



UNIVERSITY OF  
OREGON

SCHOOL OF MUSIC AND DANCE

## THE GOOD SONG

Harry Baechtel, baritone

Michael Seregow, piano

Sylvestris Quartet

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**Season 116, Program 35**

Beall Concert Hall  
Friday, February 17, 2017 | 7:30 p.m.



## all works by Gabriel Urbain Fauré (1845-1924)

from *Cinq mélodies "de Venise,"* Op. 58 (1891)  
 "Mandoline"  
 "En sourdine"  
 "Green"

(text by Paul Verlaine)

Nocturne No. 6 in Db-Major, Op. 63 (1894)

*La Bonne chanson* (1894)

(text by Paul Verlaine)

1. "Une Sainte en son auréole"
2. "Puisque l'aube grandit"
3. "La lune blanche luit dans les bois"
4. "J'allais par des chemins perfides"
5. "J'ai presque peur, en vérité"
6. "Avant que tu ne t'en ailles"
7. "Donc, ce sera par un clair jour d'été"
8. "N'est-ce pas?"
9. "L'hiver a cessé"

## INTERMISSION

from *Cinq mélodies "de Venise,"* Op. 58 (1891)  
 "À Clymène"  
 "C'est l'extase"

Piano Quintet No. 1, Op. 89  
 I. Molto moderato  
 II. Adagio  
 III. Allegretto moderato

(begun in 1887, published in 1907)

"Mandoline" (reprise for voice and piano quintet)

(arr. by the performers)

Anna has studied with Bettina Mussumeli, Elizabeth Blumenstock, and Peter Zazofky, and has degrees in violin from the San Francisco Conservatory of Music and Boston University.

**Tyler Lewis**, violin, received his B.A. from the San Francisco Conservatory of Music while under the instruction of Bettina Mussumeli, and has also appeared in master classes with Robert Mann, James Greening-Valenzuela and Zaven Melikian. Specializing in Baroque music, Tyler performs with Philharmonia Baroque Orchestra, and has performed with the ensemble at Mostly Mozart at Lincoln Center in New York City, St. Paul International Chamber Orchestra Festival, as well as at the Norfolk and Tangelwood Music Festivals.

Additionally, Tyler performs with Live Oak Baroque Orchestra, American Bach Soloists, San Francisco Bach Choir, Bach Collegium San Diego. He has also been a part of Festival Del Sole in Napa Valley, Victoria Bach Festival, and Festival of Spring with Chinese pop singer Song Zuying. With his spare time he enjoys nights under the stars with a telescope, practicing the art of Lapidary, cooking, and racing motorcycles.

**Aaron Westman**, viola, was a "metal-head" and prog rock fan growing up in California. In college, he began to focus on the electric guitar of the seventeenth century: the violin. A "brilliantly virtuosic" (EMA) violinist and violist, he has made a career for himself as "one of the most popular period instrumentalists on the west coast" (Press Democrat). He performs as a soloist and chamber musician with Agave Baroque, ABS, El Mundo, Ensemble Mirable, Live Oak Baroque Orchestra, MUSA, Musica Pacifica, Seicento String Band, Seraphic Fire, and The Vivaldi Project. As a principal player, Aaron works with ABS, Berkeley West Edge Opera, Bach Collegium San Diego, Los Angeles Master Chorale, Musica Angelica, Musikanten Montana, Magnificat, New Hampshire Music Festival, and performs regularly with Wiener Akademie and, since 2006, with Philharmonia Baroque.

Aaron co-directs the award winning ensembles Agave and LOBO. VGo Recordings released his third album on the label, Concertos for Winter, and features Aaron as a soloist in two Vivaldi concertos with LOBO alongside co-director Elizabeth Blumenstock.

Aaron is currently Music Director of the Santa Rosa Symphony's Young People's Chamber Orchestra, and in the summer teaches in Tuscany. He taught at CalArts for three years.

