Sandrine Piau, *soprano*
Susan Manoff, *piano*

**PROGRAM**

Felix Mendelssohn (1809–1847)
- Nachtlied, Op. 71, No. 6 (1847)
- Neue Liebe, Op. 19a, No. 4 (1833)
- Schlafloser Augen Leuchte, trüber Stern (1835)
- Hexenlied, And’re Mailied, Op. 8, No. 8 (1827)

Gabriel Fauré (1845–1924)
- En sourdine, Op. 58, No. 2 (1891)
- Prison, Op. 83, No. 1 (1894)
- Les berceaux, Op. 23, No. 1 (1879)
- Après un rêve, Op. 7, No. 1 (1878)

Ernest Chausson (1855–1899)
- Amour d’antan, Op. 8, No. 2 (1882)
- Dans la forêt du charme et de l’enchantement, Op. 36, No. 2 (1898)
- Les Heures, Op. 27, No. 1 (1896)

Richard Strauss (1864–1949)
- Morgen, Op. 27, No. 4 (1894)
- Das Geheimnis, Op. 17, No. 3 (1885–1887)
- Die Nacht, Op. 10, No. 3 (1885)
- Ständchen, Op. 17, No. 2 (1887)

**INTERMISSION**

Vincent Bouchot (b. 1966)
- Galgenlieder (2009)
  - Mondendinge
  - Der Hecht
  - Die Mitternachtsmaus
  - Das Wasser
  - Galgenkindes Wiegenlied

Francis Poulenc (1899–1963)
- Montparnasse (1941–1945)
  - Hyde Park (1945)
  - C (1942)
  - Fêtes Galantes (1942)

Benjamin Britten (1913–1976)
- Folk Song Arrangements
  - The Salley Gardens (Irish) (1941–1942)
  - There’s None to Soothe (Scottish) (1945–1946)
  - I Wonder as I Wander (John Jacob Niles) (1941)

Funded by the Koret Foundation, this performance is part of Cal Performances’ 2011–2012 Koret Recital Series, which brings world-class artists to our community.

*Cal Performances’ 2011–2012 season is sponsored by Wells Fargo.*
PROGRAM NOTES

**Felix Mendelssohn (1809–1847)**

**Four Songs**

Mendelssohn wrote songs throughout his life, some 120 of them, that reflect the elegance, polish, craftsmanship and emotional reserve that characterized both his personality and his other compositions. His songs were well suited to the intimate parlor gatherings that played such an important role in 19th-century musical life, though they were elevated above the customary Biedermeier salon fare by their finesse, harmonic subtlety and graceful lyricism. So well do Mendelssohn’s songs embody essential elements of his creative personality that Wilfred Blunt chose one—*On Wings of Song*—as the title of his 1974 biography of the composer.

Mendelssohn sketched his introspective setting of Eichendorff’s *Nachtlied* (“Night Song”) in 1845 but did not complete it until October 1, 1847, during the months of stunned sadness following the death of his beloved and musically gifted sister, Fanny, after she suffered a stroke while leading a rehearsal of her brother’s *Die erste Walpurgisnacht* (“The First Walpurgis Night”) in May; she was 42. Felix, already ill and exhausted from punishing overwork, was prostrated by her death, and he died one month after finishing *Nachtlied*, his last song.

Mendelssohn suggested the spirit world of Heine’s *Neue Liebe* (“New Love,” Op. 19a, No. 4: 1831) with gossamer, featherstitched music that recalls the incomparable overture he had been inspired to write seven years before (when he was 17) by Shakespeare’s *A Midsummer Night’s Dream*.

In 1814, the English singer and composer Isaac Nathan, son of the cantor at a synagogue in Canterbury and a graduate of Cambridge, cajoled Lord Byron, then the country’s most popular and glamorous poet, into writing 29 new texts on appropriate Old Testament subjects fitted to arrangements of what Nathan told the poet were traditional Jewish melodies, “some of which are proved to have been sung by the Hebrews before the destruction of the Temple of Jerusalem.” (In a 1952 article in *Studies in Philology*, Joseph Slater asserted that only seven melodies were of synagogal origin, just two of those ancient; at least four were German folksongs that had been taken into the liturgy). These *Hebrew Melodies* proved extremely popular throughout Europe, and the collection was translated into German, Italian, Russian and Swedish and remained in print for the next half-century. In December 1841, Mendelssohn made his own translation of Byron’s *Sun of the Sleepless*, upon which he based his wistful song *Schlaflosen Augen Leuchte*.

Mendelssohn’s sulphurous *Hexenlied*, *And'res Mailied* (“Witches’ Song, Another May Song”), composed in Berlin when he was 18, takes as its text a poem by Ludwig Christoph Höpky (1748–1776), a founder and leader of a group of young writers at Göttingen University, the *Göttinger Dichterbund*, who dedicated their work to the emerging Romantic ideals of love, nature, lyricism and sentiment.

**Gabriel Fauré (1845–1924)**

**Four Songs**

Among Fauré’s most characteristic and highly regarded creations are his songs, some one hundred separate numbers that occupied him throughout his career, most of which he ultimately gathered into five cycles and three large published collections. The essence of Fauré’s art is codified in these exquisite miniatures—the precision and delicacy of melody, the subtle nuances of vocal and instrumental sonorities, the limpid rhythmic sense, and, above all, the remarkable harmonic vocabulary, which ventured along a new path that departed from both Wagner’s voluptuousness and Gounod’s sentimentality to embrace the fluidity of Gregorian chant, the modalism of Renaissance polyphony, and the lucidity of the French Baroque clavecinists to create a musical language that flowered into the full blush of Impressionism with Debussy.

