

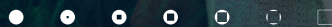
KATRIN HELENA KUSLAP

20. november 2024
kl. 19.30

Konservatoriets Koncertsal
Julius Thomsens Gade 1

SOPRAN

ECHOES OF LIFE



DET KONGELIGE DANSKE
MUSIKKONSERVATORIUM

Gratis adgang

dkdm.dk

PROGRAM

THE BEGINNING

KAIJA SAARIAHO (1952-2023)

Changing Light (2002)
Olga Melby Larsson, violin

CHILDHOOD / DREAMS / LOVE

VELJO TORMIS (1930-2017)

Lauliku Lapsepõli (1966)

JOHN TAVENER (1944-2013)

AKHMATOVA SONGS: III
Boris Pasternak (1993)

NICK MARTIN (B. 1989)

A Land Not Mine (2024) (world premiere)
Hazel Friedman, piano

JOHN TAVENER (1944-2013)

AKHMATOVA SONGS: I
Dante (1993)
Aino Siurua, cello

SERGEI RACHMANINOFF (1873-1943)

12 ROMANCES OPUS 21 NO. 7
How fair this spot (1902)
Hazel Friedman, piano

RUED LANGGAARD (1893-1952)

Jeg beder ej om guldets glød BVN 31 (1908)
Für dich! BVN 44 (1909)
Hazel Friedman, piano

DREAMS TURNED INTO NIGHTMARES

LIBBY LARSEN (B. 1950)

TRY ME, GOOD KING (LAST WORDS OF THE WIVES OF HENRY VIII) (2001)
Katherine of Aragon
Anne Boleyn
Jane Seymour
Anne of Cleves
Katherine Howard
Hazel Friedman, piano

INTERMISSION (20 MINUTES)

WHERE TO?

GAETANO DONIZETTI (1797-1848)

ANNA BOLENA
Al dolce guidami... (1830)
Valerija Vitkauskaitė, Cor anglais

HECTOR BERLIOZ (1803-1869)

LES NUITS D'ÉTÉ OPUS 7 (1841)
Villanelle
Le spectre de la rose
Sur les lagunes
Absence
L'île inconnue

Chamber Orchestra conducted by Ondřej Soukup

Light design: Mariliis Kundla

VOCAL ENSEMBLE

SOPRANO

Liv Larsen-Lechuga
Signe Haugaard Lauridsen
Marie-Louise Zervides
Sandra Lind Torsteinsdóttir
Anna Gerda Sylvest
Elisabeth Rosenberg
Dafne Nielsen

ALT

Sara Amalie Heise
Astrid Zeciri-Thomsen
Hanna Takeuchi Thirstrup
Hazel Friedman
Melike Uludag
Fanny Kempe
Åsne Sandegren
Berte Wiggers Lyneborg
Martine Johanne Olsen

CHAMBER ORCHESTRA

VIOLIN I

Villads Littauer
Gustav Ranum
Justina Maria La Cour
Freja Julie Rasch Eskildsen
Vasilisa Koroleva
Myrra Lolck Hansen
Hjalti Vang Sámalsson
Pavlo Caliaghin

VIOLIN II

Marie Therese Nørby
Tilda Suntian Shen
Michalin Stolc
Emilia Rosa Hofmann
Utana Hiragushi
Lingyi Zhao
Josephine Egede Franyó

