



Friday, May 1, 2015, 8pm
First Congregational Church

Les Arts Florissants

William Christie, *musical direction & harpsichord*

PROGRAM

Airs sérieux et à boire

Michel Lambert (1610–1696) D'un feu secret je me sens consumer
Le repos, l'ombre, le silence
Ah, qui voudra désormais s'engager
Il faut mourir plutôt que de changer

François Couperin (1668–1733) Épitaphe d'un paresseux
Les Pellerines
I. La Marche
II. La Caristade
III. Le Remerciement

Lambert Iris n'est plus, mon Iris est ravie
Bien que l'amour fasse toute ma peine

Joseph Chabanceau de La Barre (1633–1678) Quand une âme est bien atteinte

Marc-Antoine Charpentier (1643–1704) Intermèdes nouveaux du *Mariage forcé* (H. 494)

INTERMISSION

PROGRAM

- Lambert Chantez petits oiseaux dans la saison nouvelle
Pour vos beaux yeux, Iris mon amour est extrême
Que d'Amants séparés languissent nuit et jour
- Honoré D'Ambruys (fl. ca. 1650–1702) Le doux silence de nos bois
- Charpentier Ayant bu du vin clairet (H. 446)
Auprès du feu (H. 447)
Beaux petits yeux d'écarlate (H 448)
- Lambert Jugez de ma douleur en ces tristes adieux
Il est vrai, l'amour est charmant
Tout l'Univers obéit à l'Amour

LES ARTS FLORISSANTS

William Christie	<i>musical direction & harpsichord</i>
Emmanuelle de Negri	<i>soprano</i>
Anna Reinhold	<i>mezzo-soprano</i>
Reinoud Van Mechelen	<i>high tenor</i>
Marc Mauillon	<i>baritone</i>
Lisandro Abadie	<i>bass</i>
Florence Malgoire	<i>violin</i>
Tami Troman	<i>violin</i>
Myriam Rignol	<i>viola da gamba (basso continuo)</i>
Thomas Dunford	<i>theorbo (basso continuo)</i>

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WHAT IS AN *AIR DE COUR*? The term was first coined in 1571, when Adrien Le Roy published a collection of songs for voice and lute entitled *Livre d'airs de cour mis sur le luth*. The term “*air de cour*” was adopted in preference to that of “*voix de ville*” which eventually became corrupted to “*vaudeville*.” It refers to a simple air that can be sung by anyone, laborers, and ladies’ maids alike. However, in the 17th century, this popular genre gravitated from the street to the salon where it became fashionable amongst the rich and aristocratic who adopted it with extraordinary fervor. It was to become serious, joyful, and even licentious by turns and was haunted by lovelorn shepherds and solitary longings. The *air de cour* requires exponents specialized in its performance: Pierre de Nyert and Michel Lambert, Lully’s father-in-law, were the most illustrious of its champions. As early as 1984, William Christie and Les Arts Florissants took an interest in them with a first recording on the Harmonia Mundi label devoted to the work of Michel Lambert. The current program explores all the possibilities of the *air de cour*, a genre that can also be performed by groups of voices, male and female alike, depending on what is appropriate: the serious *airs* tell of the pains of love, whereas the drinking songs invite joyful companions to sing of pleasure and licentiousness, in counterpoint to the lovers’ moans. This concert is also the opportunity to hear music by Joseph Chabaneau de la Barre and the rarely heard Honoré d’Ambruy.

Les Arts Florissants

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Michel Lambert (1610–1696), the leading exponent of the late-17th-century *air de cour*, was among the most important French composers, singing teachers, violinists, and dancers of the age of Louis XIV. Lambert was born in 1610 in Champigny-sur-Veudes, 200 miles southwest of Paris, and educated as a choirboy in the chapel of Gaston d’Orléans, the elder brother of Louis XIII, and in Paris. He remained in Paris, where he established a reputation first as

a singing teacher in the late 1630s and then as a performer a few years later. He received the support of several important patrons, including Cardinal Richelieu and Anne Marie Louise de Montpensier (daughter of Gaston d’Orléans), at whose home he first met a musically gifted young page from Florence who had recently Frenchified his given Italian name to Jean-Baptiste Lully; Lambert reportedly taught Lully to play violin. Lambert married in 1641 and made career inroads at the court of Louis XIII with the help of his sister-in-law, Hilaire Dupuy, a singer there in entertainments, sacred music, and ballets. In 1651, Lambert began appearing as a dancer in the ballets produced at court by the future Louis XIV. Five years later he first published some of his *airs de cour*, and in 1661 he was appointed Maître de la Musique de la Chambre du Roi. The following year, shortly after he was made superintendent of the royal music, Lully married Lambert’s daughter, Madeleine. During the 1660s, Lambert contributed vocal numbers to his son-in-law’s ballets, composed *airs de cour* prolifically, and supervised the education of pages in the royal chapel and the training of the court choristers. He continued in his duties at court until his death, in Paris in 1696. Other than his pieces added to Lully’s ballets and a few sacred works, Lambert’s creative output consists entirely of *airs de cour*, a genre of accompanied secular song that became an important source of French opera. More than 300 of Lambert’s *airs* are extant, though it is thought that a like number have been lost. Pierre Perrin, the pioneering librettist of French opera, compared Lambert to the mythological lyre player when he called him the “Amphion of our time.”

