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The Mélodies of Jean Cras: A Performance Companion

Leslie Ann Heffner
Leslie Ann Heffner defended this treatise on March 27, 2012.

The members of the supervisory committee were:

Wanda Brister Rachwal
Professor Directing Treatise

Matthew Shaftel
University Representative

Larry Gerber
Committee Member

Timothy Hoekman
Committee Member

The Graduate School has verified and approved the above-named committee members, and certifies that the treatise has been approved in accordance with university requirements.
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ABSTRACT

This treatise presents information about the composer Jean Cras (1879-1932) and the poets whose works he set to music. The primary focus of this document is Cras’ published songs for voice and piano: Sept mélodies (Seven Songs), L’offrande lyrique (The Lyric Offering), Fontaines (Fountains), Image (Image), Robaiyat de Omar Khayyam (Ruba’iyat of Omar Khayyam), La flûte de Pan (The Flute of Pan), Soir sur la mer (Evening on the Sea), Élégies (Elegies), Deux chansons (Two Songs), Trois chansons bretonnes (Three Breton Songs), and Trois Noëls (Three Noëls).

This guide will be useful for singers, coaches, and pianists wanting to study or perform his repertoire. Brief biographical information about the composer and poets is included as well as historical information pertaining to Cras’s mélodies. Each poem is transliterated using the International Phonetic Alphabet (IPA) and will be accompanied by a word-for-word English translation and a poetic translation. Commerical recording and score availability are also provided.
CHAPTER ONE

Introduction

The purpose of this treatise is to focus on the published songs of Jean Cras. The first chapter discusses biographical information about the composer. The second chapter provides a brief history of the poets whose poetry he set to music. The final chapter consists of said poetry, transliterated using the International Phonetic Alphabet (IPA), accompanied by a word-for-word English translation, and followed by a poetic translation. Historical information pertaining to Cras’s mélodies is also included. This document will be useful for singers, coaches, and pianists wanting to study and perform these works.

Biography of Jean Cras

Jean Emile Paul Cras was born on May 22, 1879, in Brest, France. Jean’s father, Pierre-Charles, was a well-respected surgeon in the French navy. His mother was Marie-Claire Pauline Robin. Jean was next to the youngest of the nine siblings. Jean’s father died when Jean was only ten years of age; however, Jean’s mother made a majority of decisions for the family, even before the passing of her husband. With the small pension that her husband left her, Mrs. Cras made sure that each child received an education, was taught Breton culture, and had religious training. As an adult, Jean continued to be a devoted follower of the Catholic faith. It cannot be emphasized enough how strongly his religious faith governed his life.

Academically, Jean was gifted in the sciences. He received particularly high grades in astronomy and math. As a child, he had been taught the Breton language, French, Greek, and English, and as an adult, he taught himself Italian and Hebrew. Jean described himself as a

1It is important to note that the personal information about Jean Cras in this chapter was mostly found in Paul-André Bempéchat’s book, Jean Cras, Polymath of Music and Letters. This book is a primary source on Cras and his family as Dr. Bempéchat was granted exclusive access by the Cras family to Jean Cras’s personal letters that have not been published. Elements of the biography are included here in order to contextualize the original contribution that follows. Dr. Bempéchat also is the author of the article about Jean Cras in the New Grove Dictionary of Music and Musicians, 2d edition.
mediocre student in both elementary and secondary school. Although he was an athletic teenager and excelled at swimming, he had very little interest in sports and sport clubs. Mrs. Cras was interested in the arts and made sure that her children were extensively trained. Each of the children learned to play the piano in addition to other instruments. They learned to recite poetry and took part in vocal studies. Mrs. Cras had a modest salon in which she and her children presented many literary readings, chamber music, and vocal recitals. There were limited fine art offerings in the Brest area, resulting in the Cras performances becoming the cultural attraction of the area. Jean’s sister Gabrielle became a well-known soprano in their region, performing at small venues and salons. As her musical career progressed she performed in concerts at the Société Nationale de Musique.

Cras had a passion for music and was skilled as a pianist and violinist. He began composing at the age of six and by the time he was sixteen, he had composed choral works, solo piano pieces, and other pieces for a variety of instruments. At the age of seventeen, he made his conducting debut and by the age of twenty, Cras had completed thirty-eight songs for voice and piano. At this point in his life Cras had composed more vocal music than instrumental pieces. He explained, “I am far more at ease writing for the voice.” The first thirty-eight vocal pieces remain unpublished at Cras’s request. Most were written for and performed by his siblings at his mother’s salon concerts.

Cras had already begun to make a name for himself as a composer, violinist, and pianist by the time he entered the naval academy at age seventeen. He enrolled in the naval preparatory program at the Brest lycée (High School) despite his accomplishments, talent, and love of music. The preparatory program was required for admission into the Naval Academy, and would assure an officer’s position upon graduation. Cras was not passionate about joining the French Navy, but felt pressure from his family to pursue the same career path that several of his family members had chosen. In his book, Jean Cras, Polymath of Music and Letters, Paul-André Bempéchat recounts information that Cras wrote in a letter: “It was always understood that I

3Jean Cras, “Autobiographie,” quoted in Paul-André Bempéchat, Jean Cras, Polymath of Music and Letters (Burlington: Ashgate, 2009), 65. The “Autobiography” is an unpublished, annotated genealogy of the Cras family that was compiled by Cras’s nephew, Benoît Cras. It is part of the North American Jean Cras Archives established by Dr. Bempéchat at Boston University.
would be a naval officer. I had never dreamt of orienting myself toward another [kind of] lifestyle...as to devoting myself entirely to music, that was the furthest idea from my mind.”

Cras’s first application for the naval academy was rejected. He was not bothered by the academy’s denial and spent the summer writing a two-act play entitled *Echo* with his best friend, Alfred Doin. Eventually, Cras began to worry about how his mother would feel if he were rejected a second time. This guilt forced him to focus on his studies and temporarily abandon his musical pursuits. He was accepted on his second application, and entered the naval academy in 1896. Originally ranking fifty-eighth in his class of seventy, Cras graduated fourth. He ignored music throughout his first year at the academy. The summer following his first year in the academy he finished *Echo*, which he had started two years earlier. Cras struggled to find balance between a demanding academic curriculum and his music. He continued to struggle throughout his life to strike a balance between his military responsibilities and musical interests.

Cras had been tutored by his parents and siblings, but had not read any treatises on music, nor had he taken any lessons from professional music teachers. He felt confident with his performance skills required for on-ship musical activities, but knew he was lacking important expertise when it came to composition. In a letter to his brother, Charles, he exclaimed: “I do not have confidence in my talent.”

A turning point in his musical activities was between the years of 1900 and 1901. While on leave from his naval assignment, Cras met Henri Duparc (1848-1933) in Paris. Duparc was no longer composing, but was still recognized as one of the main musical figures of French art song composition. In *Jean Cras, Polymath of Music and Letters*, Bempéchat quotes Cras’s description the first meeting between Duparc and Cras: “From the very first minute, a bond, never to be broken, united me with César Franck’s chief disciple … Several years later, in one of his letters, Duparc called me *le fils de mon âme* (my spiritual son).”

For three months Cras received daily composition lessons from Duparc. Duparc recognized Cras’s musical talent and was one of the few people who understood his quiet demeanor. They also shared very strong religious views. While Cras did not describe in detail what was covered in his daily lessons, we do know from his personal letters that the lessons were

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3 Bempéchat, 67.

4 Jean Cras, personal letter to brother Charles, 23 April 1899, quoted in Bempéchat, 72.

intense and consisted of harmonic concepts, counterpoint, and form. An important lesson learned by Cras during these sessions was how important silence was in relation to sound. Duparc not only guided Cras musically, but also encouraged him as a friend in an effort to lessen Cras’s feelings of inadequacy as a musician. When he felt like giving up composing, whether it was because he wasn’t good enough or simply didn’t have time, it was Duparc who encouraged him to continue.

Duparc introduced Cras to many of his friends and colleagues. Albert Roussel (1869-1937) and Jean Cras became friends. Another relationship of great importance was with Vincent d’Indy, co-founder of the Schola Cantorum. Cras attended several of d’Indy’s classes and audited organ classes of the esteemed Alexandre Guilmant (1837-1911). The organ classes were so influential to Cras that he seriously considered leaving the navy to become a church organist. Cras remained in Paris until he received orders from the French Navy that he was to report for active duty on March 11, 1902. He kept in touch with many friends and colleagues, notably, Albert Roussel, who kept Cras up to date about musical events in Paris. Roussel, a former lieutenant in the French Navy, understood the isolation that one could feel while at sea and did what he could to provide a sense of camaraderie.

While Cras’s three months of composition lessons were the only time that Cras and Duparc officially worked together as student and teacher, they continued to keep in touch as friends through a lifelong pen-pal relationship. In fact, Cras and Duparc had become so close that when Cras died, Mrs. Duparc made certain that Duparc never found out. Duparc’s health was faltering and she was afraid the news of Cras’s death would be too traumatic for Duparc to handle and Duparc’s health would decline at a faster pace.6

While on tour in Tunisia, Cras met his future wife, Adele Louise-Isaure Odelle Paul (1877-1968). She was born in the city of Bône, which is known today as Annaba, in northeastern Algeria. Isaure was a tall woman who had a stunning appearance with her statuesque profile, piercing blue eyes, jet black hair and porcelain skin. Isaure’s father was an engineer and her mother was a member of a well-known family that owned a shipping business. Bempéchat and Cras’s daughter Monique discussed the first time her parents met. She described that moment at

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6Bempéchat, 54.
a post-concert reception as being “love at first sight.” Isaure’s personality complemented Cras’s. She was outgoing and loved to sing and dance and was also fond of popular music. He was shy and rather introverted and found activities like studying music and reading the Bible to be enjoyable. Their love of music was their common interest. Cras was very progressive in his ideas about the roles of man and woman in marriage:

Between man and woman there can be no issues of absolute superiority. Each is imbued with certain qualities which outdo the other’s, and therein are born the reasons for the intimacy they are able to share . . . When one considers the violin, it would appear that it alone, the instrument itself, is superior . . . and that the bow is but an accessory. Yet, is it not the bow that gives life to the violin? Without it, does the violin not become an inanimate object, producing only miserable and dry sounds when its strings are plucked? The violin needs the bow, calls upon the bow, as the bow does the violin.

Isaure had been married once before in an arranged marriage. Cras’s courtship with Isaure was long because it took almost four years for the Vatican to annul her first marriage. She was content with having a civil ceremony, but Cras, with his devout Catholic faith, insisted on being married by the Church. Isaure and Cras were married on January 24, 1906. Jean composed an organ piece for their union, *Grande marche nuptiale*, which Henri Duparc performed during the festivities.