VIOLA

Kirsten Wilbrandt Kjær
Daniel Śledziński
Dominika Dudek
Ketil Kannevorrff

CELLO

Oskar Hansen
Arjun Ganguly
Helena Iglesias
Magnus Franyó

DOUBLE BASS

Thora Jaeger
Jakob Rolandsson

FLUTE

Simona Guler
Sille Amalie Enevoldsen

OBOE

Emanuele Momo
Valerija Vitkauskaitė

CLARINET

Kristopher Nash
Luka Vovk

BASSOON

Peder Ravn Jensen
Hrafn Thorarensen

HORNS

Simon Berg
Magne Meyer
Sara Rós Hulda Róbertsdóttir

HARP

Inês Cavalheiro

PERCUSSION

Alicja Krajewska
Łukasz Piotr Szyszko
Toby Rasmussen

KATRIN HELENA KUSLAP

Katrin Helena Kuslap is an Estonian soprano based in Copenhagen, Denmark. She started her musical studies at the age of 7 with violin. She has sung in different choirs throughout her whole life, but she didn't start with singing studies until 2013 in Heino Eller Music College in Tartu (prof. Taavi Tampuu). Before moving to Denmark a year later, she studied at The Estonian Academy of Theatre and Music. Hearing the clarity and precision of the nordic way of singing is what inspired Katrin Helena to apply for the conservatory here in Copenhagen. She holds both Bachelor's and Master's Degree from The Royal Danish Academy of Music (prof. Hanna Hjort), and is currently graduating from the Soloist class under the tutelage of Helene Gjerris. A lesser known fun fact is that she studied Politics & International Relations at the University of Tartu in the hopes of having a career as a diplomat, and to escape from the destiny of becoming a musician. This debut-concert is a good example of how well this plan went.

As a freelance singer with experience and interests in many styles and repertoires, she has performed as a soloist with Danish Chamber Orchestra and Concerto Copenhagen. She is a member of the Danish Radio Concert Choir and is often heard singing with different professional ensembles.

She has great interest in lied-repertoire. She won, together with her duo-partner Hazel Friedman, 2nd Prize at the Rued Langgaard Competition (2022) and a Special Prize for best interpretation of a Danish song at the Copenhagen Lied-Duo Competition (2023). They are looking forward to February 2025 to participate at the prestigious Franz Schubert and Modern Music Competition and to continuous collaboration in the future.

DEAR AUDIENCE

Welcome to my debut concert - I'm happy you are here!

Tonight's program is built up as a thread through life. We start from the beginning - the creation and childhood, where you will hear Estonian folk-music and a newly written piece by Nick Martin to Anna Akhmatova's poetry. Next stop is at the era of youth where Danish composer Rued Langgaard will paint our world with the colors of love. This will be followed by adulthood, represented by the wives and Queens of King Henry VIII - the famous king who ordered several of his wives to be beheaded or imprisoned, simply because he wished to marry someone else. You will hear it in the music of American composer Libby Larsen how sometimes the best dreams can turn into the worst nightmares... The program ends on a hopeful note with Hector Berlioz' dreamy song-cycle Les nuits d'été, where the very last song suggests that winds are rising and will fill the sails of our (life)ship once more. Where will the winds take us though? You decide!

I hope that this versatile program, consisting mainly of chamber-music and lesser-known works, will take you on an exciting musical journey and will offer you moments of reflection and joy.

Thank you again for being here and I wish you an exciting concert!

Katrin Helena Kuslap

THANK YOU

A big and warm thank you goes to my singing teachers Helene and Hanna, accompanists Ulrich, Mats, and Søren, as well as to Christen and Christian, who have each in their unique way been my mentors and motivators throughout the years. Thank you to my dearest family and friends for being there for me both in success and failure and showing me meaning and way forward in what I do when I have lost sight and hope myself. A massive thank you to all the musicians and singers on this stage tonight, to the most helpful librarians, fantastic production and technical team - each and every one of you both on and off stage that have put together this special concert. Until next time!

PROGRAM NOTES

KAIJA SAARIAHO - CHANGING LIGHT

Kaija Saariaho has said about Changing Light: "In the composition I follow the idea of a dialogue, suggested by the text I have chosen. The intimate nature and fragile sound world of the duo mirror the fragility of our uncertain existence".

VELJO TORMIS - LAULIKU LAPSEPÕLI (The Singer's Childhood)

It was a great wish of mine to honor my Estonian heritage during this concert. As I have always sung in different choirs and enjoy singing with others, then there was no question that one piece with a vocal ensemble should be in the program. Lauliku Lapsepõli is written by an Estonian composer Veljo Tormis, who is known for his vast amount of choral settings to folklore music - especially the settings to runo songs*. This particular song is based on a folk tune from Southern Estonia - an area where I am also from. In it, the singer tells a dreamlike story of how she grew into becoming a singer. A storyline, which I found very fitting to this concert and to my own path in life.

