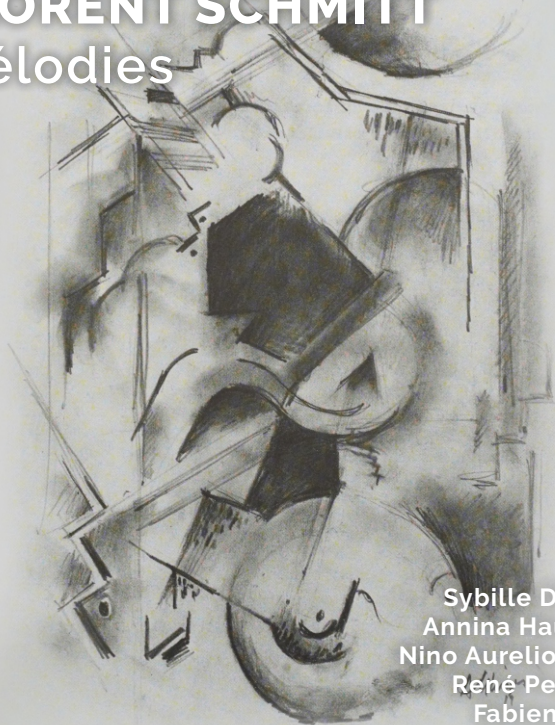


# FLORENT SCHMITT

## Mélodies



**Sybille Diethelm** soprano  
**Annina Haug** mezzo-soprano  
**Nino Aurelio Gmünder** tenor  
**René Perler** bass-baritone  
**Fabienne Romer** piano  
**Edward Rushton** piano

## Florent Schmitt (1870–1958)

### Méodies

Sybille Diethelm *soprano*<sup>1-6, 11-13 & 23-25</sup>

Annina Haug *mezzo soprano*<sup>1-6 & 17-18</sup>

Nino Aurelio Gmünder *tenor*<sup>1-10 & 19-22</sup>

René Perler *bass-baritone*<sup>1-6 & 14-16</sup>

Fabienne Romer *piano*<sup>1-10, 17-18 & 23-25</sup>

Edward Rushton *piano*<sup>1-6, 11-16 & 19-22</sup>

#### Chansons à quatre voix, Op. 39 (1905)

- |                |        |
|----------------|--------|
| 1. Véhémence   | [1:22] |
| 2. Nostalgique | [2:01] |
| 3. Naïve       | [2:51] |
| 4. Boréale     | [1:26] |
| 5. Tendre      | [4:12] |
| 6. Martiale    | [1:48] |

#### Quatre Lieds, Op. 45 (1912)

- |                                      |        |
|--------------------------------------|--------|
| 7. Où vivre?                         | [1:32] |
| 8. Evocation                         | [1:38] |
| 9. Fleurs décloses                   | [2:23] |
| 10. Ils ont tué trois petites filles | [2:51] |

#### Kérob-Shal, Op. 67 (1924)

- |                   |        |
|-------------------|--------|
| 11. Octroi        | [3:55] |
| 12. Star          | [2:16] |
| 13. Vendredi XIII | [3:38] |

#### Trois Méodies, Op. 4 (1895)

- |                              |        |
|------------------------------|--------|
| 14. Lied                     | [3:11] |
| 15. Il pleure dans mon coeur | [2:57] |
| 16. Fils de la Vierge        | [2:44] |

#### Deux Chansons, Op. 18 (1901)

- |                         |        |
|-------------------------|--------|
| 17. Neige, coeur et lys | [3:32] |
| 18. Chanson bretonne    | [2:28] |

#### Quatre Poèmes de Ronsard, Op. 100 (1942)

- |                      |        |
|----------------------|--------|
| 19. Si...            | [2:36] |
| 20. Privilèges       | [1:42] |
| 21. Ses deux yeux    | [2:49] |
| 22. Le soir qu'Amour | [3:02] |

#### Trois Chants, Op. 98 (1943)

- |  |        |
|--|--------|
| 23. Elle était venue                           | [5:13] |
| 24. La citerne des mille colonnes – Yéré Batan | [6:07] |
| 25. La tortue et le lièvre – Fable             | [4:06] |

Total playing time [72:33]

*All world premiere recordings apart from Op. 98, Op. 100 & Op. 4, No. 2*



left to right: Edward Rushton, Fabienne Romer, Sybille Diethelm, Annina Haug, Nino Aurelio Gmünder, René Perler

### Florent Schmitt: *Méloodies*

While Florent Schmitt's orchestral works are well-represented on disc, his songs have been seriously neglected. Some are recorded here for the first time. The qualities that appeal in his larger works are in abundance in this selection that spans his entire creative life: his music's gorgeous sensuality, biting wit, laconic charm, and unleashed savagery. Especially in the works of the 1920s, his compositional techniques are extremely complex, in some cases anticipating Messiaen and the Spectralists, while his affinity with the darker side of human existence is always fascinating.

Schmitt had publicly proclaimed his modernist credentials at the premiere of *Le Sacre du Printemps*, when he loudly defended it against the bourgeois nay-sayers. At that stage of Stravinsky's career the admiration was mutual; Stravinsky heard *La Tragédie de Salomé* in 1907, and received the dedication of the full orchestral version. Stravinsky's music resonated deeply in Schmitt at that time, and his words about *Le Sacre*, in part, might equally be a description of his own music, or of what he wished his own music to be: [...] its frenetic agitation; [...] the senseless whirl of its hallucinating

rhythms; [...] aggregations of harmonies beyond any convention or analysis, [...] seeking the most paradoxical sonorities, daring combinations of timbres, by its tropical orchestrations, iridescent and of unbelievable sumptuousness, [...] by an excess of an unheard-of luxuriance of refinement and preciousity [— ...] the music [...] gives us the impression of the darkest barbarity.'