Fauré began his cycle of *Cinq Mélodies de Venise* on texts by Paul Verlaine during a visit in June 1891 to the Venetian palazzo of the Princess de Polignac, heiress to the Singer sewing machine fortune, who became one of her day’s most munificent arts patrons with commissions to Ravel, Satie, Stravinsky, Falla, Weill, Poulnac and other leading composers. When Fauré returned to Paris later that summer, Mme. Polignac arranged a meeting between poet and composer, but Verlaine had already descended too far into his world of drugs and absinthe by that time, and all Fauré got in return for his visit was a request for a loan of 100 francs. Fauré continued to admire Verlaine’s contributions to French culture, however, and he set nine of his poems in 1892–1894 as the masterful song cycle *La Bonne Chanson* and played the organ at the poet’s funeral in 1896. The beatific *En sourdine* (“Muted”) is the second of Fauré’s “Venice Songs.”

*Prison*, composed in December 1894, takes as its forlorn subject the poem that Verlaine wrote in 1873, when he was himself incarcerated after attempting to kill his friend and fellow poet Arthur Rimbaud when Rimbaud threatened to end their relationship.

The gentle lapping motion of the piano accompaniment in *Les Berceaux* (1879) evokes both the rocking cradles of the poem’s title and its images of great ships setting off upon the waves of the sea. The poem is by René-François Sully-Prudhomme (1839–1907), a leader of the French Parnassian movement and the recipient, in 1901, of the first Nobel Prize for Literature.

Among Fauré’s most beloved songs is *Après un rêve* (“After a Dream”), composed in 1878 to an anonymous Tuscan poem adapted into French by the poet, singer and Paris Conservatoire faculty member Romain Bussine (1810–1899), who helped to found the influential Société Nationale de Musique in 1870 with Camille Saint-Saëns and Henri Duparc.

**Ernest Chausson (1855–1899)**

**Three Songs**

Ernest Chausson was, by all reports, a gentle, considerate, kind and somewhat shy man, who enjoyed health, wealth and a contented home life. Despite the halcyon circumstances of his personal situation, however, he was given to writing tender but melancholy music, perhaps reflecting his occasional bouts with depression. The four-dozen songs that he created before his untimely death at age 44 (in a bicycle accident) reflect not only his own sensitive nature, “but also the most characteristic French song writing,” wrote Jean-Pierre Barricelli and Leo Weinstein in their study of the composer, “a kind of concentrated, and thereby intense, intellectualism capable of expressing the most intimate psychological demands of the text through varying rhythms and accents.”

In the summer of 1882, Chausson began setting three poems from a large collection titled *Les Poèmes de l’amour et de la mer* by his friend the poet and sculptor Maurice Bouchor (1855–1929). Two long verses became the basis for Chausson’s orchestral song cycle named for the collection’s title, and a shorter one taken from the section called *La Mort de l’amour*—*Amour d’antan* (“Love of Former Days”)—was given a delicate setting as the earliest of his four Bouchor Songs, Op. 8.

*Dans la forêt du charme et de l’enchantement* (1898, “In the Forest of Charms and Enchantments”) is a magical, evanescent musical embodiment of a poem by Jean Moréas, the pen name of Athens-born Yanni Pappadiamantopoulos (1856–1910), who became involved with progressive French literary circles when he went to Paris to study law in 1875. Chausson took his text from the *Funérailles* section of Moréas’s first published collection, *Les Cantilènes* of 1886.

Camille Mauclair (1872–1945) began his literary career as a poet under the Symbolist sway of Mallarmé and a novelist whose 1898 *Le Soleil des morts* (“The Sun of the Dead”) was an important document of artistic life in *fin de siècle* Paris. He later turned to travel writing and art criticism, and also authored several books on music, including a biography of Schumann and a history of European music from 1850 to 1914. The poignant mood and insistent tolling-bell accompaniment make Chausson’s *Les Heures* (“The Hours,” 1896) the perfect musical embodiment of Mauclair’s poem, taken from the collection *Sonatines d’automne* published the previous year.
Richard Strauss (1864–1949)
Four Songs

The great tradition of the 19th-century German Lied came to its end with the songs of Richard Strauss. Though he wrote songs throughout his long life—his first piece, penned at age six, was a Christmas carol; his last was the magnificent Four Last Songs—he composed most of his Lieder before he turned from the orchestral genres to opera at the beginning of the 20th century. Much of his inspiration for song composition during his early years came from his wife, Pauline de Ahna, an excellent singer who had performed at Bayreuth and taken part shortly before they were married in the premiere of Strauss’s first opera, Guntram. The best of Strauss’s songs are imbued with a soaring lyricism, a textural and harmonic richness, and a sensitivity to the text that place them among the most beautiful and enduring works of their type, the culmination of the most intimate musical genre of the legacy of Schubert, Schumann and Brahms.

John Henry Mackay (1864–1913) was born In Scotland but spent most of his life in Germany, where he gained notoriety for his anarchistic writings and his support of what was then known as “homosexual emancipation.” He also wrote passionate lyrical poetry, and in 1894 Strauss included two of his verses (Morgen and Aufforderung) in the set of four songs (Op. 27) that he wrote as a wedding gift for his bride, the gifted soprano Pauline von Ahna.

Adolf Friedrich von Schack (1815–1894) was a German poet, diplomat, translator and historian of art and literature. Strauss created his vernal Das Geheimnis (“The Secret”) as the third in a set of six songs on texts by Schack that he composed between 1885 and 1887, the crucial time when he was emerging into his creative maturity. In 1887, Strauss set Schack’s Ständchen (“Serenade”) in a youthful, ardent manner that creates a fine expressive tension with the poem’s nocturnal, pastoral images.

