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YVONNE KENNY

Clair de lune



French songs of beauty and elegance
Malcolm Martineau PIANO



YVONNE KENNY Clair de lune

	CHARLES GOUNOD 1818-1893	
1	Le Soir (Evening)	4'43
2	Ce que je suis sans toi (What I Am without You)	2'22
3	Sérénade (Serenade)	4'07
4	Viens! Les gazons sont verts! (Come! The Lawns Are Green!)	1'02
	CÉSAR FRANCK 1822-1890	
5	Nocturne	3'34
	GEORGES BIZET 1838-1875	
6	Chanson d'avril (April Song)	2'09
	GABRIEL FAURÉ 1845-1924	
7	Aurore (Dawn)	2'09
8	Clair de lune (Moonlight)	2'49
9	Nell	1'33
10	Prison	2'14
11	Rencontre (Meeting)	1'53
12	Notre amour (Our Love)	1'50
	HENRI DUPARC 1848-1933	
13	L'Invitation au voyage (Invitation to a Journey)	4'17
14	Au pays où se fait la guerre (Gone to the War)	4'41
15	Chanson triste (Sad Song)	2'59

	MAURICE RAVEL 1875-1937	
	Cinq mélodies populaires grecques (Five Popular Greek Melodies)	[7'17]
16	I. Le Réveil de la mariée (Awakening of the Bride)	1'17
17	II. Là-bas, vers l'église (Over Yonder, towards the Church)	1'31
18	III. Quel galant m'est comparable (What Young Man Is My Equal?)	0'56
19	IV. Chanson des cueilleuses de lentilles (Song of the Pistachio Harvesters)	2'42
20	V. Tout gai! (Happy as Can Be!)	0'51
	REYNALDO HAHN 1875-1947	
21	Le Rossignol des lilas (The Nightingale in the Lilacs)	1'26
22	L'Enamourée (The Adored One)	3'30
23	Quand je fus pris au pavillon (When I Was Caught in the Summerhouse)	1'03
24	Si mes vers avaient des ailes! (If My Verses Had Wings!)	2'02
	ERIK SATIE 1866-1925	
25	Je te veux (I Want You to Be Mine)	3'57
26	La Diva de l'Empire (The Diva of the Empire)	2'58
	Total Playing Time	66'14

Yvonne Kenny *soprano*
Malcolm Martineau *piano*

Ecoutez la chanson bien douce
Qui ne pleure que pour vous plaire.
Elle est discrète, elle est légère:
Un frisson d'eau sur la mousse!

*Listen to the very gentle song
which weeps only to please you.
It is discreet, it is light:
a trembling of water on moss!*

These immortal lines of Paul Verlaine sum up, perhaps better than any prose, the essence of French song – of the *mélodie*, the *chanson*. Verlaine, as history has so clearly revealed, was a master of the verse. Moreover, the contours of his poetry, so adaptable to the undulating lines and the subtle ebb and flow of French music, resulted in one of the most harmonious marriages of word and music in the late 19th and early 20th centuries. But even if we were to, for a moment, disregard the music and cast a glance at the structure of the Verlaine verse above, we notice how the first and third lines with their leaning on words like “gentle,” “discreet” and “light” form a link with each other. Likewise, the other alternating pair, lines 2 and 4, are also connective: “tears” (line 2), “trembling” (line 4). Moreover, “a trembling of water on moss” (line 4) seems to act as a metaphor for the common physiological reaction to “weeping”: The idea of weeping “only to please you” dissolves the boundaries between laughter and tears, and the sheer subtlety of so much French song is as ephemeral as:

(i) sadness and joviality; (ii) the visual image of “a trembling of water on moss”:

It is, then, suggestion rather than statement; titillations and promises of such senses as “luxe, calme et volupté” (Baudelaire’s *L’Invitation au voyage* 19); in Armand Silvestre’s words, set so memorably by Fauré (*Aurore* 7): “un chant plaintif, éternel et lointain” (a song plaintive, enduring and inaccessible); veiled rather than vulgar eroticism; and notably, dichotomy – “the muted and exquisite shades of a cultivated decadence” (Graham Johnson) – that make the interpretation of French song so endlessly fascinating.

CHARLES GOUNOD

Known as the father of the *mélodie*, Gounod published the majority of his songs in six volumes, each containing 20 songs. Interestingly, the earlier songs show a higher level of poetic collaboration than the later ones. One may conjecture that the reason for this was the effect of his English journey (1871-73) where

he boarded at the house of one Mrs Georgina Weldon, and it is worth digressing for a few moments to reflect upon this saga. When Mrs Weldon and Gounod first met, the composer was going through an unhappy phase with his wife. Ever the opportunist, Mrs Weldon offered him a study at the top of her house and in return for a bit of pocket-money he was to write music, the profits from which would go towards her orphanage where, to young girls, the talented Mrs Weldon imparted her secret of how to sing: “teeth clenched, without a grimace or effort of any kind”!

Strangely enough, the noisy surrogate children seemed to inspire Gounod to new heights. He worked with amazing facility, writing not only *mélodies*, but also a host of English songs as well as Italian ones. Things might have continued to sail had it not been for Mrs Weldon’s uninhibited relish of a good fight. Presumably dissatisfied with the sales of his songs, she sued the publishing house of Novello on Gounod’s behalf. It was an extremely unwise move, for although, as we shall see, Mrs Weldon’s image was untarnished, Gounod was sentenced to prison and eventually had to leave England and could never return.

Before his departure, however, he wrote to Mrs Weldon (“Mimi”, as she was affectionately known to him) validating how hard he had worked in his three years with her and, with his saintly modesty, apologising for not wanting to

return. “France is essentially the country of precision, neatness and taste,” he expressed, and concluded, “May God keep you. Your dear old man who kisses you, Charles Gounod.” But the letter also carried a postscript: “PS: Please send me your bill.”

Of course, Mrs Weldon did. Unhesitatingly. In her autobiography she noted everything she had done for him: “So I was to make out my bill. I had been his sick nurse. I had been his secretary... I had been his poet... I had sung at all his concerts... I had played the devil so that he may appear an angel. I had been the rat of the lion. I had been the monkey among the crocodiles... *The Total of this Bill is £9791 13s. 9d.*”

The case dragged on for years and in 1885 Mrs Weldon was awarded damages of £10,000 by the English jury. Meanwhile, ever-resourceful, she found another vocation: she had her face painted on the back of London omnibuses which carried a rather large caption announcing, “I am 50, but my complexion is 17, thanks to Pears soap.”

