes sens;
arrête, ou je vais mourir.
Meurt-on de volupté,
Nahandove, ô belle Nahandove!

Your kisses reach into my soul;
your caresses burn all my senses.
Stop or I will die!
Can one die of ecstasy?
Oh beautiful Nahandove!

Le plaisir passe comme un éclair.
Ta douce haleine s'affaiblit,

Pleasure passes like lightning;
your sweet breathing becomes calmer,

tes yeux humides se referment,
ta tête se penche mollement,
et tes transports s'éteignent dans la
langueur.
Jamais tu ne fus si belle,
Nahandove, ô belle Nahandove!

Que le sommeil est délicieux
dans les bras d'une maîtresse!
moins délicieux pourtant que le réveil.

Tu pars, et je vais languir dans les
regrets et les désirs.
Je languirai jusqu'au soir.
Tu reviendras ce soir,
Nahandove, ô belle Nahandove!

your moist eyes close again,
your head droops,
and your raptures fade into weariness.
Never were you so beautiful,
oh beautiful Nahandove!

That sleep is delicious
in the arms of a mistress!
less delicious yet than the waking

You leave, and I will languish in
sadness and desires.
I will languish until sunset.
You will return this evening,
oh beautiful Nahandove!

II. Aoua

Méfiez-vous des blancs,
habitants du rivage.
Du temps de nos pères,
des blancs descendirent dans cette île;
on leur dit: Voilà des terres,
que vos femmes les cultivent.
Soyez justes, soyez bons,
et devenez nos frères.

Les blancs promirent, et cependant
ils faisaient des retranchements.
Un fort menaçant s'éleva;
le tonnerre fut renfermé
dans des bouches d'airain;
leurs prêtres voulurent nous donner
un Dieu que nous ne connaissons pas;
ils parlèrent enfin
d'obéissance et d'esclavage:
Plutôt la mort!
Le carnage fut long et terrible;
mais, malgré la foudre qu'ils
vormissaient,
et qui écrasait des armées entières,
ils furent tous exterminés.
Méfiez-vous des blancs!

Nous avons vu de nouveaux tyrans,
plus forts et plus nombreux,
planter leur pavillon sur le rivage:
le ciel a combattu pour nous;
il a fait tomber sur eux les pluies,
les tempêtes et les vents empoisonnés.
Ils ne sont plus, et nous vivons libres.
Méfiez-vous des blancs,
habitants du rivage.

II Awa

Do not trust the white men,
you shore-dwellers!
In the time of our forefathers,
white men came to this island.
"Here is some land," we told them,
"your women may cultivate it.
Be just, be good,
and become our brothers."

The whites promised, and all the while
they were making entrenchments.
They built a menacing fort,
and they held thunder captive
in brass cannons;
their priests wanted to give us
a God we did not know;
and later they spoke
of obedience and slavery.
We would rather death!
The carnage was long and terrible;
but despite the thunder they vomited
and which crushed whole armies,
they were all exterminated.
Awa! Awa! Distrust the white men!

We saw new tyrants,
stronger and more numerous,
pitching tents on the shore.
Heaven fought for us.
It fell upon them with rain,
tempests, and poisoned winds.
They are no more, and we live
And we live free!
Awa! Awa! Beware the white men,
you shore-dwellers.

III. Il est doux

Il est doux de se coucher, durant la
chaleur, sous un arbre touffu, et
d'attendre que le vent du soir amène la
fraîcheur

Femmes, approchez.
Tandis que je me repose ici sous un
arbre touffu,
occupez mon oreille par vos accents
prolongés.
Répétez la chanson de la jeune fille,
lorsque ses doigts tressent la natte ou
lorsqu'assise auprès
du riz, elle chasse les oiseaux avides.

Le chant plaît à mon âme.
La danse est pour moi presque aussi
douce qu'un baiser.
Que vos pas soient lents; qu'ils imitent
les
attitudes du plaisir
et l'abandon de la volupté.

Le vent du soir se lève;
la lune commence à briller au travers
des arbres de la montagne.
Allez, et préparez le repas.

III It is sweet

It is sweet in the hot afternoon to lie
under a leafy tree and to wait for the
evening breeze to bring coolness.

Women, come!
While I rest here under a leafy tree,
fill my ears with your sustained tones.
Sing again the song of the young girl
plaiting her hair, or the girl sitting near
the rice field,
chasing away the greedy birds.

