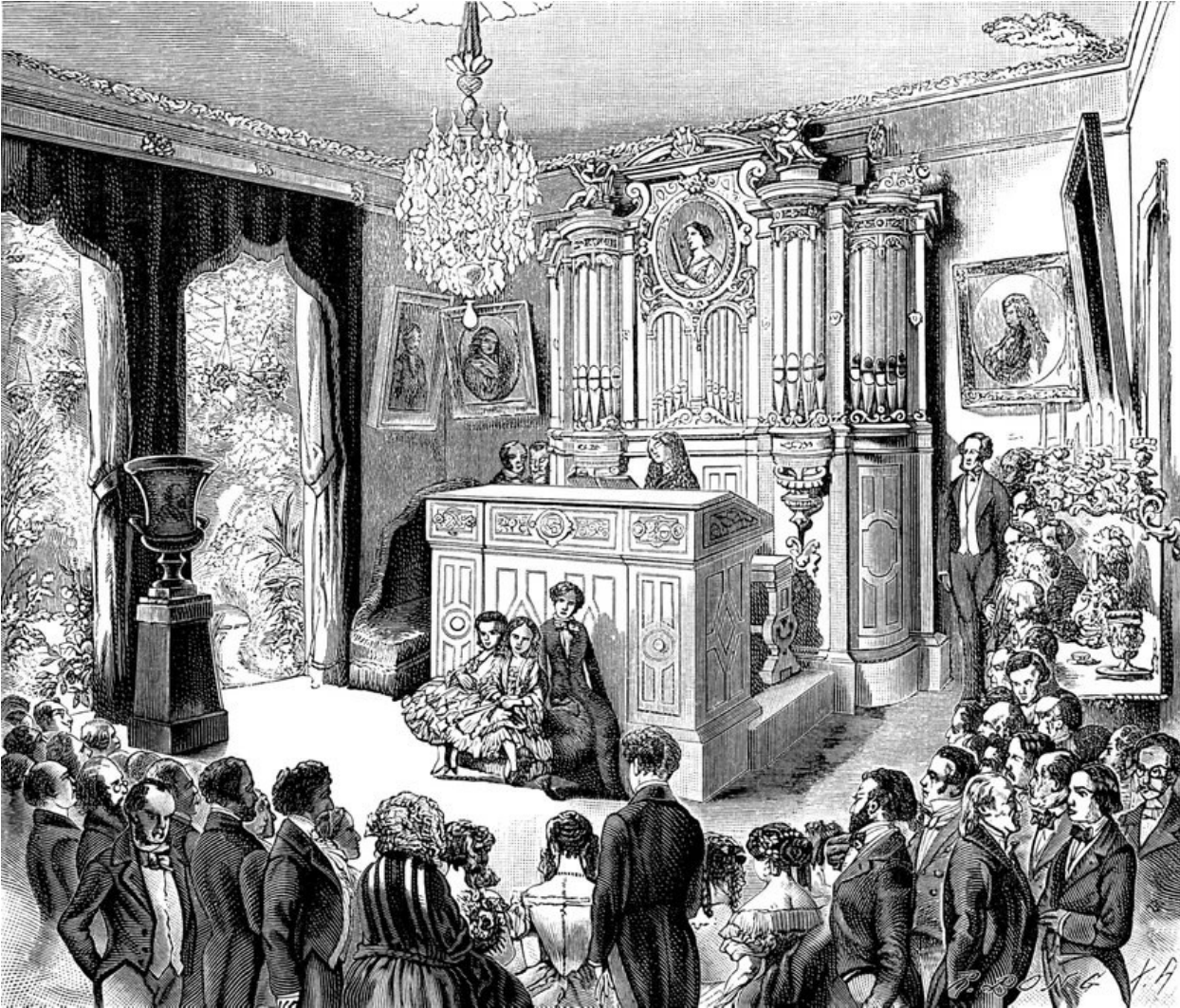


Tuesday 2 November 2021  
6pm Milton Court Concert Hall

**GUILD  
HALL**  
SCHOOL

# Viardot at Six



## **Singers:**

**Anika-France Forget** mezzo-soprano

**Olivia Boen** soprano

**Caroline Bourg** soprano

**Katherine McIndoe** soprano

**Thomas Litchev** baritone

**Hidde Stobbe** tenor

**Vladyslava Yakovenko** soprano

## **Pianists:**

**Spencer Klymyshyn, Feilin Liu & Mai Nakase**

## **Instrumentalists:**

**Pedro Silva** cello

**Joonas Pekonen** violin

**Jakub Sladek** piano

Curated by **Florent Mourier**

## Programme

<i>O, pauvre âme!</i>	Katherine & Feilin
<i>Plus d'espérance</i>	Hidde & Mai
<i>Sonatine for violin and piano – I Adagio</i>	Joonas & Jakub
<i>Ici-bas tous les lilas meurent</i>	Thomas & Feilin
<i>Madrid</i>	Anika-France & Feilin
<i>Sonatine for violin and piano – II Allegro/Scherzo</i>	Joonas & Jakub
<i>Désespoir</i>	Caroline & Feilin
<i>Reproches</i>	Anika-France & Mai
<i>Haï Luli</i>	Thomas & Mai
<i>Chanson de la pluie</i>	Olivia & Mai
<i>L'ombre et le jour</i>	Hidde & Mai
<i>Le miroir</i>	Anika-France & Mai
<i>Die Sterne</i>	Thomas, Spencer & Pedro
<i>Bonjour mon coeur</i>	Vlada & Spencer
<i>Les attrait</i>	Hidde & Spencer
<i>La coquette</i>	Vlada & Spencer
<i>Gentilles hirondelles</i>	Vlada & Spencer
<i>Sonatine for violin and piano – III Allegro</i>	Joonas & Jakub

## About Pauline

Pauline Viardot-García (1821-1910), born Michelle Ferdinande Pauline García, was an internationally renowned singer, actress, teacher, and composer of her time and was brought up in a very musical family. Her father, Manuel García (1775-1832), was a famous tenor and vocal instructor; her mother, Maria-Joaquína García-Sitchès (1780-1854), was a singer and actress; her older brother, Manuel García Jr. (1805-1906), was a singer and the inventor of the first laryngoscope; and her older sister, Maria Malibran (1808-1836), was one of the most famous opera singers of the nineteenth century.

In 1825, after her older sister, Maria, made her successful debut as Rosina in Rossini's *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* at His Majesty's Theatre in London, the whole family travelled to New York to introduce Italian Opera to the Americas. At the young age of four, Pauline's musical education began on that voyage to America with her father as her teacher. In New York, the family performed Rossini's *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*: Manuel García played the role of Almaviva (Rossini had written the role for him), Manuel, his son, made his debut as Figaro and Maria played the role of Rosina as she had in London. The performance was a great success, resulting in more performances of five other Rossini operas, two operas by Manuel García, and Mozart's *Don Giovanni*.