It seems that Schmitt was much given to voicing his opinion from the stalls. At the Salle Pleyel in November 1933, his contribution was less defensible than in 1913: he responded to three songs from Kurt Weill's *Der Silbersee*, in the presence of the composer, who had fled Germany that year, by shouting 'Vive Hitler!' and 'We have enough bad musicians here without importing German Jews!'. Schmitt regrettably later collaborated with the Vichy regime during the Second World War, in his position as Honorary Vice-president of the musical section of the Groupe Collaboration. On the present album we perform works Schmitt composed during this period. I admit that thus endorsing music composed by a man who was simultaneously shaking hands with Nazis gave me pause, and I wanted to face the responsibility of squaring admiration for

Schmitt's music, and my desire to perform it, with disgust at his political errors of judgment. I had to be absolutely convinced that I needn't feel guilt about performing these songs. The conclusions I reached, offered here as a basis for debate with those who disagree: first, Schmitt's musical aesthetic is diametrically opposed to that of the Nazis, and furthermore there is no reflection of any antisemitic, anti-modernist or pro-Nazi attitudes in his music, whether in style, allusion or choice of texts. The music is always apolitical. In addition, there is no further evidence of antisemitism in Schmitt's extensive writings and correspondence: the infamous 1933 incident appears to be the sum total, and so it would be kind towards Schmitt to interpret this outburst as a typically provocative attempt at shocking his peers. Secondly, it seems unfair that many of Schmitt's contemporaries of dubious political leanings are unquestioningly feted and performed, even when their music is much less interesting. Lastly, if we confined ourselves solely to music composed by morally unquestionable people, the world would be much impoverished; genuine and pure appreciation of music can be divorced from the biography of its composers. For those interested, the article on

Schmitt on the French Wikipedia page gives a balanced and unpartisan view of this troubled aspect of his biography.

Schmitt was born on 28 September 1870 in the eastern French region of Lorraine. Perhaps the proximity to the border with Germany gave rise to his affinity with German culture and Wagnerism, but whatever the reasons, I would like to single out one instrumental work in connection with our compilation of his songs: the suite *Reflets d'Allemagne*, Op. 28, composed in 1905. *Reflets* is a series of waltzes for piano duet, each movement's title the name of a German city (incidentally, the fifth is 'Vienne', anticipating Austria's assimilation into 'Germany' by more than thirty years). The **Chansons à quatre voix Op. 39**, also from 1905, are closely related to *Reflets d'Allemagne*, in that they are a sequence of waltz-vignettes, incorporate a piano part played by four hands (naturally giving rise to memories of Brahms), and are sprinkled with many cross-references and reminiscences of *Reflets*. The *Chansons* are full of joy, fire and sensuousness. The titles are all adjectives in the feminine gender, referring not to female characters but simply agreeing with the genre 'chanson': 'Chanson véhémente', 'Chanson naïve', and so on. The fifth is worth singling out:

each voice speaks its own version of the 'Arabian poem', all talking in counterpoint with each other in an enticingly, intoxicatingly complex mesh and weave. As if by sleight of hand, the voices converge in longing and harmony at certain crucial moments.

The astonishing songs of the 1910s and 20s are suffused with darker, expressionistic sounds which underscore the cryptic and fathomless poetry. This is a world of nightmares and fantastical visions, typical of Schmitt's predilection for weird and savage exoticism. The four **Lieds Op. 45** (despite the title, all settings of contemporary French poets) are saturated in harmonies augmented and diminished to tonally uncategorisable breaking-point. They are all pitilessly obsessed with death and the death of love. Even the archangels at the close of the fourth song bring no elevated illumination.

The title of the **Op. 67 cycle, Kérob-Shal**, is an example of Schmitt's fondness for cryptic word-games. What sounds like some exotic incantation turns out simply to be a mash-up of the first syllables of the poets' names: Kerdyk, Aubry and Chalupt. In these dangerously alluring songs, violent actions are performed against a placid backdrop. *Octroi* depicts a cold landscape on the

outskirts of Paris at dawn (note the bird-song in the piano part that anticipates Messiaen gesturally and harmonically, but not conceptually, being descriptive of a banal sort of bird-song 'such as there is heaps of'). Impassive calm returns after the violence of the customs officer, brutally depicted in the piano left hand. In *Star*, the sight of a brilliant shooting star provokes excitement in one observer, silence and despair in the other (note that in the final bar, all twelve notes sound in close proximity, an astonishing and obliterative gesture). In the four strophes of *Vendredi XIII*, the fatal power of four dried-out fountains brings out the worst in the four people who come into contact with them.

Our programme returns for a little relief to some of Schmitt's earlier songs. The **Méodies Op. 4** inhabit the voluptuous world of late Romanticism. Even if this is more familiar territory, some of Schmitt's personal and highly individual fingerprints are already audible, such as the descending chain of fifths, a tritone apart, that curls through Lied, providing a stark counterpoint to the deliberately monotonous vocal line. Both the other songs end on unresolved harmonies, surely a sign of rebellion from a twenty-four-year-old composer uninterested in following rules.