With his flowing white beard, Gounod made no such pretensions. He was happy to get back to his land of “precision, neatness and taste”. And having swallowed a bitter pill, so to speak, it is perhaps not surprising that in the art of song-writing Gounod did not rise to the heights of inspiration and poetic collaboration of his earlier years. But it is those formative songs that we hear on this collection. As with Schubert, the

fact that so much of Gounod's writing is strophic creates even more of a challenge for singer and pianist. Everyone loves a reprise; it is, one could argue, the "centre of gravity" of song. But the delights and challenges of strophes and reprises lie in the opportunity they afford to vary the repeats – the constancy, if you like, of "water on moss"; yet the subtle shifts of its "trembling".

With the gentle **Le Soir** we experience reflection, and that blissful marriage of word and music. The poet is, after all, no less than Lamartine and the verses come from a collection of his poems appropriately entitled *Méditations poétiques*. (Liszt later used them as inspiration for his set of piano pieces *Harmonies poétiques et religieuses*.) This is quintessentially French music. It has all the "precision, neatness and taste" that Gounod would long for after the irregular experience with Mrs Weldon. It has long, flowing lines, and that trembling feeling of not quite resolving its mood between yearning and satisfaction. The evening star brings caressing peace, but at the end of the song the poet asks if this "divine beam" is "the dawning of the never-ending day".

When he wrote **Ce que je suis sans toi**, Gounod had already experienced the success of the stage, and the sentiments are direct and uncomplicated. It is a song about constancy, for without that faith the lover would be as untinged as the ivy without the elm, the bird shot through

the wings just as it is approaching its dwelling place, or a fragile skiff upon the sea. The bobbing piano accompaniment throughout almost seems to prefigure the watery image of the last stanza.

Sérénade is poised, like *Le Soir*, in the evening. But this is a cradle song, and its heady, decorative melismas are balanced over a rocking/strumming accompaniment. Its verses are by Victor Hugo (Gounod's only Hugo setting) and the strophic setting, simple and folk-like, yields nothing in subtlety or colour, especially with its operatic coloratura associations; in the last verse, smiles and singing dissolve into the world of sleep and rest.

With **Viens! Les gazons sont verts!** we are still in the world of slumber, but we move from barcarolle-like reverie to an animated invitation to the sleeping maiden to arise. It is also an invitation for nature to awaken, and the images of gently heightened ecstasy – the sun chasing lazy sleep from the eyes, the green lawns across which the lover must follow the poet barefoot, the babbling brook – subsume nature with eroticism ("volupté" in its most unblemished guise). And, along the way, it affords the pianist a delicately vertiginous challenge.

CÉSAR FRANCK

Always the rebel, the young Claude Debussy is known to have expressed animosity in César Franck's harmony classes when asked to

modulate. "But why should I," he insisted, "when I am perfectly happy here."

Only fifteen *mélodies* were to spring from Franck's pen and in **Nocturne** (an especial favourite of the late Geoffrey Parsons), Franck is most certainly not happy to stay "here", as his richly chromatic modulations show. The first three stanzas are set to the same music but in the final stanza the music switches to the major key, the piano part becomes harp-like and the night, first "refreshing" and "clear", then "lovely", "starry" and "holy", becomes "majestic" and "solemn". Franck gives us one of his magnificent *crescendos* but suddenly, with the words "let slumber flow into my eyes", the music quickly dissolves.

GEORGES BIZET

In his book *The Interpretation of French Song*, Pierre Bernac seems to gently chide Bizet for having lost "his strong personality when writing *mélodies*." Bizet could hardly be expected to churn out a constant stream of *Carmens* and it is all the more refreshing to welcome the burst of springtime with **Chanson d'avril**. Its sentiments are similar to those of Gounod's setting of *Viens! Les gazons sont verts!* – that sense of awakening and a certain breathlessness.

Indeed, Bernac feels that it could well have been written by Gounod, but that is not to lessen

Bizet's prowess. Ecstasy heightens towards the end of the song, but with the vow to be taken under the flowering pear trees, the contours of the music soften and the song ends quietly.

GABRIEL FAURÉ

Fauré produced more than a hundred songs in some 60 years. Although Gounod was his model – he revered the old master – there is little in common between the output of the two songwriters. Of course, there are similarities: like Gounod, Fauré published most of the individual songs in volumes of 20. And Fauré's choice of poets in the earlier phase embraced such luminaries as Victor Hugo, whom he abandoned in his later songwriting period because they left no room for the music to take precedence. But if one were to consider a connection between the two composers in terms of simplicity, Gounod's simplicity is direct, Fauré's is deceptive.

Aurore is as good an example as any. Gounod, in his *Viens! Les gazons sont verts!*, greets the day with breathless anticipation. Fauré's setting is not about the smell of fresh dew or the piercing rays of the sun. His garden of the morning unwinds and stretches rather more mystically, weaving "silver threads through the blue cloak of the sky".

To verses by Paul Verlaine, Fauré writes a graceful minuet for **Clair de lune**. Around the

playful piano introduction and accompaniment (as well as a substantial piano interlude) the voice weaves in and out. For that “unashamed accompanist” Gerald Moore, this enchanting song could speak for itself. For most of it an uncoloured voice (*voix blanche*), he felt, was sufficient. But clearly, this is not to imply that the song is insipid – rather it is one of pale and tranquil beauty.

Leconte de Lisle’s verses for **Nell** inspired a fluttering setting from Fauré. Such is the projection and sense of direction, that this love song almost seems as if it could be sung in a single breath. The rapid figurations in the piano part show just how far the simple “Alberti bass” had advanced and how, ironically, through a very regular pulse, it can provide a rainbow of ever-changing colours.

More sombre a mood is evoked with **Prison**. Verlaine is the poet and the verses recall his own imprisonment after he tried to kill his friend and one-time lover, that visionary poet, Arthur Rimbaud. Trenchant drama of this kind, an intense declamation, is rare in Fauré. While, in the earlier part of the poem, the poet externalises his experience (the trees, the sky, the bird), the end internalises experience, repeatedly asking, “What have you done with your youth?”

Rencontre is the first of a triptych of *mélodies* entitled *Poème d’un jour* (Poem of a Day). It

describes a meeting and instant love. But, wonders the poet, will this “ideal dream” be followed in vain?

Fresh and charming, in **Notre amour** the emotion of love is devoid of the question mark. It progresses from “a delicate thing” to a “delightful” one, a “sacred” one, an “infinite” one, and, in the last stanza, when it is proclaimed as “eternal”, touched by the fire of a victorious god’s wing, Fauré expresses the ecstasy of the moment with a sustained high note for the singer.