Hermann von Gilm zu Rosenegg (1812–1864) was an Austrian civil servant who wrote religious polemics and lyrical poetry as avocations. Strauss’s first published collection of songs—Op. 10 of 1885—was his Acht Gedichte aus «Letzte Blätter» von Hermann Gilm (“Eight Songs from the ‘Last Leaves’ of Hermann Gilm”). The crepuscular third song of Op. 10, Die Nacht (“The Night”), testifies to Strauss’s ability as a master of both mood and melody from his earliest years.

Vincent Bouchot (b. 1966)
Galgenlieder (“Gallows Songs”)

Vincent Bouchot, born in Toulouse in 1966, studied literature in college but is largely self-taught as a composer, singer and musician. As a performer, he has concentrated on early and Baroque music, having sung with the Chapelle Royale, Groupe Vocal de France and Ensemble Clément Janequin, with whom he has recorded and appeared around the world. In addition to arranging for his ensembles, Bouchot has composed two operas (Ubu Rou (“King Ubu”), based on Alfred Jarry’s absurdist 1896 play, and Brèves de comptoir (“Bits from the Countertop”), inspired by Jean-Marie Gourio’s published collections of snippets of conversations overhead in bars and bistros), an operetta (La Belle Lurette), incidental music, choral pieces and songs.

German poet Christian Morgenstern (1871–1914) was inspired by the wordplay, fantasy, literary nonsense and occasional surrealism of Lewis Carroll and other 19th-century English writers, and his Galgenlieder (“Gallows Songs,” 1905) enjoy continuing popularity in the original as well as in translations and as the basis of numerous songs. Of his settings of Morgenstern’s Galgenlieder, which critic Tim Ashley of the Guardian wrote are “pitched somewhere between nightmare and nursery rhyme,” Bouchot wrote, “No one should look for an aesthetic manifesto in this brief cycle; the fact that its style is thoroughly old-fashioned, somewhere between Wolf and Poulenc (with a timid dodecaphonic [twelve-tone] gesture at the evocation of the twelve strokes of midnight), does not imply a standpoint against or a back to anything. I wrote before this, and have written since, things that might more reasonably pass for ‘contemporary music’. These lieder are gifts offered to their singer, for such and such an occasion, mere tokens of affection. Not pastiches, for here there is neither irony nor erudite play, but, let us say, a sentimental casualness.”

“To introduce his Galgenlieder, Morgenstern relates that the eight kings of the world, seeking to measure things, agree on the fact that the square of a gallows is the most accurate instrument of measurement, and hang themselves forthwith. One may surmise that the enigmatic poems in the collection are the visions of the hanged kings. The innocence of these nursery rhymes is therefore suspect: the lunar creatures groan; the father pike suffers from dreadful diarrhea, the mouse from nightmares; the water utters platitudes; the sun and the moon quarrel....

“Here is material enough to inspire a tormented composer. But for my part, I have chosen rather to adopt Morgenstern’s dedication: ‘To the child that is in the man.’”

Francis Poulenc (1899–1963)
Songs

Though he occasionally found texts in classical French literature (Ronsard, Charles d’Orléans, Racine, Malherbe), Poulenc favored modern poetry for most of his 152 songs, above all the writings of Guillaume Apollinaire and Paul Éluard, both friends. (“I do not really feel at ease except with poets I have known personally,” Poulenc admitted.) Poulenc achieved in his songs not just an appropriate musical wrapping for each poem, but a synthesis in tones of its spirit, resonance and images, a window onto the mind and world of the poet. “When I have chosen a poem,” he said, “I examine it from all angles. When dealing with Apollinaire and Éluard, I attach the greatest importance to the physical appearance of the poem, to the blank spaces and the margins. I recite the poem to myself many times. I listen to it, I look for traps, I sometimes underline the difficult parts of the text. I note the pauses, I try to discover the internal rhythm through a line which is not necessarily the first. Then I try setting it to music, bearing in mind the different densities of the piano accompaniment.” Poulenc’s songs encapsulate the full range of his musical speech—from village naïveté to city ennui, from music hall raucousness to religious vision, from dadaist surrealism to amorous tenderness—and place him among the greatest masters of genre. “I wonder why this particular form should be considered out of date,” he asked in 1945. “It seems to me that as long as there are poets, composers will write songs. If they were to inscribe on my tomb: ‘Here lies Francis Poulenc, the musician of Apollinaire and Éluard,’ I would take it as my greatest claim to fame.”

Poulenc first met Guillaume Apollinaire—the pseudonym of Wilhelm Apollinaris de Kostrowitzki (1880–1918), the celebrated French writer of Polish descent and Roman birth whose works are marked by a distinctive lyricism often tinged with surrealism—around 1915 when his childhood friend Raymond Linossier took him to Adrienne Monnier’s influential bookshop in the Rue de l’Odeon, one of the first such establishments in France run by a woman and then a center of Parisian literary culture. In 1919, Poulenc set six poems by Apollinaire as the cycle Le Bestiaire and based some two dozen more songs on his verses over the next 40 years. Apollinaire wrote Hyde Park in 1903, three years after he settled in Paris, and Montparnasse a decade later; he published them together in a collection of six poems in 1913. Poulenc set them as a pair between 1941 and 1945, Montparnasse as a nostalgic evocation of the poet’s early days in the city, Hyde Park—which the composer called “nothing more than a trampoline song”—to suggest London’s rowdy “Preacher’s Corner,” the nannies and their charges, the lovers, and the glowing, one-eyed “Cyclops” of smokers’ pipes as a pea-soup fog envelops the park.