Cras and Isaure had four children. Charlotte, the first, was born on August 4, 1907. She had problems throughout her life with behaviors that today may be diagnosed as manic depressive disorder. She died at the age of twenty-seven, after giving birth to a stillborn child. Their second child was another girl, Colette. Colette studied piano at the Paris Conservatory and became an accomplished pianist. Cras was very proud of Colette and frequently listened to her in live recitals as well as those that were broadcast on the radio. In 1937 Colette married the Polish pianist, composer, and conductor, Alexandre Tansman (1897-1986). Monique was the third daughter, born on September 19, 1910. She studied piano and cello at the École normale de musique (Music school), though her true talents and passions were in painting. Cras was very supportive of any artistic outlet that Monique wished to explore. Monique’s career in art was very successful. She won several awards, and in the early 1950s was contracted to design the

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7Monique Cras, conversation with Paul-André Bempéchat, no date, quoted in Bempéchat, 77.

8Jean Cras, personal letter to Isaure, 19 January 1903, quoted in Bempéchat, 76-77.
banknotes for France’s African colonies. Jean-Pierre was the last child and only son. He was born on May 1, 1918. Jean-Pierre was like his father: bright, good-natured, sensitive, physically attractive, and a promising student of the piano and violin. Cras nicknamed his son “Crassino” when he was born. Jean-Pierre spent a significant amount of time with his father on naval ships. While Cras had high hopes for his son in music, Jean-Pierre followed his father’s footsteps and joined the navy. Jean-Pierre died in 1948 from tuberculosis.

Cras and Isaure’s marriage worked surprisingly well, despite the long periods of time they were separated. His naval assignments normally required him to be at sea for long periods of time. As a result, he missed many holidays and was absent for many important milestones in his children’s lives, such as birthdays, weddings, and baptisms. He missed the birth of Jean-Pierre because he was not granted permission to leave the ship. The time Cras was away was difficult for his wife, but even more so for his children. Very quickly after getting married, Cras realized that he must somehow find constructive ways to deal with his overwhelming sense of homesickness. The pain he felt about missing these events was frequently expressed in his letters. He participated in daily prayer, as well as weekly and sometimes daily Mass, as a distraction from his suffering. Cras was an ardent reader and had an extensive library in his quarters. His diverse library contained French, English, Italian, and Breton literature.

Cras’s compositional output corresponds to his tours of duty. When he had free time, he would spend it in his quarters working on various compositional projects. Composing was also one of the few activities he enjoyed when he was away from his family. His mother, sisters, and wife would send him large amounts of manuscript paper, books, and chocolate, all of which Cras felt was required for composing.

Cras found life on a naval vessel like that of being in prison:

> Since nine o’clock this morning (it’s now almost four in the afternoon) I’ve been spending my time copying music. Absolutely nothing to do [professionally]. It’s the height of stupidity to condemn us poor fellows who ask for nothing more than to live in peace [rather] than having to entertain themselves in a station in the hull of a ship. It’s like prison…and without any reason, it’s so to speak, everything that distinguishes itself as ineptitude…I feel like I’m hallucinating when I imagine leaving the deck, where I’m suffocating and where I’m not doing a thing. Oh, Intelligence! Intelligence! Where are you? Oh! I’m not asking for much. Only a little so that I can stuff some into my Commanding Officer’s ‘brain.’

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9Jean Cras, letter to unknown recipient, 21 December 1900, quoted in Bempéchat, 64.
Early in his naval career, Cras, with his strong sense of justice, developed a scornful attitude toward the day-to-day living arrangements. He found the hierarchy of class everywhere on the ship. Uniforms were a way to label the lowest to the highest rank of personnel on the ship. Low ranking sailors were to sleep in hammocks and live out of a duffle bag, while officers had private quarters. The higher the rank of the officer, the larger the quarters and more amenities such as beds, dressers, and bookcases were allotted. Shipmen were, on the whole, uneducated and unable to read or write. Officers, on the other hand, had received the best education and were well versed in many subjects. Even meals were a way to group the men in order of importance; officers received full meals with wine while the sailors were rationed smaller portions that frequently did not satisfy their hunger.

Cras was desperate for an artistic outlet that was not present on naval ships. In an effort to achieve some sort of musical culture, he tried to create and cultivate musical opportunities. He was active in all musical activities that were scheduled on the ship. He often performed for his superior officers at receptions, both official and private, and organized chamber music concerts. Often, he would even re-orchestrate repertoire for the available resources. He concertized with other naval officers and enlisted men, and when docked, would extend invitations to local residents. He went to the extent of signaling nearby vessels, inviting their musicians aboard his vessel for rehearsals, concerts, or musical talks. He enjoyed his meetings with the Russians the most, because he found their music to be exotic.

Cras’s musical activities were not always viewed in a positive light by his fellow shipmates. Some were jealous of his talents and the extra attention that was given to him. Cras was once incarcerated on the ship for practicing the piano. His superior officers eventually came to appreciate his musical talents and insistence for incorporating music into ship-life as much as possible. Once Cras attained a rank that allotted him private quarters, he placed an upright piano in his room instead of a bed. He chose to sleep on a cot or in a hammock in order to have a musical instrument readily available for his composing. Near the end of his career at sea, Cras had been assigned private quarters with a sitting room. It was there that he kept the baby grand piano that Henri Duparc had given him.

Cras did enjoy traveling. While at port, he would make a point to experience as many things as he could about the cultures he was visiting. While in Dakar, Senegal, he first came into contact with native Africans. He began studying their music and transcribed their melodies into
notebooks to the extent that was possible with Western notation. He would later refer to these notebooks for inspiration and would try to incorporate the melodies and rhythms into his own compositions. Cras was exposed to Islamic and Moorish modes as he traveled across French North Africa and Spain, where he also experienced live performance. In a letter to his family on January 18, 1903, he recounts an evening when he visited a small village in Sfax, Tunisia:

I like to stroll about in an Arab setting. Be it in Sousse, Sfax or in Gabès, I leave in the afternoon for a native village, sure that at any moment or another, there will be something interesting to see. We stayed five days in Sfax … this provided me the opportunity to experience an Arab dinner, complete with songs and belly-dancing. These Arabic songs are rather captivating when one’s attention is undivided. I have attended one or two Arab concerts…good music-making there. So, while drinking Moorish coffee, surrounded by Arabs in turbans, I stick out like a sore thumb as I jot down those melodies which catch my ear.¹⁰

Cras was especially fascinated by instruments that were native to particular regions that he visited. He would watch and listen to these instruments being played in concerts, and then later, would refer to notes he had written and try to build his own version of the instrument. Instruments from Spain, Portugal, and French Guinea were of special interest to him. Cras attempted to notate and study the local rhythms and harmonies that captivated him where he traveled. He was fascinated by different musical traits and how they affected people on a personal level. Cras observed, “one can’t know the characteristics of a mode without feeling it. Modes are the moulds through which is expressed the soul of the people who employ them. The mould, empty, has no value. One must be able to assimilate it so perfectly that, at a moment’s notice, one’s soul can flow naturally through it.”¹¹ This observation created a significant concern for Cras, as he questioned his ability to recreate what he heard in his own compositions. He worried that his compositions would somehow sound forced or contrived, especially since he was not able to authentically incorporate the native languages.

Cras also found inspiration in the music of Beethoven, Bach, and Franck. He considered Duparc and Schumann masters of setting poetry to music. Cras always acknowledged his studies with Duparc, but was proud of the individualism he found as a composer: “I have no models to

¹⁰Jean Cras, letter to unknown family member, 18 January 1903, quoted in Bempéchat, 169-174.

¹¹Ibid.
whom I try to conform or aspire.” Cras believed the basis of his musical education did not come from particular schools of thought or from formal training, but through the life that he led. He claimed that his compositions were based on his own feelings and life experiences, not on pictures or writings that inspired others.

Working with Duparc inspired Cras to compose in other genres. His compositions include works for piano, works for various solo instruments, chamber music, orchestra music, choral music, and one complete opera. Like Duparc, Cras was very critical of his own work. Slowly, he gained confidence with his compositions and decided to publish. The first of his songs to be published was a collection entitled *Sept mélodies*. Several years later, in 1921, after the premiere of his opera, *Polyphème*, Cras finally achieved musical acclaim and became friends with prominent literary and musical figures. Reviews indicate that his compositions were often positively received, and in some instances, led to requests for additional works. Unfortunately, he was unable to attend most social gatherings and performances because of his naval responsibilities.

Cras died as a result of a stomach virus on September 14, 1932. Both musical and military populations mourned his loss. Flags flew at half-mast across the nation in his honor and dignitaries from all ranks and levels of the military and government attended his funeral on September 17. There was an abundance of eulogies and obituaries written about him, all recounting his modesty, creativity, and intelligence, while relaying the universal respect and affection felt toward him. Cras was placed in a simple family burial plot in the municipal cemetery in Brest. In 1948 his son, Jean-Pierre, was also buried there. Isaure, upon her death in 1968, was placed in the family plot, and lastly, Monique was buried alongside her family in 2007. Colette is buried in the Tansman plot outside Paris.

Cras’s family was left with a military pension. Isaure also collected modest royalties from her husband’s inventions, the most well known being the *règle-rapporteur* (a navigational ruler-compass), and his compositions. Colette and Monique helped support the family for some time after their father’s death. Colette’s husband was Jewish, and in order to escape anti-Semitism during World War II, Colette, along with the rest of the Tansman family, took refuge in Hollywood. There, a family friend by the name of Charlie Chaplin introduced Alexandre

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12Monique Cras and Dom Angelico Surchamp, *Zodiaque*, quoted in Bempéchat, 122. *Zodiaque* is a journal in which Monique co-authored an article about her father.
Tansman to the film industry. Family friends Igor Stravisnky and Darius Milhaud helped both Colette and her husband to secure teaching jobs and chamber music concerts. The Tansmans frequently performed Cras’s music, thus introducing his music to the American musical scene.

Annick Le Boterff collaborated with Monique Cras while putting together a chronological, alphanumeric, and annotated catalogue of Cras’s compositions. Le Boterff was an avid admirer of his work and a former naval wife. Bempéchat and Monique Cras have assigned the symbol LBo for the catalogue numbers in Le Boterff’s honor.
A significant number of Cras’s songs are musical settings of his closest friends’ poetry. As a result of setting texts from these relatively unknown poets, biographical information is sometimes sparse. Literary choices, other than his friends, included poets from the Symbolist movement. The following poets were used by Jean Cras: Charles Baudelaire, Léon Chancerel, Alfred Driin, Virginie Hériot, Lucien Jacques, Omar Khayyam, Tanguy Malmanche, Georges Rodenbach, Albert Samain, Édouard Schneider, Rabindranath Tagore, and Paul Verlaine.

Poet Biographies

Charles Baudelaire¹³
(1821-1867)

Poet for: “Correspondances” from Sept mélodies.

Charles Pierre Baudelaire is recognized as one of the most influential poets of the 19th century. He earned his reputation most notably as the author of Les fleurs du mal (Flowers of Evil), but was also a literary and art critic, translator, essayist, and author of the autobiographical novel La Fanfarlo (The Braggart). Baudelaire was also instrumental in initiating prose poetry. Prose poems are poems written in prose form that contain poetic qualities such as rhyme, repetition, and fragmentation.