**Gretchen Claassen**, cello, a versatile chamber musician, has performed with some of the west coast's leading baroque specialists, including American Bach Soloists, Portland Baroque Orchestra, Musica Angelica, Musica Pacifica, Agave Baroque and Ars Minerva, and is the recipient of the 2015 Jeffrey Thomas Award. She is also a founding member of MUSA and the Cello Street Quartet, which has taken her around the world participating in the American Music Abroad program through the U.S. State Department.

Gretchen was a student of Bonnie Hampton at The Juilliard School, where she received a BM in 'Cello Performance. In 2012, she was awarded an Artist's Certificate in Chamber Music from the San Francisco Conservatory of Music where she studied with Jennifer Culp and Elisabeth Reed. As a participant in the San Francisco Conservatory of Music's acclaimed Chamber Music Masters series, Gretchen has collaborated with Menahem Pressler, Robert Mann, Bonnie Hampton, Roberto Diaz, and Joseph Swensen.

(The two violins used in this performance were made by Pierre Hel (1884-1937), who crafted violins for some of the most prominent violinists of his day, including Eugène Ysaÿe and George Enescu. Ysaÿe is closely associated with Fauré's music, and the Quatuor Ysaÿe read Fauré's Piano Quintet No. 1 at several stages during the nearly twenty years it took the composer to finish the work.)

can premiere of recently composed piano works by producer and composer Guy Sigsworth, and a performance of Schubert's great song cycle, *Die Winterreise*, with baritone Harry Baechtel. A musician of uncommon versatility, Seregow has received formal training in a variety of keyboard instruments, including harpsichord, fortepiano, and organ, in addition to studies in jazz piano, basso continuo, historical performance practice, and composition.

As a collaborative pianist, Dr. Seregow has performed with artists such as bassoonist William Ludwig and baritone Richard Zeller as well as members of the Eugene Symphony and Oregon Mozart Players. In the summer of 2011 he was invited to the Music Academy of the West as a Collaborative Piano Fellow, where he worked with Juilliard professor Jonathan Feldman as well as many other internationally renowned musicians.

Dr. Seregow earned a DMA in piano performance with supporting studies in piano pedagogy from the University of Oregon. He was twice awarded Outstanding Graduate Performer in Keyboard as well as Outstanding Graduate Performer in Music in addition to receiving Graduate Teaching Fellowships in piano pedagogy, collaborative piano, and opera accompanying. Seregow has won numerous competitions, including the University of Oregon Concerto Competition, the Oregon Music Teachers Association Young Artist Piano Competition, the Vernon L. Wiscarson Concerto Competition, and in 2016 was selected as a finalist for the professional division of the American Prize in Solo Piano Performance, a national competition in the performing arts. His principal teachers include Dean Kramer and Mark Westcott, and he has played in master classes for such eminent artists as Emanuel Ax, Antonio Pompa-Baldi, John Perry, Jon Kimura Parker, and Angela Hewitt.

A member of the Music Teachers National Association, the Washington State Music Teachers Association, and the American Liszt Society, Dr. Seregow is regularly invited as a lecturer and adjudicator throughout the Pacific Northwest. His students have been prizewinners in local and national competitions.



**SYLVESTRIS QUARTET**, the Bay Area's new historically informed string quartet, embarks on its debut season with works from Haydn to Fauré! Plans for the year include a Spring 2017 show at Presidio Sessions, a Jane Austen themed program with NapaShakes, tours of Oregon and Montana, and an all Fauré project and recording on gut strings, with baritone Harry Baechtel and pianist Michael Seregow. Sylvestris has also teamed up with Agave Baroque and Marin Baroque to present a new concert series in San Anselmo, CA.

**Anna Washburn**, violin, grew up fiddling in the beautiful state of Maine and now calls the Bay Area

home. She performs and records on period violin and viola with Philharmonia Baroque Orchestra, Bach Collegium San Diego, Musica Angelica, Agave Baroque, Live Oak Baroque Orchestra, MUSA, and Marin Baroque.