François Couperin (1668–1733), nicknamed even during his lifetime “*le grand*” (“the great”) both as a mark of respect and to distinguish him from his eponymous uncle, was the most important member of a family of musicians prominent around Paris from the late 16th century to the mid-19th century: Couperins, including François’s father, Charles, occupied the organ loft of St. Gervais in Paris for 173

years. Charles died when François was just eleven, but the boy had already displayed such talent that the church council voted to hold the post at St. Gervais for him until he was 18, deputizing Michel-Richard Delalande as organist during the interim. Couperin gradually took over Delalande's responsibilities, and he was formally appointed organist of St. Gervais in 1683; he held the post until he died in 1733. His reputation was sufficient that he was named one of four organists to the court of Versailles in 1693, having also established himself as a composer with such instrumental works as trio sonatas in the style of Corelli and organ Masses.

Couperin's appointment at court enabled him to acquire several aristocratic pupils and to build his personal fortune to such a degree that he was able to buy himself a patent of nobility and move from his modest quarters overlooking the cemetery at St. Gervais to an imposing dwelling in the Rue St. François in 1697. By the turn of the century, he was appearing regularly as harpsichordist and composer at the court's musical events, though he was not officially given the title *Ordinaire de la Musique de la Chambre du Roi pour le Clavecin* until 1717. Just one year earlier, his pedagogical treatise *L'art de toucher le clavecin* appeared; it was one of the era's most important manuals concerning the ornamentation and performance of French keyboard music. At the same time, Couperin published the first of four large volumes of *Pièces de clavecin*, which contain over 200 separate items, including dances, rondeaux and numbers with fanciful or descriptive titles inspired by friends, feelings or fashions; *Le Sœur Monique*, for example, refers to his daughter, who entered a nunnery. Couperin also composed several books of chamber music (*Concerts Royaux*; *Les Goûts Réunis*; *Les Nations*; *Le Parnasse, ou L'apothéose de Corelli*; *Apothéose de Lully*), a considerable amount of Latin sacred vocal music, and a few vernacular songs. Much of his music was apparently lost in the years after his death through family neglect, however, and not a single manuscript of his is known to exist. According to the late-19th-century Italian critic and

composer Ferruccio Bonavia, Couperin was "the courtly composer *par excellence*." His works were famed for being unflinchingly elegant and melodious, rich but not excessively chromatic in harmony, clear in design, expressive without being maudlin, and current with the best musical fashions of the day.

Joseph Chabanceau de La Barre (1633–1678) was a member of the third generation of a family that was prominent in French music from the late 16th to the early 18th century. His grandfather Pierre was an organist in Paris who first entered the historical record in 1567. Five of Pierre's children became musicians, including Pierre II, who was organist of the royal chapel and Joseph's father. The specifics of Joseph's education are unknown, though he would inevitably have been thoroughly trained in the family's livelihood, and he took over the court organist's position upon his father's death, in 1656; a brother and sister also worked at court as, respectively, a harpsichordist and a singer. In 1674, Joseph was granted an income-producing benefice at the Benedictine abbey in Carcassonne in recognition of his services to the court. He died in Paris four years later. His few works include a dozen dances for harpsichord and 18 *airs de cour*.

Marc-Antoine Charpentier (1643–1704) was one of the chief musical glories of the age of Louis XIV as a composer of sacred and operatic works. Though Jean-Baptiste Lully, the unquestioned dictator of French 17th-century music by royal decree, prevented him from obtaining an official position at court, Charpentier has come to be regarded by many as second to no composer of his time in his genius and the quality of his music.

The year of Charpentier's birth was long uncertain, with conjectures ranging from 1634 to 1650, but the latest research indicates that he was born in Paris in 1643. His father, Louis, was a "copyist," a transcriber and a detector of forgeries, for the powerful Guise family, who later became generous patrons of Marc-Antoine. The young musician studied in

Rome for several years during the 1660s with Giacomo Carissimi, famed composer of the oratorio *Jephte*, from whom he absorbed the most popular mid-17th-century Italian styles and forms. Charpentier's first position upon returning to Paris in the mid-1670s was as composer and singer to the pious Marie de Lorraine, the Duchess of Guise, for whom he wrote numerous religious works (including some for female voices spurred by the Duchess's interest in various convents) and secular dramatic pieces. In 1672, Charpentier embarked upon a long association with the famed playwright Jean Baptiste Molière and his Comédie-Française when Lully, Molière's previous collaborator, was given monopolistic privileges for opera production in Paris and began his career as an opera composer. Charpentier composed overtures, *entr'actes*, and dances for the Comédie-Française until 1686.