In the **Chansons Op. 18** we hear two sides to Schmitt's personality: the melancholic in *Neige, Coeur et Lys*, followed by the brazen gallows-humour of the *Chanson bretonne*, in which the tongue-in-cheek faux-Puccini of the urchin's life in Paradise amid harps and angels contrasts strikingly and hilariously with the earthy harsh reality of the ending.

In the **Poèmes de Ronsard Op. 100**, Schmitt for once sets a non-contemporary poet. During the Second World War, he turns his back on his beloved Germanic culture and reawakens his links to old France, much as Debussy had done during the First World War. Schmitt marries the poetry of Pierre de Ronsard, itself alive with references to the culture of Classical antiquity, to the sounds and rhythms of ancient music. He may also have been inspired by the revival of interest in the harpsichord, at the hands of Wanda Landowska and her pupil Marcelle de Lacour, for whom Schmitt composed his *Le clavecin obtémperant* in 1945. But the neoclassical Schmitt remains authentic Schmitt, as the musical boldness and joyous humour testify.

An epic group of **Trois Chants Op. 98** rounds off our disc. Schmitt brilliantly and daringly shrugs off the accumulated erotic tension

of *Elle était venue* in the piano postlude. In *La citerne aux milles colonnes*, the Basilica Cistern in Istanbul is impressively portrayed in the music. The motion of a passing boat inspires Schmitt to ecstatic waves of water music. Finally, unbounded exuberance and child-like pleasure in story-telling characterise his setting of Charles Sanglier's version of the fable of the tortoise and the hare. Sanglier (wild boar) was not only the chosen pen name of the poet Charles Vallet (an anarchistic postal worker with a literary bent), but was also Schmitt's own nickname: the Wild Boar of the Ardennes.

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#### Texts and translations

##### Chansons à quatre voix, Op. 39 (1905)

1. Véhémence  
Ah! Assez dormir, ma belle,  
Ta cavale Isabelle  
Hennit sous tes balcons:  
Allons, en chasse!  
Vois tes piqueurs alertes,  
Et sur leurs manches vertes  
Les pieds noirs des faucons:  
Allons, en chasse!

Vois écuyers et pages,  
En galants équipages,  
Sans rochet ni pourpoint,  
Têtes chaperonnées,  
Trainer les haquenées,  
Leur arbalète au poing!

Vois bondir dans les herbes  
Les lévriers superbes,  
Les chiens trapus crier!  
En chasse, et chasse heureuse!  
Allons, l'amoureuse,  
Le pied dans l'étrier!

Allons, mon intrépide,  
Ta cavale rapide  
Frappe du pied le sol:  
Allons, en chasse!  
Et ton bouffon balance  
Comme un soldat sa lance,  
Son joyeux parasol:  
Allons, en chasse!

After Alfred de Musset (1810–1857)

1. Vehement  
Ah! Enough sleep, my beauty,  
Isabelle, your mare  
is neighing beneath your balconies,  
Come on, let's hunt!  
See your lively drivers  
with the falcons' black feet  
on their green sleeves!  
Tally-ho!

See the riders and the page boys,  
a gallant team  
without rattles and doublets,  
heads unhatted  
leading the horses,  
crossbow in hand!

See the superb greyhounds  
bounding through the grass,  
and the burly dogs baying!  
Tally ho, and happy hunting!  
Come on, my lover,  
your foot in the stirrups!

Come on, my fearless one,  
your speedy mare  
is scratching the ground with her feet:  
Tally-ho!  
And your fool is swinging  
his merry parasol  
like a soldier brandishing his lance.  
Tally-ho!

2. Nostalgique  
Fugitive, l'heure s'envole,  
Rien ne peut arrêter sa course folle;  
Ô symbole, triste symbole  
De nos plaisirs, de nos beaux jours.

D'un bonheur trop vite effacé,  
Le souvenir nous reste éternellement.  
Par lui, le présent monotone se colore  
Des reflets plus brillants du passé.  
D'un bonheur enfui rapidement  
Le souvenir nous reste éternellement.

*Anonymous*

3. Naïve  
Nina, ton frais sourire,  
Nina, ton cœur qui soupire,  
ta voix, tes yeux, qui font dire  
qu'on croit au bonheur d'aimer.

Nina, ces chères années,  
Nina, ces douces journées,  
Ces roses fanées,  
Toutes choses mortes sur ton cœur.

Nina, ô ma charmante,  
Pendant la tourmente,  
La mer écumante grondait à nos yeux!

Aimable et belle Italie, sagesse ou folie,  
Jamais, jamais ne t'oubliera  
Qui t'a pu contempler une fois,  
Qui a vu un jour ton bleu ciel!

Toujours plus chérie, tu seras la patrie,  
Toujours ta rive fleurie  
Restera la patrie que désire l'amour!