While in New York, Maria met and married Francois Eugene Malibran. She stayed with him while the rest of her family travelled to Mexico in the hope of creating another new market for opera. In Mexico, Pauline began formal piano lessons with Marcos Vega, an organist at the Cathedral of Vera Cruz in Mexico City. Pauline had decided from an early age that she wanted to become a concert pianist; and she was talented enough to do so. In 1827, after less than a year in Mexico, the family decided to return to Europe since there wasn't a demand for opera in Mexico at that time.

When they moved back to Paris, her father sent her to the Paris Conservatory to study with Anton Reicha, a composer and musical theorist. She also continued to study piano with Franz Liszt and became proficient enough by the age of eight to accompany her father's vocal studio lessons. Through accompanying these lessons, she learned much about the workings and techniques of the voice and the bel canto style. It was not long before her parents decided Pauline should focus on building a singing career rather than that of a concert pianist. Her father taught her to sing until he passed away when she was eleven; then her mother (along with Manuel, her brother, and Charles de Bériot, Maria's second husband) continued her vocal training. To the objection of Pauline Viardot, her mother encouraged her to give up her piano education and focus solely on her singing career. It broke Pauline's heart to give up piano, but it did not stop her from becoming a very accomplished pianist.

In 1837, Viardot made her singing debut at a charity concert with her brother-in-law, Charles de Bériot, in Brussels in front of the King and Queen of Belgium along with many other aristocrats. They travelled throughout Germany, performing in Berlin, Dresden, Leipzig, and Frankfurt. While

in Germany, Pauline met with many musicians with whom she would form close relationships for the rest of her life: Felix Mendelssohn, Julius Rietz, Fanny Hensel, Robert Schumann, Clara Wieck, and Giacomo Meyerbeer. When her mother and Bériot decided she was ready to perform in Paris, they left Germany and began the journey back to the French capital.