HENRI DUPARC

It is an interesting notion, in our day, to fancifully compare historic photographs or portraits of composers with their music. One may be on the right track with, say, the portly Brahms or the bony-featured Stravinsky, but the physical appearance of Henri Duparc, with his heavy moustache and military bearing, was decidedly at odds with his fleeting, tender *mélodies*. Duparc was a pupil of Franck (who called him his best pupil) and, upon hearing *Die Walküre*, became a sworn Wagnerite. He lived until the age of 85, but his immortality was assured 50 years earlier, when he had completed a handful of songs; no more were to follow. There is a reason for this: a disease of the nervous system which afflicted him in his mid-thirties resulted in a gradual loss of eyesight, and he spent the last 40 or so years of his life sustained by religious

resignation (“The joys of music are of little account compared with the Peace He gives. And then, the eyes of the soul see things from a higher plane than those of the body...” he wrote) and trips to Lourdes.

The verses of his perhaps most famous song, **L’invitation au voyage**, are by Baudelaire. They formed part of his volume *Les Fleurs du mal* and when it was published, Baudelaire expressed the wish that one day it might be set by a composer of genius and offered to the woman he loved. Duparc’s setting has, without doubt, contributed to his (and the poem’s) immortality. Moreover, he dedicated it to his wife. Here, again, is a song which sums up the essence of the *mélodie*, in the words quoted earlier: “luxe, calme et volupté.” And note, it is not a lush Scriabinesque “volupté”; but rather a shimmering, luminous, hazy one.

Au pays où se fait la guerre takes its material from an opera which Duparc destroyed. It is still-centred when compared with *L’invitation*, a longing for the loved one at war. The maiden is surrounded by images of constancy – flowing water beneath the willows, cooing doves on the rooftop, the shining of the pale moon – but the inconstant or questionable factor is when (and although it is not explicitly stated, if) the loved one will return. There is a palpable sense of anticipation with the third stanza, when the maiden believes she hears him striding up the stairs of the tower in which she waits, and her

awaiting his return in the last two lines is urgent rather than reflective. Duparc later orchestrated this song.

One can hear in **Chanson triste** echoes of Gounod, and as the piano ripples up and down the keyboard the singer is intoxicated by the light of the moon. Duparc’s music adds a new depth of meaning to Lahor’s poem: when the singer speaks of being cured upon gazing into the sad eyes of her lover, the music, instead of inducing calmness, becomes more dramatic and ecstatic than before.

MAURICE RAVEL

It would be unfair to pigeonhole Ravel as a miniaturist, especially considering such works as *Daphnis et Chloé* or “Asie” from *Shéhérazade*. But so concentrated, even episodic, is the activity in those pieces, that despite their overall length one could view them as a swift succession of pictorial images. Ravel’s predilection for the miniature is not confined to his music: in his villa, “Le Belvédère” at Montfort L’Amaury, which remains today exactly as it was on the day he died, can be seen the tiny rooms, the Japanese-style garden, *objets d’art* and dwarf Japanese trees, the “concentrated force” of whose restricted growth he so admired.

Indigenous music too exerted a considerable influence on Ravel. Rather than give it a European rinse, he often chose to leave its

stylistic elements untainted. In this respect it is rather like envisaging the Druid Priestess Norma's voice, in reality, as something perhaps nearer to catcalls rather than the exquisitely modulated tonal lines of Bellini! In his *Chansons madécasses*, for instance, Ravel actually imitates a shouting voice. The **Cinq mélodies populaires grecques** mark Ravel's first excursion into folksong. At the time (1904-06), Bartók was only just beginning his researches. These Greek melodies (miniaturistic, but with all the "concentrated force" of Ravel's beloved Japanese flora) were written in collaboration with Michel Dimitri Calvocoressi, who had been engaged to select some Greek songs to illustrate a conference on oppressed Greek and Armenian people. Ravel was offered nine. He rejected three of these and a fourth, *Tripatos*, stayed unpublished during his lifetime. (Calvocoressi also translated these verses into French for Ravel to set.)

In the first of these, **Le Réveil de la mariée**, over a rapid piano figuration (whirring around octave spans) the singer is enchanted by the lover's three beauty spots and bears the gift of a golden ribbon to tie the lover's hair. No time is lost in asking the key question: "Let's get married"! In orchestrating piano accompaniments, composers often recreate their music along quite different lines; that centrifugal movement in the piano part is changed by Ravel to something a great deal

more sustained and shimmering in the orchestral version.

The second song, **Là-bas, vers l'église**, looks at a church, and in pensive tones, singer and pianist point to the site where "the bravest" have gathered. The piano leads further than the voice, finishing with harp-like chords (woodwinds, muted strings and harp in the orchestral version).

A single dissonant chord introduces **Quel galant m'est comparable**, where the singer dons an altogether more "macho" image. Adorned with sharp sword and pistol, there is simply nobody who can compare. The piano (and in the orchestral version, the acidic winds) offers some concluding thoughts.

Chanson des cueilleuses de lentisques is spun like a vocalise. The title of the song is sometimes translated as "Song of the Pistachio Harvesters": the harvesters collect not only pistachios but also the sap from the trees, which acts as an aphrodisiac. The pace of the song is slow, almost halting – it almost seems to be sung by someone intoxicated, hypnotised (a musical "realisation" of the aphrodisiac acting as a drug). As in the previous song, Ravel uses the unaccompanied voice with great dramatic purpose. Here, it introduces the concluding lines, which speak of the loved one appearing as an angel under the brightness of the sun. But instead of creating joy, "our poor hearts sigh

with longing." This sense of the elusive loved one is something Ravel expressed so memorably in the last song of his cycle *Shéhérazade*, "L'Indifférent." There, the elusive one makes a "pass" by swaying his hips; here, he is lovely and blond, but an angel. In both cases, he cannot be had.

Teasing and flirtatious, the singer "tra-la-las" her way through **Tout gai!**, admiring the whirling legs of the dancers, while her partner provides darting pianistic caprices.

REYNALDO HAHN

Dismissed by Ravel's biographer Stuckenschmidt as "a talented gossip who had a gift for grinding out operettas and little tastefully performed ballads in limitless quantities," Reynaldo Hahn nonetheless enjoyed a quite enviable reputation. He was an associate of Marcel Proust, a conductor, a critic, and in the last two years of his life was in charge of the Paris Opera. Like Debussy, he edited the music of Rameau. He loved the music of Palestrina ("shattering" is how he described it) but was reserved about that of Debussy.

Le Rossignol des lilas is a song of reflection. The poet spies the nightingale among the lilacs and beckons it to sing for all time. So deep are the memories it evokes, the memory of all his forgotten Aprils, that he is immersed in its song. Voice and piano follow each other closely and

the tender thing is over almost before it has begun.

More sustained are the sentiments of **L'Enamourée**, but if the voice proceeds gradually, the piano's occasional sweeping arpeggios seem to reinforce the words "you are awake and alive!" Herr Stuckenschmidt, had he listened more attentively to the song, might have revised his judgement on the talents of Hahn, especially with those unsteady dissonances when the singer speaks of the "whispering wind" and, at the end, the "weeping swan".