*After Alfred de Musset*

2. Nostalgic  
*Fleetingly, time flies away,  
nothing can halt its mad course.  
O symbol, sad symbol  
of our pleasures, of our fine days.*

*Memories of happiness too soon erased  
stay with us for eternity.  
Through them, the monotonous present  
is coloured by brilliant reflections of the past.  
The memory of fleeting happiness  
stays with us for ever.*

3. Naïve  
*Nina, your fresh smile,  
Nina, your sighing heart,  
your voice, your eyes, which make us  
say that we believe in love's happiness.*

*Nina, these dear years,  
Nina, these sweet days,  
these wilted roses,  
all dead things on your heart.*

*Nina, o my charming one,  
all the while we were tormented,  
the foaming sea bellowed in our eyes!*

*Lovely and beautiful Italy, wisdom or madness,  
no one who has ever once contemplated you,  
who has for one day seen your blue skies,  
will ever be able to forget you.*

*Ever dearer, you will be our homeland,  
your flowering coasts  
will ever be the dear land which love desires!*

4. Boréale  
Ô nuage aux doux contours,  
Léger nuage aux flancs neigeux,  
Vers quelle plage, sous quels cieux  
T'emportent les grands vents d'orage?

Ô fils d'une zone plus brûlante,  
Ne viens-tu pas  
Arrives-tu du sein profond des mers  
Pour servir à la parure  
D'un autre horizon  
Bien plus vermeil?

*Anonymous*

5. Tendre  
Basse  
Toi qu'au jeune âge en mon chemin j'avais rêvée  
Je t'ai trouvée  
Ô toi que j'avais rêvée, donne à ma tendresse un doux espoir!  
Quand l'hirondelle vole et ramène le doux printemps fleuri...  
A tout cœur tendre qu'il n'est qu'un temps!  
Ô toi qu'autrefois j'avais rêvée en mon chemin,  
Je t'ai trouvée enfin!  
Hélas! tout est désir, tout est douleur!  
Toujours, toujours, toi présente,  
Tout est plaisir, tout est tendresse, tout est amour!

Ténor  
Ah! plein de bonheur j'aime à te voir  
De mon amour combler l'espoir.  
A tire d'aile, vole et rappelle  
Le doux printemps fleuri.  
C'est pour apprendre que pour se rendre  
Il n'est qu'un temps!  
Ô toi, ma seule envie,  
Mon seul bonheur, toute ma vie  
Est dans ton cœur!  
Hélas! en ton absence  
Tout est désir, tout est douleur.

4. Boreal  
*O cloud with the soft contours,  
light cloud with snowy flanks,  
towards which coasts, under which skies  
are the great storm-winds carrying you?*

*O son of torrid zones,  
do you not come,  
do you reach us from the deep breast of the seas,  
to serve as the finery  
of other, more vermilion horizons?*

5 Tender  
Bass  
*You, of whom I dreamt, at a tender age on my path,  
I have found you.  
O you whom I dreamt, give sweet hope to my tenderness!  
When the swallow flies and brings back the sweet flowered spring...  
for any fond heart there is only one time!  
O you whom I dreamt of once on my path,  
I have found you at last!  
Alas! All is longing, all is pain!  
Always, always, when you are there,  
all is pleasure, all is tenderness, all is love!*

Tenor  
*Ah! filled with of happiness, I love to see your  
hope being fulfilled through my love.  
On a wing, sweet flowering spring  
flies and reminds us.  
It is to learn that there is only one time  
to give oneself!  
O you, my entire desire,  
my happiness, my whole life  
is in your heart.  
Alas! In your absence  
all is longing, all is pain.*

Mais toujours, en ta présence  
Tout est plaisir, tout est tendresse,  
Tout est oublié, tout est ivresse,  
Tout est bonheur d'amour!

Mezzo-soprano

Toi qu'au jeune âge, autrefois,  
J'avais rêvé sur mon chemin,  
Je t'ai trouvé.  
A tire d'aile...  
Le doux printemps,  
C'est pour apprendre  
A tout cœur tendre  
Que pour se rendre  
Il n'est qu'un temps!  
Hélas! en ton absence tout est désir, tout est douleur...  
Hélas! tout est désir et douleur...  
Toujours, en ta présence tout est plaisir et douceur,  
Plaisir, douceur, tendresse, ivresse,  
Oubli, bonheur, toujours en ta présence,  
Toujours, toujours, tout est amour!

Soprano

Ah! pleine d'ivresse, je veux de ta tendresse  
comblant l'espoir.  
Quand l'hirondelle vole et rappelle le doux  
printemps fleuri.  
Il n'est qu'un temps!  
Pour se rendre il n'est qu'un temps... Ah!  
Ah! toi qu'autrefois j'avais rêvé sur mon chemin,  
Je t'ai trouvé: avec ivresse à ta tendresse  
Un doux espoir je veux donner.  
Ô toi, ma seule envie, mon seul bonheur  
Ma vie est dans ton cœur!  
Hélas! en ton absence tout est désir,  
Tout est douleur... Toujours, en ta présence,  
Toujours, toujours, tout est plaisir tendresse,  
Oubli, bonheur, ivresse,  
Tout est bonheur, tout est amour!