When she started performing in Paris, Pauline made more notable friends in the world of music and poetry. Most notably, friendships formed with Alfred de Musset, George Sand and Frédéric Chopin. In December of 1838 (at the age of seventeen), Pauline made her vocal performance debut in Paris at the Théâtre de la Renaissance.

Her first operatic role was as Desdemona in Rossini's *Otello*, at the age of seventeen, in London at Her Majesty's Theatre in 1839. After that, she became a star on the operatic stage and enjoyed a fruitful singing career until she retired in 1863. Pauline married Louis Viardot in 1840, gave birth to their daughters, Louise Pauline Marie in 1841 and Claudie in 1852. During her performing career, she sang 33 different operatic roles and acquired many more acquaintances with notable composers. Many of those composers dedicated operas to her and wrote specific roles for her to perform. She performed the title role in Gounod's *Sapho*, Fidès in Meyerbeer's *Le Prophète*, and Dalila in Camille Saint-Saëns' *Samson et Dalila*.

How did she obtain all these famous composers as friends and colleagues? No matter where she lived throughout her life, she held a Music Salon every Thursday evening in her home. Many composers would attend and use the soirée as an opportunity to perform their new and noteworthy works. Pauline would also have her students attend these salons. Many of these composers (Massenet, Gounod, Saint-Saëns, Fauré, and others) credit her with supporting their works and launching their careers.

Pauline composed for voice, choir, piano, chamber ensembles, and operas throughout her life. She also arranged piano accompaniments for her father's songs and her brother-in-law's violin studies. Since she had lived all over the world, her compositions did not centre around one specific style. She wrote songs (and was fluent) in French, German, Italian, Russian, and English. Pauline drew inspiration from her composer friends and used many texts from her literary friends. To Pauline's disagreement, George Sand had always believed her compositions to be more important than her singing. As much as she enjoyed composing, she did not enjoy teaching until later in her life. She stuck to her family's method of singing that had served all of them so well over the years. Pauline taught lessons throughout her life, even after retirement to continue supporting her family in Baden-Baden.

Text by Sarah Christine Ballman 'A catalog of melodies composed by Pauline Viardot'. 2021

## Translations

*O pauvre âme*, Six Airs Italiens du XVIIIe siècle (1886), No 3

Poet unknown, French translation by Louis Pomey

O pauvre âme  
O pauvre âme d'amour délaissée  
Pour calmer tes regrets et tes larmes  
Vainement tu crois trouver des charmes  
Rien ne plaît loin de la bien aimée  
Pour finir tes regrets et tes larmes  
Vainement tu crois trouver des charmes

Des charmes

O pauvre âme  
O pauvre âme d'amour consumée  
C'est en vain que, loin de ta maîtresse  
Des plaisirs tu veux goûter l'ivresse

Rien ne plaît loin de la bien aimée  
C'est en vain que, loin de ta maîtresse  
Des plaisirs tu veux goûter l'ivresse

L'ivresse

O poor soul  
O poor soul by love neglected  
To appease your regrets and your tears  
In vain you believe you find charms  
Nothing satisfies away from the beloved  
To end your regrets and your tears  
In vain you believe you find charms

Charms

O poor soul  
O poor soul by love consumed  
It is in vain that far from your mistress  
Of the pleasures you want to taste drunkenness

Nothing satisfies away from the beloved  
It is in vain that far from your mistress  
Of the pleasures you want to taste

Drunkenness

*\*Plus d'espérance (No more hope)*, Six Airs Italiens du XVIIIe siècle (1886), no 6

Poet unknown, French translation Louis Pomey

Jour de colère,  
Je désespère,  
Du sort contraire  
La dure loi  
Pèse sur moi !  
Las de me plaindre et de souffrir,  
Que puis-je hélas ! Sinon mourir !

Le Dieu lui-même  
Par qui l'on aime  
Brise ce coeur  
Fou de douleur!

Destin redoutable,  
Ta rage m'accable!  
Pourquoi, pourquoi?  
De si lâches coups  
Dieux ! Me frappez-vous?

Day of anger,  
I'm desperate,  
Of unfavourable fate,  
The harsh law  
weighs on me!  
Tired of complaining and suffering,  
What can I do, alas, other than die!