In addition to her devotion to period performance, Anna also appears on stage with a variety of ensembles, from recording and performing with pop-orchestra Magik\*Magik Orchestra with artists like Sting, Chicago, John Vanderslice, Third Eye Blind, The Dodos, Hauschka and Dustin O'Halloran... to hip hop/opera group Ensemble Mik Nawooj... to the Commonwealth Club's series "Music Matters," in a multi-part lecture series on Mozart...to performances with Symphony Silicon Valley, San Jose Chamber Orchestra, Monterey Symphony, and Stockton Symphony.

## Cinq mélodies "de Venise" (Paul Verlaine)

1. Mandoline  
Les donneurs de sérénades  
Et les belles écouteuses  
Échangent des propos fades  
Sous les ramures chanteuses.

C'est Tircis et c'est Aminte,  
Et c'est l'éternel Clitandre,  
Et c'est Damis qui pour mainte Cruelle  
fit maint vers tendre.

Leurs courtes vestes de soie,  
Leurs longues robes à queues,  
Leur élégance, leur joie  
Et leurs molles ombres bleues,

Tourbillonnent dans l'extase  
D'une lune rose et grise,  
Et la mandoline jase  
Parmi les frissons de brise.

2. En sourdine  
Calmes dans le demi-jour  
Que les branches hautes font,  
Pénétrons bien notre amour  
De ce silence profond.

Mêlons nos âmes, nos coeurs  
Et nos sens extasiés,  
Parmi les vagues langueurs  
Des pins et des arbousiers.

Ferme tes yeux à demi,  
Croise tes bras sur ton sein,  
Et de ton cœur endormi  
Chasse à jamais tout dessein.

Laissons-nous persuader  
Au souffle berceur et doux  
Qui vient, à tes pieds, rider  
Les ondes des gazons roux.

Et quand, solennel, le soir  
Des chênes noirs tombera  
Voix de notre désespoir,  
Le rossignol chantera.

3. Green  
Voici des fruits, des fleurs,  
des feuilles et des branches

## Cinq mélodies "de Venise" (Paul Verlaine)

1. Mandolin  
The givers of serenades  
And the lovely women who listen  
Exchange insipid words  
Under the singing branches.

There is Thyrsis and Amyntas  
And there's the eternal Clytander,  
And there's Damis who, for many a  
Heartless woman, wrote many a tender verse.

Their short silk coats,  
Their long dresses with trains,  
Their elegance, their joy  
And their soft blue shadows,

Whirl around in the ecstasy  
Of a pink and grey moon,  
And the mandolin prattles  
Among the shivers from the breeze.

2. Muted  
Calm in the half-day  
That the high branches make,  
Let us soak well our love  
In this profound silence.

Let us mingle our souls, our hearts  
And our ecstatic senses  
Among the vague langours  
Of the pines and the arbutuses.

Close your eyes halfway,  
Cross your arms on your breast,  
And from your sleeping heart  
Chase away forever all intentions.

Let us abandon ourselves  
To the breeze, rocking and soft,  
Which comes to your feet to ruffle  
The waves of russet grasses.

And when, solemnly, the evening  
From the black oaks falls,  
The voice of our despair,  
The nightingale, will sing.

3. Green  
Here are fruits, flowers,  
leaves and 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.

### La bonne chanson (Paul Verlaine)

1. Une Sainte en son aureole,  
Une Châtelaine en sa tour,  
Tout ce que contient la parole  
Humaine de grâce et d'amour.

La note d'or que fait entendre  
Le cor dans le lointain des bois,  
Marié à la fierté tendre  
Des nobles dames d'autrefois;

Avec cela le charme insigne  
D'un frais sourire triomphant  
Éclos dans des candeurs de cygne  
Et des rougeurs de femme enfant;

Des aspects nacrés blancs et roses,  
Un doux accord patricien:  
Je vois, j'entends toutes ces choses  
Dans son nom Carolingien.