French poet, novelist and editor Louis Aragon (1897–1982) was mobilized in 1939 to fight the Germans and joined the Resistance after the French army was defeated the following year. He wrote for the underground press during the war, and in 1942 surreptitiously published C and Fêtes Galantes; Poulenc set them later that year. C takes as its subject the
town of Les Ponts-de-Cé (“The Bridges of Cé”), a strategic site on the River Loire in western France where the Romans defeated the Gauls in 51 B.C.E., a significant battle of the Hundred Years’ War was fought in 1432, a civil war ended in 1620, and the Germans overwhelmed the French in 1940. Aragon’s verses evoke both the history and the then-painful present of the town, and Poulnac came from them one of his most poignant creations. The breathless Fêtes Galantes (“Celebrations”) is a bitter parody of a cabaret song for a time when Aragon lamented “drowned folk floating under the bridges... [and] true values in jeopardy.”

Benjamin Britten (1913–1976) Folk Song Arrangements

Britten’s only compositions based directly on folk music are Moin Juic of 1937 (a suite of Catalan dances, written in collaboration with Lennox Berkeley), the Suite on English Folk Tunes (his last orchestral composition, which he dedicated “lovingly and reverently” to Percy Grainger), choral arrangements of The Holly and the Ivy and King Herod and the Cock, and settings of 51 folk songs for voice accompanied by piano, guitar or harp that he gathered into seven volumes. Britten’s first volume of Folk Songs of the British Isles dates from 1941, when he used them for his recitals with tenor Peter Pears in the United States. “They have been a ‘wow’ wherever performed so far,” Britten boasted in a letter to a friend. He made another set of folk song arrangements in 1942 for the soprano Sophie Wyss, though those seven melodies were not from Britain but from France, an indication, perhaps, of Britten’s strong sympathies with the Continent and its music. He added subsequent volumes in 1947 (British Isles), 1960 (Moore’s Irish Melodies), 1961 (two: British Isles and, with guitar accompaniment, England) and 1976 (British, with harp). The tunes are scrupulously retained in these settings, but the accompaniment is given free rein, though without ever cluttering or parodying the original melody.

Irish poet William Butler Yeats wrote the text of The Salley Gardens in what he called “an attempt to reconstruct an old song from three lines imperfectly remembered by an old peasant woman in the village of Ballissodare, Sligo, who often sings them to herself”; he published his verse in 1889 under the title An Old Song Re-Sung in The Wanderings of Oison and Other Poems. In 1909, the Irish composer and folklorist Herbert Hughes set Yeats’ poem to the traditional tune The Maids of the Mourné Shore, and it is in this form that it has become one of Britain’s most beloved songs. Yeats’ touching words tell of young love found and lost in a willow grove, the “salley gardens” of the title.

There’s None to Soothe is a setting of a traditional Scottish about the heartbreak of love claimed by death.

John Jacob Niles (1892–1980) was classically trained in Cincinnati, Paris and Lyons (he was cally trained in Cincinnati, Paris and Lyons (he was cally trained in Cincinnati, Paris and Lyons (he was expensively trained in Cincinnati, Paris and Lyons (he was classically trained in Cincinnati, Paris and Lyons, but he is remembered as one of America’s most influential folk singers, folk music collectors and composers of songs in traditional vernacular style. Of the origin of his I Wonder as I Wander, he recalled, “The place was Murphry, North Carolina, and the time was July 1933. The Morgan family, revivalists all, were about to be ejected by the police after having camped in the town square for some time, cooking, washing, hanging their wash from the Confederate monument.... It was then that Annie Morgan came out—a tousled, unwashed blond, and very lovely. She sang the first three lines of the verse of I Wonder as I Wander. At twenty-five cents a performance, I tried to get her to sing all the song. After eight tries, all of which are carefully recorded in my notes, I had only three lines of verse, a garbled fragment of melodic material—and a magnificent idea. With the writing of additional verses and the development of the original melodic material, I Wonder as I Wander came into being.”

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Vergangen ist der lichte Tag, Von ferne kommt der Glocken Schlag. So reist die Zeit die ganze Nacht, Nimmt manch mit, der’s nicht gedacht.

Wo ist nun hin die bunte Lust, Des Freundes Trost und treue Brust, Der Liebsten süßer Augenschein? Will keiner mit mir munter sein?

Frisch auf denn, liebe Nachtrigall, Du Wasserfall mit hellem Schall! Gott loben wollen wir vereint, Bis dass der lichte Morgen scheint!


In dem Mondenschein im Wald Sah ich jüngst die Elfen reuten; Ihre Hörner hört ich klingen, Ihre Glöckchen hört ich läuten.

Ihre weissen Röslein trugen Guldnes Hirschgeweih und flogen Rasch dahin, wie wilde Schwäne Kam es durch die Luft gezogen.

Lächelnd nickte mir die Königin, Lächelnd, im Vorüberreiten. Galt das meiner neuen Liebe, Oder soll es Tod bedeuten?

Mendelssohn Schlaflosen Augen Leuchte, träuber Stern (1835) Translation: Mendelssohn

Schlaflosen Augen Leuchte, träuber Stern, Der’ tränenleichter Schein, unendlich fern, Das Dunkel nicht erheilt, nur mehr es zeigt, O wie dir ganz des Glück’s Erinnerung gleich!

So leuchtet längst vergang’ner Tage Licht:

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Vergangen ist der lichte Tag, Von ferne kommt der Glocken Schlag. So reist die Zeit die ganze Nacht, Nimmt manch mit, der’s nicht gedacht.