The God himself  
by whom we love  
Breaks the heart,  
mad with pain!

Dreadful fate,  
your rage overwhelms me!  
Why?  
Such cowardly blows,  
God, do you hit me?

Que mon supplice  
Vite finisse  
Et que la foudre  
Réduise en poudre  
L'infortuné  
Aux larmes condamné  
O foudre, anéantis l'infortuné  
Aux pleurs condamné  
Jour de colère!  
Je désespère  
C'est fait d'aimer !

Let my torment  
quickly finish  
And that lightning  
down to powder  
The unfortunate,  
to tears condemned  
O lightning, wipe out the unfortunate  
to tears condemned.  
Day of anger,  
I'm desperate,  
All because of love!

*Ici-bas tous les lilas meurent (Here all the lilacs die)* Six Mélodies, no 3 (1884)

Poem by Sally Prudhomme

Ici-bas tous les lilas meurent,  
Tous les chants des oiseaux sont courts,  
Je rêve aux étés qui demeurent toujours...

Here all the lilacs die,  
Every birdsong is cut short,  
I dream of summers that last forever...

Ici-bas les lèvres effleurent  
Sans rien laisser de leurs velours,  
Je rêve aux baisers qui demeurent toujours...

Here lips touch  
Without leaving any of their softness,  
I dream of kisses that last forever...

Ici-bas, tous les hommes pleurent  
Leurs amitiés ou leurs amours;  
Je rêve aux couples qui demeurent toujours...

Here, every man weeps  
For his friends and his lovers;  
I dream of couples that last forever...

*Madrid*, Six Mélodies (1884), no 5

Poem by Alfred de Musset

Madrid, princesse des Espagnes,  
Il court par tes mille campagnes  
Bien des yeux bleus, bien des yeux noirs.  
La blanche ville aux sérénades,  
Il passe par tes promenades  
Bien des petits pieds tous les soirs.

Madrid, princess of all the Spains,  
Runs through your thousand countryside  
Many with blue eyes, many with dark eyes.  
The white city of serenades,  
There goes by your strolls  
Many little feet every night.

Madrid, quand tes taureaux bondissent,  
Bien des mains blanches applaudissent,  
Bien des écharpes sont en jeux  
Par tes belles nuits étoilées,  
Bien des señoras long voilées  
Descendent tes escaliers bleus.

Madrid, while your bulls are charging,  
Many white hands applaud,  
Many scarves are waved in the air  
On your beautiful starry nights,  
Many señoras dressed with long veils  
Climb down your blue staircases.

Madrid, Madrid, moi, je me raille  
De tes dames à fine taille  
Qui chaussent l'escarpin étroit;  
Car j'en sais une, par le monde,  
Que jamais ni brune ni blonde  
N'ont valu le bout de son doigt!

Car c'est ma princesse Andalouse!  
Mon amoureuse, ma jalouse,  
Ma belle veuve au long réseau!  
C'est un vrai démon, c'est un ange!  
Elle est jaune comme une orange,  
Elle est vive comme l'oiseau!

Or, si d'aventure on s'enquête  
Qui m'a valu telle conquête,  
C'est l'allure de mon cheval,  
Un compliment sur sa mantille  
Puis des bonbons à la vanille  
Par un beau soir de carnaval.

*Désespoir* (1886)

Poem by Louis Pomey

Prends ce fer, frappe-moi,  
Vois je t'offre mon sein,  
Et n'ai d'autre désir  
que mourir de ta main.

Quelle honte pour moi  
de te voir éperdu  
Disposer au hasard  
de ce cœur qui m'est dû.

Plus ardent que la flamme  
et plus beau que le jour  
Tu m'aimais autrefois !  
tu vantais mon amour,

Maintenant, insultant mes  
trop justes douleurs,  
Ma rivale t'enchaîne  
et tu ris de mes pleurs.

Madrid, Madrid, I scoff at  
Your slim-waisted women  
That wear narrow pumps;  
I don't know anyone, in the whole wide world,  
Not even a brunette, nor a blonde  
That is worth more than the tip of her finger!

Since she is my Andalusian princess!  
My loved one, my jealous one,  
My beautiful widow dressed in a long veil!  
She is a true demon, she is an angel!  
Her skin is yellow like an orange,  
She is lively like a bird!

