

## A HUMAN DOCUMENT

Tuesday 17 October 2023 | 5pm  
Holywell Music Room

Presented in association with **St Catherine's College**

**Clara Barbier Serrano** soprano  
**Joanna Kacperek** piano  
**Fiona Maddocks** speaker  
**Richard Ovenden** speaker  
**Netia Jones** speaker

## PROGRAMME

### Jardins sous la pluie

**Claude Debussy** (1862 - 1918) *from Estampes*  
iii. Jardins sous la pluie (solo piano)

**Lili Boulanger** (1893 - 1918) *from Clairières dans le ciel*  
Elle est gravement gaie

Francis Jammes  
(1860 - 1938)

**Richard Strauss** (1864 - 1949) *Frühlingsgedränge, Op. 26 no.1*

Nikolaus Lenau  
(1802 - 1850)

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### Les Parfums de la nuit

**Claude Debussy** (1862 - 1918) *Les sons et les parfums tournent dans l'air du soir (solo piano)*

**Kaija Saariaho** (b.1952) *from Leino Songs*  
iv. Rauha

Eino Leino  
(1878-1926)

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### L'Isle joyeuse

**Claude Debussy** (1862 - 1918) *L'isle joyeuse, L. 106 (solo piano)*

Eino Leino  
(1878 - 1926)

**Marguerite Canal** (1890 - 1978) *from La flûte de jade*  
Les trois Princesses, no. 4

Franz Toussaint  
(1879 - 1955)

**Richard Strauss** (1864 - 1949) *from Sechs Lieder, Op. 68*  
Amor

Clemens Brentano  
(1778 - 1842)

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# TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

## Jardins sous la pluie

Debussy - 'Jardins sous la pluie' (solo piano)

### ELLE EST GRAVEMENT GAIE

Boulangier / Jammes

Elle est gravement gaie.  
Par moments son regard,  
se levait comme pour surprendre ma pensée.  
Elle était douce alors comme quand il est tard  
le velours jaune et bleu d'une allée de pensées.

### FRÜHLINGSGEDRANGE

Strauss / Lenau

Frühlingskinder im bunten Gedränge,  
Flatternde Blüten, duftende Hauche,  
Schmachtende, jubelnde Liebesgesänge  
Stürzen an's Herz mir aus jedem Strauche.  
Frühlingskinder mein Herz umschwärmen,  
Flüstern hinein mit schmeichelnden Worten,  
Rufen hinein mit trunknem Lärmen,  
Rütteln an längst verschlossnen Pforten.  
Frühlingskinder, mein Herz umringend,  
Was doch sucht ihr darin so dringend?  
Hab' ich's verraten euch jüngst im Traume,  
Schlummernd unterm Blütenbaume?  
Brachten euch Morgenwinde die Sage,  
Daß ich im Herzen eingeschlossen  
Euren lieblichen Spielgenossen,  
Heimlich und selig – ihr Bildnis trage?

### SHE IS SOLEMNLY CHEERFUL

English Translation © Richard Stokes

She is solemnly cheerful.  
At times she looked up,  
as if to catch what I was thinking.  
She was gentle then, like at dusk  
the yellow-blue velvet of a path of pansies.

### THRONGING SPRING

English Translation © Richard Stokes

Children of Spring in colourful throngs,  
Fluttering blossoms, fragrant breezes,  
Languishing, jubilant songs of love  
Storm my heart from every shrub.  
Children of Spring swarm round my heart,  
Whisper their way in with flattering words,  
Clamour their way in with drunken cries,  
Rattle at doors long since closed.  
Children of Spring surrounding my heart,  
What do you seek there so urgently?  
Have I lately revealed to you in a dream,  
Asleep beneath a blossoming tree,  
Did the morning breezes rumour to you  
That I have locked  
your sweet playmates in my heart,  
Where secretly and blissfully I hide their picture?

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## Les Parfums de la nuit

Debussy - 'Les sons et les parfums tournent dans l'air du soir' (solo piano)

## **RAUHA**

Saariaho / Leino

Mitä on nää tuoksut mun ympärillään?  
Mitä on tämä hiljaisuus?  
Mitä tietävi rauha mun sydämessäin,  
tää suuri ja outo ja uus?

Minä kuulen, kuink' kukkaset kasvavat  
ja metsässä puhuvat puut.  
Minä luulen, nyt kypsyvät unelmat  
ja toivot ja tou'ot muut.

