

CHANDOS

HORIZONS French Mélodies

Boulanger • Canal • Chrétien • Debussy • Duparc • Polignac • Strohl



KITTY WHATELY

EDWIGE HERCHENRODER



Photograph reprinted in *Comœdia Illustré*, July–August 1920

Marguerite Canal, on the occasion of her receipt of
the Grand Prix de Rome, 1920

Horizons: French Mélodies

Lili Boulanger (1893 – 1918)

- | | |
|---|--|
| <div style="border: 1px solid black; width: 15px; height: 15px; display: flex; align-items: center; justify-content: center; margin: 0 auto;">1</div> | <p>Reflets (1911) 2:50
À M.' et M.^{me} Paul Gentien
Sans lenteur – Plus lent</p> |
| <div style="border: 1px solid black; width: 15px; height: 15px; display: flex; align-items: center; justify-content: center; margin: 0 auto;">2</div> | <p>Attente (1910) 1:58
À Madame J. Montjovet
Assez lent – Animez un peu – Cédez – Cédez –
Un peu moins lent – Élargir – Lent</p> |

Marguerite Canal (1890 – 1978)

première recording

La Flûte de jade (1922) **14:03**

Mélodies chinoises

(Chinese Songs)

Extraites des Cent Mélodies

(From One Hundred Songs)

À Ninon Vallin

- | | | | |
|----------|-----|--|------|
| 3 | I | Narcisses. Lent et expressif | 1:14 |
| 4 | II | Pluie de printemps. Vif avec un sentiment de fraîcheur – [] – Tempo I | 2:06 |
| 5 | III | Vœu. Andante espressivo | 2:08 |
| 6 | IV | Les Trois Princesses. Allegretto con moto | 2:34 |
| 7 | V | La Femme au miroir. Andantino con moto – [] – Tempo I | 1:57 |
| 8 | VI | Inscription sur un tombeau de la Montagne Fou-Kiou. Allegro Moderato | 1:40 |
| 9 | VII | La Promenade attristée.... Andante espressivo | 2:01 |

Achille-Claude Debussy (1862 – 1918)

Trois Chansons de Bilitis (1897 – 98) 9:11 (Three Songs of Bilitis)

- | | | | |
|----|-----|---|------|
| 10 | I | La Flûte de Pan. Lent et sans rigueur de rythme – [] –
A Tempo I – Plus lent – Pressez un peu – A Tempo | 2:48 |
| 11 | II | La Chevelure. Assez lent – Moins lent – En pressant –
A Tempo I – Tempo I, plus lent – Très lent | 3:25 |
| 12 | III | Le Tombeau des Naiades. Très lent | 2:49 |

Armande de Polignac (1876 – 1962)

Songs from 'La Flûte de jade' (1922) 9:32

- | | | | |
|----|-----|--|------|
| 13 | II | Chant d'amour. À Hélène M.-Luquiens. Allegro molto –
Un peu retenu | 2:32 |
| 14 | IV | Nuit d'hiver. À la Comtesse du Boisrouvray. Con moto | 0:58 |
| 15 | V | Li-Si. À Jeanne Bathori. Con moto – Plus vif –
Dans un rythme de valse | 1:40 |
| 16 | VI | Ki-Fong. À la Comtesse du Boisrouvray. Con moto – Très vif –
Très vif | 1:12 |
| 17 | VII | La Rose rouge. À Marguerite Babaïan. Modéré – Plus animé – Lent –
Mouvement initial | 2:53 |

Henri Duparc (1848 – 1933)

- | | |
|--|--|
| <div style="border: 1px solid black; width: 15px; height: 15px; display: flex; align-items: center; justify-content: center; margin: 0 auto;">18</div> | <p>Au pays où se fait la guerre (?1869 – 70) 5:06
in F minor • in f-Moll • en fa mineur
<i>Mélodie</i>
(Song)
for Mezzo-soprano
À Mademoiselle Eugénie Vergin
Andante – Un peu plus vite – Plus vite – Lent –
Reprenez le mouvement [Plus vite] – Tempo I</p> |
| <div style="border: 1px solid black; width: 15px; height: 15px; display: flex; align-items: center; justify-content: center; margin: 0 auto;">19</div> | <p>La Vie antérieure (1884) 4:01
in E flat major • in Es-Dur • en mi bémol majeur
for High Voice
À Monsieur J. Guy Ropartz
Lent et solennel – Un peu plus vite, mais très peu –
Premier Mouvement – [] – Premier Mouvement</p> |

Rita Strohl (1865 – 1941)

Songs from 'Bilitis' (c. 1898)

15:29

Poème en Douze Chants

Extraits des 'Chansons de Bilitis' de Pierre Louÿs

(Poem in Twelve Songs

from the 'Songs of Bilitis' by Pierre Louÿs)

- | | | | |
|------|----|--|------|
| [20] | IV | La Flûte de Pan. Un peu Lent – Mouvement Modéré –
Un peu plus vite – Au Mouvement modéré –
Très doux, avec une tendresse passionnée –
Pressez le Mouvement peu à peu et jusqu'à la fin –
Très vite | 3:16 |
| [21] | V | La Chevelure. Mouvement très Modéré – Très modéré | 3:31 |
| [22] | VI | Roses dans la nuit. Lent. Avec un grand sentiment de calme et
de douceur nocturne – Mystérieusement. Très doux –
Un peu plus de Mouvement | 4:09 |
| [23] | XI | La Nuit. Mouvement Modéré – Un peu plus lent – Plus vite –
Pressez peu à peu jusqu'au Mouvement Suivant – Vite –
Beaucoup moins vite – Reprenez le Mouvement vif | 4:18 |

Hedwige Chrétien (1859 – 1944)

première recording

24

L'Amoureuse des vagues (c. 1902)

3:27

À Mademoiselle Marguerite Bracks

Andantino espressivo – Lento – Più animato –

Tempo I – Più lento

première recording

25

Les Matelots (c. 1887)

3:15

À Madame Rosine Laborde

Moderato – Tempo giusto – Bien rythmé – Tempo più lento –

Tempo I – Maestoso – Animato

première recording

26

Dernier rêve! (c. 1905)

3:24

Andantino con moto – Tempo animato – Tempo I – Più lento

Rita Strohl (1865 – 1941)

27

La Momie (c. 1901)

No. 7 from *Dix Poésies mises en musique*

(Ten Pieces of Poetry Set to Music)

À Mademoiselle Henriette Menjaud

Lent – Un peu moins lent

5:03

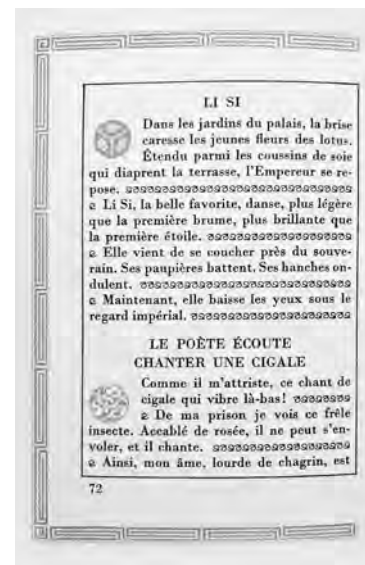
TT 78:06

Kitty Whately mezzo-soprano

Edwige Herchenroder piano



Four pages from Franz Toussaint's 'La Flûte de jade'





Atelier Nadar

Hedwige Chrétien, c. 1890

Horizons: French Mélodies

Introduction

At the turn of the twentieth century, France experienced a surge of national confidence and creativity, driven by burgeoning technological progress, expanding colonial ambitions, and a deepening fascination with its own past. Events such as the 1889 Exposition Universelle, in Paris, broadened both geographical and cultural horizons. The women's movement flourished concurrently, ushering in new – if still unequal – educational and professional opportunities. A generation of artists was soon transforming the landscape in an unusually gender-ambiguous atmosphere, in which the homosexual Oscar Wilde sought refuge in Paris, Colette produced her sensual, playfully feminist prose, Suzanne Valadon painted her heavy-bodied, smoking women, and Marcel Proust and André Gide teased out the complexities of French masculinity.