Baudelaire was educated at the Collège Royal in Lyons, where his family moved in 1831. After being enrolled at several schools, he passed his baccalauréat exams at Collège Saint-Louis in Paris. He enrolled at the École de Droit to study law, but did not graduate. Instead of attending class and studying, Baudelaire spent much of his time in the Latin Quarter with an

eclectic group of friends. As a youth, Baudelaire had an obsession with horror and death, which became more apparent in his adult years.

At the age of twenty, Baudelaire’s stepfather sent him on a trip to India. Although he never completed the trip to India, his experience while on this trip inspired his first poems, and cemented Baudelaire’s determination to become a professional poet. In 1847 Baudelaire was introduced to works by Edgar Allen Poe. He was immediately drawn to Poe’s despondent nature and began translating Poe’s works into French. Baudelaire’s translations and commentary on Poe’s work would create a stable career and income until his death.

Once Baudelaire had established a name for himself as a translator and critic, he was afforded the opportunity to publish some of his own poems. The literary magazine *Revue des deux mondes* (Review of The Two Worlds) first published a sequence of eighteen poems under the general title of *Les fleurs du mal*. The following year Baudelaire signed a contract with the publisher Poulet-Malassis for a full-length poetry collection to appear with that title.\textsuperscript{14} The first edition of his full-length collection of *Les fleurs du mal* became an instant controversy. His bawdy themes and morbid tones shocked the readers. While some were appalled at its content, an increasingly important group of French poets known as Symbolists found the poems to be inspiring.

The final years of Baudelaire’s life were lived in poverty with a sense of dejection. When Baudelaire died, many of his works were unpublished. Of those that had been published, most were out of print.

\textsuperscript{14}``Baudelaire, Charles,’’ in *The New Encyclopedia Britannica*, 967.
Léon Chancerel\textsuperscript{15}  
(1886-1965)

Poet for: \textit{Trois Noëls}

Léon Chancerel, born in Paris, France, was a very close friend of Jean Cras, and the Cras family. Chancerel made a name for himself among the Parisians as an actor, director, and dramatist, but was hardly known elsewhere.

In 1929 Chancerel formed a semi-professional acting organization called the \textit{Compagnie des comédiens-routiers} (Company of Routiers Actors). Chancerel was an advocate for the development of the \textit{Centre dramatique pour la jeunesse} (Theatre Center for Youth) in Paris. From 1953 until his death in 1965, Chancerel worked as an administrator for the \textit{Direction de la culture populaire} (Department of Popular Culture). One of the most influential policies he achieved while working there was the introduction of drama into the French public school system. The text for Jean Cras’s song cycle \textit{Trois Noëls} (Three Noels) is excerpted from Chancerel’s prose poetry \textit{Le pèlerin d’Assise} (The Pilgrim of Assisi). Chancerel’s inscription for the first edition read, “To Jean Cras, with all my heart, still moved by the wonderful inspiration he has afforded me. In sincere admiration, Léon Chancerel, 21 October 1929.”

Alfred Droin\textsuperscript{16}  
(1878-1967)

Poet for: “Rêverie” and “Nocturne” from \textit{Sept mélodies}.

Information about Alfred Droin is sparse. Through letters, we know that he and Jean Cras were very good life-long friends. They wrote a two-act drama together when they were in high

\textsuperscript{15}Bempéchat, 473.

\textsuperscript{16}Ibid., 60, 222-223.
school. Droin authored forty-one works, including the epic poem *Echo*, served in the military, and traveled to China on numerous occasions. Droin was a poet as well as a literary critic.

**Virginie Hériot**\(^{17}\)

(1890-1932)

Poet for: *Soir sur la mer*

Virginie Hériot did not achieve fame as a poet during her lifetime, but within the French naval community she was famously known as “Notre-Dame-de-la-Mer,” or *Our Lady of the Sea*. Hériot was a great benefactress of the Navy, donating large sums of money to the *Union des sociétés nautiques de France* (Union of the Nautical Societies of France) and also to the Public Works Division of the French Merchant Marines. She was a close friend of Jean Cras’s wife, Isaure.

Ms. Hériot’s literary accomplishments include ten volumes of autobiographical prose, poetry, and prose-poetry. *Soir sur la mer* (Evening on the Sea) is from an untitled prose-poem collection in *Goëlette aîlée* (Winged Schooner). Jean Cras assigned the title to his composition.

**Lucien Jacques**\(^{18}\)

(1891-1961)

Poet for: *Fontaines, La flûte de Pan*

A friend of the Cras family, Lucien Jacques was an artist of many disciplines: engraver, silk painter, and musician. After apprenticing to become a welder, Jacques rejected that profession to take night classes in painting. In 1911 he entered the military. In 1916 he sustained severe physical injuries at the Battle of Verdun during World War I and the psychological impact on him was so immense that he became a recluse.

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\(^{17}\)Bempéchat, 481.

\(^{18}\)Ibid., 365-366.
Professionally, Jacques attempted to run an art gallery in Paris. His establishment contained paintings, sculptures, tapestries, and literature. The gallery closed in 1924 for financial reasons. Jacques then moved to Grasse, France, where painting became his focus. His canvases and watercolors were very popular during his lifetime. Jacques also published some literary works under the nom de plume Jean Lamont, which was his grandmother’s name. Poèmes (Poems) was published in 1945, Le jardin sans murs (Garden without walls) in 1931, Mômeries (Childish Behavior) in 1938, and Carnets de moleskine (Moleskin Notebooks) in 1939. Two of Jacques’s musical compositions were published in the 1950s: Suites françaises (French Suites) and Marche Militaire (Military March). Jacques collaborated with Jean Gido to achieve his greatest literary accomplishment, translating Herman Melville’s Moby Dick into French. Jacques passed away in Nice, France. His collection of poems Florilège poétique (Poetic Anthology) was published the following year.

Omar Khayyam

(1048-1122)

Poet for: Robaiyat de Omar Khayyam (Translated by family friend of Cras, Franz Toussaint)

Omar Khayyam was born in Nishapur, Persia. Today, this part of the world is northwestern Iran. His last name translates as tent-maker, possibly derived from his father’s occupation. Khayyam received a solid education in the sciences and philosophy in his birthplace of Nishapur, and also in Balkh. Today, Balkh is part of northern Afghanistan. He was an extraordinarily bright student who mastered philosophy, history, astronomy, law, medicine, and mathematics. After his studies in Nishapur and Balkh, Khayyam traveled to Samark to complete a treatise on algebra. He is renowned for his reformation of the Islamic calendar. Sultan Malik Shah was impressed with Khayyam’s academic accomplishments and asked Khayyam to make astronomical predictions. The results of the predictions essentially changed the Isalamic

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calendar. Khayyam, along with other astronomers, was also commissioned by the Sultan to build an observatory in the city of Esfahan. Khayyam eventually became a teacher. When called upon by the Sultan, he would serve the royal court. Khayyam died in his birthplace of Nishapur.

Very little of Khayyam’s prose remains, and what is left has undergone scrutiny as to whether Khayyam was indeed the author. During his lifetime, his writings received little attention and were not documented with the detail that his scientific work had been. It was over 100 years after his death that Khayyam’s poems were finally noticed. Examining 13th-century manuscripts, Arthur John Aberry verified that at least 250 poems could be attributed to Khayyam. The poetry’s themes include religious skepticism, interest in physical love and pleasure, and human ignorance. Edward Fitzgerald translated these poems into English and published The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam. Fitzgerald’s translations have a great deal of artistic license in the sense that he set them “in alphabetical order, or simply re-arranging them according to his whim.”

Khayyam’s poetry has become popular worldwide and has been translated into many languages. Cras became aware of these poems when his friend Franz Toussaint began translating the poems into French. Cras set Toussaint’s translations in his song cycle Robaiyat de Omar Khayyam.

Tanguy Malmanche

(1875-1953)

Poet for: Deux chansons

Tanguy Malmanche was born in Brest, France. He studied law at Rennes, but for some time was employed in office positions for railway and insurance companies. His first poems were published in 1898 in a Breton magazine. Several years later, Malmanche founded his own monthly publication entitled Spered ar Vro (The Spirit of the Country). This periodical was not very successful, having only four publications. His first play was published in 1900. He wrote

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21 Bempéchat, 379.

22 Information for this entry can be found at the following website: http://www.larouse.fr/encyclopedie/literature/malmanche/175090.
several others, including *Gwreg an toer Marvailh ene naonek* (The Tale of the Soul that is Hungry), *An Intanvez Arzur* (The Widow Arthur), and *An Antekrist* (The Antichrist). His writings were in the Breton language which has Celtic origins. Malmanche passed away in Clichy, France.

**Georges Rodenbach**

(1855-1898)

Poet for: “Douceur du soir” and “Mains lasses” from *Sept mélodies*.

Georges-Raymond-Constantin Rodenbach was born in Tournai, Belgium. As a young man he studied law in Ghent and continued his legal training in Paris. Returning to Belgium, Rodenbach was successful as an attorney, winning several prominent suits bringing him fame in the Belgian legal community.

For a period of time he practiced law and wrote avocationally. Rodenbach eventually quit the legal profession and devoted his time to his literary works. His collection of poems entitled *Le foyer et les champs* (The Hearth and the Fields) was published in 1877. Most of Rodenbach’s early works were known only in Belgium. This changed in 1886, when his second collection of poems, *Le jeunesse blanche* (The White Youthfulness), was published. He received attention in Paris for this publication and decided to return there in 1887.

Rodenbach’s best-known poetic work is *Le règne de silence* (The Reign of Silence). He also wrote short stories, theater works, and novels. Other well-known writings of Rodenbach include his novel, *En exil* (In Exile), which Cras found to be extraordinarily moving, and the collection of poems entitled *Les vies encloses* (The Enclosed Lives). His novel, *Bruges-la-Morte* (Bruges, the Dead), written in 1892, is probably his most well-known work. Erich Wolfgang Korngold set this story as an opera entitled *Die tote Stadt* (The Dead City) which was premiered in 1920.

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23Information for this entry can be found in the following sources: Bempéchat, 136; “Rodenbach, Georges,” in *The New Encyclopedia Britannica*, Vol. 10 (Chicago: Encyclopedia Britannica, 2005), 129.
Albert Samain

(1858-1900)

Poet for: Élégies from collection of poems entitled Le chariot d’or (The Golden Chariot).

Albert Samain was born in the town of Lille, France. His family was lower class and made a living through their modest wineshop. When Samain was fourteen, his father died. In order to help support the family, Samain quit school and took a job as a runner for a bank. Later, he worked as a cashier for a sugar broker. To escape the monotony of his twelve-hour workdays, Samain took whatever time he could to teach himself how to read Greek and English. He took particular interest in the works of Edgar Allen Poe.