Whether or not it came about as a result of Hahn's love for Rameau and his work on a Rameau edition, or just his ability to recapture the style of bygone eras (pastiche, some would say), **Quand je fus pris au pavillon**, with its insistent cadential points in the piano and breathless excitement, tells of a lover being caught in his lady's lair where, in just over a minute, he is burnt by a candle, blushes a "vermilion red" and wishes he had wings to escape his lady's advances. A neat case of reversal of stereotypical roles, this; whether the poet is being tongue-in-cheek is up to the listener to decide.

Confiding are the emotions of **Si mes vers avaient des ailes!** – a sort of French *On Wings of Song* if you like (even the accompaniment is similar, with its gently wafting arpeggios), where

the singer beckons her verses of love to take wing and fly to her beloved. But just as things seem to be resolving, just as in *L'Enamourée*, Hahn introduces a dissonance on the last word, "amour". It resolves, but still seems to leave a musical question mark hanging over the song.

ERIK SATIE

"An artist must organise his life," wrote Erik Satie in his *Memoirs of an Amnesiac*. "Here is the exact timetable of my daily activities. Get up: 7:18am; be inspired: 10:23 to 11:47am. I take lunch at 12:11pm and leave the table at 12:14pm."

Eccentric, enigmatic and disconcerting he certainly was, almost Grainger-like in his penchant for writing quaint instructions all over his scores. *Gymnopédies* aside, one of his most popular works is the salon waltz **Je te veux**. And in **La Diva de l'Empire**, beneath a hopping accompaniment, the singer intones the beauties of the Diva of the Empire, who pirouettes around Piccadilly with her Greenaway hat, just every now and again glancing at the boys whom she has enticed into the palm of her hand.

So, there we are, at the end of our *tour de France*. While, in Germany, the Second Viennese School (Schoenberg, Webern and Berg) was splitting musical atoms and "organising" music via dodecaphony, the French – Poulenc, Satie and others – just sat back in their roadside cafés

and let the smoke from their cigarettes slowly spiral to the ceiling. Verlaine's sentiments – "doux," "discret," "léger" – as well as those of Silvestre – "plaintif," "éternel," "lointain" – were very much at the heart of French song, from Gounod, via Fauré, to Satie. Decadence – cultivated decadence – abounded and there wasn't a care in the world to be had... temporarily, at least.

Cyrus Meher-Homji

1 Le Soir

Le soir ramène le silence.
Assis sur ces rochers déserts,
Je suis dans le vague des airs
Le char de la nuit qui s'avance.

Vénus se lève à l'horizon;
A mes pieds l'étoile amoureuse
De sa lueur mystérieuse
Blanchit les tapis de gazon.

Tout à coup, détaché des cieux,
Un rayon de l'astre nocturne,
Glissant sur mon front taciturne,
Vient mollement toucher mes yeux.

Doux reflet d'un globe de flamme,
Charmant rayon, que me veux-tu?
Viens-tu dans mon sein abattu
Porter la lumière à mon âme?

Descends-tu pour me révéler
Des mondes le divin mystère?
Ces secrets cachés dans la sphère
Où le jour va te rappeler?

Viens-tu dévoiler l'avenir
Au cœur fatigué qui l'implore,
Rayon divin, es-tu l'aurore
Du jour qui ne doit pas finir?

Alphonse de Lamartine

2 Ce que je suis sans toi

Ce qu'est le lierre sans l'ormeau
Qui fut l'appui de son enfance,
Lui donnant dans chaque rameau
Un échelon pour sa croissance,

Evening

The evening restores the silence.
Sitting on these deserted rocks,
I am wafted by the breezes,
The chariot heralding the night.

Venus rises on the horizon,
at my feet the star of love
with its mysterious glow
whitens the carpet of turf.

Suddenly, detached from the skies,
a ray of the evening star
flickers across my silent face,
gently brushing against my eyes.

Mellow reflection of a blazing sphere,
delightful beam, what do you want of me?
Have you entered my despair-ridden heart
to illuminate my soul?

Have you come down to unfold to me
the divine mystery of the worlds?
Those secrets buried in the sphere
to which you will be called back by the day?

Have you come to disclose the future
to a jaded heart which entreats it?
Divine beam, are you the dawning
of the never-ending day?

What I Am without You

What the ivy is without the elm
which propped it up in its infancy,
its every branch furnishing it
with a support for its growth,

Voilà ce que je suis sans toi,
Par pitié, garde-moi ta foi!

L'oiseau qui vole en gazouillant
Vers les demeures éternelles,
Et dont soudain un orlomb sanglant
Est venu fracasser les ailes,
Voilà ce que je suis sans toi,
Par pitié, garde-moi ta foi!

Un frêle esquif parmi les flots
Pendant une nuit ténébreuse,
Sans gouvernail, sans matelots,
Au sein de la mer orageuse,
Voilà ce que je suis sans toi,
Par pitié, garde-moi ta foi!

Louis de Peyre

*that is what I am without you.
I implore you, stay faithful to me!*

*Like the bird that sings as it soars
towards eternal dwellings,
and of a sudden a bloody bullet
shatters both its wings,
that is what I am without you.
I implore you, stay faithful to me!*

*Like a fragile skiff upon the waves
on a dark and gloomy night,
without rudder, without sailors,
tossed upon the raging seas,
that is what I am without you,
I implore you, stay faithful to me!*

Serenade

*When you are singing, nestled
in my arms in the evening,
can you hear my thoughts
which respond to you so softly?
Your gentle song evokes recollections
of my happiest days...
Oh! sing, sing my beautiful one,
keep singing forever!*

*When you are laughing, on your lips
love blooms,
and suddenly that nagging
doubt disappears.
Oh! faithful laughter
which reveals an honest heart...
Oh! laugh, laugh, my beautiful one,
keep laughing forever!*

Quand tu dors, calme et pure,
Dans l'ombre, sous mes yeux,
Ton haleine murmure
Des mots harmonieux.
Ton beau corps se révèle
Sans voile et sans atours...
Ah! dormez, dormez, ma belle,
Dormez toujours!

Victor Hugo

4 Viens! Les gazons sont verts!

Si tu dors, jeune fille,
Debout, debout! voici le soleil!
Chasse de tes yeux l'indolent sommeil.
C'est l'heure du réveil.

Suis-moi, vive et gentille,
Pieds nus, viens, les gazons sont verts!
Les ruisseaux jaseurs par les bois déserts
Promènent leurs flots clairs!

Jules Barbier

5 Nocturne

O fraîche nuit, nuit transparente,
Mystère sans obscurité,
La vie est noire et dévorante,
O fraîche nuit, nuit transparente,
Donne-moi ta placidité.

O belle nuit, nuit étoilée,
Vers moi tes regards sont baissés,
Eclaire mon âme troublée,
O belle nuit, nuit étoilée,
Mets ton sourire en mes pensers.