The composers Lili Boulanger, Marguerite Canal, Claude Debussy, Armande de Polignac, Henri Duparc, Rita Strohl, and Hedwige Chrétien responded distinctively to those forces. Their songs, some of which are gathered here, form a mesh of poetic motifs.

Familiar themes of love and separation are interwoven with glowing new threads: travel – for war, certainly, but also for escape and reinvention –; the East, as alluring and timeless as Ancient Greece; water, as ice, streams, lakes, and oceans; scented flowers, many of eastern origin; and, finally, night, symbolising reverie, voluptuousness, and solitariness. Not all these composers sustained a full composing life; Boulanger died young of tuberculosis, Duparc was silenced by neurasthenia, and the teaching commitments of Canal monopolised her time. But Polignac, Chrétien, and Debussy composed lifelong, while Strohl forged a unique creative path in both words and music.

Boulanger: Reflets; Attente

The gifted Lili Boulanger (1893–1918) died far too young, leaving around sixty works. She studied at the Paris Conservatoire and in 1913, aged nineteen, was the first woman to win the coveted Premier Grand Prix de Rome, blazing the trail for the next generation of women. This all-round musician played various instruments and could also

improvise. Her devoted sister Nadia, who became an epoch-defining composition teacher, faithfully maintained her sister's legacy. Boulanger's songs 'Reflets' and 'Attente' set texts by the Belgian symbolist poet Maurice Maeterlinck; the former expresses an inchoate fear of deep water in a dream, while 'Attente', in return, offers an uneasy peace. Boulanger uses deceptively transparent accompanimental textures to clothe her subtle, allusive harmonies.

Canal: La Flûte de jade

Boulanger's contemporary Marguerite Canal (1890–1978) was born into a music-loving and supportive family. Another Paris Conservatoire student, this gifted singer and pianist chose to dedicate herself to composition. She won the Prix de Rome seven years after Boulanger (the second woman to do so, and one of six women competitors out of twenty-five) and her subsequent stay in Rome was the most productive period of her life. Canal's life was shaped by marriage to – and subsequent divorce from – the cellist Maxime Jamin, who was also Canal's publisher. When the marriage collapsed, Canal lost the rights to her own music for seven years and was forced into a gruelling teaching schedule. However, she refused to conform to social

expectations of women, steadily promoting her music and accompanying her songs in a professional duo with the singer Ninon Vallin. Her songs were often heard alongside those of Fauré, Debussy, and Poulenc.

Canal left a substantial musical legacy, including a 1922 song cycle, *La Flûte de jade*, settings of free translations by the poet Franz Toussaint of Chinese poems from the seventh to the seventeenth centuries. His much-admired adaptations of 'oriental' motifs stretched from the near to the far east. Although Toussaint is usually remembered for his translation of the *Rubaiyat* of Omar Khayyam, *La Flûte de jade* remained in print for decades. In his poetry, we re-encounter poetic motifs from Maeterlinck, but relocated to China. 'Narcisses' is a sumptuously harmonised slow waltz, redolent with the scent of cinnamon, carnations, and the daffodils of the title. We hear the ecstatic shimmer of spring rain in 'Pluie de printemps'. In the gorgeously contoured 'Vœu', the poet implores the scent of plum trees in the night to grant his beloved a dream to inspire her to come to him. Canal's selection then leaves familiar territory; 'Les Trois Princesses' is conspicuously oriental, painting a bleak picture of three princesses who dream of a mysterious island where women might be happy, but end up old and

disappointed, surrounded by the indifferent ocean. Equally unusual is 'La Femme au miroir', in which a naked woman – perhaps a mermaid? – observes herself in a mirror, smiling at a blossom-covered cherry tree. This contrasts with the dramatic 'Inscription sur un tombeau de la Montagne Fou-Kiou', in which a girl implores the Buddhist Virgin to be transformed into a lotus flower, for her beloved to pluck. Canal ends with the magnificent 'La Promenade attristée...', which closes with an unusual vocalise depicting the waterlilies' hymn of love.

Debussy: Trois Chansons de Bilitis

Musical synergies emerge between Canal and Claude Debussy (1862–1918), from whose music she drew inspiration. His *Trois Chansons de Bilitis* were written in 1897–98, settings of poems by his friend Pierre Louÿs, purporting to be translations of verse by a lesbian Greek poetess, 'Bilitis'. However, Bilitis was Louÿs's fabrication, inspired by an encounter with an Algerian courtesan, Meriem ben Atala. The revelation of the fraud did not dent the popularity of Louÿs's poetry; his explorations of women's sexuality remained inspiring for generations. Debussy himself returned to the verses several times. His setting of 'La Flûte de Pan' is rhapsodic, yet its sensuality is understated,

perhaps reflecting Debussy's own complex relationship with women. And although the poetry is set in Ancient Greece, in his harmonies and textures Debussy himself drew on musical *chinoiserie*. 'La Chevelure' steeps us in a world of reversed eroticism, in which the long-haired beloved 'enters into' the poet like a dream. This dreamlike mood is sustained in 'Le Tombeau des Naiades', as the unnamed walker fruitlessly seeks the world of satyrs and nymphs, gazing at the sky through a cracked sheet of ice from a frozen spring.

Polignac: Songs from 'La Flûte de jade'

Debussy's younger contemporary Armande de Polignac (1876–1962) responded to Toussaint's Chinese translations in the same years as Canal. But her cycle *La Flûte de jade* more explicitly traces a Chinese landscape, possibly because she actually travelled in Asia. Arguably the most innovative figure of her generation, Polignac is often overshadowed by her charismatic aunt, Winnaretta Singer (the Princesse de Polignac). However, Polignac was no less remarkable; after studies at the Schola Cantorum, in Paris, she married and had a child, before dedicating her life to composition. As she was a conductor, Polignac generally favoured composition for large ensembles, but this selection from her

cycle shows her equal assurance in smaller forms. The harmonic adventurousness of 'Chant d'amour' perfectly reflects the voyager of the poem. The shimmering accompaniment in the cryptic 'Nuit d'hiver' sketches a frozen night. 'Li-Si' hymns the emperor's favourite concubine, while 'Ki-Fong' is a mischievous reflection in which the poet is distracted from his work by his beautiful surroundings. The closing 'La Rose rouge' presents a beloved who waits, possibly in vain, for the warrior's return.