In the early 1680s, Charpentier was employed as composer and director of music by the Grand Dauphin, eldest son of the King, for whom he wrote religious pieces and dramatic works on courtly subjects. Reports indicate that King Louis favored Charpentier's sacred works, and the composer applied for a position at the royal chapel in 1683, but he was unable to appear at the general examinations because of illness. The pension that he was granted two months later by Louis, officially in recognition of his service to the Dauphin, was as close as Charpentier ever came to royal patronage, though he was for a time the composition teacher of Philippe, Duke of Chartres, later Duke of Orléans and Regent of France.

Also in the 1680s, Charpentier became attached as composer to St. Louis, the principal Jesuit church in Paris, a post called by one contemporary chronicler "among the most brilliant in French musical life." Charpentier wrote an immense number of sacred works for St. Louis, including his well-known *Messe de Minuit* ("Midnight Mass for Christmas Eve") and several sacred musical dramas for the local Jesuit colleges. (During his life he composed well over 400 separate Masses, motets, Magnificats, Lessons, Te Deums, Psalms, and

other religious pieces.) In 1687, Lully's death finally opened the doors of the Royal Opéra to other composers, and six years later Charpentier's *Médée* was produced there. Though not a popular success when it was first heard, this splendid opera (with a libretto by Thomas Corneille, talented younger brother of the more famous Pierre) has come to be regarded as one of supreme examples of French Baroque musical theater. Charpentier's last appointment was as *maître de musique* of the Sainte-Chapelle, a position second in prestige only to that of the royal chapel at Versailles.

Reflecting the musical posts he occupied and the nature of his career, most of Charpentier's music consists of vocal and instrumental sacred works written for churches, private chapels, and convents. In addition, he produced much incidental music for plays, several pastorales and chamber operas, two full-scale *tragédies lyriques*, and a small number of secular vocal and instrumental ensemble compositions. Charpentier's sacred music, as befit his training with Carissimi, reflects Italian styles, especially in its harmonic audacities and its interest in coloristic contrasts. Though his theater pieces—with their French overtures, carefully declaimed text and many orchestral ballet numbers—are less Italian in character and more indebted to the model of Lully than his sacred music, they still exhibit Charpentier's distinctive musical personality.

Honoré D'Ambruys (fl. ca. 1650–1702) left few traces upon the historical record other than that he was active as a composer and singing teacher in the last half of the 17th century and that he was a student of Michel Lambert, to whom he dedicated his *Livre d'Airs avec les Seconds Couplets en Diminution Mesurez sur la Basse Continue* upon its publication in Paris in 1685, a volume with insights into that era's French practice of melodic embellishment. Some two dozen additional *airs de cour* by D'Ambruys were published in various journals and collections between 1682 and 1702.

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Airs Sérieux Et À Boire

Michel Lambert

D'un feu secret je me sens consumer

Text by Charles Bouchardeau (1660)

D'un feu seret je me sens consumer
 Sans pouvoir soulager le mal qui me possède:
 Je pourrais bien guérir si je cessais d'aimer;
 Mais j'aime mieux le mal que le remède.

Lambert

Le repos, l'ombre, le silence

Le repos, l'ombre, le silence,
 Tout m'oblige en ces lieux à faire confidence
 De mes ennuis les plus secrets;
 Je me sens soulagé d'y conter mon martyre,
 Je ne le dis qu'à des forêts;
 Mais enfin, c'est toujours le dire.

Si l'on veut parler sans rien taire
 On est en liberté dans ce lieu solitaire.
 On ne craint point les indiscrets:
 Je me sens soulagé d'y conter mon martyre,
 Je ne le dis qu'à des forêts;
 Mais, enfin, c'est toujours le dire.

Lambert

Ah, qui voudra désormais s'engager

Ah! qui voudra désormais s'engager ?
 Iris m'avait promis une ardeur éternelle,
 Et toutefois Iris aime un autre Berger.
 Ah! qui voudra désormais s'engager ?
 Hélas! puisque son cœur est devenu léger
 Après mille serments d'être toujours fidèle,
 Je ne vois rien qui ne puisse changer.

Lambert

Il faut mourir plutôt que de changer

Il faut mourir plutôt que de changer,
 Jamais un cœur ne doit se dégager,
 Quand un autre est fidèle à son amour extrême:
 Mais lors qu'il a souffert ce que l'on peut souffrir,
 Et que l'objet qu'il aime
 Augmente sa douleur au lieu de la guérir,
 Il faut changer plutôt que de mourir.

Il faut changer plutôt que de mourir,
 Quand la beauté qui nous peut secourir
 Est toujours insensible à notre amour extrême:
 Mais il ne faut pas être inconstant ni léger

By a secret flame I feel myself consumed

By a secret flame I feel myself consumed,
 powerless to ease the pain that possesses me:
 I might well be cured were I to cease loving;
 yet I love my ailment more than its remedy.

Stillness, gloom and silence

Stillness, gloom and silence:
 everything here compels me to divulge
 my innermost troubles;
 relating my suffering brings me solace,
 though I speak only to the forests;
 at least, however, my woes are told.

If you would speak, leaving nothing unsaid,
 you are free to do so in this secluded place.
 You need have no fear at all of listening ears:
 relating my suffering brings me solace,
 though I speak only to the forests;
 at least, however, my woes are told.