*A form of oral poetry practiced among the Finnic peoples. Runic song is typically monophonic.

JOHN TAVENER - BORIS PASTERNAK & DANTE

Akhmatova Songs by Tavener is a cycle of six songs written to Anna Akhmatova's poetry. All of these poems were written at different periods during her difficult life. She lived in Soviet Union under Stalin's regime, which she was strongly against, yet she never left her country.

The two songs from this collection are most simplistic of the bunch, and they are both suggesting Akhmatova's awe of other poets - Boris Pasternak and Dante Alighieri. I find these two pieces very meditative and enchanting in their almost monotonous simplicity. Their suggestiveness to folk-music makes them feel very honest and real - just like childhood feels like.

Tavener has said that in his settings for soprano and cello, he tried to reflect the deceptive simplicity of the verse. I think he has done a fantastic job in doing exactly that.

NICK MARTIN - A LAND NOT MINE

Here we have yet another piece inspired by Anna Akhmatova's poetry and Sergei Rachmaninoff's music. Composer Nick Martin says: "It was after hearing Katrin's performance of Rachmaninoff's 'How fair this spot', that I instantly knew that I wanted to compose a song for her. Having a love for Rachmaninoff since childhood - as my father is a pianist - I also knew I wanted to set a Russian text - to pay 'homage' in a way. The poem was written in 1964, two years before Akhmatova's death. It evocatively describes a dream-like landscape that is both familiar and yet other-worldly; going by the title of the pair of poems, that were written in the town of Viborg, close to the Finnish border. As I have lived in and spent many summers in Finland, and since Katrin is from Estonia, this landscape - the sea, trees and light - is one that has a deeply emotional resonance to both of us."

SERGEI RACHMANINOFF - HOW FAIR THIS SPOT

Crème de la crème of dreamy, romantic music. Rachmaninoff has done a fantastic job in describing the blessed place of serenity and love through his music.

RUED LANGGAARD - JEG BEDER EJ OM GULDETS GLØD & FÜR DICH!

Together with Hazel, we got introduced to Rued Langgaard's music a couple of years ago when participating in a competition named after him. We were positively surprised of the vast amount of songs he had written, and of his musical style. These two songs are two of our favorites. The first piece is a gorgeous love-song. I cannot help but be touched by it myself when performing it. The second piece is what we call a "banger". It is filled with passion, it helps to get your pulse up and after you are done with it - you'd like some more!

LIBBY LARSEN - TRY ME, GOOD KING: LAST WORDS OF THE WIVES OF HENRY VIII

Libby Larsen says: "Try Me, Good King is a group of five songs drawn from the final letters and gallows speeches of Katherine of Aragon, Anne Boleyn, Jane Seymour, Anne of Cleves, and Katherine Howard. Henry's sixth wife, Katherine Parr, outlived him and brought some domestic and spiritual peace into Henry's immediate family. In these songs I chose to focus on the intimate crises of the heart that affected the first five of the six wives. In a sense, this group is a monodrama of anguish and power."

Two of these women were beheaded. Can you guess which ones?

GAETANO DONIZETTI - ANNA BOLENA'S ARIA AL DOLCE GUIDAMI

Anna Bolena (Italian version of Anne Boleyn) is the story of an unjustly sacrificed queen. While married to Anne, Henry VIII has started seeing Jane Seymour, a lady-in-waiting to Anne Boleyn, in secret and he plots to remove Anne, his wife from the throne. He does this by bringing back Lord Percy, who Anne was previously forced to separate from to marry him (Henry VIII). He calls for Percy (who is still in love with Anne), back from exile, to figure out a way to set up a meeting between the two former lovers to get what he wants (Jane Seymour) and remove Anne from the picture. He takes the opportunity to unjustly accuse Anne, who will eventually be imprisoned and sentenced to death for treason.