Duparc: Au pays où se fait la guerre; La Vie antérieure

The waiting beloved is resituated in Europe, in a setting by Henri Duparc (1848–1933), a generation before Polignac. Théophile Gautier's poem 'Au pays où se fait la guerre' describes an absent lover, perhaps a chevalier in a mediaeval crusade. Duparc evokes this historical distance with starkly modal music, which develops textural richness as the speaker's emotions gain in vehemence. Gautier's poetry was celebrated for its fusion of classical beauty and sensuality. Charles Baudelaire's poem 'La Vie antérieure', from the 1857 collection *Les Fleurs du mal*, bears the listener into a remote past. Yet despite his sublime setting of towering pillars overlooking a surging sea, complete with perfume-drenched slaves, Baudelaire's

protagonist nurses a secret grief. This life of sensuous solitude anticipates Des Esseintes, the neurotic 'hero' of Joris-Karl Huysmans's 1884 novel of decadence, *À rebours*. Duparc himself suffered from a mysterious condition which led him to stop composing entirely aged thirty-seven. His main legacy consists of just seventeen songs, characterised by Wagner-tinged expansiveness.

Strohl: Songs from 'Bilitis'

The enigmatic Rita Strohl (1865–1941) was born Aimée Marie-Marguerite Mercédès Rita Larousse-La Villette. A contemporary of Debussy and Chrétiens, Strohl had a conventional middle-class background, marriage, and family, yet forged a radical life from her mid-thirties onwards. She wrote several song cycles at the turn of the century, including settings of 'Bilitis' poems almost exactly contemporaneous with those of Debussy. She, too, was probably unaware of Louÿs's skilful invention. Like Canal, Strohl was a fine pianist who accompanied her own songs. Later on, she increasingly composed symphonic works connected with nature, drawing on Christian, Celtic, and Hindu mysticism. She rejected gendered expectations even more determinedly than Canal, and remained a prolific and outspoken composer and writer.

Strohl responds to the understated eroticism of Louÿs's 'La Flûte de Pan' with tremendous variety across the four phrases of the poem, starting with the bare opening flute line – a texture which holds the cycle together. Her 'La Chevelure' has an intense, processional quality, prolonged in a piano postlude which concludes in contented certainty. The lilting opening of 'Roses dans la nuit' signals nightfall, when a pair of lovers walk together until they arrive at a scented rosebush, prompting Strohl to a pulsing accompaniment and lavish melody. The piano adopts a harp-like sonority as the poet wonders at the divine scent. 'La Nuit' describes how Bilitis and her lover relinquish themselves to nocturnal pleasure, halted only by unwelcome daylight.

Chrétien: L'Amoureuse des vagues; Les Matelots; Dernier rêve!

Hedwige Chrétien (1859 – 1944) was one of a few women who, following studies at the Paris Conservatoire, composed steadily throughout marriage and motherhood. She left approximately 250 works, including more than seventy *mélodies*. The three songs presented here offer more literal, guileless accounts of seafaring. 'L'Amoureuse des vagues', by 'Ludovic Fortolis' (the pseudonym of Louis-Alexandre Fortoul), offers the perspective

of one whose sea-obsessed beloved has departed, recalling Duparc and Polignac. 'Les Matelots' transposes this theme in the words of Gautier, a rocking melody of sailors whose world-spanning journeys across infinite oceans can ease their longing for mothers and sweethearts. 'Dernier rêve!', also by Fortolis, presents a contrasting perspective, in which two lovers float in a boat on a tranquil sea.

Strohl: La Momie

The album closes with 'La Momie', a setting by Strohl of a text by her acquaintance Achille Segard. The first composer to set his verses, Strohl was praised for her sensitive approach to text-setting. The poem recalls the excavations of tombs carried out in those years – here revealing a girl's slender corpse. The poet weeps for this desecration, hinting at the darker consequences of colonial rapaciousness, in a hypnotic, low-pitched setting. A final flute-like melody draws the listener towards distant horizons. The song closes with an enigmatic postlude.

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The mezzo-soprano **Kitty Whately** trained at Chetham's School of Music, the Guildhall School of Music and Drama, and the International Opera School of the Royal

College of Music. Having won both the Kathleen Ferrier Award and Royal Overseas League Award in the same year, she attended the prestigious Academy of the Verbier Festival. As a BBC New Generation Artist from 2013 to 2015 she made recordings with the BBC orchestras, commissioned a new song cycle from Jonathan Dove, and made several appearances at the BBC Proms. On the operatic stage she has recently sung Michelle (Mark-Anthony Turnage's *Festen*) at The Royal Opera, Covent Garden, Isabelle in Missy Mazzoli's one-woman opera *Song from the Uproar* with the BBC Symphony Orchestra at the Barbican, Poppea (*L'incoronazione di Poppea*) and Nancy (*Albert Herring*) at The Grange Festival, Suzuki (*Madama Butterfly*) and Kate (*Owen Wingrave*) at Grange Park Opera, Jocasta (*Oedipus rex*), Hansel (*Hansel and Gretel*), and Donna Elvira (*Don Giovanni*) at Scottish Opera, and Dorabella (*Così fan tutte*), Rosina (*Il barbiere di Siviglia*), Stewardess (*Flight*), and Meg (*Little Women*) at Opera Holland Park. She has also performed Isabella (Bernard Herrmann's *Wuthering Heights*) at Opéra national de Lorraine, in Nancy, Paquette (*Candide*) at Bergen Nasjonale Opera and The Grange Festival, Mother / Other Mother in the world première of Mark-Anthony Turnage's *Coraline*, with The Royal Opera

at the Barbican, and Hermia (*A Midsummer Night's Dream*) at Opéra de Rouen, Festival d'Aix-en-Provence, and in Bergen and Beijing. She has also sung Dog / Forester's Wife / Woodpecker / Owl (*The Cunning Little Vixen*) with the City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra in Birmingham, Paris, Hamburg, and Dortmund, and appeared in Vasco Mendonça's *The House Taken Over* in Antwerp, Strasbourg, Luxembourg, Bruges, and Lisbon. In high demand as a recitalist and concert artist, she made her début with the Berliner Philharmoniker singing Mendelssohn's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and has sung with most of the UK's major orchestras, in a repertoire including Mozart's Requiem, Elgar's *The Dream of Gerontius*, De Falla's *El sombrero de tres picos*, Ravel's *Shéhérazade*, Canteloube's *Chants d'Auvergne*, and Mahler's *Das Lied von der Erde*. She has given recitals at Wigmore Hall and the Edinburgh, Cheltenham, Leeds Lieder, Oxford Lieder, and Buxton festivals. Kitty Whately is co-founder of the charity SWAP'ra (Supporting Women and Parents in Opera) and is passionate about championing the vocal work of women composers.

Having graduated from the École Normale de musique de Paris Alfred Cortot and Conservatoire de Paris, where she studied