In 1880 Samain moved to Paris. His mother and brother followed the next year. Once in Paris, Albert tried several times to have some of his verses published. Under the pseudoym of Gry-Peral, two stories were published in Lille.

Samain was financially poor and very shy. Despite unhappiness with his job, he continued to work as a clerk at the Préfecture de la Seine (Police Headquarters of Seine) to support himself and his mother. Encouraged by friends, Samain joined the circle of literary misfits called Nous Autres (which comes from a common expression in French meaning “Us” with a special emphasis to suggest “as a group”). Samain would recite some of his verses at the cabaret house Le Chat Noir (The Black Cat). There was a paper by the same name, and it was through this publication that his first poems were published.

In 1893 Samain’s Au jardin de l’Infante (In the Spanish Prince’s Garden) was published, and was praised by French critics, including François Coppée. This limited edition publication became a success for Samain. His next work, Aux flancs de vase (On the Sides of the Vase) was published five years later. It was barely noticed by reviewers. Samain would go on to be a founder of the periodical Le Mercure de France (The Mercury of France). The first edition came out in January of 1900, and Samain was the main editor until his death, several months later.

Shortly after his mother’s death, Albert began to have health problems. During this time he wrote the two-act drama Polyphème. Polyphème was produced in 1904 by the Théâtre de

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L’Œuvre (Theater of Work). Cras set Samain’s play as an opera in 1914. Samain never saw either production, since he died in 1900. After his death, several colleagues and friends put together a collection of his writings and had the work, Le chariot d’or (The Golden Chariot), published in 1906. Samain did not subscribe to any particular school of poetry, but has been grouped with other Symbolist poets by his readers.

Édouard Schneider25
(1880-1960)

Poet for: Image

There is little information available about Édouard Schneider. He was a close family friend of Jean Cras. Born in 1880 near Paris, Schneider received literary attention during his lifetime, but has fallen into obscurity. He was a dramatist and journalist and had some of his works performed at the Théâtre de l’Odéon. In 1929 L’académie française awarded him the first literary prize Prix Brieux (Brieux Prize) for his three-act play L’exaltation (Exaltation).

Rabindranath Tagore26
(1861-1941)

Poet for: L’offrande lyrique (Translated by friend, André Gide)

Rabindranath Tagore wrote essays, novels, plays, stories, and social commentaries and was also a song composer and painter. He is recognized as one of the most influential cultural and political leaders in Indian history and is renowned as a spokesperson for Indian independence. Krishna Kripalāni states, “Tagore’s main significance lies in the impulse and

25 Bempéchat: 103, 302, 342.

direction he gave to the course of India’s cultural and intellectual development. . . . He gave [his people] faith in their own language and in their cultural and moral heritage.”

Tagore was the youngest of fourteen children. His father, Devendranath, was a renowned religious reformer and philosopher. His mother, Sarada Devi, died when Rabindranath was fourteen years old. Tagore’s education began at home with guidance from private tutors. He then attended a number of different private schools. While attending the Bengal Academy, he received instruction in Bengali history and culture. In 1878 Tagore traveled to England to study law. One year later, he left school and returned home without a degree. Instead, with encouragement from his brothers, Tagore concentrated on writing.

Tagore married Mrinalini Devi in 1883. They had two sons and three daughters. Several years into their marriage, at the request his father, Tagore relocated to East Bengal to manage the family estates located in Shilaidah and Shazadpur. Tagore claimed that the decade he lived on his family property was “the most productive period in my literary life.” After almost twenty years of marriage, his wife passed away in 1902. Tagore published Sharan (Remembrance), a collection of poems that encapsulated his feelings of loss. Shortly after this publication, one of his daughters fell victim to tuberculosis and died in 1903. A second child, his son, died in 1907 from cholera. Rabindranath wrote a book in 1910, titled Gitanjali (Song Offerings), which contains both prose and poems. Written in the Bengali language and English by Tagore, this book reveals the immense sadness he felt from the deaths of his wife and two children. Gitanjali became his best-known work and won him the Nobel Prize in Literature in 1913. Tagore was highly praised by André Gide and Willian Butler Yeats. Yeats wrote an English introduction for Gitanjali, which launched Tagore’s career in the United States and England. Cras’s friend, André Gide, translated Tagore’s English text into French. It was these French translations that Cras set in his song cycle L’offrande lyrique.

Two years after winning the Nobel Prize, Tagore was knighted by King George V of Great Britian. However, in 1919 he repudiated this title in protest of the Amritsar Massacre, where approximately 400 Indian demonstrators were killed by British forces while protesting.

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27”Tagore, Rabindranath,” in Nobel Prize Winners, 1038.

28Ibid., 1037.
colonial anti-sedition laws that forbade Indian citizens from meeting or using language that might incite rebellion against their government.

Tagore, along with five other educators, founded a school in rural West Bengal on a plot of land that his family owned. In 1921 this school became Viśva-Bhārati University. Despite his responsibilities, Tagore continued to write profusely, mostly in the Bengali language. By introducing new forms of verse and prose, and including colloquial language in his writings, Tagore transformed the traditional model of Sanskrit literature into a new, freer form of writing. In the latter twenty-five years of his life, Tagore traveled to America, Europe, and East Asia to lecture on his writings. He also wrote twenty-one collections of works during these travels. Tagore died on August 7, 1941. During his lifetime, he was awarded honorary doctorates by Oxford University and four Indian universities.

**Paul Verlaine**

(1844-1896)

Poet for: “L’espoir luit …” and “Le son du cor” from Sept mélodies.

Paul Verlaine, along with Arthur Rimbaud and Stéphane Mallarmé, was an instrumental figure in the Symbolist Movement. This group believed that feelings should be expressed directly without recourse to literal description. Verlaine helped shape new forms in French poetry by incorporating lines of odd-numbered syllables, vague imagery, and colloquial vocabulary. *Fêtes galantes* (Galant Festivals), *Romances sans paroles* (Songs Without Words), and a biographical and critical study titled *Les poètes maudits* (Accursed Poets), are among his most well-known works. His poems have been set to music by such composers as Claude Debussy, Maurice Ravel, and Gabriel Fauré.

Verlaine was born in Metz, France. He was an only child to parents Nicholas, an army officer, and Elisa Dehée. The Verlaine family was wealthy and had strong ties to the Catholic

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faith. Verlaine was a needy child and was emotionally dependent upon his mother. These traits continued into adulthood, especially after his father passed away.

Verlaine received his bachelor’s degree in 1862 with distinction in Latin translation. He enrolled in law school, but did not finish. Instead, Verlaine took a clerk position in an insurance company, and would later be employed by the City of Paris. He was a frequent patron of literary cafés where he met many leading poets.

In 1870 Verlaine met and fell in love with Mathilde Mauté. He wrote *La bonne chanson* (The Good Song) to celebrate their love. At the time of their marriage she was only sixteen years old, and shortly after their union, marital problems began. Their marriage ultimately ended as a result of Verlaine’s obsession with Arthur Rimbaud. Mathilde filed for divorce and received custody of their only child, Georges. Verlaine lived the last years of his life alone as an alcoholic and in poverty.
CHAPTER THREE

Introduction

The songs in this chapter are presented in alphabetical order by title of song cycle or by title of song, if it is an individual piece. For each song cycle, information about its premiere has been given as well as any applicable information about the poet or poem(s). Each line of poetry is presented with the French text, an IPA transliteration, and a word-for-word English translation. A poetic translation is located at the end of the three-lined structure of each poem. The poets, range of the piece, performance time, and brief facts pertaining to the music have also been included.

Although there is much variety in Cras’s vocal works, several musical features characterize his mélodies. They tend to be marked at a slow tempo with the melodic line composed in long, legato phrases. As a result, the singer is required to have excellent breath management to complete each musical phrase. Cras uses ostinati in many of his accompaniments. The melodic line typically is not doubled in the accompaniment, which creates independence in each part. Multiple time signatures in a single piece are also common. The texts Cras chose to set to music were, as described in the previous chapter, typically written by Cras’s friends, or sometimes by famous poets of the era. Of texts for his forty-one published songs, three poems were Cras’s and thirty-three poems were either original poems or translations written by family friends. The remaining five poems are from poets with whom he did not have a personal relationship. The poems tend to have themes he easily related to, such as images or references to the sea, or sentiments of loss.
Cras collaborated with Breton literary figure, Tanguy Malmanche, for the libretto of his second, but unfinished opera, *Le chevalier étranger* (The Foreign Knight). Cras was drawn to this text because of its description of Catholic mysticism and Breton mythology. Malmanche discouraged Cras from setting this particular work as an opera, for fear it would be judged uninteresting by those not of Breton descent. Cras was able to compose these two songs, an unpublished choral setting, and several orchestral fragments before he died. *Deux chansons* were published posthumously by Maurice Senart in 1932. Madeleine Grey, a family friend and renowned soprano of her day, was the first to sing these two *mélodies* at several memorial concerts in honor of Cras.

### I. Le roi Loudivic

Poet: Tanguy Malmanche  
Duration: 1:00\(^{30}\)  
Range: E\(_4\) – F\(^\#\)_5

- The singer must have command of soft dynamics in the higher range.  
- Vocal lines contain simple rhythms and establish two and four bar phrases.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Le roi</th>
<th>Loudivic</th>
<th>avait</th>
<th>fait</th>
<th>project</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>The king</td>
<td>Ludwig</td>
<td>had</td>
<td>made</td>
<td>plans</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

- de lever tribute sur ceux de Bretagne …

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\(^{30}\)Times for all songs except *Trois chansons bretonnes* were taken from recordings listed in Appendix B. *Trois chansons bretonnes* performance times were taken from a personal performance.
Si bien qu’il s’en vint braver notre Comte,
So well that-he himself came to-defy our count,
avec une armée de mille soldats.
with an army of a-thousand soldiers.

Il ne savait pas ce qui l’attendait.
He did know not that which he-expected.

L’épée de Gurvan est bien affilée.
The-sword of Gurvan is well sharpened.

Si tu l’ignorais, ô roi, tu le sais!
if you it-do-not-know, oh king, you it know!

King Ludwig made plans to raise taxes on those of Brittany...

So well that he came to defy our Count with an army of a thousand soldiers.

The King did not know what awaited him.
The Gurvan sword is so sharp.
The Gurvan sword is so sharp;
if you didn’t know it (before), oh King, you will know it (now)!

II. Chanson du barde
[fũ.sõ dy bard]
Song of the Bard

Poet: Tanguy Malmanche
Performance Time: 2:40
Range: E₄ – E₅

- Rolled chords through the entire piece provide a thick sound, but do not double the vocal line.
- Nonsense words may be performed with a character voice.