Wo ist nun hin die bunte Lust, Des Freundes Trost und treue Brust, Der Liebsten süßer Augenschein? Will keiner mit mir munter sein?

Frisch auf denn, liebe Nachtrigall, Du Wasserfall mit hellem Schall! Gott loben wollen wir vereint, Bis dass der lichte Morgen scheint!


In dem Mondenschein im Wald Sah ich jüngst die Elfen reuten; Ihre Hörner hört ich klingen, Ihre Glöckchen hört ich läuten.

Ihre weissen Röslein trugen Guldnes Hirschgeweih und flogen Rasch dahin, wie wilde Schwäne Kam es durch die Luft gezogen.

Lächelnd nickte mir die Königin, Lächelnd, im Vorüberreiten. Galt das meiner neuen Liebe, Oder soll es Tod bedeuten?

Mendelssohn Schlaflosen Augen Leuchte, träuber Stern (1835) Translation: Mendelssohn

Schlaflosen Augen Leuchte, träuber Stern, Der’ tränenleichter Schein, unendlich fern, Das Dunkel nicht erheilt, nur mehr es zeigt, O wie dir ganz des Glück’s Erinnerung gleich!

So leuchtet längst vergang’ner Tage Licht:
Es scheint, doch wärmt sein matter
Schimmer nicht,
Dem wachen Gram erglänzt
die Luft gestalt;
Hell, aber fern, klar, aber ach,
wie kalt!

Which shines, but warms not
with its powerless rays;
A nightbeam Sorrow watches
to behold,
Distinct, but distant—clear—but, oh how cold!

Mendelssohn
Hexenlied, And’reis Mailied, Op. 8, No. 8 (1827)
Text: Ludwig Christoph Hölty (1748–1776)

Die Schwalbe fliegt,
Der Frühlingslied, geht,
Und spendet uns Blumen zum Kranze!
Bald huschen wir
Leis’ aus der Tür,
Und fliegen zum prächtigen Tanze!

Witches’ Song, Another May Song

Ein schwarzer Bock,
Ein Besenstock,
Die Ofengabel, der Wocken,
Fasst uns beim Arm
Und schwinget im Tanzen die Brände!

Ein Feuerdrach’,
Umfliegt das Dach,
Und bringet uns Butter und Eier.
Die Nachbarn dann seh’n
Und schlagen ein Kreuz vor dem Feuer.

Die Schwalbe fliegt,
Der Frühlingslied, geht,
Die Blumen erblühn zum Kranze!
Bald huschen wir
Leis’ aus der Tür,
Juchheissa zum prächtigen Tanze!

Die Schwämm, die Disteldick
Die Luftergänzt
Helle, aber fern, klar, aber ach
wie kalt!

Muted
Calm in the half-day
That the high branches make,
Let us soak well our love
In this profound silence.

Mélons nos âmes, nos cœurs
Et nos sens extasiés,
Parmi les vagues langueurs
Des pins et des arbousiers.

Let us mingle our souls, our hearts
And our ecstatic senses
Among the vague launders
Of the pines and the bushes.

Le ciel est, par-dessus le toit,
Si bleu, si calme!
Un arbre, par-dessus le toit,
Berce sa palme.

The sky is, up above the roof,
So blue, so calm!
A tree, up above the roof
Rocks its branches.

Gabriel Fauré (1845–1924)
En sourdine, Op. 58, No. 2 (1891)
Text: Paul Verlaine (1844–1896)

Calmes dans le demi-jour
Que les branches hautes font,
Pénétrons bien notre amour
De ce silence profond.

Let us abandon ourselves
To the breeze, rocking and soft,
The waves of autumn lawns.

Le rossignol chantera.

Le ciel est, par-dessus le toit,
Si bleu, si calme!
Un arbre, par-dessus le toit,
Berce sa palme.

La cloche, dans le ciel qu’on voit,
Doucement tinte.
Un oiseau sur l’arbre qu’on voit
Chante sa plainte.

The bell that one can see in the sky
Rings softly.
A bird that one can see in the tree
Sings its plaint.

Mon Dieu, mon Dieu! la vie est là
Simple et tranquille.
Cette paisible rumeur-là
Vient de la ville.

My God, my God! Life is there,
Simple and tranquil.
That peaceful sound there
Comes from the town.

Gabriel Fauré (1845–1924)
Prison, Op. 83, No. 1 (1894)
Text: Verlaine

Prison

Le ciel est, par-dessus le toit,
Si bleu, si calme!
Un arbre, par-dessus le toit,
Berce sa palme.

The sky is, up above the roof,
So blue, so calm!
A tree, up above the roof
Rocks its branches.

La cloche, dans le ciel qu’on voit,
Doucement tinte.
Un oiseau sur l’arbre qu’on voit
Chante sa plainte.

The bell that one can see in the sky
Rings softly.
A bird that one can see in the tree
Sings its plaint.

My God, my God! Life is there,
Simple and tranquil.
That peaceful sound there
Comes from the town.

Qu’as-tu fait, ô toi que viola
Pleurant sans cesse,
Dits qu’as-tu fait, toi que voilà,
De ta jeunesse?