'Al dolce guidami' is Anne's aria as she awaits her execution and remembers her childhood home and her early love for Percy.

I thought it is interesting to start the second half of the concert with this aria, hearing Anne Boleyn once more, though in a different light than before.

HECTOR BERLIOZ - LES NUITS D'ÉTÉ

It is a setting of six poems by Théophile Gautier. The cycle, completed in 1841, was

originally for soloist and piano accompaniment. Berlioz orchestrated one of the songs in 1843, and did the same for the other five in 1856. One can only be thankful that he did, as the piano accompaniment does not do these songs justice. The cycle was neglected for many years, but during the 20th century it became, and has remained, one of the composer's most popular works. The theme of the work is the progress of love, from youthful innocence to loss and finally renewal. You will hear five of these songs (with an exception of 'Au cimetière') during tonight's concert. This cycle rounds up theme of the program - it takes us through different states of mind and leads us to renewal in the end. As said in the greetings, the final piece suggests us that life will go on - which direction though, is up to us to decide.

TEXTS/TRANSLATIONS

CHANGING LIGHT (translated from Hebrew by Rabbi Jules Harlow)

Light and darkness, night and day.
We marvel at the mystery of the stars.
Moon and sky, sand and sea.
We marvel at the mystery of the sun.
Twilight, high noon, dusk and dawn.
Though we are mortal, we are Creation's crown.
Flesh and bone, steel and stone.
We dwell in fragile, temporary shelters.
Grant steadfast love, compassion, grace.

Sustain us, Lord; our origin is dust.
Splendor, mercy, majesty, love endure.
We are but little lower than the angels.
Resplendent skies, sunset, sunrise.
The grandeur of Creation lifts our lives.
Evening darkness, morning dawn.
Renew our lives as you renew all time.
Renew our lives.

LAULIKU LAPSEPÕLI

Kui ma ol'li väikokõnõ, al'leaa, al'leaa,
kas'vi ma sis kaunikõnõ,
ol'li üte üü vannu,
pääle katõ päävä vannu,
imä vei kiigu kesä pääle,
pan'de hällü palo pääle,
pan'de par'dsi hällütämmä,
suvõlinnu liigutamma,
Par'dsil ol'le pal'lo sõnnu,
suvõlinnul liia' laalu'
par'ts sääl man mul pal'lo lauli,
suvõlindu liiast kõnõli.
Säält mina lat's sis laulu ope,
ul'likõnõ sõna' osasi,
kõik mina pan'ni papõrihe,
kõik mina raiõ raamatuhe.
Selle minol pal'lo sõnnu,
selle laajalt laalu viisi.

ESTONIAN FOLK TUNE

When I was a little one, alleaa, alleaa,
Growing up, a fair one,
Only one night of age,
More than two days of age,
Mother took my swing out to the fallow,
Set my cradle on the heat,
Got a duck to rock it,
A summerbird to swing it.
The duck had many words,
The summerbird too many songs,
There the duck much sang by me,
The summerbird talked too much.
From there I, a child, the songs then learnt,
There I, a sprat, picked up the words.
Everything I put down on paper,
Everything I carved in the books,
Therefore have I many words,
Therefore I am rich in tunes.

BORIS PASTERNAK / ANNA AKHMATOVA

Он награждён каким-то вечным детством,
Той щедростью и зоркостью светил,
И вся земля была его наследством,
А он её со всеми разделил.

He, endowed with some eternal childhood
He colored [his writing as though] open-handed,
clear-sighted,
And [the] whole earth was his heritage,
And this with everyone he shared.

A LAND NOT MINE / ANNA AKHMATOVA

Земля хотя и не родная,
Но памятная навсегда,
И в море нежно-ледяная
И несоленая вода.
На дне песок белее мела,
А воздух пьяный, как вино,
И сосен розовое тело
В закатный час обнажено.
А сам закат в волнах эфира
Такой, что мне не разобрать,
Конец ли дня, конец ли мира,
Иль тайна тайн во мне опять.