2. Puisque l'aube grandit, puisque voici l'aurore,  
Puisque après m'avoir fui longtemps,  
l'espoir veut bien  
Revoler devers moi qui l'appelle et l'implore,  
Puisque tout ce bonheur veut bien être le mien,

Je veux guidé par vous, beaux yeux aux flammes douces,  
Par toi conduit, ô main où tremblera ma main,  
Marcher droit, que ce soit par des sentiers de mousses  
Ou que rocs et cailloux encombrant le chemin;

Et comme, pour bercer les lenteurs de la route,  
Je chanterai des airs ingénus, je me dis  
Qu'elle m'écouterait sans déplaisir, sans doute,

And then my heart,  
which beats only for you.

Do not rip it up with your two white hands,  
And may the humble present be sweet in your beautiful eyes!

I arrive all covered in dew, which the wind  
Of morning comes to freeze on my forehead.  
Suffer my fatigue as I repose at your feet,  
Dreaming of dear instants that will refresh me.

On your young breast allow my head to rest,  
Still ringing with your last kisses;  
Let it calm itself after the pleasant tempest,  
And let me sleep a little, since you are resting.

### La bonne chanson (Paul Verlaine)

1. A saint within her halo,  
A lady in her tower,  
All that human speech contains  
Of grace and of love.

The golden note by which one hears  
The horn in the depths of the woods,  
Married to the tender pride  
Of the noble ladies of the past;

With this emblematic charm:  
A fresh, triumphant smile,  
Revealed with the candor of a swan  
And the blush of a woman-child,

Of pearly appearance, white and pink;  
A gentle aristocratic harmony.  
I see, I hear all these things  
In your Carolingian name.

2. Since dawn is breaking, since daybreak is here,  
Since, after having eluded me for so long,  
hope is indeed ready  
To return, heeding me who calls and implores,  
Since all this happiness is to be mine,

I will be guided by you, lovely eyes tenderly alit,  
Led by you, oh hand in which my hand trembles,  
Walk ahead, if it be by paths of moss  
Or if rocks and boulders encumber the path

And as to beguile the slowness of the journey,  
I will sing simple airs, I tell myself  
That she will listen to me without displeasure, without doubt,



Northern California native **HARRY BAECHTEL** enjoys a wide-ranging career in the vocal arts. An advocate for new music, he created the role of Adam, a returned war veteran struggling with PTSD, in Ethan Gans-Morse's contemporary opera/oratorio *The Cantic of the Black Madonna*. He also has extensive experience in the standard operatic and oratorio repertoire. Praised for his "mellifluous" baritone, he recently appeared with Eugene Opera as Belcore in Donizetti's *L'elisir d'amore*. His operatic roles include *Papageno (Die Zauberflöte)*, *Il Conte (Le nozze di Figaro)*, *Malatesta (Don Pasquale)*, *Prince Tarquinius (The Rape of Lucretia)*, *Guglielmo (Cosi fan tutte)*, *Bob (The Old Maid and the Thief)*, *Schaunard (La bohème)*, and *Mercutio (Roméo et Juliette)* with companies such as the Boston Lyric Opera, The Berkshire Opera, Eugene Opera, Intermezzo Opera, and The New Opera. He has performed as baritone soloist in a broad spectrum of the oratorio repertory including the Fauré *Requiem*, the Brahms *Requiem*, Finzi's *In terra pax*, Handel's *Messiah*, Orff's *Carmina Burana*, Schubert's *Mass in G-major*, Bach's *B-minor Mass*, and Vaughan Williams' *Hodie* and the *Fantasia on Christmas Carols*.

Dr. Baechtel holds a particular passion for performing art songs. An active recitalist, in addition to concerts this year at Portland's Lincoln Recital Hall, the University of Puget Sound and on Marin Baroque's bay area concert series, he recently sang Mahler's orchestral *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen* in Portland's famous rock and roll venue, The Crystal Ballroom. He has sung with organizations such as Boston Baroque, the Oregon Bach Festival, the Portland Baroque Orchestra, and the Oregon Mozart players.