If by any chance you wonder  
How I got such a catch,  
It is because of my good-looking horse,  
A compliment on her mantilla  
And some vanilla candies  
On a beautiful carnival night.

Take this iron, hit me  
See I offer you my breast  
And have no other desire  
Than die from your hand

What a shame for me  
To see you bewildered  
Dispose at random  
Of this heart who is owed to me

More ardent than the flame  
And more beautiful than the day  
You used to love me  
You were bragging about my love

Now, insulting my  
noble pain  
My rival chains you  
and you laugh at my tears.



*Reproches*, 5 Poésies Toscanes (1878), no 2  
Poet unknown, Translation by Louis Pomey

Vous me parliez jadis, j'étais heureuse,  
Mais maintenant vous évitez ma vue ;  
Alors vous rencontrais-je dans la rue ?  
Mon cœur battait, et j'étais radieuse !  
Mais, seule maintenant, je souffre et pleure.  
Pourquoi vivrais-je? Il vaut mieux que je meure!  
Car, seule maintenant, je souffre et pleure!  
Pourquoi vivrais-je? Il vaut mieux que je meure!

Prends ce poignard et frappe ton amante ;  
Tu la verras mourir avec ivresse,  
Pourvu qu'en sa poitrine frémissante  
Ton regard plonge, et lise ma tendresse !  
Trop doux sera pour moi l'instant suprême,  
S'il fait connaître à quel excès je t'aime !  
Trop doux sera pour moi l'instant suprême,  
S'il fait connaître à quel excès je t'aime !

*Haï Luli*, Six mélodies et une havanaise (1880)  
Poem by Xavier de Maistre

Je suis triste, je m'inquiète,  
Je ne sais plus que devenir!  
Mon bon ami devait venir,  
Et je l'attends... ici seulette...

Haï luli! haï luli!  
Ou donc peut-être mon ami?

Je m'assieds pour filer ma laine,  
Le fils se casse dans ma main:  
Allons! je filerai demain,  
Aujourd'hui je suis trop en peine.

Haï luli! haï luli!  
Qu'il fait triste sans son ami!  
Si jamais il devient volage,  
S'il doit un jour m'abandonner,  
Le village n'a qu'à brûler  
Et moi-même avec le village!

Haï luli! haï luli!  
À quoi bon vivre sans ami?

In bygone days, you spoke to me, I was cheerful,  
But now you avoid my sight;  
And what if I met you in the street?  
My heart was beating, and I was radiant!  
But I am alone now, I suffer and cry.  
Why should I live? Might as well die!  
Because I am alone now, I suffer and cry!  
Why should I live? Might as well die!

Take this dagger and strike your lover;  
You will see her die, overcome by euphoria,  
As long as in her trembling chest  
Your gaze immerses itself, and reads my tenderness!  
This supreme moment will be so tender,  
If it makes you understand how much I love you!  
This supreme moment will be so tender,  
If it makes you understand how much I love you!

I am sad, I am upset,  
I no longer know what will happen!  
My dear friend was supposed to come,  
And I wait for him... here alone...

Haï luli! haï luli!  
Where could my lover be?

I sit to spin wool,  
And the thread break in my hand:  
Oh well! I will sew tomorrow,  
Today I am in too much pain.

Haï luli! haï luli!  
How sad it is to be without your lover!  
If ever he becomes unfaithful,  
If one day he must leave me,  
The village alone won't just burn  
I will burn along with it!

Haï luli! haï luli!  
What good living without your lover?

*Chanson de la pluie*

From the opera 'Le dernier des sorciers' by Yvan Turgenev (1867-69)

Coulez, gouttes fines,  
Le long des collines,  
En petits ruisseaux ;  
Coulez, sur la mousse  
Verdoyante et douce,  
Baignez les rameaux.

Pour, fine drops,  
Along the hills,  
In small streams  
Pour, over the moss  
Green and soft  
Bathe the twigs.

Le vent vous entraîne  
Jusque dans la plaine,  
Qui répand au loin  
Une odeur de foin.  
Sous l'eau qui ruisselle  
En ruisseau mouvant  
La fleur étincelle  
Comme un diamant.

The wind carries you  
down to the plain,  
Which spreads afar  
the smell of hay  
Under the water that flows  
like a moving stream  
The flower sparkles  
like a diamond.