A land not mine, still
forever memorable,
the waters of its ocean
chill and fresh.
Sand on the bottom whiter than chalk,
and the air drunk, like wine,
late sun lays bare
the rosy limbs of the pinetrees.
Sunset in the ethereal waves:
I cannot tell if the day
is ending, or the world, or if
the secret of secrets is inside me again.

DANTE / ANNA AKHMATOVA

Он и после смерти не вернулся
В старую Флоренцию свою.
Этот, уходя, не оглянулся,
Этому я эту песнь пою.
Он из ада ей послал проклятье
И в раю не мог её забыть,...

He, even after death, didn't return
To his old Florence.
In leaving, didn't look back,
To him, I sing this song.
He, from hell, cursed her,
And in Paradise couldn't forget her.

HOW FAIR THIS SPOT / GLAFIRA ADOL'FOVNA GALINA

Здесь хорошо...
Взгляни, вдали огнем
Горит река;
Цветным ковром луга легли,
Белеют облака.

How fair this spot... Just look, there in the
distance
The river is ablaze;
The meadows are like a radiant carpet,
And the clouds are white.

Здесь нет людей...
Здесь тишина...
Здесь только Бог да я.
Цветы, да старая сосна,
Да ты, мечта моя!

There is nobody here... here silence
reigns...
Here I am alone with God.
And the flowers, and the old pine tree,
And you, my dream!...

JEG BEDER EJ OM GULDETS GLØD / CHRISTIAN KNUD FREDERICK MOLBECH

Jeg beder ei om Guldets Glød,
Den har kun liden Varme,
Jeg beder om en Mund saa rød
Og om to hvide Arme.

I do not ask for the glow of gold,
It has little heat,
I ask for a mouth so red.
And I ask two white arms.

Jeg beder ei om Ærens Krands,
Hvorom sig Mængden flokker,
Jeg beder om et Øies Glands
Og om en Krands af Lokker.

I do not ask for the wreath of honor,
where the crowd flocks,
I am asking for a glimps of an eye
And a wreath of a lock.

Jeg beder ei om mangt et Aar
Førend det sidste kommer,
Jeg beder om een yndig Vaar
Og om een Elskovssommer.

I do not ask for many years
Before the end comes,
I pray for a lovely spring
And for a summer of love.

Jeg beder ei om Lykkens Vind,
Om Glædens raske Seiler,
Jeg beder om det dybe Sind,
Hvori min Siæl sig speiler.

I do not ask for the wind of happiness,
or the swift sails of joy,
I pray for the deep soul,
In which my own is reflected.

FÜR DICH! / EMIL RITTERSHAUS

Dich lieb ich heiß, wie ich auf Erden
Noch nimmermehr ein Weib geliebt,
Und nimmer kann mir Frieden werden,
Wenn nicht Dein Herz mir Frieden gibt.
Darf ich auf Deine Liebe hoffen?
Ist mein Dein Herz? O Liebste, sprich!
Des Himmels Pforten sprengt' ich offen
Für Dich!

I love you dearly,
As I never loved a woman before,
And I can never have peace,
Unless your heart gives me peace.
Can I hope for your love?
Is mine your heart? O beloved, speak!
I have blown open the gates of heaven
For you!

Dein Bildnis schaut in meine Träume,
Wenn leis die Nacht den Schleier webt,
Wenn durch des Aethers blaue Räume
Die Legion der Sterne schwebt.
Dein Bildnis seh' ich mich umschweben
Auch dann noch, wenn die Nacht verstrich.
Mein ganzes Sein, mein ganzes Leben
Für Dich!

Your image looks into my dreams,
When the night quietly weaves the veil,
When through the ether's blue spaces
The Legion of Stars floats.
I see your image floating around me
Even when the night has passed.
My whole being, my whole life is
For you!

KATHERINE OF ARAGON

My most dear lord, king and husband,
 The hour of my death now drawing on,
 the tender love I owe you forces me,
 to commend myself to you,
 and to put you in remembrance of the
 health and welfare of your soul.
 You have cast me into many calamities
 and yourself into many troubles.