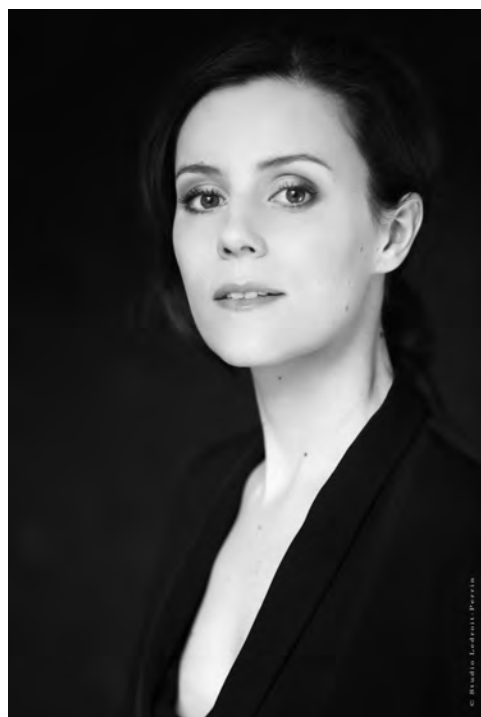
with Eric Vidonne, the French pianist **Edwige Herchenroder** completed a postgraduate programme at the Royal Academy of Music, London, with Malcolm Martineau and Audrey Hyland. She has also been mentored by Graham Johnson, Christopher Glynn, Julius Drake, Roger Vignoles, Jonathan Papp, David Selig, and Helmut Deutsch, and participated in master-classes with Natalie Dessay, Ann Murray, Joan Rodgers, Patricia MacMahon, Barbara Bonney, Angelika Kirchschrager, Sarah Walker, Pamela Bullock, Leontina Văduva, Dawn Upshaw, Robin Bowman, Sir Thomas Allen, Jean-Philippe Lafont, Laurent Naouri, and Anthony Legge. She is laureate of the Fondation Royaumont, a scholar of the Georg Solti Accademia di bel canto, an accompanist at the Young Songmakers' Almanach, a Samling Artist, and Britten Pears Young Artist. She was awarded First Prize at the 2011 Oxford Lieder Young Artists' Platform and held a 2011/2012 Hodgson Fellowship at the Royal Academy of Music, during which time, together with the Institut français du Royaume-Uni, she devised a concert series of French songs. She has made recent

recital appearances at the Philharmonie de Paris, Festival d'Aix, Petit Palais, Paris, Opéra de Lille, Les Grands Interprètes, Toulouse, Fondation Royaumont, Oxford International Song Festival, St John's Smith Square, London, Institut français du Royaume-Uni, London, Victoria and Albert Museum, London, Reykjavik radio, and Istanbul University. She is an HSBC Pianist Laureate of the Festival d'Aix, where from 2013 to 2018 she performed a series of recitals, including a night of the complete *mélodies* by Duparc and a recital centred round Shakespeare with the mezzo-soprano Kitty Whately and actress Dominique Blanc. She shared her CD début in 2015 with the tenor Rupert Charlesworth in a recital entitled *Nocturnes*. A specialist in French coaching, she has worked with The Royal Ballet, Covent Garden, Teatro Regio di Parma, Teatro Regio di Torino, and international festival Donizetti Opera, in Bergamo. Edwige Herchenroder is an Associate of the Royal Academy of Music and a professor at the École Normale de musique, where she teaches singers French diction and coaches students in the study of operatic roles.



Sara Porter

Kitty Whately



Edwige Fenech

1 Reflets

Sous l'eau du songe qui s'élève,
Mon âme a peur, mon âme a peur!
Et la lune luit dans mon cœur,
Plongé dans les sources du rêve.

Sous l'ennui morne des roseaux,
Seuls les reflets profonds des choses,
Des lys, des palmes et des roses,
Pleurent encore au fond des eaux.

Les fleurs s'effeuillent une à une
Sur le reflet du firmament,
Pour descendre éternellement
Sous l'eau du songe et dans la lune.

from *Serres chaudes* (1889)
Maurice Maeterlinck (1862–1949)

2 Attente

Mon âme a joint ses mains étranges
À l'horizon de mes regards;
Exaucez mes rêves épars
Entre les lèvres de vos anges!

En attendant sous mes yeux las,
Et sa bouche ouverte aux prières
Éteintes entre mes paupières
Et dont les lys n'éclosent pas;

Elle apaise au fond de mes songes,
Ses seins effeuillés sous mes cils,

Reflections

Beneath the water of the dream that rises,
My soul is afraid, my soul is afraid!
And the moon shines into my heart
That is bathed in the spring of the dream.

Beneath the sad tedium of the reeds,
Only the deep reflection of things,
Of lilies, of palms, and of roses,
Still weep on the water's bed.

The flowers shed their petals one by one
Upon the reflection of the firmament,
To descend, eternally,
Beneath the dream's water and into the moon.

Translation © Richard Stokes,
from *A French Song Companion* (Oxford, 2000)

Expectation

My soul has folded its strange hands
On the horizon of my gaze;
Satisfy my scattered dreams
Between the lips of your angels!

Waiting beneath my weary eyes,
Its mouth open in prayers
Extinguished behind my eyelids
And whose lilies never open;

My soul brings peace to the depths of my
dreams,
Its breasts bared beneath my lashes

Et ses yeux clignent aux périls
Éveillés au fil des mensonges.

from *Serres chaudes*
Maurice Maeterlinck

And its eyes blink at the perils
Awoken through the thread of lies.

Translation © Richard Stokes,
from *A French Song Companion* (Oxford, 2000)

La Flûte de jade

3

I. Narcisses

Narcisses fanés, qui flottez sur la rivière,
si vous voyez à Tienn-ouan, une jeune fille
rêveuse sous un cannelier qui a fleuri deux
fois depuis notre premier baiser, dites-lui
que je respire un œillet pour me rappeler son
parfum...

'Narcisses...'
Franz Toussaint (1879 – 1955)
after French translation from the Chinese:
Tsao-Chang-Ling (1719 – 1763)

The Jade Flute

I. Daffodils

Wilted daffodils, floating on the river, if you
see, in Tienn-quan, a young girl dreaming
under a cinnamon tree which has blossomed
twice since our first kiss, tell her that I breathe
the scent of a carnation in order to recall her
perfume...

Translation: Chandos Records Ltd

4

II. Pluie de printemps

Elle est venue, cette nuit, amenée par un
vent propice! Elle est venue ranimer les
jardins, la bonne petite pluie qui sait toujours
quand la nature a besoin d'elle. Discrète,
appliquée, silencieuse, elle a mouillé toutes
choses, finement.

Hier soir, des nuages avaient envahi le
ciel. L'obscurité était effrayante. Comme
d'immenses yeux de fauves, les fanals des
barques luisaient.

II. Spring Rain

It has come, this night, brought by a
propitious wind! It has come to reinvigorate
the gardens, the lovely light rain which always
knows when nature has need of it. Discreet,
diligent, silent, it has moistened everything,
delicately.

Last night, clouds invaded the sky. The
darkness was frightening. Like the enormous
eyes of wild beasts, the ship lanterns shone.

Ce matin, dans une chaude lumière, éclatent
les couleurs du jardin bien lavé. Je contemple
ses fleurs, qui me font évoquer le parc
impérial où je me promenais, jadis.

Franz Toussaint
after French translation from the Chinese:
Tsao-Chang-Ling

This morning, in a warm light, burst forth
the colours of the well-washed garden. I
contemplate these flowers, which evoke to
me the imperial park where, once, I strolled.

Translation: Chandos Records Ltd

5 III. Vœu

Nuit tiède, clair de lune, parfum des pruniers,
donnez à ma bien-aimée un rêve délicieux!

Faites qu'elle soit impatiente de me revoir
et, qu'à l'aube, elle vienne frapper à ma porte!

Parfum des pruniers, nuit tiède, clair de lune,
je saurai, par ses caresses, si vous m'avez
entendu...

Franz Toussaint
after French translation from the Chinese:
Tsao-Chang-Ling

III. Vow

Warm night, moonlight, fragrance of plum
trees, grant my beloved a delicious dream!

Make her impatient to see me again and that,
at dawn, she comes knocking at my door!

Fragrance of plum trees, warm night,
moonlight, I shall know, by her caresses,
whether you heard me...