Ah, who now will ever wish to pledge his love?

Ah! who now will ever wish to pledge his love?
 Iris had promised me undying passion,
 and yet another shepherd is now Iri's love.
 Ah! who now will ever wish to pledge his love?
 Alas! Since her heart has grown fickle
 despite her thousand oaths of eternal fidelity,
 naught can I see that is not susceptible to change.

'Tis better to die than e'er to change

'Tis better to die than e'er to change,
 a heart must never seek to free itself
 when another is faithful to its truest love:
 but when it has borne all that one can bear,
 and the object of its affections
 increases its suffering instead of curing it,
 'tis better to change than to die.

'Tis better to change than to die
 when the beauty who might rescue us
 remains insensible to our truest love:
 but we must not be inconstant or flighty

Et quand l'objet qu'on aime
Partage notre mal et le veut soulager,
Il faut mourir plutôt que de changer.

François Couperin
Építaphe d'un paresseux

Text by Jean de La Fontaine (1671)

Jean s'en alla, comme il était venu;
Mangea le fond avec le revenu,
Tint les trésors, chose peu nécessaire:
Quant à son temps, bien le sut dispenser,
Deux parts en fit, dont il soulaít passer,
L'une à dormir, et l'autre à ne rien faire.

Couperin
Les Pellerines

I. La Marche

Au Temple de l'Amour,
Pellerines de Cythère,
Nous allons, d'un cœur sincère,
Nous offrir à notre tour:
Les Ris, les Jeux, les Amours sont du voyage,
Les doux soupirs, les tendres désirs
Sont le but de ce pèlerinage,
Le prix en est les plaisirs.

II. La Caristade

Au nom charmant de ces vives flammes
Qui causent aux âmes
Tant de douceurs:
Soyez touché de nos langueurs,
On lit dans nos yeux les besoins de nos cœurs.

III. Le Remerciement

Que désormais, des biens durables
À jamais comblent vos souhaits:
Vos tendres soins, vos dons secourables
Nous soulagent dans ce jour;
Puisse l'Amour vous rendre au retour
Encore plus charitables.

Lambert

Iris n'est plus, mon Iris m'est ravie

Iris n'est plus, mon Iris m'est ravie,
Iris n'est plus le puis-je prononcer,
Sans mourir le puis-je penser;
Iris n'est plus mon Iris m'est ravie.
Quoi donc ce qui faisait mes plus tendres amours,
Ce que je voyais tous les jours,
Je ne le verrai de ma vie,
Iris n'est plus mon Iris m'est ravie.

and when the object of our affections
shares our pain and wishes to ease it,
'tis better to die than e'er to change.

Epítaph of a lazy man

Jean left this life as he came into it;
not a single penny to show for it,
since wealth, for him, was never worth a thought:
to his time, however, he did carefully attend,
he split it into two halves, and wisely chose to spend
one fast asleep, the other doing naught.

The Pilgrim Maids

I. Procession

To the Temple of Love,
pilgrim maids of Cythera,
do we go, sincere of heart,
to offer ourselves in our turn:
Laughter, Games, and Love along the way,
sweet sighs and tender desires
are the aim of this pilgrimage,
and its reward is pleasure.

II. Alms

In the charming name of these lively flames
which bring men's souls
such sweet delights:
be touched by our languor,
the needs of our hearts can be read in our eyes.

III. Thanks

Henceforth, may your wishes
be fulfilled with everlasting good:
your tender care, your helpful gifts
bring us ease this day;
in return, may Love make you
even more charitable.

Iris is gone, my Iris has been taken from me

Iris is gone, my Iris has been taken from me,
Iris is gone, if I can even say the words,
if, without dying, I can think such a thing;
Iris is gone, my Iris has been taken from me.
So the object of my most tender love,
she whom I saw every day,
I shall never see again in my life,
Iris is gone, my Iris has been taken from me.

Lambert

Bien que l'amour fasse toute ma peine

Bien que l'Amour fasse toute ma peine,
Je veux aimer et mourir en aimant:
Mais cependant trop aimable Climène,
Si vous vouliez soulager mon tourment,
Je mourrais plus content.

Joseph Chabanceau de la Barre
Quand une âme est bien atteinte

Quand une âme est bien atteinte,
Elle n'est jamais sans crainte,
Sans douleur, et sans désirs;
Les soupçons, ou la contrainte
Troublent ses plus doux plaisirs;
Tout gémit, et tout soupire,
Dans l'empire des amours,
Et cependant cet empire,
S'accroît tous les jours.

Rien n'est si rare en tendresse,
Qu'une sincère Maîtresse,
Dont le cœur répond aux yeux;
Tour à tour chacun s'empresse
À qui trompera le mieux;
C'est là le commun langage,
De ceux qui craignent d'aimer,
Et cependant le plus sage
Se laisse enflammer.