ANNE BOLEYN

Try me, good King,
 and let me have a lawful trial,
 and let not my enemies sit as my
 accusers and judges.
 Let me receive an open trial,
 for my truth shall fear no open shame.
 Never a prince had a wife more loyal
 in all duty.
 in all true affection, than you have
 ever found in Anne Boleyn.
 You have chosen me from low estate
 to be your wife and companion.
 Do you not remember the words of
 your own true hand?
 “My own darling,
 I would you were in my arms –
 for I think it long since I kissed you.

JANE SEYMOUR

Right trusty and Well-Beloved, we
 greet you well,
 for as much as be the inestimable
 goodness of Almighty God,
 we be delivered... of a prince...
 I love the rose both red and white.

ANNE OF CLEVES

I have been informed by certain lords,
 of the doubts and questions
 which have been found in our marriage.
 It may please your majesty to know that,
 though this case be most hard and sorrowful.
 I have and do accept the clergy for my judges.
 So now, the clergy hath given their sentence,
 I...approve...

For my part, I pardon you everything,
 and I wish to devoutly pray God
 that He will pardon you also.
 For the rest, I commend unto you our daugh-
 ter Mary,
 beseeching you to be a good father unto her.
 Lastly, I make this vow,
 that my eyes desire you above all things.

My mistress and friend...”
 Try me, good King.
 If ever I have found favor in your sight,
 if ever the name of Anne Boleyn has been
 pleasing to your ears,
 then let me obtain this request,
 and my innocence shall be known and
 cleared.
 Good Christian People,
 I come hither to die,
 and by the law I am judged to die.
 I pray God save the King.
 I hear the executioner’s good, and my neck
 is so little...

To hear of them is my delight!
 Joyed may we be,
 Our prince to see,
 And roses three!

I neither can nor will repute myself for
 your grace’s wife,
 yet it will please your highness to take me
 for your sister,
 for which I most humbly thank you!
 Your majesty’s most humble sister,
 Anne, daughter of Cleves.

KATHERINE HOWARD

God have mercy on my soul,
 Good people, I beg you pray for me.
 By the journey upon which I am bound,
 brothers, I have not wronged the King!
 But it is true that long before the King
 took me,
 I loved Thomas Culpeper...
 I wish to God I had done as Culpeper
 wished me,

AL DOLCE GUIDAMI

Al dolce guidami castel natio,
 ai verdi platani, al cheto rio,
 che i nostri mormora sospiri ancor.
 Ah! colà, dimentico de' scorsi affanni,
 un giorno rendimi de' miei primi'anni,
 un giorno sol del nostro amor.

Al dolce guidami castel natio,
 un giorno rendimi del nostro amor...
 un giorno sol del nostro amor.

VILLANELLE / THEOPHILE GAUTIER

Quand viendra la saison nouvelle,
 Quand auront disparu les froids,
 Tous les deux nous irons, ma belle,
 Pour cueillir le muguet aux bois;
 Sous nos pieds égrenant les perles
 Que l’on voit au matin trembler,
 Nous irons écouter les merles
 Siffler!
 Le printemps est venu, ma belle;
 C’est le mois des amants béni,
 Et l’oiseau, satinant son aile,
 Dit ses vers au rebord du nid.
 Oh! viens donc sur ce banc de mousse,
 Pour parler de nos beaux amours,
 Et dis-moi de ta voix si douce:
 Toujours!
 Loin, bien loin, égarant nos courses,
 Faisons fuir le lapin caché,
 Et le daim au miroir des sources
 Admirant son grand bois penché;
 Puis, chez nous, tout heureux, tout aises,
 En paniers enlaçant nos doigts,
 Revenons rapportant des fraises
 Des bois!

for at the time the King wanted me,
 Culpeper urged me to say that I was
 pledged to him.
 If I had done as he wished me,
 I should not die this death, nor would he.
 God have mercy on my soul,
 Good people, I beg you pray for me!
 I die a Queen, but I would rather die the wife
 of Culpeper.