Translation: Chandos Records Ltd

6 IV. Les Trois Princesses

Au pays de Sim, trois princesses, jeunes et
belles, sont assises sur une plage blanche.
Elles cherchent, du regard, une nef qui les
emmènerait, très loin, vers une île qui doit
exister, où les femmes sont heureuses. La
mer est bleue.

IV. The Three Princesses

In the country of Sim, three princesses, young
and beautiful, are seated on a white beach.
They seek the sight of a ship that will carry
them away, very far away, to an island that
should exist, where women are happy. The
ocean is blue.

Au pays de Sim, trois princesses, qui ne sont plus jeunes et belles, pleurent, debout, sur une plage blanche. La mer est bleue.

Au pays de Sim, trois princesses, vieilles et sans voix, sont accroupies sur une plage blanche. Elles jouent avec le sable et s'en inondent les cheveux, croyant que les grains de sable sont des fleurs. La mer est bleue.

'Trois Princesses'
Franz Toussaint
after French translation from the Chinese:
Tsao-Chang-Ling

In the country of Sim, three princesses, who are no longer young and beautiful, stand weeping on a white beach. The ocean is blue.

In the country of Sim, three princesses, old and voiceless, sit crouching on a white beach. They play with the sand, and inundate their hair with it, believing the grains of sand to be flowers. The ocean is blue.

Translation: Chandos Records Ltd

7 V. La Femme au miroir

Dans le clair de lune, elle est debout, immobile, devant son miroir.

Comme un long coquillage recouvert d'algues, elle n'est vêtue que de sa chevelure éparse.

Elle vient de tourner la tête. Elle sourit à une branche de cerisier en fleurs, dont se détachent des pétales qui tournoient lentement.

Franz Toussaint
after French translation from the Chinese:
Tsao-Chang-Ling

V. The Woman in the Mirror

In the light of the moon, she stands, motionless, in front of her mirror.

Like a long seashell, covered in seaweed, she is dressed in nothing except her sparse hair.

She turns her head. She smiles at a branch of a cherry tree in bloom, from which petals detach themselves, and slowly turn in circles.

Translation: Chandos Records Ltd

8 VI. Inscription sur un tombeau de la Montagne Fou-Kiou
Prosternée devant la vierge bouddhiste, si pitoyable aux malheureux, je ne lui demande pas de me faire renaitre ou de me garder dans le Paradis, mais je la supplie de laisser tomber sur ma tête une des gouttes de rosée qui tremblent au bout de sa branche de saule, afin que je devienne un lotus, qu'il cueillera peut-être.

Franz Toussaint
after French translation from the Chinese:
Tsao-Chang-Ling

9 VII. La Promenade attristée...
Le lac Nann-hou berce la lune d'automne qui se reflète dans l'eau verte.

Le bruit de mes rames a interrompu l'hymne d'amour que les nénuphars chantaient à la lune.

Ah!

'La Promenade attristée'
Franz Toussaint
after French translation from the Chinese:
Tsao-Chang-Ling

VI. Inscription on a Tomb on Mount Fou-Kiou
Prostrated before the Buddhist Virgin, so full of pity for the unfortunate, I do not ask her to give me a new birth or to protect me in Paradise, but I pleaded with her to let fall on my head one of the dewdrops that tremble at the end of her willow branch, that I may become a lotus flower, that he will pluck, perhaps.

Translation: Chandos Records Ltd

VII. The Sorrowful Walk...
Lake Nann-hou cradles the autumn moon, which is reflected in the green water.

The sound of my oars has interrupted the hymn of love which the waterlilies sang to the moon.

Ah!

Translation: Chandos Records Ltd

Trois Chansons de Bilitis

10 I. La Flûte de Pan

Pour le jour des Hyacinthies, il m'a donné une
syrinx faite de roseaux bien taillés, unis avec
la blanche cire qui est douce à mes lèvres
comme le miel.

Il m'apprend à jouer, assise sur ses genoux;
mais je suis un peu tremblante. Il en joue
après moi, si doucement que je l'entends
à peine.

Nous n'avons rien à nous dire, tant nous
sommes près l'un de l'autre; mais nos
chansons veulent se répondre, et tour à tour
nos bouches s'unissent sur la flûte.

Il est tard, voici le chant des grenouilles
vertes qui commence avec la nuit. Ma
mère ne croira jamais que je suis restée si
longtemps à chercher ma ceinture perdue.

(1894)

from *Les Chansons de Bilitis* (1897)

Pierre Louÿs (Pierre-Félix Louis) (1870 – 1925)

11 II. La Chevelure

Il m'a dit: "Cette nuit, j'ai rêvé. J'avais ta
chevelure autour de mon cou. J'avais tes
cheveux comme un collier noir autour de ma
nuque et sur ma poitrine.

Three Songs of Bilitis

I. The Flute of Pan

For Hyacinthus Day he gave me a syrinx made
of carefully cut reeds, bonded with white wax
which tastes sweet to my lips, like honey.

He teaches me to play, as I sit on his lap; but
I am a little fearful. He plays it after me, so
softly that I scarcely hear him.

We have nothing to say to each other, so
close are we one to the other; but our songs
try to answer each other, and in turn our
mouths join on the flute.

It is late, hear the song of the green frogs,
which begins with the night. My mother will
never believe that I stayed out so long to look
for my lost sash.

Translation © Richard Stokes,

from *A French Song Companion* (Oxford, 2000)

II. The Tresses of Hair

He said to me: 'Last night I dreamed. I had your
tresses around my neck. I had your hair like
a black necklace all round my nape and over
my breast.

"Je les caressais; et c'étaient les miens; et nous étions liés pour toujours ainsi, par la même chevelure la bouche sur la bouche, ainsi que deux lauriers n'ont souvent qu'une racine.

"Et peu à peu, il m'a semblé, tant nos membres étaient confondus, que je devenais toi-même ou que tu entrais en moi comme mon songe."

Quand il eut achevé, il mit doucement ses mains sur mes épaules, et il me regarda d'un regard si tendre, que je baissai les yeux avec un frisson.

from *Les Chansons de Bilitis*
Pierre Louÿs (Pierre-Félix Louis)

'I caressed them; and they were mine; and we were united thus for ever by the same tresses, mouth on mouth, just as two laurels often share one root.

'And gradually, it seemed to me, so our limbs were intertwined, that I was becoming you, or as though you were entering into me like my dream.'

When he had finished, he gently placed his hands on my shoulders, and he gazed at me with a look so tender that I lowered my eyes with a shiver.

Translation © Richard Stokes,
from *A French Song Companion* (Oxford, 2000)

12 III. Le Tombeau des Naiades

Le long du bois couvert de givre, je marchais; mes cheveux devant ma bouche se fleurissaient de petits glaçons, et mes sandales étaient lourdes de neige fangeuse et tassée.

Il me dit: "Que cherches-tu?" – "Je suis la trace du satyre. Ses petits pas fourchus alternent comme des trous dans un manteau blanc." Il me dit: "Les satyres sont morts.

"Les satyres et les nymphes aussi. Depuis trente ans il n'a pas fait un hiver aussi terrible. La trace que tu vois est celle d'un bouc. Mais restons ici, où est leur tombeau."

III. The Tomb of the Naiads

All through the frost-covered wood, I walked; the hair in front of my mouth blossomed with little icicles, and my sandals were heavy with snow, muddy and packed.

He said to me: 'What are you seeking?' – 'I follow the track of the satyr. His little forked steps alternate like little holes in a white coat.' He said to me: 'The satyrs are dead.