Dr. Baechtel holds a masters degree in voice performance from Northwestern University, having worked with the esteemed baritones Sherrill Milnes and William Warfield, and a performer's certificate from Boston University's Opera Institute. Upon the completion of his Doctor of Musical Arts degree at the University of Oregon in voice and musicology where he had the pleasure of studying with Milagro Vargas, he was the sole recipient of the Award of Excellence as a graduate teaching fellow in the areas of studio, performance, and ensemble teaching, and also received the Outstanding Graduate Performer in Music Award. His doctoral research delves into a cultural analysis of the fascinating and complex relationship between Gustav Mahler, his musical settings in the German folk idiom, and the early nineteenth-century folk poetry collection *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*. Dr. Baechtel is currently an assistant professor of voice at Portland State University, and is a regular performer of the national anthem for the Portland Trailblazers.



A native of the Pacific Northwest, pianist **MICHAEL SEREGOW** enjoys a multifaceted career as a teacher, performer, and scholar. He joins the faculty at the University of Puget Sound for the 2016-17 academic year. Prior to this he taught at the University of Oregon, where he was invited to serve as a sabbatical replacement for three members of the piano faculty.

Dr. Seregow maintains an active career as a soloist and collaborative pianist, performing a diverse selection of repertoire. Recent highlights include solo recitals throughout the Pacific Northwest, a solo performance at the Festival of the American Liszt Society in Los Angeles, the Ameri-



Puisque l'arôme insigne  
De ta pâleur de cygne,  
Et puisque la candeur  
De ton odeur,

Ah ! puisque tout ton être,

Musique qui pénètre,  
Nimbés d'anges défunts,  
Tons et parfums,

A, sur d'âmes cadences,  
En ses correspondances  
Induit mon cœur subtil,  
Ainsi soit-il!

5. C'est l'extase langoureuse  
C'est l'extase langoureuse,  
C'est la fatigue amoureuse,  
C'est tous les frissons des bois  
Parmi l'étreinte des brises,  
C'est vers les ramures grises  
Le chœur des petites voix.

O le frêle et frais murmure!  
Cela gazouille et susurre,  
Cela ressemble au bruit doux  
Que l'herbe agitée expire...  
Tu dirais, sous l'eau qui vire,  
Le roulis sourd des cailloux.

Cette âme qui se lamente  
Et cette plainte dormante  
C'est la nôtre, n'est-ce pas?  
La mienne, dis, et la tienne,  
Dont s'exhale l'humble antienne  
Par ce tiède soir, tout bas?

Because the wonderful aroma  
Of your cygnet-like pallor.  
And because the distinctness  
Of your fragrance.

Ah! Because your entire existence,

Like music that pervades all,  
Nimbuses of former angels,  
Tones and perfumes.

Has, in wondrous cadences,  
Attracted into a connection  
My subtle heart,  
So be it!

5. It is the languorous ecstasy  
It is the languorous ecstasy,  
It is the fatigue after love,  
It is all the rustling of the wood,  
In the embrace of breezes;  
It is near the gray branches:  
A chorus of tiny voices.

Oh, what a frail and fresh murmur!  
It babbles and whispers,  
It resembles the soft noise  
That waving grass exhales.  
You might say it were, under the bending stream,  
The muffled sound of rolling pebbles.

This soul, which laments  
And this dormant moan,  
It is ours, is it not?  
Mine -- say -- and yours,  
Whose humble anthem we breathe  
On this mild evening, so very quietly?

Et vraiment je ne veux pas d'autre Paradis.

3. La lune blanche  
Luit dans les bois ;  
De chaque branche  
Part une voix  
Sous la ramée...

Ô bien aimée.

L'étang reflète,  
Profond miroir,  
La silhouette  
Du saule noir  
Où le vent pleure...

Rêvons, c'est l'heure.

Un vaste et tendre apaisement  
Semble descendre  
Du firmament  
Que l'astre irise...

C'est l'heure exquise!

4. J'allais par des chemins perfides,  
Douloureusement incertain.  
Vos chères mains furent mes guides.

Si pâle à l'horizon lointain  
Luisait un faible espoir d'aurore ;  
Votre regard fut le matin.