Lead me to the dear castle where I was born,
 to the green plane trees, to that brook
 that still murmurs to our sighs...
 Ah! There I forget past griefs,
 give me back one day of my youth,
 give me back one day of our love.

Lead me to the dear castle where I was born;
 give me back one day of our love..
 just one single day of our love.

VILLANELLE

When the new season comes,
 When the cold has gone,
 We two will go, my sweet,
 To gather lilies-of-the-valley in the woods;
 Scattering as we tread the pearls of dew
 We see quivering each morn,
 We’ll go and hear the blackbirds
 Sing!
 Spring has come, my sweet;
 It is the season lovers bless,
 And the birds, preening their wings,
 Sing songs from the edge of their nests.
 Ah! Come, then, to this mossy bank
 To talk of our beautiful love,
 And tell me in your gentle voice:
 Forever!
 Far, far away we’ll stray from our path,
 Startling the rabbit from his hiding-place
 And the deer reflected in the spring,
 Admiring his great lowered antlers;
 Then home we’ll go, serene and at ease,
 And entwining our fingers basket-like,
 We’ll bring back home wild
 Strawberries!

**LE SPECTRE DE LA ROSE
THEOPHILE GAUTIER**

Soulève ta paupière close
Qu'effleure un songe virginal;
Je suis le spectre d'une rose
Que tu portais hier au bal.
Tu me pris encore emperlée
Des pleurs d'argent de l'arrosoir,
Et parmi le fête étoilée
Tu me promenais tout le soir.

Ô toi, qui de ma mort fus cause,
Sans que tu puisses le chasser,
Toutes les nuits mon spectre rose
À ton chevet viendra danser.
Mais ne crains rien, je ne réclame
Ni messe ni _De profundis_;
Ce léger parfum est mon âme,
Et j'arrive du paradis.

Mon destin fut digne d'envie:
Et pour avoir un sort si beau,
Plus d'un aurait donné sa vie,
Car sur ton sein j'ai mon tombeau,
Et sur l'albâtre où je repose
Un poète avec un baiser
Écrivit: Ci-gît une rose
Que tous les rois vont jalouser.

**SUR LES LAGUNES
THEOPHILE GAUTIER**

Ma belle amie est morte:
Je pleurerai toujours;
Sous la tombe elle emporte
Mon âme et mes amours.
Dans le ciel, sans m'attendre,
Elle s'en retourna;
L'ange qui l'emmena
Ne voulut pas me prendre.
Que mon sort est amer!
Ah! sans amour, s'en aller sur la mer!

Le blanche créature
Est couchée au cercueil.

THE SPECTRE OF THE ROSE

Open your eyelids,
Brushed by a virginal dream;
I am the spectre of a rose
That yesterday you wore at the dance.
You plucked me still sprinkled
With silver tears of dew,
And amid the glittering feast
You wore me all evening long.

O you who brought about my death,
You shall be powerless to banish me:
The rosy spectre which every night
Will come to dance at your bedside.
But be not afraid – I demand
Neither Mass nor De Profundis;
This faint perfume is my soul,
And I come from Paradise.

My destiny was worthy of envy;
And for such a beautiful fate,
Many would have given their lives –
For my tomb is on your breast,
And on the alabaster where I lie,
A poet with a kiss
Has written: Here lies a rose
Which every king will envy.

ON THE LAGOONS

My dearest love is dead:
I shall weep for evermore;
To the tomb she takes with her
My soul and all my love.
Without waiting for me
She has returned to Heaven;
The angel who took her away
Did not wish to take me.
How bitter is my fate!
Alas! to set sail loveless across the sea!

The pure white being
Lies in her coffin.

Comme dans la nature
Tout me paraît en deuil!
La colombe oubliée
Pleure et songe à l'absent;
Mon âme pleure et sent
Qu'elle est dépareillée.
Que mon sort est amer!
Ah! sans amour, s'en aller sur la mer!