Marc-Antoine Charpentier
Intermèdes nouveaux du *Mariage forcé*

La, la, la, bonjour pour trente mille années.
Chers compagnons, puisqu'ici nous voilà
Trois favoris d'ut ré mi fa sol la,
Qu'ici nos voix sont dégainées,
Chantons, mais que dirons-nous?
Je m'en rapporte à vous,
Que vous en semble?
Je n'en sais rien.
Qu'importe, chantons tous ensemble mal ou bien.
Fagotons à tort et à travers de méchants vers,
Les uns longs comme vers d'élégie
Les autres à jambe raccourcie
Point de rime et point de raison
Tout est bon quoi qu'on die
Tout bruit forme mélodie:
Tic toc chic choc nic noc fric froc
Pinte verre coupe broc
Ab hoc et ab hac et ab hoc
Fran, fran, fran pour le seigneur Gratian

Though Love is the cause of all my sorrow

Though Love is the cause of all my sorrow,
I would loving live and die:
and yet, my beloved Clymene,
should you wish to ease my torment,
I should die a happier man.

Once a soul is captivated

Once a soul is captivated,
it is never free from fear,
free from pain, or from desire;
suspicions and compulsions
disturb its sweetest pleasures;
in the empire of love,
sighs and groans fill the air,
and yet that empire
grows larger every day.

The rarest delight
is a truthful Mistress
whose heart and eyes speak as one;
by turns do we hasten
to one who will best deceive;
such is the common language
of those who are afraid to love
and yet the wisest of men
allows himself to be inflamed.

New interludes for *Le Mariage forcé*

La, la, la, good day for thirty thousand years.
Dear companions, since we are gathered here,
three masters of do re me fa sol la,
and our voices are unsheathed,
let's sing, but what shall we say?
I defer to you,
what do you think?
No idea at all.
No matter, let's all sing together, well or ill.
Let's rattle off some poor, haphazard lines,
some of them long, in elegiac strain,
the others short of a syllable or two,
all without rhyme or reason.
It's all good, whatever they say,
any noise creates a melody:
Tic toc chic choc nic noc fric froc
Pint pot, wine glass, punch bowl, jug,
Ab hoc et ab hac et ab hoc
Fran, fran, fran for Master Gratian

Frin, frin, frin pour le seigneur Arlequin
Fron, fron, fron pour le seigneur Pantalon.
Oh! Le joli concert et la belle harmonie!

Oh, la belle symphonie!
Qu'elle est douce, qu'elle a d'appâts.
Mêlons y la mélodie des chiens, des chats
Et des rossignols d'Arcadie.
Oaou, houpf, miaou, hin han
Oh! Le joli concert et la belle harmonie!

Lambert

Chantez petits oiseaux dans la saison nouvelle
Text by Philippe Quinault (after 1670)

Chantez petits oiseaux dans la saison nouvelle,
Chantez, vous êtes tous contents,
C'est pour vous qu'est fait le Printemps:
Mais pour moi ma peine est cruelle,
Je languis et souffre toujours
Pour une Bergère infidèle,
Ah! ce n'est pas pour moi que sont faits les beaux jours.

Lambert

Pour vos beaux yeux, Iris mon amour est extrême

Pour vos beaux yeux Iris, mon amour est extrême;
Jamais on aima tant Iris que je vous aime;
Je souffre, je languis, sans espoir de guérir;
Je pleure, je soupire et je m'en vais mourir;
Bergers conservez bien cette flamme si belle,
Et croyez que le plus fidèle
Est celui qui me peut charmer;
C'est donc moi, belle Iris, que vous devez aimer;
Le temps me l'apprendra, vivez, vivez en espérance,
L'on juge de l'amour par la persévérance.

Lambert

Que d'Amants séparés languissent nuit et jour
Text by Mme de Lauvergne (1679)

Que d'Amants séparés languissent nuit et jour,
Qu'on entend de soupirs, qu'on voit couler de larmes:
Hélas! hélas! si la gloire a des charmes,
Valent-ils tous les maux qu'il en coûte à l'Amour.

Trop heureux les absents assurés du retour,
Et qui sont à couvert de la fureur des armes.
Hélas! hélas! si la gloire a des charmes,
Valent-ils tous les maux qu'il en coûte à l'Amour.

Frin, frin, frin for Master Arlequin
Fron, fron, fron for Master Pantalon.
Oh! What fine voices and sweet harmony!

Oh, the lovely symphony!
How sweet it sounds, what charms it has.
Let's mix in the melody of dogs and cats
and the nightingales of Arcadia.
Bow wow, woof, miaow, hee haw.
Oh! What fine voices and sweet harmony!

Sing out, little birds, as the new season dawns

Sing out, little birds, as the new season dawns,
sing out, for you are all merry,
'tis for you that springtime is made:
my lot, however, is one of cruel sorrow,
I languish in unceasing torment
for the sake of a false shepherdess.
Ah! 'tis not for me that these fine days were made.

For your fair eyes, Iris, I have the utmost love

For your fair eyes, Iris, I have the utmost love;
never did any man love, Iris, so much as I love you;
I suffer, I languish, with no hope of a cure;
I weep and I lament and feel I shall die;
Shepherds, guard closely this fairest of flames,
and know well that the most faithful
is the one who can beguile me;
'tis I, then, fair Iris, that you ought to love;
with time shall I learn to live, to live in hope
for love is judged by our perseverance.