Kaikk' on niin hiljaa mun ympärillään,  
kaikk' on niin hellää ja hyvää.  
Kukat suuret mun aukeevat sydämessäin  
ja tuoksuvat rauhaa syvää.

## **PEACE**

English Translation © Lola Rogers

What is this fragrance around me?  
What is this quietness?  
What is this promise of peace in my heart,  
What strange, grand, new thins is this?

I hear how the flowers are growing  
And the talk of the trees in the wood.  
I think that my old dreams are ripening  
All my hopes, all the things that I sowed.

Everything's quiet around me,  
Everything's gentle and sweet.  
Great flowers are opening here in my heart  
With a fragrances of deepest peace.

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## **L'Isle joyeuse**

Debussy - 'L'Isle joyeuse' (solo piano)

## **LES TROIS PRINCESSES**

Canal / Toussaint

Au pays de Sim,  
trois Princesses jeunes et belles,  
sont assises sur une plage blanche.  
Elles cherchent, du regard,  
une nef qui les emmènerait,  
très loin, vers une île qui doit exister,  
où les femmes sont heureuses.  
La mer est bleue.  
Au pays de Sim, trois Princesses,  
qui ne sont plus jeunes et belles,  
pleurent, debout, sur une plage blanche.  
La mer est bleue.  
Au pays de Sim, trois Princesses,  
vieilles et sans voix, sont accroupies  
sur une plage blanche.  
Elles jouent avec le sable,  
et s'en inondent les cheveux,  
croyant que les granits de sable sont des fleurs.  
La mer est bleue.

## **THE THREE PRINCESSES**

English Translation © Richard Stokes

In the land of Sim,  
Three Princesses, young and beautiful,  
Are sitting on a white beach.  
They are scanning the horizon,  
For a boat to bear them,  
Far away, to an island that must exist,  
Where women are happy.  
The sea is blue.  
In the land of Sim, three Princesses,  
Who are no longer young and beautiful,  
Are weeping, standing on a white beach.  
The sea is blue.  
In the land of Sim, three Princesses,  
Old and silent, are squatting  
On a white beach.  
They are playing with the sand,  
They scatter on their hair,  
Believing that grains of sand are flowers.  
The sea is blue.

## AMOR

Strauss / Brentano

An dem Feuer saß das Kind  
Amor, Amor,  
Und war blind;  
Mit dem kleinen Flügel fächelt  
In die Flammen er und lächelt,  
Fächelt, lächelt, schlaues Kind!

Ach, der Flügel brennt dem Kind!  
Amor, Amor,  
Läuft geschwind!  
„O wie ihn die Glut durchpeinet!“  
Flügelschlagend laut er weinet;  
In der Hirtin Schoß entrinnt  
Hilfeschreiend das schlaue Kind.

Und die Hirtin hilft dem Kind,  
Amor, Amor,  
Bös und blind.  
Hirtin, sieh, dein Herz entbrennet,  
Hast den Schelmen nicht gekennet.  
Sieh, die Flamme wächst geschwinde.  
Hüt dich vor dem schlaunen Kind!  
Fächle, lächle, schlaues Kind!

## CUPID

English Translation © Richard Stokes

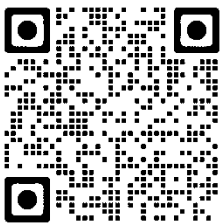
The child sat by the fire.  
Cupid, Cupid,  
And was blind;  
With his little wings he fans  
The flames and he smiles,  
Fans and smiles, the crafty child!

Alas, the child has burnt his wing,  
Cupid, Cupid,  
Runs quickly!  
‘Ah, how the flames hurt him!’  
Beating his wings, he cries aloud,  
Seeks refuge in the shepherdess’s lap,  
Crying for help, the crafty child.

And the shepherdess helps the child  
Cupid, Cupid,  
Naughty and blind.  
Look, shepherdess, your heart’s on fire,  
Didn’t you recognize the child?  
Look how quickly the flames spread.  
Beware the crafty child!  
Fans and smiles, the crafty child!

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## ARTIST BIOGRAPHIES



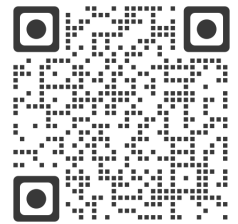
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