What have you done, oh you who are there
weeping ceaselessly,
Say it! What have you done, you who are there,
with your youth?
**Fauré**

**Les berceaux, Op. 23, No. 1 (1879)**

*Text: René-François Armand Prudhomme (1839–1907)*

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Fr</th>
<th>En</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Vous êtes là-bas, sur les grèves.</td>
<td>Perhaps forgetfully, in your golden dreams?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cradles</td>
<td>Along the quay, the great ships that ride the swell in silence</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cradles</td>
<td>take no notice of the cradles that the hands of the women rock.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Fauré**

** Après un rêve, Op. 7, No. 1 (1878)**

*Text: Romain Bussine (1830–1899)*

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Fr</th>
<th>En</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Dans un sommeil que charmais ton image</td>
<td>In a slumber which held your image spellbound</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vous êtes plus doux, ta voix pure et sonore,</td>
<td>Your eyes were softer, your voice pure and sonorous,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tu rayonnais comme un âge éclairé par l’aurore;</td>
<td>You shone like a sky lit up by the dawn;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vous êtes là-bas, sur les grèves!</td>
<td>And that day the great ships, sailing away from the diminishing port,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tu m’appelais et je quittais la terre</td>
<td>feel their bulk held back by the spirits of the distant cradles.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Chausson**

**Les Heures, Op. 27, No. 1 (1896)**

*Text: Camille Mauclair (1872–1945)*

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Fr</th>
<th>En</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Les heures au pâle sourire.</td>
<td>The hours with the pallid smile.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Avec les heures une à une,</td>
<td>With the hours one by one,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pour s’alanguir et puis mourir</td>
<td>To languish and then to die,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Et tous s’en vont dans l’ombre et dans la lune</td>
<td>And all depart in the moonlit dark,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Donnent leurs mains une à une</td>
<td>Their hands which lead to death;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sachant que l’heure est de mourir,</td>
<td>And some, deathly pale in the moonlight,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aux yeux d’iris sans sourire,</td>
<td>With unsmiling eyes,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>En chantant jusqu’à mourir,</td>
<td>Knowing that the hour of death is nigh,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Avec un triste sourire,</td>
<td>Give their hands one by one</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vous êtes là-bas, sur les grèves?</td>
<td>And all depart in the moonlit dark,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bouquet d’odorants et de frais pensers?</td>
<td>To languish and then to die,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sentez-vous s’ouvrir la fleur de vos rêves,</td>
<td>The pallid hours beneath the moon,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>De votre main, honnêtes gnômes, vous m’offritez,</td>
<td>Singing unto death,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ce n’est pas de你的marché, mais de vos rêves que vous me trouvez,</td>
<td>With a sad smile,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Un sceptre d’or, hâléps! pendant que je dormais</td>
<td>Move one by one</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J’ai su depuis ce temps, que c’est mirage et leurre,</td>
<td>On a lake bathed in moonlight</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Les sceptres d’or et les chansons dans la forêt.</td>
<td>Where, with a somber smile,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pourtant comme un enfant crédule, je les pleure,</td>
<td>They hold out, one by one,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Et je voudrais dormir encore dans la forêt.</td>
<td>Their hands which lead to death;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Qu’importe si je sais que c’est mirage et leurre.</td>
<td>And some, deathly pale in the moonlight,</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Richard Strauss**

**Morgen, Op. 27, No. 4 (1894)**

*Text: Hugo von Hofmannsthal (1874–1929)*

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Fr</th>
<th>En</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Und morgen wird die Sonne wieder scheinen,</td>
<td>And tomorrow the sun will shine again,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>und auf dem Wege, den ich gehen werde.</td>
<td>and on the path I will take.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
wird uns, die Glücklichen, sie wieder einen inmitten dieser sonnenatmenden Erde…

Und zu dem Strand, dem weiten, wogenblauen, werden wir still und langsam niedersteigen, stumm werden wir uns in die Augen schauen, und auf uns sinkt des Glücks stummes Schweigen.

Stauss
Das Geheimnis, Op. 17, No. 3 (1885–1887)
Text: Adolf Friedrich von Schack (1815–1894)

Du fragst mich, Mädchen, was flüstert der West Vertraue den Blütenglocken?
Warum an Zweige zu Zweig im Geäst
Die Violen der Nacht sich erschliessen?

O törichtes Fragen!
He who benefits from knowledge—
He shall not lack an answer;

Wem Wissen frommt,
O foolish questioning!
He who benefits from knowledge—
He shall not lack an answer;

Vertraue den Blütenglocken?
Die zwitschernden Vögel locken?
Warum an Knospe die Knospe sich schmiegt?

Wem Wissen frommt,
O törichtes Fragen!
Die Violen der Nacht sich erschliessen?

O törichtes Fragen!
He who benefits from knowledge—
He shall not lack an answer;

Warum von Zweige zu Zweig im Geäst
Die Violen der Nacht sich erschliessen?

O törichtes Fragen!
He who benefits from knowledge—
He shall not lack an answer;

Vertraue den Blütenglocken?
Die zwitschernden Vögel locken?
Warum an Knospe die Knospe sich schmiegt?

Wem Wissen frommt,
O törichtes Fragen!
Die Violen der Nacht sich erschliessen?

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He who benefits from knowledge—
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Vertraue den Blütenglocken?
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Wem Wissen frommt,
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Die Violen der Nacht sich erschliessen?

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He who benefits from knowledge—
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Vertraue den Blütenglocken?
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Wem Wissen frommt,
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Warum an Knospe die Knospe sich schmiegt?

Wem Wissen frommt,
Der Hecht
Ein Hecht, vom heiligen Anton
Bekehrt, beschloss, samt Frau und Sohn,
Am vegetarischen Gedanken.
Morally sich emporzuranken.

Er ass seit jenem nur noch dies:
See-gras, Seerose und Seegriess.
Doch Griess, Gras, Rose floss, o Graus,
Entsetzlich wieder hinten aus.

Der ganze Teich ward angesteckt.
Fünfhundert Fische sind verreckt.
Doch Sankt Anton, gerufen eilig,
Sprach nichts als „Heilig! heilig! heilig!“

Die Mitternachtsmaus
Wenns mittemächtigt und nicht Mond
Noch Stern das Himmelshaus bewohnt,
Läuft zwölfmal durch das Himmelshaus
Die Mitternachtsmaus.