O sainte nuit, nuit taciturne,
Plaine de paix et de douceur,

*When you are sleeping serene and unsullied
in the darkness, under my gaze,
your breath whispers
sweet words.
Your beautiful body is revealed
undisguised and unadorned...
Oh! sleep, sleep, my beautiful one,
keep sleeping forever!*

Come! The Lawns Are Green!

*If you are slumbering, little girl,
wake up, wake up! The sun has arisen!
Drive away indolent sleep from your eyes,
it is time to awaken!*

*Follow me, sweetly and sprightly,
barefooted, come, the lawns are green!
The gurgling brooks by deserted woods
are gushing with limpid torrents!*

Nocturne

*O refreshing night, clear night,
inscrutable, yet not obscure,
life is sinister and overwhelming,
O refreshing night, clear night,
lend me your serenity.*

*O lovely night, stary night,
upon me your gaze is directed,
illuminate my agitated soul.
O beautiful night, stary night,
set your happiness in my thoughts.*

*O holy night, silent night,
replete with sweetness and tranquillity,*

Mon cœur bouillonne comme une urne,
O sainte nuit, nuit taciturne,
Fais le silence dans mon cœur.

O grande nuit, nuit solennelle,
En qui tout est délicieux,
Prends mon être entier sous ton aile,
O grande nuit, nuit solennelle,
Verse le sommeil en mes yeux.

Louis de Fourcaud

*my heart bubbles like a cauldron,
O holy night, silent night,
restore calm to my heart.*

*O majestic night, solemn night,
where everything is wonderful,
keep my whole being under your protection,
O majestic night, solemn night,
let slumber flow into my eyes.*

April Song

*Get up! Get up! Spring has just burst forth!
Upon yonder valleys, rosy filaments hover!
Everything vibrates in the garden,
everything sings, and your window,
like a joyous face, is bright with sun!*

*Beside the violet tufts of lilacs,
flies and butterflies buzz together;
and the wild lily-of-the-valley, shaking
its delicate bells,
has aroused love slumbering in the groves!*

*Since the white daisies of April have been sown,
put away your great coat and your winter muff;
the bird is already calling you, and your
sisters the periwinkles
will smile in the grass when they see your
blue eyes!*

*Come, let us leave! at morn, the spring is
crystal clear;
Let us not wait for the torrid heat of the day;
I want to dip my feet in the moist dew,
and speak to you of love beneath the pear
trees in blossom!*

Louis Bouilhet

7 Aurore

Des jardins de la nuit s'envolent les
étoiles,
Abeilles d'or qu'attire un invisible miel;
Et l'aube, au loin, tendant la candeur de ses
toiles
Trame de fils d'argent le manteau bleu du ciel.

Du jardin de mon cœur qu'un rêve lent enivre,
S'envolent mes désirs sur les pas du matin,
Comme un essaim léger qu'à l'horizon de
coudre
Appelle un chant plaintif, éternel et lointain.

Ils volent à tes pieds, astres chassés des
nues
Exilés du ciel d'or où fleurit ta beauté
Et cherchant jusqu'à toi des routes inconnues,
Mêlent au jour naissant leur mourante clarté.

Armand Silvestre

8 Clair de lune

Votre âme est un paysage choisi,
Que vont charmant masques et bergamasques
Jouant du luth et dansant, et quasi
Tristes sous leurs déguisements fantasques!

Tout en chantant, sur le mode mineur,
L'amour vainqueur et la vie opportune,
Ils n'ont pas l'air de croire à leur bonheur,
Et leur chanson se mêle au clair de lune!

Au calme clair de lune, triste et beau,
Qui fait rêver les oiseaux dans les arbres,

Dawn

*From the gardens of the night, the stars take
their flight
like bees of gold enticed by some invisible honey;
and in the distance, dawn spreads its artless
web
of silver threads woven through the blue cloak
of the sky.*

*From the garden of my dream-infatuated heart
my longings fly away as dawn approaches,
like a delicate swarm summoned to the copper-
coloured horizon
with a song plaintive, enduring and inaccessible.*

*They fly to your feet, stars driven away from the
clouds,
banished from the golden sky where your beauty
blossoms and striving to reach you by unknown
paths, they mingle their waning light with
the first flush of dawn.*

Moonlight

*Your soul is a chosen landscape
enchanted by maskers and mummers,
playing the lute and dancing, somewhat
sorrowful beneath their grotesque disguises!*

*Even while singing in a minor key
of conquering love and a fortuitous existence,
they seem not to believe in their happiness,
and their song blends with the moonlight!*

*with the mellow moonlight, sad and lovely,
which makes birds in the trees dream*

Et sangloter d'extase les jets d'eau,
Les grands jets d'eau sveltes parmi les marbres!

Paul Verlaine

*and makes the fountains sob with rapture,
the tall lissome fountains among the marble sculpture!*

Nell

*Your crimson rose in the dazzling sun,
O June, glitters with exhilaration,
lean your gilded cup towards me, too:
my heart resembles your rose.*

*From beneath the tender haven of the shady foliage
there emanates a passionate sigh:
in the depths of the forests more than one wood dove
sings its amorous plaint, my love.*

*How lustrous is your pearl in the blazing sky,
star of the pensive night!
But how much more lustrous is the living brightness
that illuminates my rapturous heart!*

*The singing sea along its shore
will stop its incessant murmuring,
before your image, dear Nell, my love,
no longer blooms in my heart!*

Prison

*The sky above the roof
is so blue and serene,
a tree above the roof
sways its branches;
in the sky that you can see, the bell
gently chimes,
on the tree that you can see, a bird
sings of its sorrow.*

9 Nell

Ta rose de pourpre à ton clair soleil,
O juin, étincelle enivrée,
Penche aussi vers moi ta coupe dorée:
Mon cœur à ta rose est pareil.

Sous le mol abri de la feuille ombreuse
Monte un soupir de volupté:
Plus d'un ramier chante au bois écarté,
O mon cœur, sa plainte amoureuse.

Que ta perle est douce au ciel enflammé,
Étoile de la nuit pensive!
Mais combien plus douce est la clarté vive
Qui rayonne en mon cœur charmé!

La chantante mer, le long du rivage,
Taira son murmure éternel,
Avant qu'en mon cœur, chère amour, ô Nell,
Ne fleurisse plus ton image!

Charles-Marie Leconte de Lisle

10 Prison

Le ciel est par dessus le toit
Si bleu, si calme,
Un arbre par dessus le toit
Berce sa palme;
La cloche dans le ciel qu'on voit
Doucement tinte,
Un oiseau sur l'arbre qu'on voit
Chante sa plainte.