*After a Persian poem*

*But always, in your presence,  
all is pleasure, all is tenderness,  
all is oblivion, all is intoxication,  
all is the bliss of love!*

Mezzo-soprano

*You whom I dreamt in earlier days,  
on my path, I have found you.  
Ah! You whom I had dreamt!  
On a wing...  
the sweet spring.  
It is to learn  
that for every tender heart  
there is only one time  
to give oneself!  
Alas! In your absence all is longing, all is pain...  
Alas! All is longing and pain...  
Always, in your presence all is pleasure and sweetness,  
pleasure, sweetness, tenderness, intoxication,  
oblivion, bliss, always in your presence,  
always, always, all is love!*

Soprano

*Ah! Fully intoxicated, I want your tenderness  
to fulfil my hope.  
When the swallow flies and brings back the sweet  
flowered spring.  
There is only one time!  
To give oneself, there is only one time... Ah!  
Ah! You, whom I dreamt in earlier times on my path,  
I have found you: with intoxication and tenderness  
I wish to give you a sweet hope. Ah! A sweet hope.  
O you, my only desire, my only happiness,  
my life is in your heart!  
Alas! In your absence all is longing,  
all is pain... Always, in your presence,  
always, always, all is pleasure, tenderness,  
oblivion, happiness, intoxication,  
all is bliss, all is love!*

6. Martiale

Beau chevalier qui partez pour la guerre,  
Qu'allez-vous faire aussi loin d'ici?  
Qu'allez-vous faire aussi loin de nous?  
Voyez-vous pas que la nuit est profonde  
Et que le monde n'est que souci?  
J'en vais pleurer, moi qui me laissais dire  
Que mon sourire était si doux.

*After Alfred de Musset*

Quatre Lieds, Op. 45 (1912)

7. Où vivre?  
Dans quelle ombre  
Étouffer mon ennui?  
Ma tristesse est plus sombre  
Que la nuit.

Où mourir? Sous quelle onde  
Noyer mon deuil amer?  
Ma peine est plus profonde  
Que la mer.

Où fuir? De quelle sorte  
Égorger mon remords?  
Ma douleur est plus forte  
Que la mort.

*Jean Richepin (1849–1926)*

8. Évocation

Te souviens-tu du baiser,  
Du premier que je vins prendre?  
Tu ne sus pas refuser,  
Mais tu n'osas pas le rendre.

Te souviens-tu du baiser,  
Du dernier que je vins prendre?  
Tu n'osas pas refuser;  
Mais tu ne sus pas le rendre.

*Jean Richepin*

6. Martial

*Handsome knight leaving for war,  
what are going to do, so far from here?  
What will you do so far from us?  
Do you not see that the night is deep,  
and that the world is nothing but sorrow?  
And me? I will weep, I who was told  
that my smile was so sweet.*

7. Where should I live?

*In which shade  
suffocate my depression?  
My sadness is darker  
than the night.*

*Where should I die? Under which wave  
drown my bitter mourning?  
My sorrow is deeper  
than the sea.*

*Where should I flee to? How  
strangle my remorse?  
My pain is stronger  
than death.*

8. Evocation

*Do you remember the kiss,  
the first one that I came to claim?  
You did not know how to refuse it,  
but you did not dare return it.*

*Do you remember the kiss,  
the last one I came to claim?  
You did not dare refuse it  
But you did not know how to return it.*

9. Fleurs décloes

Nous aimer, à quoi bon, hélas!  
avant que s'en vienne l'automne,  
va, nos pauvres coeurs seront las,  
car l'amour est si monotone...  
Ne nous aimons pas, nous verrons  
nos larmes et nos peines bien vite effacées...  
L'hiver viendra, nous oublierons  
fleurs décloes, amours passées...

*Catulle Blée (1869-?)*

10. Ils ont tué trois petites filles  
Pour voir ce qu'il y a dans leur cœur.  
Le premier était plein de bonheur;  
Et partout où coula son sang,  
Trois serpents sifflèrent trois ans.

Le deuxième était plein de douceur,  
Et partout où coula son sang,  
Trois agneaux broutèrent trois ans.

Le troisième était plein de malheur,  
Et partout où coula son sang,  
Trois archanges veillèrent trois ans.

*Maurice Maeterlinck (1862-1949)*

**Kérob-Shal, Op. 67 (1924)**

11. Octroi  
Tout un paysage en lignes blanches,  
L'octroi de Paris est un Foujita  
Avec un oiseau sur une branche  
D'un arbre comme il y en a des tas.

Un réverbère est encore en vie  
Sur la grille qui coupe du jour  
Et dans cette petite aube en sourdine  
C'est le passage des topinambours.

Tout un monde somnolent s'avance  
En cette lumière d'échafaud

9. Closed flowers

*What is the use of our loving, alas!  
Before autumn comes  
our poor hearts will be tired,  
for love is so monotonous...  
If we do not love each other, we will soon see  
our tears and our worries wiped out...  
Winter will come, we will forget  
closed flowers, past loves...*

10. *They killed three little girls  
to see what was in their hearts.  
The first was full of gladness;  
and everywhere her blood flowed  
three snakes hissed for three years.*

*The second was full of sweetness,  
and everywhere her blood flowed,  
three lambs grazed for three years.*

*The third was full of sadness,  
and everywhere her blood flowed,  
three archangels kept watch for three years.*

11. Customs House

*A whole landscape of white lines,  
the customs house of Paris is a Foujita  
with a bird on a branch  
of a tree like so many others.*

*A street lamp is still alive  
on the railings which cut up the daylight,  
and into this little muted dawn  
pass the Jerusalem artichokes.*

*A whole sleepy world advances  
into this scaffold-like light*

Tandis que le gabelou de la lance  
Perce le secret des tombereaux.