Nul bruit, sinon son pas sonore,  
N'encourageait le voyageur.  
Votre voix me dit: "Marche encore!"

Mon cœur craintif, mon sombre cœur  
Pleurait, seul, sur la triste voie;  
L'amour, délicieux vainqueur,  
Nous a réunis dans la joie.

5. J'ai presque peur, en vérité  
Tant je sens ma vie enlacée  
A la radieuse pensée  
Qui m'apprit l'âme l'autre été,

Tant votre image, à jamais chère,  
Habite en ce cœur tout à vous,  
Ce cœur uniquement jaloux  
De vous aimer et de vous plaire ;

Et je tremble, pardonnez-moi  
D'aussi franchement vous le dire,

And truly I don't wish for any other paradise.

3. The white moon  
shines in the woods.  
From each branch  
springs a voice  
beneath the arbor.

Oh my beloved...

Like a deep mirror  
the pond reflects  
the silhouette  
of the black willow  
where the wind weeps.

Let us dream! It is the hour...

A vast and tender calm  
seems to descend  
from a sky  
made iridescent by the moon.

It is the exquisite hour!

4. I was walking along treacherous paths,  
Painfully uncertain.  
Your dear hands were my guides.

So pale on the distant horizon  
Shone a faint hope of dawn;  
Your eyes were the morning.

No sound other than his ringing footstep  
Encouraged the voyager.  
Your voice said to me: "Walk on!"

My timid heart, my somber heart,  
Cried, alone, on the dreary road;  
Love, delightful conqueror,  
United us in joy.

5. I'm almost afraid, it's true,  
when I see how my life is entwined  
with the radiant thought  
that stole my soul last summer;

When I see how your ever-dear image  
lives in this heart that is all yours,  
my heart that only wants  
to love you and to please you;

And I tremble - forgive me  
for speaking so freely -

À penser qu'un mot, q'un sourire  
De vous est désormais ma loi,

Et qu'il vous suffirait d'un geste,  
D'une parole ou d'un clin d'oeil,  
Pour mettre tout mon être en deuil  
De son illusion céleste.

Mais plutôt je ne veux vous voir,  
L'avenir dût-il m'être sombre  
Et fécond en peines sans nombre,  
Qu'à travers un immense espoir,

Plongé dans ce bonheur suprême  
De me dire encore et toujours,  
En dépit des mornes retours,  
Que je vous aime, que je t'aime!

6. Avant que tu ne t'en ailles,  
Pâle étoile du matin;  
-- Mille cailles  
Chantent, chantent dans le thym. --

Tourne devers le poète,  
Dont les yeux sont pleins d'amour;  
-- L'alouette  
Monte au ciel avec le jour. --

Tourne ton regard que noie  
L'aurore dans son azur;  
-- Quelle joie  
Parmi les champs de blé mûr! --

Et fais luire ma pensée  
Là-bas, bien loin, oh! bien loin!  
-- La rosée,  
Gaîment, brille sur le foin! --

Dans le doux rêve où s'agite  
Ma mie endormie encor...  
-- Vite, vite,  
Car voici le soleil d'or! --

7. Donc, ce sera par un clair jour d'été  
Le grand soleil, complice de ma joie  
Fera, parmi le satin et la soie,  
Plus belle encor votre chère beauté;

Le ciel tout bleu, comme une haute tente,  
Frissonnera somptueux à longs plis  
Sur nos deux fronts qu'auront pâlis  
L'émotion du bonheur et l'attente;

Et quand le soir viendra, l'air sera doux

at the thought that a word or a smile  
from you so rules me,

And that a gesture,  
a word or a wink  
from you is enough to set my soul  
in mourning for its heavenly illusion.

I really only want to see you,  
no matter how dark  
and full of pain my future,  
through an immense hope,

Plunged into this supreme job  
of saying over and always to myself,  
despite all dismal returns,  
that I love you, that I love thee!