Mon Dieu, mon Dieu, la vie est là,
Simple et tranquille!
Cette paisible rumeur-là
Vient de la ville.
Qu'as-tu fait, ô toi que voilà,
Pleurant sans cesse,
Dis, qu'as-tu fait, toi que voilà,
De ta jeunesse?

Paul Verlaine

11 Rencontre

J'étais triste et pensif quand je t'ai rencontrée;
Je sens moins aujourd'hui mon obstiné tourment.
O dis-moi, serais-tu la femme inespérée,
Et le rêve idéal poursuivi vainement?

O passante aux doux yeux, serais-tu donc l'amie
Qui rendrait le bonheur au poète isolé?
Et vas-tu rayonner sur mon âme affermie,
Comme le ciel natal sur un cœur d'exilé?

Ta tristesse sauvage, à la mienne pareille,
Aime à voir le soleil décliner sur la mer.
Devant l'immensité ton extase s'éveille,
Et le charme des soirs à ta belle âme est cher.

Une mystérieuse et douce sympathie
Déjà m'enchaîne à toi comme un vivant lien,
Et mon âme frémit, par l'amour envahie,
Et mon cœur te chérit, sans te connaître bien!

Charles Grandmougin

12 Notre amour

Notre amour est chose légère
Comme les parfums que le vent

*My God, my God, life is there,
pure and tranquil!
That peaceful sound
emanates from the city.
What have you done, you there
sobbing ceaselessly,
tell me, you there, what have you done
with your youth?*

Meeting

*I was sad and thoughtful when I met you;
today my constant agony is less intense.
Oh, tell me, could you be the unhopd-for woman,
and the ideal dream fruitlessly pursued?*

*O gentle-eyed passer-by, could you be the friend
who would bring joy to the forlorn poet?
Are you going to shine on my inflexible soul
like the native sky on a banished heart?*

*Your turbulent sadness, akin to mine,
loves to watch the sun sinking over the sea.
Your rapture is aroused by the grandeur of space
and the enchanted evening is dear to your
beautiful soul.*

*An enigmatic and delightful sympathy
already binds me to you with an ever-enduring link,
and my soul trembles, overcome by passion,
and though I scarcely know you, my heart adores you!*

Our Love

*Our love is a delicate thing
like the perfume that the wind*

Prend aux cimes de la fougère,
Pour qu'on les respire en rêvant.

Notre amour est chose charmante,
Comme les chansons du matin,
Où nul regret ne se lamente,
Où vibre un espoir incertain.

Notre amour est chose sacrée,
Comme les mystères des bois,
Où tréssaille une âme ignorée,
Où les silences ont des voix.

Notre amour est chose infinie,
Comme les chemins des couchants,
Où la mer, aux cieus réunie,
S'endort sous les soleils penchants.

Notre amour est chose éternelle,
Comme tout ce qu'un dieu vainqueur
A touché du feu de son aile,
Comme tout ce qui vient du cœur.

Armand Silvestre

*captures from the tips of the ferns,
for us to breathe as we dream.*

*Our love is a delightful thing,
like the songs of the morning,
in which there are no regrets to bemoan,
where there is the thrill of an uncertain hope.*

*Our love is a sacred thing,
like the mysteries in the woods
where vibrates a strange soul,
where stillness is eloquent.*

*Our love is an infinite thing,
like the paths of the setting sun,
where the sea, merged again with the sky,
falls asleep as the sun bends over it.*

*Our love is an eternal thing,
like all that a supreme deity
has touched with the fire of his wing,
like everything that comes from the heart.*

Invitation to a Journey

*My child, my sister,
imagine the pleasures
of dwelling together over yonder.
To love at ease,
to love and die
in the land which reminds me of you!
The suns washed
in those nebulous skies
have, for me, the delights,
so mysterious,
of your deceiving eyes,
glistening through their tears.*

Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,
Luxe, calme et volupté!

Vois sur ces canaux
Dormir ces vaisseaux
Dont l'humeur est vagabonde;
C'est pour assouvir
Ton moindre désir
Qu'ils viennent du bout du monde.
Les soleils couchants
revêtent les champs,
Les canaux, la ville entière,
D'hyacinthe et d'or;
Le monde s'endort
Dans une chaude lumière.
Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,
Luxe, calme et volupté!

Charles Baudelaire

*There you will find nothing but order and beauty,
luxury, tranquillity and indulgence!*

*Observe on those canals
how the boats repose,
even though wanderers by disposition;
it is to fulfil
the least of your desires
that they come from the ends of the earth.
The rays of the setting sun
cover the fields,
the canals, the whole town,
in hues of hyacinth and gold;
the world slumbers
bathed in a warm glow.
There you will find nothing but order and beauty,
luxury, tranquillity and indulgence!*

13 L'Invitation au voyage

Mon enfant, ma sœur,
Songe à la douceur
D'aller là-bas vivre ensemble.
Aimer à loisir,
Aimer et mourir
Au pays qui te ressemble!
Les soleils mouillés
De ces ciels brouillés
Pour mon esprit ont les charmes
Si mystérieux
De tes traîtres yeux,
Brillant à travers leurs larmes.

14 Au pays où se fait la guerre

Au pays où se fait la guerre
Mon bel ami s'en est allé,
Il semble à mon cœur désolé
Qu'il ne reste que moi sur terre.
En partant, au baiser d'adieu,
Il m'a pris mon âme à ma bouche...
Qui le tient si longtemps, mon Dieu?
Voilà le soleil qui se couche,
Et moi toute seule en ma tour,
J'attends encore son retour.

Les pigeons sur le toit roucoulent,
Roucoulent amoureuxment,
Avec un son triste et charmant;
Les eaux sous les grands saules coulent.
Je me sens tout près de pleurer,

Gone to the War

*To the country which is at war
my loved one is gone;
it seems to my distressed heart
that I am the only one left on earth.
While leaving, with a farewell kiss
he plucked the soul from my lips...
Who is keeping him for so long, my God?
Now the sun is going down,
and I, all alone in my tower,
keep waiting for his return.*

*The pigeons on the roof are cooing,
cooing amorously,
with a sad and delightful sound;
the waters flow under the huge willows.
I feel so close to tears,*

Mon cœur comme un lys plein s'épanche,
Et je n'ose plus espérer,
Voici briller la lune blanche.
Et moi toute seule en ma tour,
J'attends encore son retour.

Quelqu'un monte à grands pas la rampe...
Serait-ce lui, mon doux amant?
Ce n'est pas lui, mais seulement
Mon petit page avec ma lampe...
Vents du soir, volez, dites-lui
Qu'il est ma pensée et mon rêve,
Toute ma joie et mon ennui.
Voici que l'aurore se lève.
Et moi toute seule en ma tour,
J'attends encore son retour.