'The satyrs, and the nymphs, too. For thirty years there has not been a winter so terrible. The track that you see is that of a billy goat. But let us stay here, the site of their tomb.'

Et avec le fer de sa houe il cassa la glace de
la source où jadis riaient les naïades. Il prenait
de grands morceaux froids, et, les soulevant
vers le ciel pâle, il regardait au travers.

from *Les Chansons de Bilitis*
Pierre Louÿs (Pierre-Félix Louis)

La Flûte de jade

13 II. Chant d'amour

Tes mains sont deux fleurs de lann. Tes pieds
sont deux bourgeons de fleurs de magnolia.
Tes joues sont deux tulipes. Ta bouche est
une goutte de corail. Tes seins sont deux
oranges de Kiang-ngann. Ton parfum est celui
du printemps.

Ta voix est plus séduisante que le chant de
la brise dans les saules qui reverdissent. Ton
haleine est plus grisante que l'odeur d'une
pagode où brûlent des aromates.

Tu es plus belle qu'une fleur d'abricotier
arrosée de lune. Tu es toutes les fleurs, tous
les parfums. Tu es la splendeur du monde.

Lorsque je pense à toi, je n'envie plus les Dieux.

Franz Toussaint
after Chen-Teuop-Tsan (1598 - 1645)
after French translation from the Chinese:
Tsao-Chang-Ling

And with the iron of his hoe, he cracked the
ice of the spring where naiads once laughed.
He took large frozen pieces, and, raising them
towards the pale sky, he looked through them.

Translation: Chandos Records Ltd

The Jade Flute

II. Love Song

Your hands are two flowers of lann. Your
feet are two buds of magnolia blossoms.
Your cheeks are two tulips. Your mouth is a
drop of coral. Your breasts are two oranges
from Kiang-ngann. Your perfume is that of
springtime.

Your voice is more seductive than the song
of the breeze in the greening willows. Your
breath is more exhilarating than the fragrance
of a pagoda where spices burn.

You are more beautiful than an apricot
blossom sprinkled by moonlight. You are all
flowers, all perfumes. You are the splendour
of the world.

When I think of you, I no longer envy the gods.

Translation: Chandos Records Ltd

14

IV. Nuit d'hiver

Les craquements des bambous
m'apprennent qu'il neige.

Franz Toussaint
after Pe-Yu-Ki (1621 – 1693)

after French translation from the Chinese:
Tsao-Chang-Ling

IV. Winter Night

The crackling of the bamboo tells me that it
is snowing.

Translation: Chandos Records Ltd

15

V. Li-Si

Dans les jardins du palais, la brise caresse
les jeunes fleurs des lotus. Étendu parmi les
coussins de soie qui diaprent la terrasse,
l'Empereur se repose.

Li-Si, la belle favorite, danse, plus légère que
la première écharpe de brume, plus brillante
que la première étoile.

Elle vient de se coucher près du souverain.
Ses paupières battent. Ses hanches
ondulent.

Maintenant, elle baisse les yeux sous le
regard impérial.

'Li Si'
Franz Toussaint
after Li-Tai-Po (701 – 762)
after French translation from the Chinese:
Tsao-Chang-Ling

V. Li-Si

In the gardens of the palace, the breeze
caresses the young lotus flowers. Stretched
out among the silken cushions which mottle
the terrace the Emperor reposes.

Li-Si, the beautiful favourite, dances, lighter
than the first veil of fog, brighter than the
first star.

She has just lain down next to the sovereign.
Her eyelids flutter. Her hips sway.

Now she lowers her eyes under the imperial
gaze.

Translation: Chandos Records Ltd

16

VI. Ki-Fong

La brise vient d'accourir. Cet arbre a des frissons de jeune fille amoureuse. Des poissons luisants sautent à la surface du lac. Des pétales de lotus vont à la dérive, avec des équipages de papillons.

Je me demande si ma femme se doute que je ne suis pas à mes affaires...

'Ki Fong'

Franz Toussaint

after Tschang-So-Su (1428 – 1473)

after French translation from the Chinese:

Tsao-Chang-Ling

VI. Ki-Fong

The breeze has just risen. This tree trembles like a young girl in love. Gleaming fish leap on the surface of the lake. Lotus leaves are set adrift with equipages of butterflies.

I wonder if my wife doubts whether I am not up to something...

Translation: Chandos Records Ltd

17

VII. La Rose rouge

L'épouse d'un guerrier est assise près de sa fenêtre. Le cœur lourd, elle brode une rose blanche sur un coussin de soie. Elle s'est piqué le doigt! Son sang coule sur la rose blanche, qui devient une rose rouge.

Sa pensée va retrouver son bien-aimé qui est à la guerre et dont le sang rougit peut-être la neige.

Elle entend le galop d'un cheval... Son bien-aimé arrive-t-il, enfin? Ce n'est que son cœur qui bat à grands coups dans sa poitrine...

VII. The Red Rose

The wife of a warrior is seated near her window. With a heavy heart, she embroiders a white rose on a silk cushion. She has pricked her finger! Her blood runs onto the white rose, which becomes a red rose.

Her thoughts go seeking her beloved who is at war and whose blood perhaps reddens the snow.

She hears the gallop of a horse... Is her beloved at last arriving? It is nothing but her heart, which beats heavily in her breast...

Elle se penche davantage sur le coussin, et
elle brode d'argent ses larmes qui entourent
la rose rouge.

Franz Toussaint
after Li-Tai-Po
after French translation from the Chinese:
Tsao-Chang-Ling

She bends further over the cushion, and she
embroiders in silver her tears which encircle
the red rose.

Translation: Chandos Records Ltd

18 Au pays où se fait la guerre

I

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.

II

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

To the land where there is war

I

To the land where there is war
My handsome lover has gone;
It seems to my desolate heart
That I alone am left on earth!
When we parted, with a farewell kiss,
He took my soul from my lips.
Who detains him so long, my God!
See, the sun is setting,
And I, all alone in my tower,
Still await his return.

II

The pigeons on the roof are cooing,
Cooing lovingly,
With a sound both sad and enchanting;
The waters beneath the tall willows flow.
I am near to weeping;
My heart, like a full-blown lily, overflows,
And I dare no longer hope.
See, the white moon is shining,
And I, all alone in my tower,
Still await his return.

III

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.

'Romance' (1838),
in *La Comédie de la mort* (1838)
Pierre-Jules-Théophile Gautier (1811 – 1872)

III

Someone is bounding up the stairs:
Could it be he, my sweet lover?
It is not he, but only
My little page with my lamp.
Evening breezes, take wing, tell him
That he is my thought and my dream,
All my joy and my sorrow.
See, the dawn is breaking,
And I, all alone in my tower,
Still await his return.

Translation © Richard Stokes,
from *A French Song Companion* (Oxford, 2000)

19 La Vie antérieure

J'ai longtemps habité sous de vastes
portiques
Que les soleils marins teignaient de mille
feux,
Et que leurs grands piliers, droits et
majestueux,
Rendaient pareils, le soir, aux grottes
basaltiques.

Les houles, en roulant les images des cieux,
Mêlaient d'une façon solennelle et mystique
Les tout-puissants accords de leur riche
musique
Aux couleurs du couchant reflété par mes
yeux.

A Previous Life

For long I lived beneath vast colonnades
Which ocean suns tinged with a thousand
fires,
And the giant pillars of which, straight and
majestic,
Made them look, at evening, like basalt caves.