6. Before you vanish,  
pale morning star...  
-- A thousand quails  
are singing in the thyme! --

Turn towards the poet,  
whose eyes are full of love...  
-- The lark  
is rising to the sky with the daybreak! --

Turn your gaze which the dawn  
is drowning in its blueness...  
-- What joy  
among the fields of ripe corn! --

And make my thoughts shine  
there, far away, far away...  
-- The dew  
is gleaming brightly on the hay! --

Into the sweet dream where my darling  
while still asleep is stirring...  
-- Quickly, quickly,  
for here is the golden sun! --

7. And so, it shall be on a bright summer's day:  
The great sun, complicit in my joy,  
Shall, amidst the satin and silk,  
Make your dear beauty more beautiful still;

The bluest sky, like a tall tent,  
Will ripple in long creases  
Upon our two happy foreheads, white  
With happiness and anticipation;

And when evening comes, the air will be sweet

Qui se jouera, caressant, dans vos voiles,  
Et les regards paisibles des étoiles  
Bienveillamment souriront aux époux.

8. N'est-ce pas?  
Nous irons, gais et lents, dans la voie Modeste  
Que nous montre en souriant l'Espoir,  
Peu soucieux qu'on nous ignore ou qu'on nous voie.

Isolés dans l'amour ainsi qu'en un bois noir,  
Nos deux coeurs exhalant leur tendresse paisible,  
Seront deux rossignols qui chantent dans le soir.

Sans nous préoccuper de ce que nous destine  
Le Sort, nous marcherons pourtant du même pas,  
Et la main dans la main, avec l'âme enfantine De ceux qui  
s'aiment sans mélange,  
N'est-ce pas?

9. L'hiver a cessé: la lumière est tiède  
Et danse, du sol au firmament clair.  
Il faut que le coeur le plus triste cède  
À l'immense joie éparse dans l'air.

J'ai depuis un an le printemps dans l'âme  
Et le vert retour du doux floral,  
Ainsi qu'une flamme entoure une flamme,  
Met de l'idéal sur mon idéal.

Le ciel bleu prolonge, exhausse et couronne  
L'immuable azur où rit mon amour.  
La saison est belle et ma part est bonne  
Et tous mes espoirs ont enfin leur tour.

Que vienne l'été ! que viennent encore  
L'automne et l'hiver! Et chaque saison  
Me sera charmante, ô Toi que décore  
Cette fantaisie et cette raison!

### Cinq mélodies "de Venise" (Paul Verlaine, continued)

4. À Clymène  
Mystiques barcarolles,  
Romances sans paroles,  
Chère, puisque tes yeux,  
Couleur des cieus,

Puisque ta voix,  
Étrange vision qui dérange  
Et trouble l'horizon  
De ma raison,

That plays caressingly in your veils,  
And the peaceful gazes of the stars  
Will smile benevolently upon the lovers.

8. Is it not so?  
We will follow, lightly and slowly, over the  
modest path that shows us smiling hope,  
little caring if others ignore us or see us.

Isolated in love as if in a dark forest, our two hearts breathing  
their tender peacefulness  
will be two nightingales that sing in the evening.

Without concern over our destined  
fate, we walk along the same way,  
hand in hand, with the childlike soul,  
of those who love without alloy,  
Is it not so?

9. Winter has ended: the light is soft  
And dances from the sun to the clear heaven.  
The saddest heart must give way  
To the great joy scattered through the air.

For a year I have held springtime in my soul  
And the green return of the sweet blossoming,  
Like a flame around a flame,  
Sets upon my ideal something ideal.

The blue sky extends, exalts and crowns  
The changeless azure where my love laughs.  
The season is fine and my share is good  
And all my hopes have their turn at last.

Let summer come! And let Autumn and  
Winter come after! And every season  
Will be dear to me, oh You who decorate  
This imagining and this thought.

### Cinq mélodies "de Venise" (Paul Verlaine, continued)

4. To Clymène  
Mystic barcarolles,  
Songs without words,  
My darling, because your eyes,  
The color of the heavens,

Because your voice,  
Strange vision that upsets  
And troubles the horizon  
Of my reason.