How lovers divided do languish night and day

How lovers divided do languish night and day,
what sighs are heard, what tears seen to be shed:
alas! alas! though glory has its charms,
are they worth the harm done to Love in its pursuit?

Too happy the absent lovers sure of returning,
those who are sheltered from the fury of battle.
Alas! alas! though glory has its charms,
are they worth the harm done to Love in its pursuit?

Honoré d'Ambrus

Le doux silence de nos bois

Le doux silence de nos bois
 N'est plus troublé que de la voix
 Des oiseaux que l'amour assemble.
 Bergère qui fais mes désirs
 Voici le mois charmant des fleurs et des zéphyrs
 Et la saison qui te ressemble
 Ne perdons pas un moment des beaux jours
 C'est le temps des plaisirs et des tendres amours;

Songeons en voyant le printemps
 Qu'il en est un dans nos beaux ans
 Qu'on n'a qu'une fois en sa vie
 Mais c'est peu que d'y songer
 Il faut belle Philis le ménager.
 Cette saison nous y convie
 Ne perdons pas un moment des beaux jours
 C'est le temps des plaisirs et des tendres amours.

Charpentier

Ayant bu du vin clair et

Ayant bu du vin clair et,
 Colin trouva sa Bergère
 Qui dormait sur la fougère,
 Et par un zèle indiscret,
 Lui leva son bavolet.
 Connaissant l'humeur cruelle,
 De la farouche Catin,
 Il dit, Pardonnez la Belle,
 Si j'ai trop fait le badin;
 Mon cher Colin, lui dit-elle,
 Il faut excuser le vin.

Charpentier

Auprès du feu

Auprès du feu l'on fait l'amour,
 Aussi bien que sur la fougère;
 N'attendez pas belle Bergère
 Que le printemps soit de retour,
 Pour choisir un Berger sincère:
 Auprès du feu l'on fait l'amour,
 Aussi bien que sur la fougère.

The soft silence of our woods

The soft silence of our woods
 is now broken only by the songs
 of the birds that Love gathers here.
 Shepherdess, my heart's desire,
 behold the fair month of flowers and zephyrs,
 and the season that resembles you.
 Let's lose not a moment of these fine days,
 'tis the time for tender loves and pleasures;

Let's dream as we watch the spring
 that there is one such season in our youth,
 that we have but one such time in our lives.
 But dreaming of this is not enough,
 we must, fair Phyllis, make it so.
 The season does thus invite us.
 Let's lose not a moment of these fine days,
 'tis the time for tender loves and pleasures.

Having drunk some claret wine

Having drunk some claret wine,
 Colin found his shepherdess,
 asleep on a ferny bank,
 and seized with an impetuous urge,
 stole away her bonnet.
 Knowing the cruel temper
 of his fiery Catin,
 he said, "Forgive me, my Beauty,
 if my teasing went too far";
 "My dear Colin," said she to him,
 "Wine has to be forgiven."

By the fire

We can make love by the fire
 as well as we can amid the ferns;
 fair Shepherdess, do not wait
 for springtime to return
 before you choose a loyal Shepherd:
 We can make love by the fire
 as well as we can amid the ferns.

Charpentier

Beaux petits yeux d'écarlate

Beaux petits yeux d'écarlate,
 Belle bouche grande et plate,
 Joli nez retroussé,
 Beau menton rebroussé,
 Chevelure de filasse,
 Bras maigrelet et molasse,
 Main plus sèche que brésil,
 Las! je tombe dans la tombe,
 Si mon cœur qui prend feu comme mèche à fusil
 N'est secouru dans le péril.

Sauvons-nous mes amis si nous savons nager,
 La vieille Proserpine
 Pour nous submerger
 A fait tomber sur nous un déluge d'urine.
 Que le flux de sang,
 L'asthme, la migraine,
 La fièvre quartaine
 Le trousse-galant
 La serre, l'entraîne,
 L'étrangle à l'instant,
 La teigne, la rogne,
 La happe, l'empogne
 La peste, la rogue
 La crève, la cogne
 Dans le monument.

Lambert

Jugez de ma douleur en ces tristes adieux

Jugez de ma douleur en ces tristes adieux,
 Vous allez pour jamais abandonner ces lieux,
 Et vous me défendez, cruelle, de vous suivre:
 Rien ne peut-il vous arrêter?
 Hélas! comment pourrais-je vivre?
 Puisqu'il faut enfin vous quitter.

Si les maux que vos yeux m'ont fait longtemps souffrir
 Sont des maux si cruels qu'il en faille mourir,
 Au moins charmante Iris qu'auprès de vous j'expire,
 Quand vous verrez mon triste sort,
 Peut-être, hélas! Pourrez-vous dire,
 C'est moi qui te donne la mort.