*René Kerdyk (1885-1945)*

12. Star  
*Text by G. Jean Aubry (1882-1950)*

13. Vendredi XIII  
*Text by René Chalupe (1885-1957)*

**Trois Mélodies, Op. 4 (1895)**

14. Lied  
Les roses de l'autre année  
Sont mortes comme un crépuscule,  
Les roses de l'autre année  
S'effeuillent au vent qui module  
Ta chanson d'abandonnée,  
Ô silencieuse fanée!  
Ta chanson d'abandonnée  
Sanglotant dans le crépuscule,  
Ta chanson d'abandonnée  
Dans les frondaisons où l'or brûle  
D'une guirlande égrenée,  
Ô toi frissonnante étonnée!  
D'une guirlande égrenée  
Dont s'explore en ce crépuscule  
La mort si pâle égrenée  
Comme à ton front où, triste et nulle,  
Rêve une mort d'autre année,  
Ô douce Ariane fané!

*Camille Mauclair (1872-1945)*

15. Il pleure dans mon coeur  
Comme il pleut sur la ville;  
Quelle est cette langueur  
Qui pénètre mon coeur?  
Ô bruit doux de la pluie,  
Par terre et sur les toits!  
Pour un coeur qui s'ennuie,

*while the customs-officer with his lance  
pierces the carts' secret.*

12. *Star  
Two lovers see a shooting star: one urgently requests the  
other to make a wish, but the other is too late.*

13. *Friday XIII  
Three out of four dried-up fountains in the Jardin du  
Luxembourg have in the past borne witness to various  
scandalous events. The poet is destined to drown himself  
in the fourth.*

14. *Lied  
The roses of yesteryear  
have died like a dusk,  
the roses of yesteryear  
shed their petals in the wind  
which alters your forsaken song,  
you silent, wilted one!  
The song of one forsaken  
sobbing in the dusk,  
your forsaken song  
in the fallen leaves, where the gold  
of a loosened garland glows,  
O shivering astonished one!  
Out of the loosened garland  
in this dusk, pale and unleashed  
death sings a lament,  
as on your forehead where, sad and void,  
the death of a past year is dreaming,  
o sweet, wilted Ariadne!*

15. *There is crying in my heart  
like the rain over the town.  
What is this lassitude  
that enters my heart?  
O gentle sound of the rain,  
on the ground and on the roofs!  
For a depressed heart*



Ô le chant de la pluie!

Il pleure sans raison  
Dans ce cœur qui s'écoëure.

Quoi! nulle trahison?...  
Ce deuil est sans raison.

C'est bien la pire peine,  
De ne savoir pourquoi  
Sans amour et sans haine  
Mon cœur a tant de peine!

*Paul Verlaine (1844–1896)*

16. Fils de la Vierge  
Comme les fils étincelants  
Que l'on dit que la Vierge sème  
En effilant son diadème  
De fleur en fleur à travers champs,  
Autour de nous, mille fils d'or,  
Rêves fleuris de ma pensée,  
Retiennent mon âme enlacée,  
Et paralysent son essor!  
Et je vis en joyeux reclus,  
Car je sais que de ce rêve,  
Si jamais le filet se lève,  
Être libre, c'est n'être plus!

*Maurice Ganivet (1849–1884)*

**Deux Chansons, Op. 18** (1901)

17. Neige, cœur et lys  
La neige tombe immaculée:  
Que devient la neige foulée?  
Une fange immonde et souillée

Le cœur s'ouvre pur ici-bas:  
Le cœur ne changera-t'il pas?  
Souvent il devient fange, hélas!

*the song of the rain!*

*There is no reason for the crying  
in this heart that has lost heart*

*What? No betrayal?...  
This mourning has no reason.*

*It surely is the worst pain,  
not to know why,  
without love and without hatred,  
my heart has so much pain!*

16. *The Virgin's Threads (Gossamer)*  
*Like the shimmering threads  
which, it is said, the Virgin sows  
by unpicking her crown  
of flower upon flower over the fields,  
all around us a thousand golden threads,  
the flowered dreams of my thoughts,  
have captured my soul  
which, paralysed, cannot soar!*  
*And I live as a happy recluse,  
for I know: if ever  
the veil of this dream lifts,  
being free will mean: being no more!*

17. *Snow, Heart and Lily*  
*The snow falls, immaculate.  
What becomes of the trodden snow?  
A revolting, soiled swamp.*

*The heart reveals its purity down here:  
Will the heart not change?  
Alas, it often becomes a swamp!*

Le lys naît virginal Fleur d'ange,  
Mais, le soir venu, le lys change  
et se flétrit, tache de fange

La neige aux sommets reste pure,  
Le cœur qui s'élève s'épure  
Aux mains des anges le lys dure.

*Georges Maze-Sencier*

18. Chanson bretonne  
Il était un pauvre petit gars  
que ses parents n'hérissaient pas.  
Sans pain, sans eau, sans jamais rien,  
Il mangeait la soupe du chien.

Il s'était tant désespéré,  
chaque soir il avait tant pleuré,  
se sentant toujours le ventre creux,  
qu'il n'avait plus de larmes aux yeux.

Mais un jour il dit au bon dieu  
d'avoir pitié de son petit fieu  
qui n'aurait plus toujours souffrir,  
et ce jour-là Dieu l'fit mourir.

A présent l'gars est bienheureux;  
c'est un ange vêtu de bleu.  
Mais l'vieux chien n'a plus à manger:  
Il n'a plus de soupe à partager.