Théophile Gautier

*my heart unfurls like a lily in full bloom,
and I dare hope no more.
Right now the languid moon is shining,
and I, all alone in my tower,
keep waiting for his return.*

*There's someone striding up the stairs...
Could it be he, my beloved?
It is not he, but just
my little pageboy with my lamp...
Evening breezes, fly, tell him
that he possesses my thoughts and my dreams
all my rapture and my anxiety.
Right now dawn is breaking,
and I, all alone in my tower,
keep awaiting his return.*

Sad Song

*In your heart sleeps moonlight
the gentle summer moonlight,
and to escape the troubles of life
I shall drown myself in your effulgence.*

*I shall forget sorrows long past,
my love, when you lull
my sorrowful heart and my ruminations
in the soothing tranquillity of your arms.*

*You shall take my aching head
oh! sometimes on your knees,
and shall narrate a story
which will speak about us.*

*And from your eyes brimming with sorrow,
from your eyes I shall then drink
so many kisses and so much affection
that maybe I shall be cured...*

Jean Lahor

Cinq mélodies populaires grecques

16 **Le Réveil de la mariée**
Réveille-toi, perdris mignonne,
Ouvre au matin tes ailes.
Trois grains de beauté,
Mon cœur en est brûlé,
Vois le ruban d'or que je t'apporte
Pour le nouer autour de tes cheveux.
Si tu veux, ma belle, viens nous marier!
Dans nos deux familles tous sont alliés.

17 **Là-bas, vers l'église**
Là-bas, vers l'église,
Vers l'église Ayio Sidéro,
L'église, ô Vierge Sainte,
L'église ayio Costannindino
Se sont réunis,
Rassemblés en nombre infini
Du monde, ô Vierge Sainte,
Du monde tous les plus braves!

18 **Quel galant m'est comparable**
Quel galant m'est comparable
D'entre ceux qu'on voit passer?
Dis, dame Vassiliki?
Voix, pendus à ma ceinture,
Pistolets et sabre aigu...
Et c'est toi que j'aime!

19 **Chanson des cueilleuses de lentisques**
O joie de mon âme, joie de mon cœur,
Trésor qui m'est si cher;
Joie de l'âme et du cœur,
Toi que j'aime ardemment,
Tu est plus beau qu'un ange.
O lorsque tu parais, ange si doux,

Five Popular Greek Melodies

Awakening of the Bride
Arise, dear little partridge,
welcome the morning with outstretched wings.
Three beauty spots
inflamed my heart with passion.
Just see the golden ribbon that I bring
to tie around your tresses.
If you wish, my love, let us get married!
In our two families everyone is related.

Over Yonder, towards the Church
Over yonder, towards the church,
the church of St Sidero,
the church, O holy Virgin,
of St Constantine,
have united,
have gathered in great numbers,
O holy Virgin,
all the bravest in the world!

What Young Man Is My Equal?
What young man is my equal
among those who pass by?
Tell me, Lady Vassiliki?
Just see, hanging from my belt,
pistols and sharp sword...
and it is you that I love!

Song of the Pistachio Harvesters
O my soul's joy, my heart's joy,
treasure so invaluable to me,
soul's joy, heart's joy,
you whom I passionately love
you are more beautiful than an angel.
O gentle angel, when you appear

Devant nos yeux,
Comme un bel ange blond
Sous le clair soleil,
Hélas, tous nos pauvres cœurs soupirent!

*before our eyes
like a beautiful blonde angel
under the dazzling sunlight,
alas, you make our poor hearts sigh with longing!*

Happy as Can Be!

*All happy,
ah, happy as can be.
Beautiful leg, tireli, dancing,
Beautiful leg, the crockery is dancing,
tra-la-la-la-la.*

The Nightingale in the Lilacs

*O first nightingale which appears
amidst the lilacs under my window,
your song is sweet to recognise!
No other voice is similar to yours!
Faithful to your amorous bonds,
keep warbling, divine little thing!

Night or day, how deeply
your paeon of love penetrates me!
Such intensity of ardour evokes within me
the echo of my bygone Aprils,
O first nightingale.*

The Adored One

*They think, my dove,
that you are dreaming, though dead
under the tombstone:
but for the soul that loves you,
you are awake and alive,
O pensive beloved!*

20 Tout gai

Tout gai,
Ha, tout gai,
Belle jambe, tireli, qui danse,
Belle jambe, la vaisselle danse,
Tra la-la-la-la.

Michel Dimitri Calvocoressi

21 Le Rossignol des lilas

O premier rossignol qui viens
Dans les lilas, sous ma fenêtre,
Ta voix m'est douce à reconnaître!
Nul accent n'est semblable au tien!
Fidèle aux amoureux liens,
Trille encor, divin petit être!

Nocturne ou matinal, combien
Ton hymne à l'amour me pénètre!
Tant d'ardeur fait en moi renaître
L'écho de mes avrils anciens,
O premier rossignol qui viens.

Léopold Dauphin

22 L'Enamourée

Ils se disent, ma colombe,
Que tu rêves, morte encore,
Sous la pierre d'une tombe:
Mais pour l'âme qui t'adore,
Tu t'éveilles, ranimée,
O pensive bien-aimée!

Par les blanches nuits d'étoiles,
Dans la brise qui murmure,
Je caresse tes longs voiles,
Ta mouvante chevelure,
Et tes ailes demicloses
Qui voltigent sur les roses!

O délices! je respire
Tes divines tresses blondes!
Ta voix pure, cette lyre,
Suit la vague sur les ondes,
Et, suave, les effleure,
Comme un cygne qui se pleure!

Théodore de Banville

23 Quand je fus pris au pavillon

Quand je fus pris au pavillon
De ma dame très gente et belle
Je me brûlay à la chandelle
Ainsi que fait le papillon.
Je rougis comme vermillon
A la clarté d'une étincelle.
Quand je fus pris au pavillon
De ma dame très gente et belle.
Si j'eusse été esmerillon
Ou que j'eusse eu aussi bonne aile
Je me fusse gardé de celle
Qui me bailla de l'aiguillon
Quand je fus pris au pavillon!

Charles, duc d'Orléans

24 Si mes vers avaient des ailes!

Mes vers fuiraient, doux et frères,
Vers votre jardin si beau,

*By star-studded skies,
in the whispering wind,
I caress the long veils,
of your drifting hair,
and your half-closed wings
flitting over the roses!*

*Oh, ecstasy! I breathe deeply
your heavenly blonde tresses!
Your limpid voice, this lyre,
follows the billows of the waves
and sweetly caresses them,
like a weeping swan!*

When I Was Caught in the Summerhouse

*When I was caught in the summerhouse
of my gentle and beautiful lady,
I burnt myself on the candle
like a butterfly.
I blushed a vermilion red
in the radiance of the spark.
When I was caught in the summerhouse
of my gentle and beautiful lady.
Had I been a merlin
or had I wings as strong,
I would have protected myself from the one
who enticed me to the sting
when I was caught in the summerhouse!*

If My Verses Had Wings!