Pretty little scarlet eyes

Pretty little scarlet eyes,
 big, flat lips so fine,
 sweet little turned-up nose,
 handsome receding chin,
 ill-kempt tow-coloured hair,
 weak and skinny arms,
 hands dryer than Brazil-wood.
 Alas! I'll tumble into my tomb
 if my heart which takes light like a fuse
 isn't plucked from this danger.

We must save ourselves, my friends, if we can swim,
 for old Proserpina
 has deluged us in urine
 to try and drown us.
 May a bleeding cut,
 asthma, migraine,
 quartan fever,
 or cholera
 seize her, drag her down,
 choke her on the spot,
 May ringworm, anger,
 or greed take her,
 may plague infect her,
 kill her dead and kick her
 into her very own grave.

Ascertain my sorrow in these sad farewells

Ascertain my sorrow in these sad farewells;
 you are going to forsake this place for evermore
 and you forbid me, cruel girl, to follow you:
 can nothing stop your going?
 Alas! how can I go on living?
 For at last I must leave you.

If the ills your gaze has made me long endure
 are so cruel that of them must I die,
 at least, beguiling Iris, when I die at your feet,
 when you see my sad fate,
 perhaps, alas, you will say,
 "Tis I who caused your death."

Lambert

Il est vrai, l'amour est charmant

Il est vrai, l'amour est charmant;
 Mais il n'est point aussi de plus cruel tourment,
 Il plaît, mais il rend misérable,
 Belle Inhumaine en doutez-vous?
 Comme il est dans mon cœur c'est un mal redoutable,
 Comme il est dans vos yeux il n'est rien de si doux.

Lambert

Tout l'Univers obéit à l'Amour

Text by Jean de La Fontaine (1666)

Tout l'Univers obéit à l'Amour.
 Belle Philis soumettez-lui votre âme,
 Les autres Dieux à ce Dieu font la cour,
 Et leur pouvoir est moindre que sa flamme:
 Des jeunes cœurs c'est le suprême bien,
 Aimez, aimez tout le reste n'est rien.

Sans cet Amour tant d'objets ravissants,
 Ces Prés fleuris, Bois, Jardins et Fontaines,
 N'ont point d'appas qui ne soient languissants,
 Et leur plaisir est moins doux que ces peines:
 Des jeunes cœurs c'est le suprême bien,
 Aimez, aimez le reste n'est rien.

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'Tis true, love has its charms

'Tis true, love has its charms;
 yet there is also no crueller torment;
 it pleases, yet brings misery,
 Pitiless Beauty, can you deny it?
 inside my heart, 'tis a formidable evil,
 inside your eyes, 'tis sweeter than aught in the world.

The Universe entire does Love obey

The Universe entire does Love obey.
 Fair Phyllis, surrender to him your soul;
 the other gods pay court to this god,
 and their power is weaker than his flame:
 this is the greatest glory of youthful hearts,
 love, love, for all the rest means naught.

Without this Love, so many delightful things,
 these flowery fields, woods, gardens and springs,
 have no charms at all that languish not,
 and their pleasure is less sweet than their pain:
 this is the greatest glory of youthful hearts,
 love, love, for all the rest means naught.

Translations © 2013 Susannah Howe



Philipp Pradraud

The vocal and instrumental ensemble **Les Arts Florissants** is one of the world's most renowned and respected early music groups. Dedicated to the performance of Baroque music on original instruments, the ensemble was founded in 1979 by William Christie, and takes its name from a short opera by Charpentier. Les Arts Florissants have been largely responsible for the resurgence of interest in France in 17th-century French repertoire, as well as in European music of the 17th and 18th centuries more generally. Since the acclaimed production of Lully's *Atys* in Paris in 1987, it has been in the field of opera where Les Arts Florissants has found most success.

The ensemble has an impressive discography of nearly 100 recordings. In 2012, Mr. Christie and Les Arts Florissants created the festival *Dans les Jardins de William Christie*, in partnership with the Conseil Général de la Vendée. An annual event, the festival brings together artists from Les Arts Florissants, pupils from the Juilliard School, and laureates of Le Jardin des Voix for concerts and "musical promenades" in the gardens created by Mr. Christie at Thiré, in the Vendée.

William Christie, harpsichordist, conductor, musicologist, and teacher, is the inspiration behind one of the most exciting musical adventures of the last 30 years, pioneering work that has led to a renewed appreciation of 17th- and 18th-century French repertoire.

Mr. Christie studied at Harvard and Yale Universities and has lived in France since

1971. The turning point in his career came in 1979, when he founded Les Arts Florissants. As director of this ensemble, he brings new interpretations of largely neglected or forgotten repertoire to fruition. He is greatly in demand as a guest conductor at festivals including Glyndebourne and opera houses such as the Metropolitan Opera in New York, and has created a discography of over 100 recordings. Wishing to further develop his work as a teacher, in 2002 he created Le Jardin des Voix, an Academy for young singers in Caen. Since 2007, he has been artist in residence at the Juilliard School in New York, where he gives master classes twice a year, accompanied by the musicians of Les Arts Florissants. In 2008, Mr. Christie was elected to the Académie des Beaux-Arts.