Singing pleases my soul;
Dancing is nearly as sweet as a kiss.
Tread slowly,
and make your steps suggest the
postures of pleasure
and ecstatic abandon.

The evening breeze is rising;
the moon glistens through the
mountain
trees.
Go and prepare the evening meal.

Banalités (Poulenc/Apollinaire)

Banalities

I Chanson d'Orkenise

I Song of Orkenise

Par les portes d'Orkenise
Veut entrer un charretier.
Par les portes d'Orkenise
Veut sortir un va-nu-pieds.

Through the gates of Orkenise
a wagon driver wants to enter.
Through the gates of Orkenise
a tramp wants to leave.

Et les gardes de la ville
Courant sus au va-nu-pieds:
"Qu'emportes-tu de la ville?"
"J'y laisse mon cœur entier."

And the guards of the town
running up to the tramp:
"What do you carry away from the
town?"
"I leave my whole heart behind".

Et les gardes de la ville
Courant sus au charretier:
"Qu'apportes-tu dans la ville?"
"Mon cœur pour me marier."

And the guards of the town
running up to the wagon driver:
"What do you bring into the town?"
"My heart with which to get married."

Que de cœurs, dans Orkenise!
Les gardes riaient, riaient,
Va-nu-pieds la route est grise,
L'amour grise, ô charretier.

So many hearts in Orkenise!
the guards laughed, laughed,
Tramp the road is grey,
love intoxicates, o wagon driver.

Les beaux gardes de la ville
Tricotait superbement;
Puis les portes de la ville
Se fermèrent lentement.

The handsome town guards
were knitting superbly;
then the doors of the town
slowly closed.

II Hôtel

II Hotel

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

My room is in the shape of a cage
the sun stretches its arm through the
window
but I who want to smoke to make
fleeting patterns
I light my cigarette at the flame of day
I don't want to work I want to smoke

III 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
A belles dents
Quand bruit le vent

IV Voyage à Paris

Ah! la charmante chose
Quitter un pays morose
Pour Paris
Paris joli
Qu'un jour
Dut créer l'Amour

III Walloon moorlands

So much utter sadness
took hold of my heart in the desolate
moorlands
when weary I rested the weight of the
kilometers
in the fir-plantations while
the west wind raged

I had left the pretty wood
the squirrels stayed there
my pipe tried to make clouds
in the sky which remained obstinately
pure

I have not confided a single secret
besides an enigmatic song
to the damp peat-bogs

the heather perfumed with honey
attracted the bees
and my aching feet
trampled the bilberries and the
blueberries tenderly united
north
north
life twists itself there
into trees strong
and twisted
there life bites
death
hungrily
when the wind howls

IV Trip to Paris

Ah! Such a charming thing
to leave a drab country
for Paris
lovely Paris
that Love must once
have created

Ah! la charmante chose
Quitter un pays morose
Pour Paris

ah! Such a charming thing
to leave a drab country
for Paris

V 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

Souvent-t'en cher orgueil de tous ces
souvenirs Des marins qui chantaient
comme des conquérants
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
A 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 homes...
Voici 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"

V Sobs

Our love is governed by the calm stars
now we know that within us many men
breathe
who came from very far and are one
beneath our brows
This is the song of the dreamers
who had torn out their heart
and carried it in the right hand

Remember dear pride all these
memories
of the sailors who sang like conquerors
of the chasms of Thule of the gentle
skies of Ophir
of the damned sick of those who flee
from their shadow
and of the joyous homecoming of the
happy emigrants
from this heart there ran blood
and the dreamer went on thinking
about his wound tender...
You will never shatter the chain of
these events...

...and painful and said to us:
...which are the results of other causes
"...my poor heart my shattered heart
identical to the heart of all men...
here here are our hands that life made
slaves
"...has died of love or so it seems
has died of love and here it is
thus is the way of all things
"so tear your hearts out too!"

Et rien ne sera libre jusqu'à la fin du
temps
Laissons tout aux morts
Et cachons nos sanglots

and nothing will have its freedom until
the end of time
let us leave all to the dead
and hide our sobs.