*Paul Arosa (1874–c.1945)*

**Quatre Poèmes de Ronsard, Op. 100** (1942)

19. Si...  
Si mille oeilletons, si mille lys j'embrasse,  
Entortillant mon bras tout à l'entour,  
Plus fort qu'un cep, qui, d'un amoureux tour,  
La branche aimée en mille plis enlace;

Si le souci ne jaunait plus ma face,  
Si le plaisir fait en moi son séjour,

*The lily is born as a virginal angel flower,  
but, come the evening, the lily changes  
and withers, stained by the swamp.*

*The snow on the summits stays pure,  
the heart which strives upwards attains purity,  
and the lily endures in the hands of angels.*

18. *Breton Song*  
*There was a poor young lad  
whose parents didn't love him.  
No bread, no water, never ever anything,  
he drank the dog's soup.*

*He was so desperate,  
and every evening he had cried so much,  
always feeling the empty pit in his stomach,  
that his eyes didn't have any tears left in them.*

*But one day he asked the dear Lord  
to have pity on His little urchin  
who didn't want to suffer all the time,  
and that day God let him die.*

*Now the lad is happy:  
he's an angel dressed in blue.  
But the old dog has nothing to eat any more:  
he has no soup to share.*

19. *If...*  
*If I embrace a thousand pinks or a thousand lilies,  
twisting them all around my arms  
tighter than a vine which in amorous style  
entwines its beloved branch in a thousand curves;*

*if worry no longer makes my face yellow,  
if pleasure stays with me*

Si j'aime mieux les ombres que le jour,  
Songe divin, cela vient de ta grâce.

En te suivant je volerais aux cieus:  
Mais ce portrait qui nage dans mes yeux,  
Fraude toujours ma joie interrompue.

Et tu me fuis au milieu de mon bien,  
Comme un éclair qui se finit en rien,  
Ou comme au vent s'évanouit la nue.

*Pierre de Ronsard (1524–1585)*

20. Privilèges  
Les épis sont à Cérés,  
Aux chèvres-pieds les forêts,  
À Chlore l'herbe nouvelle,  
À Phoebus le vert laurier,  
À Minerve l'olivier,  
Et le beau pin à Cybèle;  
Aux Zéphires le doux bruit,  
À Pomone le doux fruit,  
L'onde aux Nymphes est sacrée,  
À Flore les belles fleurs;  
Mais les soucis et les pleurs  
Sont sacrés à Cythérée.

21. Ses deux yeux  
Ses deux yeux bruns, deux flambeaux de ma vie,  
Dessus les miens répandant leur clarté,  
Ont esclavé ma jeune liberté  
Pour la damner, en prison asservie.

Par ses yeux bruns ma raison fut ravie,  
Et quelque part qu'Amour m'ait arrêté,  
Je ne sus voir ailleurs d'autre beauté,  
Tant ils sont seuls mon bien et mon envie.

D'autre éperon mon maître ne me point,  
Autres pensers en moi ne logent point,  
D'un autre feu ma Muse ne s'enflamme:

*if I prefer the shadows to the day,  
this is due to your favour, divine dream.*

*Following you I could fly to the heavens;  
but this image which swims in my eyes  
always deceives my interrupted joy;*

*and then you flee in the midst of my happiness,  
like a lightning flash ending in nothing,  
or like a cloud which vanishes in the breeze.*

20. Privileges  
*Ears of corn are sacred to Ceres,  
forests to the cloven-footed fauns,  
the new grass to Chloris,  
green laurels to Phoebus,  
olive-trees to Minerva,  
and the handsome pine to Cybele,  
gentle sounds to the Zephyrs,  
sweet fruit to Pomona,  
waves to the Nymphs,  
and beautiful flowers to Flora;  
but sorrow and tears  
are sacred to Aphrodite the Kythiran.*

21. Her two eyes  
*Her two brown eyes, twin lights of my life,  
reflecting their shine in mine,  
have imprisoned my young freedom  
and condemned it to serve its time.*

*My reason has been ravished by these brown eyes;  
wherever Cupid might otherwise have held me up,  
I could never see any other beauty,  
since they are my sole benefit and desire.*

*No other master may spur me on,  
no other thoughts dwell in me,  
no other fire ignites my muse.*

Ma main ne sait cultiver autre nom,  
Et mon papier de nulle ne s'émaille, sinon,  
De leurs beautés que je sens dedans l'âme.

22. Le soir qu'Amour  
vous fit en la salle descendre  
Pour danser d'artifice un beau ballet d'amour,  
Vos yeux, bien qu'il fût nuit, ramenèrent le jour,  
Tant ils surent d'éclairs par la place répandre.

Le ballet fut divin, qui se soulait reprendre,  
Se rompre, se refaire et, tour dessus retour,  
Se mêler, s'écarter, se tourner à l'entour,  
Contre-imitant le cours du fleuve de Méandre.

Ores il était rond, ores long, or' étroit,  
Or' en pointe, en triangle, en la façon qu'on voit  
L'escadron de la grue évitant la froidure.

Je faux, tu ne dansais, mais ton pied voletait  
Sur le haut de la terre: aussi ton corps s'était  
Transformé pour ce soir en divine nature.