L’océan mugit,
[lɔ.ze.ã my.zi]
The-ocean roars,

Iouh, iouh…
[i.u i.u]
Iouh, iouh…

L’ouragan rugit,
[lu.ɾa.gã ∫y.gi]
The-hurricane howls,

Iuh, iuh…
[i.y i.y]
Iuh iuh…

Le corbeau chicane et ricane,
[lœ kɔʁ.bo ʃi.ka ne ri.ka.nə]
The crow squibbles and squawks,

Coa, coa, coa,
[kɔ.ə kɔ.ə kɔ.ə]
Caw-caw, caw-caw, caw-caw,

Goap, goap, goap, goap, a…
[gɔp gɔp gɔp gɔp ə]
Goap, goap, goap, goap, ah…

chante, vent, et grince gronde;
[fũ.ɾa vã e ɡʁɛ.so grõ.ʁɔ]
sing, wind, and squeal growl;
le deuil plane sur le monde,
the mourning hovers over the earth,

ris, courlis, coasse et crie,
laugh, curlew, croak, and scream,

le malheur est au logis!
the calamity is in-the home!

Au matin suivant le soleil luira,
In-the morning following the sun will-shine,

la chose cachée se dévoilera.
the thing hidden it will-be-revealed.

Au matin suivant, le coq chantera,
In-the morning following, the rooster will-sing,

Celui qui dormait s’éveillera.
Those that were-sleeping they-will-wake-up.

The ocean roars,
Iouh, iouh...
The hurricane howls,
Iuh, iuh...
The crow quibbles and snickers,
Caw-caw, caw-caw, caw-caw
Goap, goap, goap, goap, ah...
Sing, wind, squeal and rumble,
Bereavement covers the earth,
laugh, curlew, croak, and scream,
chaos is in the home!

The following morning, the sun will shine,
and the secret will be revealed.
The following morning, the rooster will sing,
those that was sleeping will be awakened.
Élégies
[e.le.ʒi]
Elegies

Élégies was Cras’s first true song cycle. Letters between Roussel and Cras indicate that the two talked about this particular cycle on several occasions. Roussel encouraged Cras to set the vocal line for the tenor voice. Cras decided instead to compose Élégies for his sister Gabrielle, who was a soprano. She premiered this cycle at a Société Nationale de Musique concert on May 18, 1912, with Rhené-Emmanuel Baton conducting. Cras chose the poems for his set from Albert Samain’s most well-known volume of poetry, Le chariot d’or (The Golden Chariot). These poems were published in 1901, one year after Samain’s death. Élégies is also the only song cycle that Cras originally composed with orchestral accompaniment. Other vocal works with orchestra, such as Fontaines, L’offrande lyrique, Image, and Trois Noëls, were initially composed for voice and piano, and the orchestral arrangements followed.

I. Désir
[de.zir]
Desire

Poet: Albert Samain
Duration: 5:10
Range: D₄ – A₅

- Composed for high voice.
- Several extended piano interludes.
- Performers need to be aware of balance and not let accompaniment overpower the singer.

Comme une grande fleur trop lourde qui défaille,
Like a large flower too heavy that faints,

Parfois, toute en mes bras, tu renverses ta taille,
sometimes, all in my arms, you fall-back-from your waist

Et plonges dans mes yeux tes beaux yeux verts ardents,
and plunge in my eyes your beautiful eyes green burning,
Avec un long sourire où miroient tes dents.
With a broad smile in-which shine your teeth.

Je t’enlace! J’ai comme un peu de l’âpre joie.
I you-embrace! I-have like a little of the-bitter joy

Du fauve frémissant et fier qui tient sa proie.
Of-the wild-animal trembling and proud that holds its prey.

Tu souris! Je te tiens pâle et l’âme perdue.
You smile! I you hold pale and your-soul lost

De se sentir au bord du bonheur suspendue,
Of it to-feel at-the brink of happiness suspended,

Et toujours le désir pareil au coeur me mord
And always the desire similar to-the heart me it-bites

De t’emporter ainsi, vivante, dans la mort!
Of you-to-carry-away thus, living into the dead!

Incliné sur tes yeux, où palpite une flamme,
Bent over your eyes, where throbs a flame,

Je descends, je descends, on dirait, dans ton âme.
I fall, I fall, one might-say, into your soul.

De ta robe entr’ouverte aux larges plis flottants,
From your dress half-opened with-the large folds waving,

Où des éclairs de peau reluisent par instants,
Where the flashes of skin gleam for moments,
Un arome charnel, où le désir s’allume,
[œ na.ro.mɔ ʃar.nɛl u ə de.zir sa.ly.mɔ]
An aroma sensual, where the desire it-ignites,

Monte à longs flots vers moi
[mɔ ta lɔ flo ver mwa]
Ascend in long waves toward me

comme un parfum qui fume,
[kɔ mø par.fœ ki fy.mɔ]
like a perfume that smokes,

Et, lentement, les yeux clos, pour mieux m’en griser,
[e lə.tə.mɔ le zjo klo pur mjø mà gri.ze]
And, slowly, the eyes closed, for better me-in to-intoxicate,

Je cueille sur tes dents la fleur de ton baiser!
[ʒə kœ.jɔ syɾ te dɔ la flœɾ do tɔ be.ze]
I pluck from your teeth the flower of your kiss!

Like a large flower that droops from its weight,
sometimes you arch your back into my arms,
with your beautiful burning green eyes, you stare deeply into mine,
with a wide smile in which your teeth gleam.

31 I embrace you!
I feel a bit of bittersweet joy
like the wild animal, trembling and proud as it holds its prey.
You smile!...I hold you, your soul, pale and lost,
feels suspended on the brink of happiness,
a desire, like the insistent beating of my heart, continually urges me
to carry you away alive, into death!

32 Leaning over your eyes, wherein pulses a fire,
flashes of skin sometimes gleam from the large waving folds
of your half-opened dress,
where a sensual aroma, that ignites desire,
ascends to me in long drawn out waves like incense,
and, slowly, with eyes closed, in order to better intoxicate myself,
I pluck from your smile the flower of your kiss!

31 Samain’s poem continues without interruption. Here, Cras creates a new verse.
32 Samain’s poem continues without interruption. Here, Cras creates a new verse.
Dans le parc aux lointains voiles de brume, sous les grands arbres d’où tombe, avec un bruit très doux, l’adieu des feuilles d’or parmi la solitude,

Sous le ciel pâlissant comme de lassitude, nous irons, si tu veux, jusqu’au soir, à pas lents,

Bercer l’été qui meurt dans nos coeurs indolents.

Et cet amer parfum qu’ont les herbes foulées;

Et ce silence, et ce grand charme langoureux
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Que verse en nous l’automne exquis et douloureux</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>[kɔ ver sɑ nu lo.to neks.ki ze du.lu.ro]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>That pours upon us the-autumn exquisite and</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>mournful</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Et qui sort des jardins;</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>[e ki sɔr de ʒar.dɛ]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And which emanates from-the gardens;</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

| des bois, des eaux, des arbres,                 |
| [dɛ bwa de zo de zar.brə]                      |
| from-the forests, from-the water, from-the     |
| trees,                                         |

| Et des parterres nus où grelottent les marbres,|
| [e de par.te.ro ny zu ɡɾə.lo.to le mar.brə]   |
| And from-the flowerbeds bare where trembles   |
| the marble,                                    |

| Baignera doucement notre âme tout un jour,     |
| [bɛ.ɲə du.so.mà nɔ tru.ma tu tɛ ʒuɾ]          |
| Will-bathe gently our soul all the day,        |

| Comme un mouchoir ancien qui sent encore l’amour.|
| [kɔ mɛ muʃwa rɔʃjɛ ki så tâ.kɔɾ la.mur]        |
| Like a handkerchief old that smells still of-|
| love.                                         |

*In the faraway park, with its distant veils of mist,*  
*Under the tall trees from which the golden leaves’ farewells fall,*  
*Softly murmuring in solitude.*

*Under the sky, paling, as if through weariness*  
*We will walk, if you wish, slowly until nightfall,*  
*Cradling the summer as it fades in our indolent hearts.*

33*We will walk amid the silent alleys:*  
*And this bitter scent of trampled leaves*  
*And this silence, and this great languorous charm*  
*With which Autumn, exquisite and delicious, nutures us.*  
*And from which comes from the gardens;*  
*The woods, the waters, the trees*  
*And the naked floors, where the marble [stones] shiver,*  
*Will gently bathe our souls for an entire day.*  
*Like an old handkerchief still smelling of love.*  

33Samain’s poem continues without interruption. Here, Cras creates a new verse.

34Bempéchat, 260.
III. Soir

Poet: Albert Samain
Duration: 3:33
Range: E’₄ – G₅

- Written for high voice.
- Wide range of dynamics and tempos creates a sense of drama.
- Expansive phrases require advanced breath management from the singer.

Une douceur splendide et sombre
[y.nø du.sœɾ splã.di ðe sœ.brø]  
A sweetness magnificent and dark

Flotte sous le ciel étoilé.
[flɔ.tœ su lœ sje le.twə.lœ]  
Floats beneath the sky starry.

On dirait que, là-haut, dans l’ombre,
[õ di.rœ kœ la-o dœ lœ.brœ]  
One would-say that, up-there, in the-shadow,

Un paradis s’est écroulé.
[œ pa.ra.di se te.kru.le]  
A paradise itself-has collapsed.

Et c’est comme l’odeur ardente,
[e se kœ.mœ lœ.doœ raʁ.dœ.tœ]  
And it-is like the-scent burning,

L’odeur fiévreuse dans l’air noir,
[lœ.doœ fje.vœ.zœ dœ lœr nwar]  
The-scent feverish in the-air dark,

D’une chevelure d’amante
[dy.nœ jœ.vœ.ly.tœ da.mœ.tœ]  
Of-a head-of-hair of-lover

Dénouée à travers le soir.
[de.nœ.e a tra.vœɾ lœ swœœ]  
Loosened through the night.
Tout l’espace languit de fièvres
[tu les.pa.sə lá.gi də fje.vʁə]
All the-space languishes from fevers

Du fond des coeurs mystérieux
[dy fɔ̃ də kœʁ mis.te.ʁi.ɔ]
From-the bottom of hearts mysterious

S’en viennent mourir sur les lèvres
[sə vje.nə mu.rir syʁ ləs lə.vʁə]
They-from-there come to-die on the lips

Des mots qui font fermer les yeux.
[de mo ki fɔ̀ fər.me lə sjo]
Some words that make to-close the eyes.

Et de ma bouche où s’évapore
[e da ma bu ū se.va.pɔ.ʁə]
And from my mouth from-where itself-vanishes

Le parfum des bonheurs derniers,
[lə par.fœ də bo.nœr dəʁ.nje]
The perfume of pleasures final,

Et de mon coeur vibrant encore
[e da mɔ̃ kœʁ vi.брə tə.kœ.ʁə]
And from my heart beating still

S’élèvent de vague pitiés.
[se.lə vœ da va.ʁə pi.tje]
They-ascend of vague compassions.