Sur moi la nuit immense
S'étend comme un linceul;
Je chante ma romance
Que le ciel entend seul.
Ah! comme elle était belle,
Et comme je l'aimais!
Je n'aimerai jamais
Une femme autant qu'elle.
Que mon sort est amer!
Ah! sans amour, s'en aller sur la mer!

**ABSENCE
THEOPHILE GAUTIER**

Reviens, reviens, ma bien-aimée;
Comme une fleur loin du soleil,
La fleur de ma vie est fermée
Loin de ton sourire vermeil!

Entre nos cœurs quelle distance!
Tant d'espace entre nos baisers!
Ô sort amer! ô dure absence!
Ô grands désirs inapaisés!

Reviens, reviens, ma bien-aimée.
Comme une fleur loin du soleil,
La fleur de ma vie est fermée
Loin de ton sourire vermeil!

D'ici là-bas, que de campagnes,
Que de villes et de hameaux,
Que de vallons et de montagnes,
À lasser le pied des chevaux.

Reviens, reviens, ma bien-aimée.
Comme une fleur loin du soleil,
La fleur de ma vie est fermée
Loin de ton sourire vermeil!

How everything in nature
Seems to mourn!
The forsaken dove
Weeps, dreaming of its absent mate;
My soul weeps and feels
Itself adrift.
How bitter is my fate!
Alas! to set sail loveless across the sea!

The immense night above me
Is spread like a shroud;
I sing my song
Which heaven alone can hear.
Ah! how beautiful she was,
And how I loved her!
I shall never love a woman
As I loved her.
How bitter is my fate!
Alas! to set sail loveless across the sea!

ABSENCE

Return, return, my sweetest love!
Like a flower far from the sun,
The flower of my life is closed
Far from your crimson smile!

Such a distance between our hearts!
So great a gulf between our kisses!
O bitter fate! O harsh absence!
O great unassuaged desires!

Return, return, my sweetest love!
Like a flower far from the sun,
The flower of my life is closed
Far from your crimson smile!

So many intervening plains,
So many towns and hamlets,
So many valleys and mountains
To weary the horses' hooves.

Return, return, my sweetest love!
Like a flower far from the sun,
The flower of my life is closed
Far from your crimson smile!

L'ILE INCONNUE THEOPHILE GAUTIER

Dites, la jeune belle,
Où voulez-vous aller?
La voile ouvre son aile,
La brise va souffler!

L'aviron est d'ivoire,
Le pavillon de moire,
Le gouvernail d'or fin;
J'ai pour lest une orange,
Pour voile une aile d'ange,
Pour mousse un séraphin.

Dites, la jeune belle,
Où voulez-vous aller?
La voile ouvre son aile,
La brise va souffler!

Est-ce dans la Baltique
Dans la mer Pacifique,
Dans l'île de Java?
Ou bien est-ce en Norvège,
Cueillir la fleur de neige
Ou la fleur d'Angsoka?

Dites, la jeune belle,
Où voulez-vous aller?

Menez-moi, dit la belle,
À la rive fidèle
Où l'on aime toujours.
– Cette rive, ma chère,
On ne la connaît guère
Au pays des amours.

Où voulez-vous aller?
La brise va souffler.

THE UNKNOWN ISLAND

Tell me, pretty young maid,
Where is it you would go?
The sail is billowing,
The breeze about to blow!

The oar is of ivory,
The pennant of watered silk,
The rudder of finest gold;
For ballast I've an orange,
For sail an angel's wing,
For cabin-boy a seraph.

Tell me, pretty young maid,
Where is it you would go?
The sail is billowing,
The breeze about to blow!

Perhaps the Baltic,
Or the Pacific
Or the Isle of Java?
Or else to Norway,
To pluck the snow flower
Or the flower of Angsoka?

Tell me, pretty young maid,
Where is it you would go?

Take me, said the pretty maid,
To the shore of faithfulness
Where love endures forever.
– That shore, my sweet,
Is scarce known
In the realm of love.

Where is it you would go?
The breeze is about to blow!