This season, the soprano **Emmanuelle de Negri** appears as *Telaïre* in Rameau's *Castor and Pollux* under the baton of Emmanuelle Haïm in Dijon and Lille. She performs with Les Arts Florissants and William Christie in *Les Fêtes Véniennes* by Campra, at Paris's Opéra-Comique and in Caen. She also sings in operatic concerts (*Platée* in London, *Orfeo* with Accentus) and in concerts (Fauré's Requiem and cantatas by Mendelssohn, and *Les Quatres Saisons* by Charpentier). She will be on tour with Les Arts Florissants both in the United States and in France. On stage, she has sung many roles from various repertoires, including Papagena, Yniold (*Pelléas et Mélisande*), Oberto (Handel's *Alcina*), Miles (*The Turn of the Screw*), Clorinda (*La Cenerentola*) and Despina (*Così fan tutte*). Baroque repertoire is among her favorites. Her collaboration with Les Arts Florissants dates back to Le Jardin des Voix, and since then she has performed Sangaride in *Atys*, Belinda in *Dido and Aeneas*, and the Statue in *Pygmalion* in France and abroad.

In the 2014–2015 season, **Anna Reinhold** appears in the roles of Menesteeo and Pace in *Elena* at Angers-Nantes Opera and at Rennes

Opera (production of Festival d'Aix-en-Provence under the direction of Leonardo García Alarcón). She performs a program *Labirinto d'amor* in concert, recorded with lutenist Tomas Dunford for the label Alpha, in many venues and during the Festival Radio France in Montpellier. Ms. Reinhold also gives concerts with Les Folies Françaises, La Simphonie du Marais, and Cappella Mediterranea, and will take part in an American tour with Les Arts Florissants. After graduating from CNSMP, she participated in Le Jardin des Voix, the vocal Academy of Les Arts Florissants. Mr. Christie has given her the role of Cybèle in *Atys* by Lully. She has been invited to perform in many operas of the Baroque repertoire but is nevertheless fond of contemporary music as well. Her latest recordings contain a program of arias for five singers with Les Arts Florissants and one recording dedicated to Cavalli with Mariana Flores and the Ensemble Cappella Mediterranea.

Reinoud Van Mechelen was born in 1987 in Belgium and studied singing at the Conservatoire Royal in Brussels. In 2007 he took part in the Académie Baroque Européenne in Ambronay and performed there Plutus in *Le Carnaval et la Folie* by Destouches under the baton of Hervé Niquet. He subsequently started a collaboration with ensembles such as Il Gardellino, L'Arpeggiata, Ausonia, the Poème Harmonique, Ludus Modalis, B'Rock, Ricercar Consort and the European Union Baroque Orchestra. From 2011 through 2013 he was a member of Le Jardin des Voix of William Christie and Paul Agnew. With Le Jardin des Voix he took part in numerous concerts and performed the role of Zéphir in Lully's *Atys* on concert tour with Les Arts Florissants. His collaboration with Les Arts Florissants has since developed and he has performed with them, among others, at the Festival d'Aix-en-Provence, at the Edinburgh Festival and at the Château de Versailles.

In the 2014–2015 season, French baritone **Marc Mauillon** can be heard with Les Arts Florissants (Rameau's *Grands Motets* and l'Art Français, un Art in time) in Europe and South and North America, and in *Les Fêtes Vénitienes* by Campra in Caen and Paris, with the Talents Lyriques in Lully's *Armide* at l'Opéra National de Lorraine. He collaborates also with Jordi Savall and gives many recitals. Two Eloquentia recordings released in 2013 and starring Mr. Mauillon clearly show the extent of his repertoire, containing early and contemporary music: a new recital dedicated to Machaut, *Mon Chant vous Envoiy*; and *Miroirs Brûlants*, on which he sings, accompanied by the pianist Guillaume Coppolla, the complete melodies composed by Poulenc on texts by Éluard. In concert, he performs this repertoire at Besançon and Condette in 2015. A CD dedicated to the melodies of the First World War with Anne le Bozec has also been released this year.

In 2014–2015, bass-baritone **Lisandro Abadie** sings in Handel's *Riccardo Primo*, staged by Benjamin Lazar at the International Handel Festival in Karlsruhe. Later in the year he performs Bach's *St. Matthew Passion* at the Concertgebouw Amsterdam as well as the *St. John Passion* with the Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra; he toured with Skip Sempé for Rameau's *Funeral Service* as well as with Les Arts Florissants for Monteverdi's *Seventh Book of Madrigals*; and he performed the role of Argante in Handel's *Rinaldo* at the National Theatre in Prague. This season he tours again with Les Arts Florissants and returns to the Karlsruhe and Göttingen Handel festivals. On stage, he has sung many roles from various repertoires, including *Le Mage du Maghreb* (Nino Rota's *Aladin et la lampe merveilleuse*), Handel's *Siroe* and *Giulio Cesare*, and Ullmann's *Der Kaiser von Atlantis*. In 2010, he created the title role of the opera *Cachafaz* by Oscar Stransoy, staged by Benjamin Lazar at the Opéra Comique.