Pour tous ceux-là qui, sur la terre,
[pur tu sɔ.lə ki syʁ la te.ʁə]
For all those-there that, on the earth,

Par un tel soir tendant les bras,
[pa rœ tel swar tə.dəʁ lə bʁa]
Through a such night stretching the arms,

N’ont point dans leur coeur solitaire
[no pwɛ də lœʁ kœʁ sɔ.li.te.ʁə]
Not-have not in their heart lonely

35Samain used the word “dans” in his original poem. Cras replaced it with “de.”
Un nom à sangloter tout bas.

A name to sob very low.

A magnificent and dark sweetness
Hovers beneath the starry sky.
One would say that, up there, in the shadows,
A paradise has fallen.

And it is like a burning scent,
A feverish scent in the black air,
Like a lover’s hair
Loosened during the night.

Everything languishes ardently
From the bottom of mysterious hearts
Words that close ones eyes
Come to die on one’s lips.

And from my mouth, from which vanishes
The aroma of final pleasures,
And from my beating heart
Vague compassions ascend

For all those that are on the earth,
With arms outstretched on such a night,
Who do not have in their lonely hearts
A name to sob quietly.

IV. Arrière-saison
[aʁjɛʁ.sɛzɔ̃]
Late Autumn

Poet: Albert Samain
Duration: 3:51
Range: D₄ – G₅

- Written for high voice.
- Several piano interludes throughout the piece.

Blotti comme un oiseau frileux au fond du nid,

Huddled like a bird shivering at-the bottom of-its nest,
Les yeux sur ton profil, je songe à l'infini.
My eyes on your profile, I daydream into the-infinity.

Immobile sur les coussins brodés, j'évoque
Unmoving on the cushions embroidered, I-recall

l'enchantement ancien, la radieuse époque,
The-enchantment former, the radiant era,

Et les rêves au ciel de tes yeux verts baignés!
And the dreams in-the heaven of your eyes green bathed!

Et je revis, parmi les objects imprégnés
And I relive, amid the objects impregnated

De ton parfum intime et cher, l'ancienne année,
With your scent intimate and dear, the-previous year,

celle qui flotte encore dans ta robe fanée!
that which drifts still in your dress faded!

Je t'aime ingénument. Je t'aime pour te voir.
I you-love ingenuously. I you-love for you to-look.

Ta voix me sonne au coeur, comme un chant dans le soir
Your voice in-me resonates in-the heart, like a song in the night

Et penché sur ton cou, doux comme les calices,
and leaning on your neck, soft as the flowers,

J'épuise, goutte à goutte, en amères délices,
I-extract, drop by drop, in-the-form-of bitter pleasures,

[36]
Huddled like a bird shivering deep in its nest,
I infinitely daydream with my eyes on your face.

Unmoving from the embroidered cushions, I recall
The former enchantments, the beautiful times
And the dreams, bathed in the heaven of your green eyes.

And I relive, amid the objects
That are impregnated with your intimate and dear scent, the past year,
Which still wafts from your faded dress!

I love you innocently. I love just looking at you.
Your voice resonates in my heart, like a song in the night,
And leaning on your neck, soft as flower petals
I extract, drop by drop, in the form of bitter pleasures,
The melancholy charm of autumn’s end,
While the sun is setting in the horizon.

Fontaines
[fɔ.tɛn]
Fountains

For his cycle Fontaines, Cras set the poems of his friend, Lucien Jacques. Eventually, the Fontaines poems were published in an anthology of Jacques’s poetry entitled La Pâque dans la grange (Easter in the Barn). Cras also set an additional three poems from Jacques’s Fontaines for his composition La flûte de Pan (The flute of Pan). Cras completed the voice and piano compositions on May 13, 1923, in Paris. The orchestra arrangements were finished shortly after. Cras’s Fontaines received glowing reviews. Critic André Himot stated that these songs “through their transparency, fulfill the [symbolic] concordance of music and word. Nothing could be more pure or chaste.” 36 In a letter written on December 18, 1925, Cras recounts the review of a critic

36Cras and Surchamp, Zodiaque, quoted in Bempéchat, 103.
named Dezarnaux from *La Liberté* which concludes “After *Fontaines* and *Robaiyats*, M. Cras is the premier melodist of our time.”

I. Hommage à la fontaine

Hommage to the fountain

Poet: Lucien Jacques
Duration: 1:52
Range: C♯₄ – E₅

- A particular voice type has not been specified, but the limited range makes it appropriate for all voices.
- Accompaniment is thin in texture.

---

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---

L’aube et le soir la regardent de loin,
[lo be lɔ swar la rɔ.gar do do lwɛ]
The-dawn and the night her/it gaze-at of distance,

midi lui donne un franc baiser
[mi.di lɥi do nɔ frɔ be.ze]
noon her/it gives an uninhibited kiss

et la nuit se penche sur elle.
[e la nɥi sɔ pə.ʃə sy re.lə]
and the night itself inclines over her/it.

Je suis le printemps matinal
[ʒu sɥi lɔ prɛ.tɛ ma.ti.nal]
I am the spring morning

qui fait saigner sur toi la branche du pêcher.
[ki fe se.ne sɛ twa la brɔ.ʃɔ dy pe.ʃɛ]
that makes to-bleed over you the branch of-the peach-tree.

Je suis l’été, le baiser mâle
[ʒu sɥi lə.te lɔ be.ze ma.lə]
I am the-summer, the kiss male

que te donne à midi le moissonneur hâlé!
[kə tə do na mi.di lɔ mwa.so.nœ ə.lɛ]
that on-you bestows at noon the harvester tanned!

---

37 Jean Cras, letter to unknown recipient, 18 December 1925, quoted in Bempéchat, 366.
Je suis l'automne qui s'attarde
I am the autumn that itself-delays
à goûter les fruits mûrs au bord de ton bassin.
in-order-to taste the ripe fruits at-the edge of your basin.
Et je suis l'hiver aux mains vides
And I am the winter with-the hands empty
qui t'écoute pleurer dans la nuit désolée.
that to-you-listens weeping in the night desolate.

Dawn and night gaze at her from a distance,
midday gives her an uninhibited kiss
and night descends over her.

I am the spring morning
that makes the branch of the peach tree blush over you.

I am the summer, the kiss of man
that is bestowed on you at midday by the tanned harvester!

I am autumn that delays itself
in order to taste the ripe fruits at the edge of your basin.

And I am the empty-handed winter
that listens to you weep in the desolate night.
II. De bon matin
   [də bɔ ma.tɛ]
   Of good morning

Poet: Lucien Jacques
Duration: 0:45
Range: C₄ – E₅

- Quick tempo requires singer to be very comfortable with French text.

De bon matin, sous l'olivier
Of good morning, under the olive-tree

coupez la jonquille et le frêle narcisse.
cut the daffodil and the fragile narcissus.

Tressez-en couronnes légères
weave-of-them wreaths light

et faites des colliers
and make some necklaces

d'anémones et de violiers
of-anemones and of wallflowers

pour parer la fontaine claire
in-order to-decorate the spring clear

qu'un cyprès marque dans la plaine.
that-a cypress-tree marks in the plain.

Pick the daffodil and the fragile narcissus
in the early morning, under the olive tree.
Weave them gently into wreathes
and make necklaces
of anemones and wallflowers
in order to decorate the clear fountain
which is marked by a cypress tree in the plain.
III. Offrande

Poet: Lucien Jacques
Duration: 1:15
Range: E₄ – E₅

- Range of the piece is appropriate for all voice types.
- Short, through-composed piece.

For the sweetness of the spring morning
I have set the olive, the thyme, and the first hyacinth
on the painted fountain where lovers frolic.

Then I burned incense for the friendly lovers
for the golden light and for life.
The fountain said thank you to me
with its crystal mouth.

IV. Reste...
[rɛst]
Stay...

Poet: Lucien Jacques
Duration: 1:05
Range: C₄ – D₅

• Extraordinarily short piece of only 9 measures.
• Very detailed tempo, dynamic, and interpretive markings in vocal line.

Reste.
[rɛs.tə]
Stay.

Demain  le  pêcher  fleurira
dø.mê  lə  pe.ʃe  flœ. ri.ɾa
Tomorrow the peach tree will bloom

rose  sur  l’indigo  du  ciel
[ro.zə  syə  lɛ.di.go  dy  sjɛl]
pink against the-indigo of-the sky

et  l’air  fleurera  bon  le  miel
[e  lɛr  flœ.ɾa.ɾa  bɔ̃  lə  mjɛl]
and the-wind will-smell good the honey

et  l’olivier  s’argentera
[e  lø.li.vje  saɾ.ʒə.ɾa]
and the-olive tree itself-will-appear silver

sous  le  vent  d’Est.
[su  lə  vã  dɛst]
upon the wind of-east.

Stay.
Tomorrow the peach tree will bloom pink
against the indigo sky
and honey will perfume the air
and the olive tree will turn silver
in the east wind.
V. L’antique fontaine

Poet: Lucien Jacques
Duration: 2:31
Range: C♯₄ – E₅

- Accompaniment is very busy throughout entire piece especially in comparison with the legato melodic line.
- Multiple tempo changes and large dynamic contrast.

Sous sa voûte de lierre dru,
Beneath its canopy of ivy dense,

l’antique fontaine pleure l’heure écoulée
the-antique fountain weeps-for the-hour slipped-away

et les dieux disparus,
and the gods vanished,

par le triple sanglot de ses trois ruisselets.
through the three-fold sobs of its three streams.

Jadis la nymphe nue s’y voyait érigée
In-the-past the nymph naked herself-there saw erected

debout sur la coquille;
upright on the shell;

ou bien encore, narquois,
or else, mockingly,

le faune adolescent faisait l’amusant simulacre
the faun adolescent made the-amusing pretense
À celui, limpide, de l'eau
with those, clear, of the-water

Sous le lierre.
under the ivy.

Et puis vinrent les temps ingrats
And then came the times ungrateful

Et la voûte fut vide et la socle vert désert.
and the canopy was empty and the pedestal green deserted.

Mais moi, maître actuel de la source et du champ,
But I, master present of the spring and of the field,

Je fais le vœux d'orner d'une image divine
I make the vow of to adorn with an image divine

Et dis qu'un jour prochain,
and say that a day next,

Un Hermès bleu, tête penchée,
a Hermes blue, head bent,

d'un index attentif fera signe d'écouter l'eau.
with an index finger attentive will make signal for to listen the water.
Beneath the canopy of dense ivy
the antique fountain weeps for times past
and for gods vanished,
through the three-fold sobs of its three streams.

Once upon a time the naked nymph
saw herself standing on the shell;
other times, the adolescent faun
mockingly made the amusing pretense
of blending the thin sound of his stone syrinx
with the clear sounds of the water
under the ivy.

And then came the unpleasant times,
the canopy was empty and the green pedestal deserted.

But I, current master of the spring and field,
make the vow to adorn the sacred place with a divine image,
and say that some day, in the not so distant future,
a melancholy Hermes, with head bent
and an attentive index finger will signal us to listen to the water.

Poet: Édouard Schneider
Performance Time: 2:22
Range: E₄ – G♯₅

- This piece is more suited for a high voice.

