



**Monday 20th June 2020**  
**CMF LIVE – St Pancras Clock Tower**  
**Anna Cavaliero and Natalie Burch**

**Britten, 'Fanfare' from *Les Illuminations***  
**Poem by Arthur Rimbaud**

J'ai seul la clef de cette parade sauvage.

**Britten, 'Fanfare' from *The Illuminations***  
**English translation by Helen Rootham**

I alone hold the key to this wild parade.

**Barber, *Knoxville: Summer of 1915***  
**Lyrics by James Agee**

(We are talking now of summer evenings in Knoxville Tennessee in that time that I lived there so successfully disguised to myself as a child.)

...It has become that time of evening when people sit on their porches, rocking gently and talking gently and watching the street and the standing up into their sphere of possession of the trees, of birds' hung havens, hangars. People go by; things go by. A horse, drawing a buggy, breaking his hollow iron music on the asphalt; a loud auto; a quiet auto; people in pairs, not in a hurry, scuffling, switching their weight of aestival body, talking casually, the taste hovering over them of vanilla, strawberry, pasteboard and starched milk, the image upon them of lovers and horsemen, squared with clowns in hueless amber.

A streetcar raising its iron moan; stopping, belling and starting; stertorous; rousing and raising again its iron increasing moan and swimming its gold windows and straw seats on past and past and past, the bleak spark crackling and cursing above it like a small malignant spirit set to dog its tracks; the iron whine rises on rising speed; still risen, faints; halts; the faint stinging bell; rises again, still fainter, fainting, lifting, lifts, faints foregone: forgotten. Now is the night one blue dew.

Now is the night one blue dew, my father has drained, he has coiled the hose.

Low on the length of lawns, a frailing of fire who breathes....

Parents on porches: rock and rock. From damp strings morning glories hang their ancient faces.

The dry and exalted noise of the locusts from all the air at once enchants my eardrums.

On the rough wet grass of the back yard my father and mother have spread quilts. We all lie there, my mother, my father, my uncle, my aunt, and I too am lying there....They are not talking much, and the talk is quiet, of nothing in particular, of nothing at all. The stars are wide and alive, they seem each like a smile of great sweetness, and they seem very near. All my people are larger bodies than mine,...with voices gentle and meaningless like the voices of sleeping birds. One is an artist, he is living at home. One is a musician, she is living at home. One is my mother who is good to me. One is my father who is good to me. By some chance, here they are, all on this earth; and who shall ever tell the sorrow of being on this earth, lying, on quilts, on the grass, in a summer evening, among the sounds of the night. May God bless my people, my uncle, my aunt, my mother, my good father, oh, remember them kindly in their time of trouble; and in the hour of their taking away.

After a little I am taken in and put to bed. Sleep, soft smiling, draws me unto her: and those receive me, who quietly treat me, as one familiar and well-beloved in that home: but will not, oh, will not, not now, not ever; but will not ever tell me who I am.

**Britten, 'Interlude' from *Les Illuminations***  
**Poem by Arthur Rimbaud**

J'ai seul la clef de cette parade sauvage.

**Britten, 'Interlude' from *The Illuminations***  
**English translation by Helen Rootham**

I alone hold the key to this wild parade.

**Debussy, 'Il pleure dans mon cœur' from *Ariettes oubliées***  
**Poem by Paul Verlaine**

Il pleure dans mon cœur  
Comme il pleut sur la ville;  
Quelle est cette langueur  
Qui pénètre mon cœur?

**Debussy, 'Tears fall in my heart' from *Forgotten songs***  
**English translation by Richard Stokes**

Tears fall in my heart  
As rain falls on the town;  
What is this torpor  
Pervading my heart?

Ô bruit doux de la pluie  
Par terre et sur les toits!  
Pour un cœur qui s'ennuie  
Ô le bruit de la pluie!  
Il pleure sans raison  
Dans ce cœur qui s'écœure.  
Quoi! nulle trahison? ...  
Ce deuil est sans raison.  
C'est bien la pire peine  
De ne savoir pourquoi  
Sans amour et sans haine,  
Mon cœur a tant de peine.

**Debussy, 'Green' from *Ariettes oubliées*  
Poem by Paul Verlaine**

Voici des fruits, des fleurs, des feuilles et  
des branches  
Et puis voici mon cœur qui ne bat que pour  
vous.  
Ne le déchirez pas avec vos deux mains  
blanches  
Et qu'à vos yeux si beaux l'humble présent  
soit doux.  
J'arrive tout couvert encore de rosée  
Que le vent du matin vient glacer à mon  
front.  
Souffrez que ma fatigue à vos pieds reposée  
Rêve des chers instants qui la délasseront.  
Sur votre jeune sein laissez rouler ma tête  
Toute sonore encore de vos derniers  
baisers;  
Laissez-la s'apaiser de la bonne tempête,  
Et que je dorme un peu puisque vous  
reposez.

**Korngold, 'Sterbelied' from *Vier Lieder  
des Abschieds*  
Poem by Christina Rossetti, translation  
by Alfred Kerr**

Ah, the soft sound of rain  
On the ground and roofs!  
For a listless heart,  
Ah, the sound of the rain!  
Tears fall without reason  
In this disheartened heart.  
What! Was there no treason? ...  
This grief's without reason.  
And the worst pain of all  
Must be not to know why  
Without love and without hate  
My heart feels such pain.

