

Jonathan Nussman, baritone  
Kyle Adam Blair, piano

# NUIT ET LA LUMIÈRE

## Mouvements du Coeur (1949)

*Hommage à la mémoire de Frédéric Chopin, sur des poèmes de Louise de Vilmorin*

Prélude	Henri Sauguet (1901 - 1989)
Mazurka	François Poulenc (1899 - 1963)
Valse	Georges Auric (1899 - 1983)
Scherzo impromptu	Jean Françaix (1912 - 1997)
Etude	Léo Preger (1907 - 1965)
Ballade nocturne	Darius Milhaud (1892 - 1974)
Postlude: Polonaise	H. Sauguet

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Automne	Arthur Honegger (1892 - 1955)
Derrière Murcie en fleurs	
Rosemonde	
Chanson de la Poire	

★ INTERMISSION ★

## from O MENSCH! (2009)

Pascal Dusapin (b. 1955)

*Inventaire musical non raisonné de quelques passions Nietzscheennes*

O Mensch! Gib Acht!  
Zürnt mir nicht  
Das Nachtlid  
Das Wort  
Interlude  
Das nächtliche Geheimnis  
Wer hier nicht lachen kann...  
Seine Gesellschaft zu finden wissen  
Aus der Tonne des Diogenes  
Ruhm und Ewigkeit  
Still!

# MOUVEMENT DU COEUR and CHANSONS DE HONEGGER - TEXTS

## PRÉLUDE

A forest surges from the waves  
And these wave are the nights that have passed,  
Waves of the future, forest cradles,  
The shadows are my brides.  
Sing, choir of my thoughts  
In the forest of coming,  
Dawn of winter, oh my brides,  
My laurels are no longer in bloom.  
Tomorrow, I will go gathering in the hour  
Where shadows are lengthened,  
The star, flower of my sighs  
Flower of my snow-covered lips.  
And all the icy chills will be avenged,  
In the heat of my arm.  
And all of my dreaming lovers  
Will bring a paleness to my face.  
And I will see the star of tears  
Extinguished in the intertwining branches  
Of this green laurel on which the flower  
Shines on the lips of the brides.

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## MAZURKA

The jeweled breasts, the sun on the ceiling,  
The opalescent gowns, mirrors and violins,  
Thus they go, go, go.  
The needle falls from the hands,  
The needle of reason  
From the hands of young girls,  
Who fly away, who go,  
Thus they go, go go.  
With a glance that builds in itself,  
In a wrinkle of the brow,  
Either fine weather or the rain  
And with a roguish sigh  
Thus they go, go go.  
Their ball becomes a turmoil

Where, wise and wandering,  
They listen to the innocents  
Saying yes, saying no.  
Thus they go, go go.  
Dancing with uncertainty  
Counting each step,  
Oh! The sweet steps of the innocent  
Their profound silences  
The silences go, go, go.  
They make the ball into a realm  
Where the flames will converge  
Where lovers come together  
Thus the snow melts, melts, melts.

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## VALSE

The flood of silence cannot carry  
But an empty vessel to my door.  
Dead leaves, dead letters,  
I have no other courier.  
With every step closer to you,  
Your voice brings to my thoughts  
Green Leaves, open letters,  
You have forgotten me.  
Waltz now, I have waltzed my battles,  
For a weapon I had your waist,  
Betrothed, fire of straw,  
You burn up my future.  
Snowdrops in the morning,  
In the snow of destinies,  
Beloved, I have a wretched heart.  
Come, come with the flood of silence,  
Descend from your vessel of absence,  
Come be present, and use up  
All of my sorrowful kisses  
Forging the rings of our chains,  
The waltz brings you back to me.  
From the domain of my grief  
Your heart is the shore.

## SCHERZO IMPROMPTU

Promise me the heart of your smile,  
Your nose moves: you are lying.  
But the lie is a truth  
Under the stars of your empire.  
Truth, temerity, which vanish in the depth of a  
mirror,  
Arise in the flowering of your icy gaze,  
Come out of your haunted mirrors.  
Toward me you advance, head on,  
You advance, fluttering your eyelashes.  
And you depart, from the side:  
It is in your profile that time passes.  
And step by step and thread on thread  
Showing and hiding your faces,  
You go from my arm to the shadows  
From the Seine to the Nile.  
And you watch the clouds  
Which are the images of your hearts  
Changing shape and color  
And dispersing in their journey.  
The lovely one and I, the lovely commotion,  
One is always close, the other is distant,  
You melt mirrors into fountains.  
Ah! lovely commotion, give it to me!