Coulez, gouttes fines,  
Le long des collines,  
En petits ruisseaux;  
Coulez, sur la mousse  
Verdoyante et douce,  
Baignez les rameaux.

Pour, fine drops,  
Along the hills,  
In small streams  
Pour, over the moss  
Green and soft  
Bathe the twigs.

*L'ombre et le jour (The shadow and the day)*, Album de Mme Viardot Garcia (1843)

Poem by Édouard Turquety

Vois-tu la nuit qui se retire,  
Vois-tu l'Orient qui se teint?  
Pleurs et sourire,  
C'est le matin.

Do you see the night that withdraws itself?  
Do you see the East which is coloured?  
Cries and smiles,  
it is morning.

C'est d'un côté la brume épaisse,  
De l'autre une blanche lueur;  
C'est la tristesse  
Près du bonheur.

On one side the mist is thick  
On the other there is a white glow;  
It is sadness,  
close to happiness.

De notre union douce et sombre  
Voilà l'image, ô mon amour!  
Moi je suis l'ombre,  
Et toi le jour.

Of our union soft and sober  
Here is the picture, oh my love!  
I am the shadow  
and you are the day.

*Le miroir*, Six Mélodies, Deuxième Série (1884)

Poem by Alexander Pushkin, French translation by Louis Pomey

Ô toi, qui tiens les cieus soumis à ton pouvoir.  
Ô blonde Cythérée, accepte mon miroir,  
Jamais de l'abandon tu n'as connu l'outrage,  
Mais moi jouet d'un cœur volage,  
La honte est mon partage.

Naguère ce miroir flattait mon vain orgueil.  
Maintenant que l'ingrat s'enfuit et me délaisse,  
Témoin de ce passé d'ivresse,  
Il double ma tristesse.  
Prends ce miroir de deuil, il est à toi, déesse !

O you, who holds the heavens which are subjected to  
your power. O blonde Cytherea, accept my mirror,  
You have never experienced outrage over being  
abandoned, But I am the toy of a fickle heart,  
Shame invades me.

Not long ago, this mirror satisfied my foolish pride.  
Now that the ungrateful is fleeing and deserting me,  
Witness of the exhilarating moments we have shared,  
It doubles my sadness.  
Take this grieving mirror, it's yours, goddess.

*Die Sterne*, 12 poèmes de Pushkin, Fet et Turgenev (1862-63)

Poem by Afanasy Fet, German translation by Friedrich von Bodenstedt

Ich starrte und stand unbeweglich,  
Den Blick zu den Sternen gewandt  
Und da zwischen mir und den Sternen  
Sich wob ein vertrauliches Band.

Ich dachte... weiss nicht was ich dachte...  
Fern klang's wie ein seliger Chor,  
Leis bebten die goldenen Sterne,  
Nun lieb'ich sie mehr als zu vor!

I stared and stood motionless,  
My gaze looking up to the stars.  
And between the stars and myself  
Formed a secret bond!

I was thinking... I don't know what...  
That from a distance rang a holy choir,  
And the golden star trembled slightly...  
Now I love her more than before.

*Bonjour mon cœur* (1895)

Poem by Pierre de Ronsard

Bonjour mon cœur,  
Bonjour ma douce vie,  
Bonjour mon œil  
Bonjour ma chere amie!

Hé! bonjour, ma toute belle,  
Ma mignardise,  
Bonjour, mes délices,  
Mon amour,  
Mon doux printemps,  
Ma douce fleur nouvelle,  
Mon doux plaisir,  
Ma douce colombelle,  
Mon passereau, ma gente tourterelle!  
Bonjour ma douce rebelle.

Good day, my heart  
Good day, my sweet life;  
Good day, my eye;  
Good day, my dear friend!

Hey, good day, my all beauty,  
my sweetheart;  
Good day, my delicious one,  
my love,  
my sweet spring,  
my sweet, fresh flower,  
my sweet pleasure,  
my gentle little dove,  
my sparrow, my pretty turtledove!  
Good day, my sweet rebel.

*Les attractions (The attractions)*, Poésie du XVIIIe siècle (1893)

Poet unknown

D'attraits ravissants pourvue  
Seule elle réunit tout,  
Ses appâts charment la vue,  
Chacun vante son bon goût,  
Sa peau veloutée et fraîche,  
Joint toujours la rose au lys;  
Ce pourrait être Phyllis  
Si ce n'était...  
Si ce n'était une pêche !