J’emporte un pur souvenir
Au creux le plus chaud de mes mains,
In-the hollow the most warm of my hands,

Au plus caché des replis de mon cœur,
Un cher secret que seul je connais et possède,
A precious secret that only I know and posses,

Une image, –saurai-je jamais où la tendresse
An image, will-know-I never where the tenderness

Le cede en elle à la douleur? –
The gives-way inside her to the sorrow?

Une image toute vivante, toute blanche,
An image all lively, all clean,

Une image toute nue d’enfant,
An image all nude of-child,

Une image d’offrande,
An image of-offering,

Sur quoi mes yeux se ferment,
On which my eyes themselves fasten,

Et mes mains se joignent,
And my hands join,

Et mes lèvres,
And my lips,

Avec un triste, avec un long sourire,
With a sad, with a lasting smile,
I carry away a pure memory in the warm palm of my hands,
In the most hidden recesses of my heart, a precious secret that only I know and possess,
An image, will I ever know where the tenderness gives over to sorrow?

An image all lively, all innocent
An image, with the purity of a child,
An image of offering,
An image on which my eyes fixate,
And my hands clasp,
And my lips,
Close,
With an everlasting, sad smile.

La flûte de Pan
[la flyt do pă]
The flute of Pan

La flûte de Pan was originally composed for voice, string trio and panpipe. After experiencing the difficulty of finding someone willing to learn to play the panpipe he had designed, the composer noted in the score that a modern day piccolo could be used as a substitute. Cras composed a voice and piano arrangement of this cycle after the original score was published. La flûte de Pan is based on a grouping of seven notes (G₄, B-flat₄, C₅, E-flat₅, F₅, G-flat₅, and A₅). The seven notes are representative of the seven pipes of the panpipe, notes which were arbitrarily chosen by Cras. In a letter to his friend Charles Koechlin (1867-1950), Cras wrote, “Do not seek to determine if the seven notes of my flute correspond to a style used in some far away land … or even that of the god PAN himself … I chose them because they pleased me.” La flûte de Pan was premiered in Paris on March 8, 1930.

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38 Jean Cras, Jean Cras, Didier Henry, baritone; digital disc (Quantum 6897, 1988).
I. Invention de la flûte
[ɛ.vu.ʃo da la flyt]
Invention of the flute

Poet: Lucien Jacques
Duration: 6:58
Range: D₄-A₅

- Written for high voice.

Au jailli de la source gerboient les longs roseaux
[o 3a.ji da la suɾ.sə ʒer.bwa le lò ro.zo]
From-the geyser at the source burst-forth the long reeds

qui sont les cheveux verts de la nymphe changée.
[ki sô le ja.vô ver də la nê.fə jə.ʒe.a]
which are the hair green of the nymph transformed.

J'en ai tire sept tubes, sept tubes inégaux,
[ʒə ne ti.re se ty.bə se ty.bə zi.ne.go]
I-of-them have pulled seven pipes, seven pipes unequal,

plus legers que des os d’oiseaux,
[ply le.ʒer kə de zo dwa.zo]
more light than the bones of-birds,

tous lisses et polis et de couleur pareille.
[tu li.sə ze po.li e də ku.lər pa.re.jə]
all smooth and polished and of color similar.

Par jeu je les ai mis dans un buis court-creusé,
[par ʒə ʒə le ʒe mi da zə bui kur-krə.zə]
By set I them have put in a box short-hollowed,

et j’ai lié le tout à la cire d’abeille
[e ʒe li.e la tu ta la si.ro da.be.jə]
and I-have bound it all with the wax of-bees

avec des joncs nouveaux.
[a.vək də ʒod nu.vo]
with the cane new.

Or le plus long des sept
[ɔr lə ply lô de se]
Now the most long of-the seven
recèle le sanglot profond
contains the sob deep
de l’hiver long et du vent rauque.
of the-winter long and of-the wind raucous.

Celui qui vient après
The-one that comes after
est clameur de l’eau glauque
is cry of the-water blue-green

qu’un gouffre sourd étouffe.
that-a pit muffled smothers.

Celui qui vient après
The-one that comes after
est plein, pur et paisible:
is full, pure and peaceful:
c’est l’écho prolongé des bois.
it-is the-echo extended of-the woods.

Celui-là, du milieu,
That-one, in-the middle,
est guttural, mieux qu’un appel
is guttural, better than-a call
de la palombe énamourée.
of the wood-pigeon enamoured.
Celui qui vient après a la voix de l’enfance:
That which comes after has the voice of the-childhood:

il rêve et rit et jase et rit encore.
it dreams and laughs and chatters and laughs again.

Celui l’avant-dernier est de soleil liquide;
That the-before-last is-(made) of sun liquid;

une cymbale de cigale y vibre.
a cymbal of cicada there vibrates.

Et le dernier de tous joue la frénésie:
And the last of all plays the frenzy:

c’est la grive d’automne grise
it-is the thrush of-autumn grey

ou cri strident d’une âme à la dérive.
or cry strident of-a soul to the drift.

Or voici qu’en soufflant les voix se sont mêlées
Now {all-of-a-sudden-in} blowing the voices they are blended harmonieusement.
harmoniously.

Toutes les voix unies n’ont formé qu’un seul chant.
All the voices united not-have formed but-one single song.

Et voici qu’à mon gré je parle à tous
And suddenly at my wish I talk to all
selon ma joie et mon tourment,
[so.lɔ ma ʒwa e mɔ tur.mɔ]
according-to my joy and my anguish,

selon mon âme et selon l’âme universelle.
[so.lɔ mɔ na.mɔ e so.lɔ la my.ni.ver.se.lɔ]
according-to my soul and according-to the-soul universal.

J’ai réveillé la nymphe belle.
[ʒe ru.je la nɛː.fo be.lɔ]
I-have awoken the nymph beautiful.

Vous me croyiez un homme?
[vu ma krwa.je zɛ nam]
You me believe-to-be a man?

Non, je suis le vieux Pan.
[nɔ ʒɔ suʃ la vjø pɔ]
No, I am the old Pan.

From the source of the fountain long reeds burst forth,
which are the green hair of the transformed nymph.
From them, I pulled seven pipes of unequal length,
lighter than the bones of birds, all
smooth and polished, and of similar color.
As a set, I put them in the short, hollowed-out box, and
with bee’s wax, I have bound the new reeds.

Now, the longest of the seven contains the deep sob
of long winter and raucous wind.

The one that comes next sounds like blue-green water
deafened by a smothered chasm.

The one that comes next is full, pure and peaceful:
like the extended echo of the woods.

That one, in the middle, is guttural, better than the call
of an enamoured wood pigeon.

The following one, has the voice of childhood: it
dreams and laughs and chatters and laughs again.

The next to last is made of liquid sun;
a cymbal of vibrating cicadas.
And the last of all plays with a frenzy:
It is the autumn’s grey thrush
or a strident cry of a soul adrift.

Suddenly, by blowing, the voices are blended together harmoniously
All of the voices together form a single song.
And suddenly, at my whim, I speak to everyone
according to my joy and my anguish, according to my
soul and according and soul of the universe.

I have awakened the beautiful nymph.
Do you believe me to be a man?
  No, I am old Pan.

II.  Don de la flûte
[dɔ ðə la flyt]
Gift of the flute

Poet: Lucien Jacques
Duration: 2:54
Range: D♯ – A₅

- Written for high voice.
- Multiple moods created with varied tempi and dynamics.

J’ai trouvé ce matin suspendue à ma porte
I have found this morning hanging from my door

la flûte du dieu Pan faite de roseaux joints,
the flute of the god Pan made of reeds bound,

parée de myrte vert et thym odorant
adorned with myrtle green and thyme fragrant

puis, poses à côté, du miel et des amandes.
then, laid at side, some honey and some almonds.

39Samain’s poem included the number twelve. Cras omitted that number and used the number seven.
C’est mon ami Koré avec ma soeur Aïa

It is my friend Koré with my sister Aïa

qui, de nuit, sont venus m’en faire la surprise.

who, by night, have come to give the surprise.

Je n’ai rien à présent pour donner en retour,

I not-have nothing at present for to-give in return,

mais je vais conserver douze pommes vermeilles

but I will keep twelve apples rosy

et, lorsque je saurai d’un souffle habile et pur

and, when I will-be-able with a breath skillful and pure

animer la syrinx, me couronnant de lierre

to-give-life-to the syrinx, myself crowning with ivy

j’irai, par un matin de la saison nouvelle,

I-will-go, on a morning in the season new,

avec une jarrée du bon lait de mes chèvres,

with a jar of the good milk from my goats,

poser mes humbles dons et chanter à leur seuil.

to-place my humble gifts and to-sing at their doorstep.

This morning I found hanging from my door

a flute, of the god Pan, made from bound reeds,
adorned with green myrtle and fragrant thyme

then, placed beside them, honey and almonds.

It is my friend Koré with my sister Aïa

who, during the night, came to give it to me by surprise.

Currently, I have nothing to give in return,

but I will keep twelve rosy apples
and, when I am able to give life to the syrinx with a skillful and pure breath
I will go, crowning myself with ivy,
one morning in the new season,
with a jar of sweet milk from my goats
and sing, placing my humble gifts at their doorstep.

III. Le signal de la flûte
[la si.nal də la flyt]  
The signal of the flute

Poet: Lucien Jacques  
Duration: 2:29  
Range: E₄ – A₅

- Written for high voice.  
- Mixed meters in first half of piece.

Nous avons convenu d’un signal.
[nu za.vɔ kə.vɔ.ny dɔː sɪ.nal]  
We have agreed of-a signal.

Si tu ne dois venir,
[si ty nə dwa və.nir]  
If you not have to-come,

sur la flûte, j’imiterai le chant plaintif
[syr la fly.tə zə.mi.tə.re lə fə plɛ.tif]  
on the flute, I-will-imitate the song plaintive

du berger dans le soir.
[dy bəʁ.zə də la swar]  
of-the shepherd in the evening.

Alors, tu sauras que tu dois rester dans l’ombre.
[a.lɔʁ ty sɔ.ʁa kə ty dwa re.stə dɔ lɔ.bʁɔ]  
Then, you will-know that you have to-stay in the-shadow.

Mais si bois et champs sont déserts
[mɛ si bwa ze fɔ sɔ de.zɛʁ]  
But if forests and fields are deserted

et que tu puisses me rejoindre,
[e kə ty pɥi.sø mə rɔ.ʒwɛ.dʁə]  
and that you could me to-reunite,
We have agreed on a signal.
If you must not come, on my flute I will imitate the shepherd’s lamenting evening song.
Then, you will know that you have to stay in the shadows.

But if the forests and fields are empty,
and you can come to me, run when you hear me,
I will play the melancholy air, lively and wild,
making the goats dance, until I lose my breath.

IV.     Le retour de la flûte
        [lə ra.ʁəʁ də la flyt]
The return of the flute

Poet: Lucien Jacques
Duration: 3:05
Range: F₄ – G₅

* Written for high voice.
* Soft dynamics in upper range of the voice.