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## ETUDE

Lord, come to my assistance,  
Reach out to me your large hand,  
The dome of love, of oceans,  
Of mountains, of lands  
Of the eternal, and of our days.  
Reach out to me, Lord, let it be  
Just one of your fingers upon which I may perch.  
Bear me away to rest  
Far from everything which forsakes me  
And far from that which I have dared.  
Distance me from the river

**(ETUDE continued)**

Steer me along the path  
 Which leads to the heart of prayer.  
 Reach out to me your great hand  
 From which emanate night and the light.  
 All is too close to me, and too distant,  
 My heart is dead, my soul weeps,  
 Time brings me no more hours,  
 My heartbeats have faded away  
 Underneath a departing footstep  
 I have given up my final sigh  
 Lord, hear the prayer  
 Of the one who would wish to sleep,  
 Close my red eyelids  
 For in death I will sleep deeply

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**BALLADE NOCTURNE**

Lady of the evening  
 The anemones which crown you  
 Are black of heart  
 And are perhaps demonic.  
 In the convents, the hands of nuns,  
 With good consciences and fervent hearts  
 Form the crowns of demons  
 Taken in your hand  
 The grains of sand sing fables  
 Of the oceanside evenings  
 And are very possibly devils  
 Lady of the evening  
 Of these heathers tied to the stones  
 Of sweet knowledge  
 The leaf is perhaps a sorceress  
 But the wandering ones  
 Who tie themselves together  
 Believe the heather to be  
 Guardian of the times  
 Of love in its bewitching leaf  
 Of the waters of the sea  
 Which caress you  
 The waves wound my deserted arms

They may perhaps be she-devils  
 But the inconstant one  
 Prays the mass, makes promises  
 And with beating heart  
 Forsakes love for the she-devils.

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**POSTLUDE: POLONAISE**

In the countryside of Poland  
 The laurels are not pruned,  
 The devil, even after having supper,  
 Would not attempt that task.  
 An angel disguised as a little bird,  
 Friend of the irreproachable glories,  
 A handsome angel with sharpened beak  
 Defends the approach to these laurels.  
 Illustrating the vows of the heroes,  
 The laurels are sentinels,  
 Impregnable thickets of echoes  
 Singing of the strength of faithful hearts.  
 Beneath the shadows of the laurels  
 Can be found the most solemn bed.  
 The bed of fervors, the bed of a warrior.  
 Love sleeps there, with those who are brave.

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**AUTOMNE (AUTUMN)****Guillaume Appolinaire**

Moving through the fog is a bow-legged peasant  
 And his ox slowly through the mist of autumn  
 Which hides the hamlets, impoverished and full  
 of shame  
 As he goes, the peasant softly sings  
 A song of love and infidelity  
 That tells of a ring and a heart that has been  
 broken  
 Oh autumn has killed the summer  
 Moving through the fog are two grey silhouettes

**DERRIÈRE MURCIE EN FLEURS  
 (BEHIND MURCIE, IN THE FLOWERS)****William Aguet**

Behind Murcie, in the flowers I know a path  
 which leads you up among the orange trees  
 What are you doing all alone so far away..  
 Why have I left you? Ah if you saw me  
 you would sit weeping among the soldiers  
 What are you doing all alone so far away...

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**ROSEMONDE****Jean Giradoux**

What did you see during your exile?  
 Spencer's wife used to asked him,  
 in Rome, in Vienna, in Paraguay,  
 in Calcutta? ... Nothing!... he'd reply  
 Do you wish to discover the world?  
 Close your eyes, Rosemonde.

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**CHANSON DE LA POIRE  
 (SONG OF THE PEAR)****René Morax**

This is the story  
 of a pear  
 one harvests it  
 in the leaves  
 one writes about it  
 so and so  
 she strikes out  
 three times in attack  
 You must drink  
 to the pear  
 a good blow  
 You must drink  
 and that is all.