Endowed with ravishing attractions  
Alone she's got everything,  
Her charms enchant the sight,  
Everyone praises her good taste.  
Her skin velvety and soft  
Joins always the rose to the lily;  
She could be Phyllis,  
If she wasn't...a peach!

*Coquette (Flirtatious one)*, 12 Mazourkes de Frédéric Chopin (1864)

Poem by Louis Pomey

De n'aimer que toi,  
Je donne ma foi,  
Tra la la  
O fille Gentille, Gentille  
Mais ma fidèle ardeur;  
Tra la la  
O fille Gentille,  
Ne peut toucher ton coeur.

To only love you,  
I give my pledge,  
Tra la la,  
O sweet, sweet girl  
But my faithful ardor;  
Tra la la  
O kind girl,  
cannot touch your heart.

Si dans tes regards j'ai su lire,  
Tu plains malgré toi mon martyre,  
Mais d'amour que je meure,  
C'est un deuil d'un jour ou d'une heure.  
Ah--Je ne veux que toi,  
Tu cherches pourquoi,

If I have learned to read your looks,  
You mourn in spite of yourself my martyrdom,  
But of the love of which I die,  
It's a grief of a day or of an hour.  
Ah, I only want you,  
you seek to know why,

Tra la la Filette, Coquette, Coquette,  
Eh bien! dis-moi comment, la la la  
Fillette, Coquette, Comment faire autrement.

Tra la la little girl, flirt, flirt  
Oh well, tell me how, la la la  
Little girl, flirtatious one, how to do otherwise.

Quand l'amour s'en vient nous surprendre,  
On veut d'abord lui résister,  
Mais sa voix devient si tendre,  
Qu'un jour il faut l'écouter  
Ah! Donc, si tu m'en crois  
Accepte ma foi la la la  
O belle Cruelle, Cruelle,  
Et laisse-toi charmer, la la la  
O belle Cruelle  
Par qui saura t'aimer.

When love comes along to surprise us,  
One wants at first to resist it,  
But its voice becomes so tender,  
That one day one has to listen  
Ah! Therefore, if you believe me,  
Take my word, la la la  
O beautiful cruel girl, cruel girl,  
And let yourself be charmed, la la la  
O beautiful cruel girl,  
By him who will know how to love you.

*Gentilles hirondelles*, Six mélodies et une havanaise (1880), No 5

Poet unknown, French translation by Victor Wilder

Oiseaux légers, gentilles hirondelles,  
Si comme vous mon cœur avait des ailes,  
Au ciel de pourpre et d'or  
Comme il prendrait l'essor  
Et volerait vers les tourelles  
Où s'est enfui mon doux trésor.  
Et là, caché parmi les fleurs de sa fenêtre,  
Je lui dirais, en sons mélodieux,  
L'amour qu'en mon cœur a fait naître  
Le doux et chaste éclat de ses beaux yeux !

Light birds, gentle swallows,  
If like you my heart had wings,  
In the sky of purple and gold  
As it would take flight  
And fly to the turrets  
Where has my sweet treasure fled.  
And there, hidden among the flowers of his window,  
I would tell her, in melodious sounds,  
The love that my heart gave birth to  
The sweet and chaste glow of her beautiful eyes!

Oiseaux charmants, plaintives tourterelles,  
Si comme vous mon âme avait des ailes,  
Dès que tout alentour  
Pointraient les feux du jour,  
Je volerais vers les tourelles  
Où s'est enfui mon doux amour.  
Et là, caché parmi les fleurs de sa fenêtre,  
Je me plaindrais en sons mélodieux  
Des feux qu'en mon cœur a fait naître  
Le doux et chaste éclat de ses beaux yeux !

Charming birds, plaintive turtledoves,  
If like you my soul had wings,  
As soon as everything around  
Would break out the fires of day,  
I would fly to the turrets  
Where has my sweet love fled.  
And there, hidden among the flowers of his window,  
I would complain in melodious sounds  
Fires that my heart has created  
The sweet and chaste glow of her beautiful eyes!



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English translations by the singers themselves.

This concert is being recorded by Guildhall School's Recording & Audio Visual department and will be broadcast online from Tuesday 9 November at 4pm.

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