The sea-swells, mingling the mirrored skies,
Interwove solemnly and mystically
The mighty chords of their mellow music
With the colours of the sunset reflected in
my eyes.

C'est là que j'ai vécu dans les voluptés
calmes,
Au milieu de l'azur, des vagues, des
splendeurs
Et des esclaves nus, tout imprégnés
d'odeurs,

Qui me rafraîchissaient le front avec des
palmes,
Et dont l'unique soin était d'approfondir
Le secret douloureux qui me faisait languir.

No. 12 from 1. 'Spleen et Idéal',
in *Les Fleurs du mal* (1857)
Charles Baudelaire (1821–1867)

It is there that I have lived in sensuous repose,
Surrounded by blue sky, waves, and
brightness,
And naked slaves, all drenched in perfume,

Who fanned my brow with fronds of palm,
And whose only care was to fathom
The secret grief which made me languish.

Translation © Richard Stokes,
from *A French Song Companion* (Oxford, 2000)

Bilitis, Poème en Douze Chants

20

IV. La Flûte de Pan

Pour le jour des Hyacinthies, il m'a donné une
syrinx faite de roseaux bien taillés, unis avec
la blanche cire qui est douce à mes lèvres
comme du miel.

Il m'apprend à jouer, assise sur ses genoux;
mais je suis un peu tremblante. Il en joue
après moi, si doucement que je l'entends
à peine.

Nous n'avons rien à nous dire, tant nous
sommes près l'un de l'autre; mais nos
chansons veulent se répondre, et tour à tour
nos bouches s'unissent sur la flûte.

Bilitis, Poem in Twelve Songs

IV. The Flute of Pan

For Hyacinthus Day he gave me a syrinx made
of carefully cut reeds, bonded with white wax
which tastes sweet to my lips, like honey.

He teaches me to play, as I sit on his lap; but
I am a little fearful. He plays it after me, so
softly that I scarcely hear him.

We have nothing to say to each other, so
close are we one to the other; but our songs
try to answer each other, and in turn our
mouths join on the flute.

Il est tard, voici le chant des grenouilles
vertes qui commence avec la nuit. Ma
mère ne croira jamais que je suis restée si
longtemps à chercher ma ceinture perdue.

(1894)

from *Les Chansons de Blittis*
Pierre Louÿs (Pierre-Félix Louis)

21 V. La Chevelure

Il m'a dit: "Cette nuit, j'ai rêvé. J'avais ta
chevelure autour de mon cou. J'avais tes
cheveux comme un collier noir autour de ma
nuque et sur ma poitrine.

"Je les caressais; et c'étaient les miens; et
nous étions liés pour toujours ainsi, par la
même chevelure la bouche sur la bouche,
ainsi que deux lauriers n'ont souvent qu'une
racine.

"Et peu à peu, il m'a semblé, tant nos
membres étaient confondus, que je devenais
toi-même ou que tu entrais en moi comme
mon songe."

Quand il eut achevé, il mit doucement ses
mains sur mes épaules, et il me regarda d'un
regard si tendre, que je baissai les yeux avec
un frisson.

from *Les Chansons de Blittis*
Pierre Louÿs (Pierre-Félix Louis)

It is late, hear the song of the green frogs,
which begins with the night. My mother will
never believe that I stayed out so long to look
for my lost sash.

Translation © Richard Stokes,
from *A French Song Companion* (Oxford, 2000)

V. The Tresses of Hair

He said to me: 'Last night I dreamed. I had your
tresses around my neck. I had your hair like
a black necklace all round my nape and over
my breast.

'I caressed them; and they were mine; and
we were united thus for ever by the same
tresses, mouth on mouth, just as two laurels
often share one root.

'And gradually, it seemed to me, so our limbs
were intertwined, that I was becoming you,
or as though you were entering into me like
my dream.'

When he had finished, he gently placed his
hands on my shoulders, and he gazed at me
with a look so tender that I lowered my eyes
with a shiver.

Translation © Richard Stokes,
from *A French Song Companion* (Oxford, 2000)

22

VI. Roses dans la nuit

Dès que la nuit monte au ciel, le monde est à nous, et aux dieux. Nous allons des champs à la source, des bois obscurs aux clairières, où nous mènent nos pieds nus.

Les petites étoiles brillent assez pour les petites ombres que nous sommes. Quelquefois, sous les branches basses, nous trouvons des biches endormies.

Mais plus charmant la nuit que toute autre chose, il est un lieu connu de nous seuls et qui nous attire à travers la forêt: un buisson de roses mystérieuses.

Car rien n'est divin sur la terre à l'égal du parfum des roses dans la nuit. Comment se fait-il qu'au temps où j'étais seule je ne m'en sentais pas enivrée?

from *Les Chansons de Bilitis*
Pierre Louÿs (Pierre-Félix Louis)

VI. Roses in the Night

As soon as night rises into the sky, the world belongs to us, and to the gods. We walk from the fields to the spring, from dark woods to clearings, to which our naked feet lead us.

The little stars glimmer brightly enough for the little shadows that we are. Now and then, under low branches, we find deer fast asleep.

But more charming at night than all other things, there is a place known only to us and which draws us from across the forest: a bush of mysterious roses.

For there is nothing divine on earth to equal the fragrance of roses in the night. How can it be that when I was alone, I did not feel myself intoxicated by it?

Translation: Chandos Records Ltd

23

XI. La Nuit

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

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

XI. Night

It is I who now seek him. Every night, very quietly, I leave the house, and I walk the long way to his garden, to watch him sleep.

Sometimes I stay for a long time without speaking, happy simply to watch him, and with my lips I approach his, only to kiss his breath.

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

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

(1894)

from *Les Chansons de Bilitis*
Pierre Louÿs (Pierre-Félix Louis)

24 L'Amoureuse des vagues

Vous adorez la Mer et la Mer en vos yeux,
Par un beau soir d'automne a mis ses reflets
vagues,
Vous adorez la Mer qui, jusqu'au fond des
cieux,
Prolonge les baisers amoureux de ses
vagues.

Comme vous, près des flots onduleux et
grondeurs,
J'ai souvent évoqué de fantasques chimères,
Mais ainsi que les pleurs, les lames sont
amères
Et le regard s'attriste à leurs molles
splendeurs.

Then, suddenly, I lie down on top of him. He awakes in my arms, and he is not able to rise for I struggle against him! He concedes, and laughs, and embraces me. Thus, we play through the night.

...First break of day, O wicked light, you already? In what lair, forever nocturnal, in what subterranean garden may we make love so long that we lose all memory of you...

Translation: Chandos Records Ltd

The Lover of Waves

You love the Sea, and on a beautiful autumn evening
The Sea places its vague reflections in your eyes,
You love the Sea which, to the depths of the heavens,
Prolongs the loving kisses of its waves.

Like you, close to the undulating, groaning waves,
I have often evoked fantastical chimeras,
But just like the rain, the tears are bitter
And the gaze grows sad at their soft splendour.

Désormais, quand j'irai promener sur la grève
La tristesse autrefois sans cause de mon
rêve,
Je vous verrai, parmi les airs silencieux,

Écouter tendrement, les paupières baissées,
Cet aveu qui revient à mes lèvres grisées:
Vous adorez la Mer et j'adore vos yeux!

Ludovic Fortolis (Louis-Alexandre Fortoul) (1870 – 1948)

Henceforth, when I go strolling on the shore,
Not knowing the source of my sad dreams,
I shall see you, amidst the silent air,

Listening tenderly, your eyelids lowered,
To this confession which returns to my grey lips:
You love the Sea, and I love your eyes!