*My gentle and delicate verses would fly
towards your garden which is so beautiful,*

Si mes vers avaient des ailes
Comme l'oiseau!

Ils voleraient, étincelles,
Vers votre foyer qui rit,
Si mes vers avaient des ailes
Comme l'esprit...

Près de vous, purs et fidèles,
Ils accouraient, nuit et jour,
Si mes vers avaient des ailes,
Comme l'amour!

Victor Hugo

*if my verses had wings
like the bird!*

*They would fly like sparks
towards your happy hearth,
if my verses had wings
like the spirit...*

*Pure and loyal, towards you
they would rush, night and day,
if my verses had wings
like love!*

I Want You to Be Mine

*I have realised your distress,
my dear beloved,
and I yield to your desires,
make me your mistress.
Forget all discretion,
no more any lamenting,
I aspire to the sublime moment
when we shall be happy;
I want you to be mine.*

*I have no regrets
and I have but one desire:
to stay close to you
my whole life through;
let my heart be yours
and your lips be mine,
let your body be mine
and all my flesh be yours.*

*Yes, I can see in your eyes
the divine promise you made me.
Let your amorous heart*

Vient chercher ma caresse.
Enlacés pour toujours,
Brûlés des mêmes flammes,
Dans des rêves d'amours
Nous échangerons nos deux âmes.

Henry Pacory

26 La Diva de l'Empire

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

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

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

Dominique Bonnaud et Numa Blès

*come seeking my caress.
In an eternal embrace,
burning in the same fire,
in love-laden dreams
we shall exchange our souls.*

The Diva of the Empire

*Beneath her grand Greenaway hat,
flashing her smile,
laughter so charming and fresh
like the sigh of an astonished baby,
little girl with velvet eyes,
she's the Diva of the Empire.
She's the queen who has captivated
the gentlemen
and all the dandies
of Piccadilly.*

*Into a single "yes" she pours so much sweetness
that all the toffs wearing fancy waistcoats,
greeting her with frenzied cheers,
hurl bouquets of flowers onto the stage,
never noticing the sardonic smile
hovering on her pretty face.*

*She dances almost automatically,
and raises so discreetly
her pretty frilly underwear;
she wiggles her shapely legs alluringly.
It's very, very innocent
and at the same time, very, very exciting.*

Translations by Meher Meher-Homji

Yvonne Kenny AM

Yvonne Kenny is one of the most distinguished sopranos of her generation. She has sung in many of the world's prestigious opera houses including the Royal Opera House Covent Garden, Vienna State Opera, La Scala in Milan, Berlin State Opera, Bavarian State Opera Munich, La Fenice in Venice, Zurich Opera House, Paris Opera, San Francisco Opera and Glyndebourne Festival Opera.

She has won particular international renown in the great Handel roles, notably Semele, Alcina, Romilda (*Xerxes*), Cleopatra (*Julius Caesar*) and Armida (*Rinaldo*) as well as for her performances of the Marschallin in *Der Rosenkavalier* (English National Opera, San Francisco Opera, Minnesota Opera, New Zealand International Festival, Vienna State Opera) and the Countess in *Capriccio* (Vienna State Opera, Berlin State Opera, Dresden State Opera). She returns frequently to Australia where her roles for Opera Australia have included Pamina, Susanna, Massenet's Manon, Fiordiligi (*Così fan tutte*), Alice Ford (*Falstaff*), the Governess (*The Turn of the Screw*), the Marschallin, the title roles in *Maria Stuarda*, *The Coronation of Poppea*, *The Gypsy Princess* and *The Merry Widow* and most recently *La Voix humaine*.

On the concert platform, Yvonne Kenny appears regularly throughout Europe, Australia and North

America, has featured at the Edinburgh, Salzburg and Aix-en-Provence Festivals and is a regular guest at the BBC Proms. She is a frequent guest of Symphony Australia's orchestras, and has toured with the Australian Chamber Orchestra and Musica Viva.

Yvonne Kenny has recorded for Decca, Teldec, RCA, Sony, Decca, Opera Rara and Hyperion under such conductors as Solti, Harnoncourt, Slatkin, Salonen and Mackerras. Her ABC Classics recordings include the best-selling *Simple Gifts* and *Something Wonderful*, *Handel Arias* with the Australian Brandenburg Orchestra (Best Classical Recording, ARIA Awards, 1998) and most recently *The Salley Gardens – A Treasury of English Song*.

Yvonne Kenny was made a Member of the Order of Australia in 1989, and in 1999 was awarded an honorary Doctorate of Music by the University of Sydney.

Malcolm Martineau

Malcolm Martineau was born in Edinburgh, read Music at St Catharine's College, Cambridge and studied at the Royal College of Music.

Recognised as one of leading accompanists of his generation, he has worked with many of the world's greatest singers including Sir Thomas Allen, Dame Janet Baker, Olaf Bär, Barbara Bonney, Ian Bostridge, Angela Gheorghiu, Susan Graham, Thomas Hampson, Della Jones, Simon Keenlyside, Magdalena Kožená, Solveig Kringelborn, Jonathan Lemalu, Dame Felicity Lott, Christopher Maltman, Karita Mattila, Lisa Milne, Ann Murray, Anna Netrebko, Anne Sofie von Otter, Joan Rodgers, Amanda Roocroft, Michael Schade, Frederica von Stade, Bryn Terfel and Sarah Walker.

He has presented his own series at St John's Smith Square (the complete songs of Debussy and Poulenc), the Wigmore Hall (a Britten series broadcast by the BBC) and at the Edinburgh Festival (the complete lieder of Hugo Wolf). He has appeared throughout Europe (including London's Barbican, Queen Elizabeth Hall and Royal Opera House; La Scala, Milan; Théâtre du Châtelet, Paris; Gran Teatro del Liceu, Barcelona; Berlin's Philharmonie and Konzerthaus; Amsterdam's Concertgebouw and the Vienna Konzerthaus and Musikverein), North America (including in New York both Alice Tully Hall and Carnegie Hall), Australia (including the Sydney

Opera House) and at the Aix-en-Provence, Vienna, Edinburgh, Schubertiade, Munich and Salzburg Festivals.

Recording projects have included Schubert, Schumann and English song recitals with Bryn Terfel, Schubert and Strauss recitals with Simon Keenlyside, recital discs with Angela Gheorghiu, Barbara Bonney, Magdalena Kožená and Della Jones, the complete Fauré songs with Sarah Walker and Tom Krause, the complete Britten Folk Songs, and the complete Beethoven Folk Songs.

Malcolm Martineau was given an honorary doctorate at the Royal Scottish Academy of Music and Drama in 2004.

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