**Debussy, 'Green' from *Forgotten songs*  
English translation by Richard Stokes**

Here are flowers, branches, fruit, and  
fronds,  
And here too is my heart that beats just for  
you.  
Do not tear it with your two white hands  
And may the humble gift please your lovely  
eyes.  
I come all covered still with the dew  
Frozen to my brow by the morning breeze.  
Let my fatigue, finding rest at your feet,  
Dream of dear moments that will soothe it.  
On your young breast let me cradle my  
head  
Still ringing with your recent kisses;  
After love's sweet tumult grant it peace,  
And let me sleep a while, since you rest.

**Korngold, 'Requiem' from *Four songs of  
farewell*  
English translation by Richard Stokes**

Laß Liebster, wenn ich tot bin,  
laß du von Klagen ab.  
Statt Rosen und Cypressen  
wächst Gras auf meinem Grab.  
Ich schlafe still im Zwielijkschein  
in schwerer Dämmernis -  
Und wenn du willst, gedenke mein  
und wenn du willst, vergiß.  
Ich fühle nicht den Regen,  
ich seh' nicht, ob es tagt,  
ich höre nicht die Nachtigall,  
die in den Büschen klagt.  
Vom Schlaf erweckt mich keiner,  
die Erdenwelt verblich.  
Vielleicht gedenk ich deiner,  
vielleicht vergaß ich dich.

**Korngold, 'Gefäßter Abschied' from *Vier Lieder des Abschieds*  
Poem by Ernst Lothar**

Weine nicht, daß ich jetzt gehe,  
Heiter lass dich von mir küssen.  
Blüht das Glück nicht aus der Nähe,  
Von ferne wird's dich keuscher grüssen.  
Nimm diese Blumen, die ich pflückte,  
Monatsrosen rot und Nelken,  
Laß die Trauer, die dich drückte,  
Herzens Blume kann nicht welken.  
Lächle nicht mit bitter'm Lächeln,  
Stosse mich nicht stumm zur Seite.  
Linde Luft wird bald dich wieder fächeln,  
Bald ist Liebe dein Geleite!  
Gib deine Hand mir ohne Zittern,  
Letztem Kuß gib alle Wonne.  
Bang' vor Sturm nicht: aus Gewittern  
Geht strahlender auf die Sonne...  
So schau zuletzt noch die schöne Linde,  
Drunter uns kein Auge je erspähte.  
Glaub, o glaub, daß ich dich wiederfinde,  
Denn ernten wird, wer Liebe lächelnd säte.

When I am dead, my dearest,  
Do not lament.  
Instead of roses and cypress,  
Grass shall cover my grave.  
I shall sleep quietly in the twilight,  
In the heavy dusk.  
And if you will, remember,  
And if you will, forget.  
I shall not feel the rain,  
I shall not see the dawn,  
I shall not hear the nightingale  
Lamenting in the trees.  
No one shall ever wake me,  
All the world has vanished.  
Perhaps I shall remember you,  
Perhaps I'll have forgotten you.

**Korngold, 'Resigned farewell' from *Four songs of farewell*  
English translation by Richard Stokes**

Do not weep that I am now going,  
Be cheerful and let me kiss you.  
If joy does not bloom when we are near,  
It will greet you more chastely from afar.  
Take these flowers that I have picked,  
Red China roses and carnations,  
Shake off the sorrow that oppressed you,  
The heart's blossom cannot wither.  
Do not smile a bitter smile,  
Do not push me aside in silence.  
A soft breeze will soon fan you once more,  
Love will soon escort you!  
Give me your hand without trembling,  
Give me all your rapture to this last kiss.  
Be not afraid of tempests: after storms  
The sun rises more resplendently.  
So, take one last look at the lovely  
lime-tree,  
Beneath which no eye ever saw us.  
Believe, O believe, I shall find you again,  
For they who sowed love with a smile shall  
reap its harvest.

**Strauss, 'September' from *Vier Letzte Lieder***

**Poem by Hermann Hesse**

Der Garten trauert,  
kühl sinkt in die Blumen der Regen.  
Der Sommer schauert  
still seinem Ende entgegen.  
Golden tropft Blatt um Blatt  
nieder vom hohen Akazienbaum.  
Sommer lächelt erstaunt und matt  
In den sterbenden Gartentraum.  
Lange noch bei den Rosen  
bleibt er stehn, sehnt sich nach Ruh.  
Langsam tut er  
die müdgeword'nen Augen zu.

**Strauss, 'September' from *Four Last Songs***

The garden is in mourning.  
Cool rain seeps into the flowers.  
Summertime shudders,  
quietly awaiting his end.  
Golden leaf after leaf falls  
from the tall acacia tree.  
Summer smiles, astonished and feeble,  
at his dying dream of a garden.  
For just a while he tarries  
beside the roses, yearning for repose.  
Slowly he closes  
his weary eyes.

**Britten - 'Départ' from *Les Illuminations***  
Poem by Arthur Rimbaud

Assez vu. La vision s'est rencontrée à tous  
les airs.  
Assez eu. Rumeurs des villes, le soir, et au  
soleil, et toujours.  
Assez connu. Les arrêts de la vie. - O  
Rumeurs et Visions!  
Départ dans l'affection et le bruit neufs!

**Britten, 'Departure' from *The Illuminations***

English translation by Helen Rootham

Sufficiently seen. - The vision has been met  
in all guises.  
Sufficiently heard. - Rumours of the town at  
night, in the sunlight, at all times.  
Sufficiently known. - Life's decrees.  
Oh Rumours! Oh Vision!  
Departure in midst of love and new  
rumours.