Translation: Chandos Records Ltd

25 Les Matelots

Sur l'eau bleue et profonde
Nous allons voyageant,
Environnant le monde
D'un sillage d'argent,
Des îles de la Sonde,
De l'Inde au ciel brûlé,
Jusqu'au pôle gelé...

Nous pensons à la terre
Que nous fuyons toujours,
À notre vieille mère,
À nos jeunes amours;
Mais la vague légère
Avec son doux refrain
Endort notre chagrin.

Existence sublime!
Bercés par notre nid,
Nous vivons sur l'abîme
Au sein de l'infini;
Des flots rasant la cime,

The Sailors

On the waters, blue and deep,
We go travelling,
Circling the earth
With a trail of silver,
From the Sunda Islands,
From India under the burning sky,
All the way to the frozen pole...

We think of the land
Which we forever flee,
Of our old mother,
Of our young loves;
But the gentle wave
With its soft refrain
Puts our sorrow to sleep.

Sublime existence!
Cradled by our nest,
We live over the abyss
In the bosom of infinity;
Waves skimming the sky,

Dans le grand désert bleu
Nous marchons avec Dieu!

(1841),
in *Poésies diverses 1838 – 1845*
Pierre-Jules-Théophile Gautier

In the great blue desert
We walk with God!

Translation:
Chandos Records Ltd

26 Dernier rêve!

Au bruit mouillé du flot qui pleure,
La barque flotte au gré du vent.
Un souffle léger nous effleure,
Tandis que nous allons rêvant,
Au bruit mouillé du vent qui pleure.

Laisse, mon adoré, laisse sur ton épaule
Ma tête reposer en un mol abandon.
Tu chanteras pour moi la romance du Saule
Et je m'endormirai dans un dernier frisson.

À voir mes grands yeux clos me crois-tu
déjà morte
Que ton cœur tout à coup se gonfle de
sanglots?
Non, non, c'est notre amour que le navire
emporte
Et c'est pour le bercer que gémissent les
flots.

De mourir en tes bras il n'est pas encor
l'heure
Ah! le beau songe, ami, j'en ai frémi souvent:

The Last Dream!

To the moist sound of the weeping swell,
The boat floats at the will of the wind.
A light breeze sweeps over us,
As we go dreaming,
To the moist sound of the weeping wind.

Let me rest my head, my adored one,
on your shoulder in soft abandon.
You will sing to me the romance of the Willow
And I shall fall asleep in a final shudder.

At the sight of my large closed eyes, do you
already believe me dead,
That your heart suddenly heaves with sobs?
No, no, it is our love that the ship carries
And it is to cradle it that the waves moan.

It is not yet the hour to die in your arms.
Ah! the beautiful dream, friend, I have
trembled under it often:

Mourir en tes bras, en rêvant,
Au bruit mouillé du flot qui pleure.

Poésie d'après Manon de A. Matignon
Ludovic Fortolis (Louis-Alexandre Fortoul)

27 La Momie

Belle petite morte au squelette exigu
Qui sans doute mourus au début de ton âge,
Tes jeunes os couchés dans ce beau
sarcophage
Gardent le geste encor d'un sommeil ingénu.

Nul de ceux qui t'aimaient, hélas, n'avait prévu
De tes restes charmants le profane étalage,
Et pour parer un peu ton ultime voyage,
Près de toi, dans la tombe, ils avaient
maintenu

Cette rose dont l'or est presque de la cendre,
Cet anneau qui peut-être était un gage tendre,
Cette poupée et ces menus jouets d'enfant.

Petite, il est encor quelques âmes pieuses,
Ton ombre peut dormir, je lui fais lentement
Une libation de larmes amoureuses.

'Musée du Capitole',
from *Poèmes choisis* (1922)
Achille Segard (1872–1936)

To die in your arms, dreaming,
To the moist sound of the weeping swell.

Translation: Chandos Records Ltd

The Mummy

Beautiful little departed, your skeleton tightly
confined,
Who undoubtedly died before your time,
Your young bones, at rest in this beautiful
sarcophagus,
Still preserve the appearance of innocent
sleep.

None of those who loved you, alas, had
foreseen
The profane display of your charming remains,
And in order to adorn a little your final journey,
Close to you, in the tomb, they have placed

This rose, the gold of which is almost ashen,
This ring which perhaps was a tender token,
This doll, and these little children's toys.

Little one, there are still some pious souls,
Your shadow may sleep, I gently make for it
A libation of loving tears.

Translation: Chandos Records Ltd

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Chandos 24-bit / 96 kHz recordings

The Chandos policy of being at the forefront of technology is now further advanced by the use of 24-bit / 96 kHz recording. In order to reproduce the original waveform as closely as possible we use 24-bit, as it has a dynamic range that is up to 48 dB greater and up to 256 times the resolution of standard 16-bit recordings. Recording at the 44.1 kHz sample rate, the highest frequencies generated will be around 22 kHz. That is 2 kHz higher than can be heard by the typical human with excellent hearing. However, we use the 96 kHz sample rate, which will translate into the potentially highest frequency of 48 kHz. The theory is that, even though we do not hear it, audio energy exists, and it has an effect on the lower frequencies which we do hear, the higher sample rate thereby reproducing a better sound.

Steinway Model D Concert Grand Piano (serial no. 592 087) courtesy of Potton Hall
Piano technician: Chris Vesty

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HORIZONS: FRENCH MÉLODIES – Whately / Herchenroder

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HORIZONS

French Mélodies

LILI BOULANGER (1893–1918)

- 1 REFLETS (1911) 2:50
2 ATTENTE (1910) 1:58

MARGUERITE CANAL (1890–1978)

première recording

- 3-9 LA FLÛTE DE JADE (1922) 14:03
Mélodies chinoises
(Chinese Songs)

ACHILLE-CLAUDE DEBUSSY (1862–1918)

- 10-12 TROIS CHANSONS DE BILITIS (1897–98) 9:11
(Three Songs of Bilitis)

ARMANDE DE POLIGNAC (1876–1962)

- 13-17 SONGS FROM 'LA FLÛTE DE JADE' (1922) 9:32

HENRI DUPARC (1848–1933)

- 18 AU PAYS OÙ SE FAIT LA GUERRE (?1869–70) 5:06
in F minor • in f-Moll • en fa mineur

- 19 LA VIE ANTÉRIEURE (1884) 4:01
in E flat major • in Es-Dur • en mi bémol majeur

RITA STROHL (1865–1941)

- 20-23 SONGS FROM 'BILITIS' (c. 1898) 15:29
Poème en Douze Chants
Extraits des 'Chansons de Bilitis' de Pierre Louÿs
(Poem in Twelve Songs
from the 'Songs of Bilitis' by Pierre Louÿs)

HEDWIGE CHRÉTIEU (1859–1944)

première recording

- 24 L'AMOUREUSE DES VAGUES (c. 1902) 3:27

première recording

- 25 LES MATELOTS (c. 1887) 3:15

première recording

- 26 DERNIER RÊVE! (c. 1905) 3:24

RITA STROHL (1865–1941)

- 27 LA MOMIE (c. 1901) 5:03
No. 7 from Dix Poésies mises en musique
(Ten Pieces of Poetry Set to Music)

TT 78:06

KITTY WHATELY mezzo-soprano

EDWIGE HERCHENRODER piano

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