Sie pfeift auf ihrem kleinen Maul,
Im Traume brüllt der Höllengaul...
Doch ruhig läuft ihr Pensum aus
In its dreams the hell-horse bellows...

Das Wasser
Ohne Wort, ohne Wort,
Rinnt das Wasser immerfort;
Ohne Wort, ohne Wort,
Nur star dwells in the heavenhouse.

Bier und Brot, Lieb und Treu—
Où sont mes fruits?
Who wants to get acquainted with Paris.

Galgenkindes Wiegenlied
Schlaf, Kindlein, schlaf,
Am Himmel steht ein Schaf,
Die Sonne frisst das Schaf.

Schlaf, Kindlein, schlaf,
Von der Mitternachtsmaus
La nuit des hồieurs...

Die läuft ihm weg, das Schaf im Leib.
Andernfalls, andernfalls,
Schlaf, Kindlein, schlaf.

Die Sonne frisst das Schaf.
Es kommt der Mond und schilt sein Weib;
Nun ist es fort, das Schaf.

Schlaf, Kindlein, schlaf.
Die läuft ihm weg, das Schaf im Leib.
Seegras, Seerose und Seegriess.

Sie pfeift auf ihrem kleinen Maul,
In its dreams the hell-horse bellows...
Doch Sankt Anton, gerufen eilig,
Said nothing but “Holy! Holy! Holy!”

The Pike
A pike, converted by Saint Anthony,
 decided, with his wife and son,
by means of vegetarian thought
to climb to higher moral ground.

From then on he ate only this:
seagrass, searose and seasemolina.
But seasemolina, grass, roses flowed—oh horror!
horribly out of his behind again.

The whole pond was infested.
Five hundred fish perished.
But Saint Anthony, when urgently called,
Said nothing but “Holy! Holy! Holy!”

The Midnightmouse
When it midnights and neither moon
nor star dwells in the heavenhouse,
then twelve times through the heavenhouse runs
the midnightmouse.

It squeaks with its little mouth,
in its dreams the hell-horse bellows...
But it quietly carries out its task,
the midnightmouse.

Its master, the great white spirit,
traveled away on such a night, you see.
Good for him! His house is guarded by
the midnightmouse.

Water
Without a word, without a word,
Water runs continually.
Otherwise, otherwise,
It would say nothing other than:

Beer and bread, love and constancy,
Neither would there be anything new in that.
This show, this shows,
That water is better keeping silence.

Gallows Child’s Lullaby
Sleep, little child, sleep,
In the sky stands a sheep;
The sheep is made of water vapor
And fights to survive, just like you.
Sleep, little child, sleep.

Francis Poulenc (1899–1963)
Montparnasse (1944–1945)
Text: Guillaume Apollinaire (1880–1918)

Les faiutres de religions
Prêchaient dans le brouillard
Les ombres près de qui nous passions
Jouaient à collin maillard

À soixante-dix ans
Joues fraîches de petits enfants
Venez venez Eléonore
Et que sais-je encore

Montparnasse

Oh hotel door, with your two green plants
which will never
bear any flowers,
say: Where are my fruits?
Where am I planting myself?

Hotel door, an angel stands outside
handing out leaflets
(virtue has never been so well defended!).
Give me in perpetuity a room at the weekly rate.

Oh bearded angel, you are really
a lyric poet from Germany
who wants to get acquainted with Paris.
You know that between its paving-stones
there are lines which one must not step on.

And you dream
of spending Sunday at a mansion out of town.
The weather is a bit oppressive and your hair is long;
Oh, good little poet, you’re rather stupid and too blond.
Your eyes look so much like those two big balloons
floating off in the pure air
wherever chance takes them...

Hyde Park

The promoters of religions
were preaching in the fog
the shadowy figures near us as we passed
played blind man’s buff

At seventy years old
fresh cheeks of small children
come along come along Eléonore
and what more besides
Look at the Cyclops coming
the pipes were flying past
but be off
obdurate staring
and Europe Europe
Worshipping looks
hands in love
and the lovers made love
as long as the preachers preached

I have crossed the bridges of Cé
it is there that it all began
A song of bygone days
tells the tale of a wounded knight
Of a rose on the carriageway
and an unlaced bodice
Of the castle of a mad duke
and swans on the moats
Of the meadow where comes dancing
an eternal betrothed love
And I drank like iced milk
the long lay of false glories
La Loire carries my thoughts
away with the overturned cars
And the unprimed weapons
and the ill-dried tears
O my France, O my forsaken
I have crossed the bridges of Cé.

You see fops on bicycles
you see pimps in kilts
you see brats with veils
you see firemen burning their pompons
You see words thrown on the rubbish heap
you see words praised to the skies
you see the feet of Mary’s children
you see the backs of cabaret singers
You see motor cars run on gasogene
you see also handcarts
you see wily fellows whose long noses hinder them
you see fools of the first water

You see girls who are led astray
you see guttersnipes, you see perverts
you see drowned folk floating under the bridges
You see out-of-work shoemakers
you see egg candlers bored to death
you see true values in jeopardy
and life whirling by in a slapdash way.

On voit ici ce que l’on voit ailleurs
On voit des demoiselles dévoilées
On voit des voyous, on voit des voyeurs
On voit sous les ponts passer des noyés
On voit chômer les marchands de chaussures
On voit mourir d’ennui les mireurs d’œufs
On voit péricliter les valeurs sûres
Et fuit la vie à la six-quatre-deux.