**Trois Chants, Op. 98 (1943)**

23. Elle était venue  
*Text by Charles Vildrac (1882–1971)*

24. La citerne des mille colonnes – Yéré Batan  
*Text by Leïla de Dampierre (1891–1955)*

25. La tortue et le lièvre – Fable  
*Text by Charles Sanglier (1875–1963)*

*For German translations visit  
<https://www.resonusclassics.com>*

*My hand is unable to write any other name,  
And my paper knows no embellishment, other than  
of her beauties, which I feel in my soul.*

22. *That night when Cupid  
in the ballroom  
made you dance an artful dance of love,  
your eyes were able to bring daylight back into the night,  
so bright were their rays.*

*It was a divine dance: I watched it resume,  
hesitate, gather itself again and, turn after turn,  
commingle and spread, and wind around,  
imitating the course of Meander's stream.*

*It was by turns long, narrow, sometimes round  
and sometimes pointed in the triangular formation  
of cranes in flight escaping the cold.*

*But I'm wrong, you did not dance: your feet floated  
above the ground: that night  
your body was transformed into a divine being.*

23. *She had descended  
A hardly tangible erotic encounter between a woman  
sitting on the steps and a man who gazes at her with desire.*

24. *The cistern of a thousand columns (The Basilica Cistern)  
A portrait of the underground cathedral of the Basilica  
Cistern in Turkey. Do the columns in the darkness envy  
those outside in the sunlight?*

25. *The Tortoise and the Hare (fable)  
A clumsy dog overhears the famous wager between the  
tortoise and the hare, and waits at the finishing line to  
gobble up the hare. Instead he hurts his teeth on the  
tortoise's shell, prompting the hare to muse on the various  
advantages and disadvantages of winning and losing.*

*English translations and summaries © Edward Rushton 2020*

**Sybille Diethelm, soprano**

Sybille Diethelm studied singing at the Hochschulen in Zurich and Munich and has degrees in Musicology and German Literature. She is a member of the ensemble of the Festival 'Origen' in the Grisons, where she has performed in many music-theatre productions, including world premieres. She can be heard regularly as a concert soloist. She has sung Bach's Passions in Stuttgart under Helmut Rilling and was soloist in Mendelssohn's *Elijah* with Concentus Musicus in the Vienna Musikverein. With her duo partner of over ten years, Fabienne Romer, she specialises in rediscovering and performing forgotten art songs by Swiss composers.

**Annina Haug, mezzo-soprano**

Having commenced her musical studies with the cello, Annina Haug went on to study singing at the Royal Academy of Music, the Lucerne University of Applied Arts, and the Swiss Opera Studio. She is regularly to be heard as a concert soloist, and especially loves singing chamber music, either in a duo with piano, or with her sister, the harpist Meret Eve Haug. Recent operatic roles include Lucretia in *The Rape of Lucretia*, Oreste in *La Belle-Hélène*, Idamante in *Idomeneo*, Melanto in *Il ritorno d'Ulisse*

in patria, Angelica in *La Cenerentola* and Rosina in *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*.

**Nino Aurelio Gmünder, tenor**

Freelance lyric tenor Nino Aurelio Gmünder is a much sought-after concert and opera singer. His broad repertoire encompasses the tenor parts in all the major oratorios, including the *St Matthew* and *St John Passions*, *Christmas Oratorio*, *Messiah*, *The Creation*, *The Seasons*, *Paulus* and *Elijah*, as well as parts in the Italian repertoire such as Puccini's *Messa di Gloria* and Rossini's *Stabat Mater*. Operatic roles have included Tamino and Tito (Mozart), Abu Hassan (Weber) and Eurimaco (Monteverdi). He has sung under conductors such as Thomas Hengelbrock, Ivor Bolton, Hansjörg Albrecht, Howard Griffiths, Howard Arman, Georg Kallweit and many others.

**René Perler, bass-baritone**

René Perler has sung with such conductors as Andrew Parrott, Martin Haselböck, Michel Corboz, Livio Picotti and Hans-Christoph Rademann, in many of Europe's most important venues, including San Marco in Venice, the Cathedrals of Berlin and Malaga, and on tour in Jerusalem, Bethlehem, Nablus and Ramallah. In recitals he has been heard in Wagner's Villa Wahnfried in Bayreuth, in the Richard Strauss Institute in

Garmisch-Partenkirchen and in broadcasts on Swiss Radio. His teachers included Cécile Zay, Jakob Stämpfli, Horst Günter, Rudolf Piernay, László Pólgár and Margreet Honig. He also has degrees in Musicology and History from the University of Fribourg/Freiburg.

**Fabienne Romer, piano**

Fabienne Romer studied with Homero Francesch and Daniel Fueter at the ZHdK, where she graduated with distinction in 2007. Further studies took her to Paris (with Eugen Indiz), Stockholm (with Staffan Scheja) and Munich (with Helmut Deutsch), where she graduated in 2011. In August 2010 she was a finalist in the piano duo category of the ARD Competition in Munich and was awarded the IFP Special Prize for excellent achievement. Fabienne is in demand as a soloist and chamber musician, and one of her special areas of interest is song accompaniment.

**Edward Rushton, piano**

Edward Rushton is in demand throughout Europe as a pianist specialising in chamber music and song. His discography includes albums for Resonus, BIS, Nimbus, Musiques Suisses, and Lyrita. In 2015 he founded the association 'Besuch der Lieder', to perform song recitals in private homes.

He teaches piano accompaniment at the Lucerne University of Applied Arts. For his achievements, Edward was awarded the C.F. Meyer Foundation prize in 2020. Edward is also a composer whose operas have been performed throughout Switzerland, Germany, the UK and in Philadelphia. He has composed over thirty works for voice and piano.





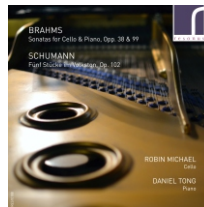
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