Noël des enfants qui n'ont plus de
maisons (Debussy/Debussy)

Nous n'avons plus de maisons !
Les ennemis ont tout pris, tout pris,
tout pris,
Jusqu'à notre petit lit!
Ils ont brûlé l'école et notre maître
aussi,
Ils ont brûlé l'église et monsieur Jésus-
Christ,
Et le vieux pauvre qui n'a pas pu s'en
aller!

Nous n'avons plus de maisons!
Les ennemis ont tout pris, tout pris,
tout pris,
Jusqu'à notre petit lit!
Bien sûr! Papa est à la guerre,
Pauvre maman est morte!
Avant d'avoir vu tout ça.
Qu'est-ce que l'on va faire?
Noël, petit Noël, n'allez pas chez eux,
n'allez plus jamais chez eux, punissez-
les!

Vengez les enfants de France!
Les petits Belges, les petits Serbes, et
les petits Polonais aussi!
Si nous en oublions, pardonnez-nous.
Noël! Noël! surtout, pas de joujoux,
Tâchez de nous redonner le pain
quotidien.

Nous n'avons plus de maisons!
Les ennemis ont tout pris, tout pris,
tout pris.
Jusqu'à notre petit lit!
Ils ont brûlé l'école et notre maître
aussi,
Ils ont brûlé l'église et monsieur Jésus-
Christ,

Christmas of the homeless children

Our houses are gone!
The enemy has taken everything,
even our little beds!
They burned the school and the
schoolmaster.
They burned the church and the Lord
Jesus!
And the poor old man who couldn't get
away!

Our houses are gone!
The enemy has taken everything,
even our little beds!
Of course, Papa has gone to war.
Poor Mama died
before she saw all this.
What are we going to do?
Christmas! Little Christmas!
Don't go to their houses, never go there
again.
Punish them!

Avenge the children of France!
The little Belgians, the little Serbs
and the little Poles, too!
If we've forgotten anyone, forgive us.
Christmas! Christmas! Above all, no
toys.
Try to give us our daily bread again.

Our houses are gone!
The enemy has taken everything,
even our little beds!
They burned the school and the
schoolmaster.
They burned the church and the Lord
Jesus!

Et le vieux pauvre qui n'a pas pu s'en aller!
Noël! Écoutez-nous, nous n'avons plus de petits sabots!
Mais donnez la victoire aux enfants de France.

And the poor old man who couldn't get away!
Christmas, listen to us. Our wooden shoes are gone,
but grant victory to the children of France!

Priez pour paix (Poulenc/D'Orléans)

Pray for peace

Priez pour paix Douce Vierge Marie
Reyne des cieulx et du monde
maîtresse
Faictes prier par vostre courtoisie
Saints et Saintes et prenez vostre
adresse
Vers vostre Fils Requerant sa haultesse
Qu'il Lui plaise son peuple regarder
Que de son sang a voulu racheter
En déboutant guerre qui tout desvoye
De prières ne vous vueillez lasser
Priez pour paix, priez pour paix
Le vray trésor de joye.

Pray for peace, sweet Virgin Mary,
Queen of Heaven and mistress of the world.
In your courtesy, have
the saints pray too,
and address your Son,
begging His Highness to deign to look
on His people,
whom He redeemed with His blood,
and to banish war which destroys all.
Do not weary of our prayers.
Pray for peace, pray for peace,
the true treasure of joy.

C (Poulenc/Aragon)

J'ai traversé les ponts de Cé
C'est là que tout a commencé
Une chanson des temps passés
Parle d'un chevalier blessé
D'une rose sur la chaussée
Et d'un corsage délacé
Du château d'un duc insensé
Et des cignes dans les fossés
De la prairie où vient danser
Une éternelle fiancée
Et j'ai bu comme un lait glacé
Le long lai des gloires faussées
La Loire emporte mes pensées
Avec les voitures versées
Et les armes désamorçées
Et les larmes mal effacées
Ô ma France ô ma délaissée
J'ai traversé les ponts de Cé

C

I have crossed the bridges of Cé
It is there that everything began
A song of bygone days
Tells of a knight who injured lay
Of a rose upon the carriage-way
And a bodice with an unlaced stay
And the castle of an insane duke
And swans in castle moats
And of the meadow where
An eternal fiancée comes to dance
And I have drunk the long lay
Of false glories like icy milk
The Loire bears my thoughts away
With the overturned jeeps
And the unprimed arms
And the ill-dried tears
O my France O my forsaken one
I have crossed the bridges of Cé

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