There’s none to soothe my soul to rest,
There’s none my load of grief to share,
Or wake to joy this lonely breast,
Or light the gloom of dark despair.
The voice of joy no more can cheer,
The look of love no more can warm
Since mute for aye’s that voice so dear,
And closed that eye alone could charm.

On voir des marquis sur des bicyclettes
On voir des marlous en cheval-jupon
On voir des morveux avec des voilettes
On voir les pompiers brûler les pompons
On voir des mots jetés à la voirie
On voir des mots élevés au pavois
On voir les pieds des enfants de Marie
On voir le dos des diseuses à voix
On voir des voitures à gazogène
On voir aussi des voitures à bras
On voir des lascars que les longs nez gênent
On voir des coïons de dix-huit carats
John Jacob Niles, arr. Britten
I Wonder as I Wander (1941)
Text: John Jacob Niles (1892–1980)

I wonder as I wander out under the sky,
How Jesus our Saviour did come for to die.
For poor or’rny people like you and like I,
I wonder as I wander out under the sky.

When Mary birthed Jesus ’twas in a cow stall,
With wise men and shepherds and farmers and all.
On high from God’s heaven the star’s light did fall,
And the promise of the ages it did then recall.

If Jesus had wanted for any wee thing,
A star in the sky, or a bird on the wing;
Or all of God’s angels in heav’n for to sing,
He surely could’ve had it for he was the King!

A renowned figure in the world of baroque music, French soprano Sandrine Piau performs regularly with such celebrated conductors as William Christie, Philippe Herreweghe, Christophe Rousset, Gustav Leonhardt, Ivor Bolton, Ton Koopman, René Jacobs, Marc Minkowski and Nikolaus Harnoncourt.

Ms. Piau embraces both the lyric and baroque repertoire, and performs such roles as Pamina in Mozart’s Die Zauberflöte, Titania in Britten’s A Midsummer Night’s Dream and Servilia in Gluck’s La Clemenza di Tito.

Previous engagements have taken her to the Grand Théâtre de Genève to perform the role of Ismène in Mitridate, re di Ponto, to the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées to sing Cleopatra in Handel’s Giulio Cesare, Servilia in La Clemenza di Tito and Aennchen in Weber’s Der Freischütz.

Other recent opera projects include both Sandrina in La Finta Giardiniera and Mélisande at La Monnaie Brussels and Sophie in Massenet’s Werther at both the Capitole de Toulouse and the Théâtre du Châtelet.

Ms. Piau appears regularly in concert. In recent years, she has performed at the Salzburg Festival, Covent Garden Festival, Amsterdam Concertgebouw, Teatro Comunale in Florence and Teatro Comunale di Bologna, and with the Munich Philharmonic, Berlin Philharmonic and Orchestre de Paris.

Ms. Piau takes great pleasure in the art of recital. As a singer of both French and German repertoire, she has performed with many renowned recital accompanists, such as Jos van Immerseel, Susan Manoff, Roger Vignoles and Corine Durous, and regularly gives recitals in Paris, Amsterdam, London and New York.

Ms. Piau has an exclusive recording contract with the record company Naïve. Her latest recital recording, Après un rêve, was released in April 2011 to critical acclaim and features an eclectic program of German Lieder and French mélodies. Her new album, Le Triomphe de l’amour, is scheduled for worldwide release in 2012.

Last season, Ms. Piau sang her first Donna Anna in Don Giovanni at the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées, the title role of L’Incoronazione di Poppea in Cologne, and Sandrina in a new production of La Finta Giardiniera at La Monnaie in Brussels. She also gave concerts at the Wigmore Hall, Carnegie Hall, Vienna Musikverein and Salle Pleyel in Paris.

This season’s engagements include Pamina at the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées; concerts at the Royal Opera Versailles and the Salzburg Festival and with the Boston Symphony; recitals across the United States and at the Wigmore Hall; and her debut recital tour of Japan.

Sandrine Piau is represented in North America by IMG Artists, Carnegie Hall Tower, 152 West 57th Street, 5th Floor, New York, New York 10019.

Pianist Susan Manoff was born in New York to Latvian and German parents. She studied at the Manhattan School of Music and at the University of Oregon. Intensive studies with Gwendoline Koldofsky in the art-song repertoire led her to become one of the most sought-after pianists of her generation by some of the finest singers in the world.
ABOUT THE ARTISTS

In addition to her interest in the vocal repertoire, Ms. Manoff is a passionate advocate of chamber music. She performs regularly at international festivals and is invited by major concert halls around the world such as Théâtre des Champs-Élysées, Théâtre du Châtelet, Salle Gaveau, Wigmore Hall, Amsterdam Concertgebouw, Carnegie Hall, Vienna Konzerthaus and Musikverein. She is a regular guest on France Musique radio.

Musical curiosity and love for theatre have inspired Ms. Manoff’s involvement in the creation of numerous programs blending music and text. Her partners have been Jean Rochefort, Fabrice Luchini and Marie-Christine Barrault, and she has been directed by Hans-Jürgen Syberberg and Joël Jouanneau.

Ms. Manoff has recorded for the labels Naïve, Decca, Virgin (with cherished collaborator Patricia Petibon), Arion, Valois and Aparte. In 2007, she recorded her first CD with Sandrine Piau, entitled Evocation, and a second recording, Après un rêve, was released on Naïve in April 2011. Ms. Manoff’s most recent recording with long-term musical partner Nemanja Radulovic is dedicated to the violin and piano sonatas of Beethoven (Decca, 2010).

Susan Manoff has served as assistant chorus director at the Bastille Opera and is currently a professor at the Conservatoire National Supérieur de Musique et de Danse de Paris.