Si  Némésis  m’étend  livide,
[si  ne.me.sis  me.tə  li.vi.də]
If  Nemesis  me-lays-out  deathly pale,

prends  ma  flûte  à  mon  cou
[prə.ma.fly.ta.mə.ku]
take  my  flute  from  my  neck

dans  sa  gaine  de  cuir.
[ðə.sa.ʒə.nə.do.kɥir]
in  its  case  of  leather.

Puis  cherche  un  beau  platane
[pɥi.jɛʁ.jə.bo.pla.ta.nə]
Then  search-for  a  beautiful  plane tree
If Nemesis makes me lie down in death,
take my flute, in its leather case, from my neck.
Then search for a beautiful plane tree,
underneath which I may be buried.
And when this is done,
do not stop or rest
before giving the precious pipes,
to which my breath gave life,
back to those that fashioned them.
Jean Cras first became aware of Rabindranth Tagore’s Nobel Prize-winning poems, *Gitanjali* (Song Offering), while he was stationed in Brindisi from 1917-1918. Cras felt that these poems represented the love shared between him and his wife. Cras would copy verses of the poems in the letters that he sent to her. Many of the songs in this group are dedicated to Isaure. Cras began the compositions in the summer of 1920 and completed the group of six songs on September 19, 1921. This song cycle became so popular that Cras completed a commissioned orchestration in 1924. Regretfully, the orchestration has remained unpublished. When André Gide’s (1869-1951) French translations of *Gitanjali* were published, Cras abandoned his idea of translating the poems himself. Gide, after assisting Cras during the composition of *L’Offrande lyrique*, gave Cras a signed first edition of his translations: “To Captain Jean Cras with cordial memories and thanks for the melodies set to Tagore[‘s poems].” In return, Cras sent Gide a signed first edition of *L’Offrande lyrique*. Gabrielle Gils, soprano, premiered the song cycle at the Société Nationale in Paris in January of 1922. She was also the first to sing the voice and orchestra version on November 24, 1924, with André Caplet conducting L’Orchestra des lamoureux.

I. **Cueille**

Pluck this fragile flower…

Poet: Rabindranath Tagore
Duration: 2:37
Range: D♯₄ – F♯₅

- Composed for high voice.
- Wide range of dynamics and varied tempo markings create multiple moods in the piece.

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40Jean Cras, personal letter to unknown recipient, 12 December 1921, quoted by Bempéchat, 143.
de crainte qu’elle ne se fane
[do krɛ.tə ke.lə nə sə fa.nə]
out-of fear that-it not itself wither

et ne s’effeuille dans la poussière.
[e nə se.fœ.jə də la pu.sje.rə]
and not itself-shed-its petals in the dust.

S’il n’y a point place pour elle dans
[sil ni a pwê plasə pu re.lə də]
If-there not-is not place for it in

ta guirlande, fais lui pourtant l’honneur
[ta giʁ.lâ.də fe li pур.tə la no.nœʁ]
your garland, do it nevertheless the-honor

du contact douloureux de ta main; CUEILLE-LE.
[dy kɔ.takt du.lu.ro da ta mɛ kœ.jə.la]
with-the touch painful of your hands; Pluck-it.

Je crains que le jour ne s’achève avant que
[ʒə krɛ kə lə ʒuɾ nə sa.fə.və əvə kə]
I fear that the day not itself-ends before that

je ne m’en doute et que le temps de
[ʒə nə mə du.tə e kə lə tə də]
I not myself-it doubts and that the time for

l’offertoire ne soit passé.
[lɔ.fɛʁ.twa.ro nə swa pa.se]
the-offering not be past.

Bien que sa couleur soit discrète et que
[bjɛ kə sa ku.lœʁ swa di.skret e kə]
Although its color be subtle and that

timide soit sa senteur, prends cette fleur à
[ti.mi.də swa sa sə.tœʁ prə se.tə flœ rə]
timid be its scent, take this flower in

ton service et cueille-la tandis qu’il en est temps.
[tɔ seʁ.vi se kœ.jə.la tə.di ki lə nə tə]
your service and pluck-it while that-it in is time.
Pick this frail flower out of fear that it might wither,
take it quickly, so it doesn’t shed its petals in the dust.

If there is not a place for it in your garland,
honor it nevertheless
with a painful touch of your hands, pluck it.
I fear the day will end
before I know it,
and the time for offering will have passed.

Although its color is subtle and its scent is faint,
take this flower in your service and
pluck it while there is still time.

II.  

If you do speak not…  
(If you do not speak…)

Poet: Rabindranath Tagore
Duration: 2:28
Range: E₄ – G♯₅

- Composed for high voice.

Si tu ne parles pas…  
If you do not speak…

Si tu ne parles pas, certes j’endurerais ton silence;  
If you do not speak, most-certainly I will bear your silence;

J’attendrai tranquille, la tête bas penchée,  
I will wait calmly, the head low bent,

et pareil à la nuit durant sa vigile étoilée.  
and similar to the night during its vigil starry.

Le matin sûrement va venir; la ténèbre  
The morning surely will come; the darkness
If you do not speak,
I will most certainly bear your silence.
I will fill my heart with it and
will wait calmly, head bowed,
like the night during its starry vigil.

The morning surely will come;
the darkness will yield,
and your gushing voice will spread itself out
like gold streaming across the sky.
Your words will then soar from my bird’s nests
in the form of songs
and your melodies will bloom like flowers
on all the arbors of my forests.
III. Si le jour est passé…
[si lə ʒuʁ ɛ pa.se]
If the day has passed…

Poet: Rabindranath Tagore
Duration: 3:06
Range: D₄ – G₅

- Composed for high voice.

Si le jour est passé,
[si lə ʒuʁ ɛ pa.se]
If the day has passed,

si les oiseaux ne chantent plus,
[si lə zwa.zo nə jə.tə ply]
if the birds no sing more,

si le vent fatigué retombe,
[si lə və fa.ti.ge rə.tə.bə]
if the wind tired subsides,

tire au-dessus de moi le voile des ténèbres,
[ti ro.da.sy də mwa lə vwa.lə də te.ne.bɾə]
pull over of me the veil of darkness,

ainsi que tu as enveloppé la terre
[ɛ.si kə ty a zə.və.lə.pe lə te.ʁə]
even as you have wrapped the earth

dans les courtines du sommeil
[də lə kur.ti.nə dy so.mej]
in the coverlets of the sleep

et clos tendrement à la brune les pétales
[e klo tə.drə.mə a la bʁy.nə lə pə.ta.lə]
and closed tenderly (at dusk) the petals

du défaillant lotus.
[dy de.fa.jə lə.tys]
of-the drooping lotus.

Du voyageur dont la besace est vide
[dy vwa.ja.ʒø dɔ lə bə.za sə vi.dɔ]
From-the traveler whose the pouch is empty
If the day is over,
if the birds sing no more,
if the tired winds subside,
pull the veil of darkness over me,
even as you wrapped the earth in the coverlet of sleep
and tenderly closed the petals of the drooping lotus at dusk.

From the traveler, whose pouch is empty before his journey is over,
and full of dust
whose strength is exhausted,
push aside shame and misery,
and renew his life like the flower,
beneath the benevolent cover of your night.
IV. A mes côtés, il est venu s’asseoir…
[a mɛ ko.te i le vo.ny sa.swar]
(He came to sit at my side…)

Poet: Rabindranath Tagore
Duration: 1:49
Range: E\textsuperscript{\#}4 – G\textsuperscript{\#}5

- Composed for high voice.
- Wide range of dynamics and tempo changes.
- Care should be taken so that accompaniment does not overpower the vocal line.

À mes côtés il est venu s’asseoir
[a mɛ ko.te i le vo.ny sa.swar]
At my sides he has come himself-to-sit

et je ne me suis pas éveillé.
[re ʒə nə mə suçi pə ze.vejej]
and I -- myself did not wake.

Maudit soit mon sommeil misérable!
[mo.di swa mɔ ˈsom mej mi.zə.ɾablə]
Cursed be my sleep miserable!

Il est venue quand la nuit était paisible;
[i le vo.ny kɑ la nũi e.te pɛ.zi.blə]
He has come when the night was calm;

il avait sa harpe à la main et mes rêves sont
[i la.vɛ sa ar pa la mɛ e mɛ re.və sɔ]
he had his harp in his hand and my dreams have

devenus tout vibrant de ses mélodies.
[da.vɔ.ny tu vi.bʁa də sɛ me.lɔ.djə]
become all resonating with its melodies.

Hélas! Pourquoi mes nuits toutes ainsi perdues?
[e.las pur.kwa mɛ nũi tu.tə zɛ.si pe.r.dy.ə]
Alas! Why my nights all in-this-way lost?

Ah! pourquoi celui dont le souffle touche
[a pur.kwa ʃə.lɥi dɔ deberflə tu.ʃə]
Ah! Why the-one whose the breath touches
He came and sat at my side...
and I did not wake.
Cursed be my miserable sleep!

He came when the night was calm,
with his harp in his hand
and my dreams became resonant with its melodies.

Alas! Why are all my nights lost this way?
Ah, he whose breath touches my sleep,
why does he always escape from my sight?

V. Oui, je le sais bien...
Yes, I know it well...

Poet: Rabindranath Tagore
Duration: 2:26
Range: G₄ – A₅

- Composed for high voice.
- Soft dynamic levels in upper range of voice.

Oui, je le sais bien,
Yes, I it know well,

cé n'est là rien que ton amour
it not-is here nothing but your love

ô aimé de mon coeur – cette lumière
oh loved of my heart this light

d'or qui danse sur les feuilles;
of-gold that dances on the leaves;
ces indolents nuages qui voguent par le ciel,
these lazy clouds that wander through the sky,
et cette brise passagère qui laisse sa fraîcheur à mon front.
and this breeze passing that leaves its coolness on my brow.
Mes yeux se sont lavés dans la lumière matinale –
My eyes themselves are washed in the light (of) morning –
et c’est ton message à mon cœur.
and this is your message to my heart.
Ta face, de très haut s’incline;
Your face, from very high itself-inclines;
et contre tes pieds bat mon cœur.
and against your feet beats my heart.

Yes, I know it well,
here is nothing but your love
oh, love of my heart –
This golden light that dances on the leaves,
these lazy clouds that wander through the sky,
and the passing breeze that leaves its coolness on my brow.
My eyes are awash in the morning light –
and this is your message to my heart.
Your face, looking down from above;
your eyes looking deeply into mine,
and my heart beats at your feet.
VI. Lumière

[ly.mjɛʁ]

Light

Poet: Rabindranath Tagore
Duration: 2:34
Range: E₄ – A₅

- Composed for high voice.
- Beginning of piece is unaccompanied.
- Legato melodic lines stand in contrast to a quick, energetic accompaniment.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Lumière!</th>
<th>ma</th>
<th>lumière!</th>
<th>lumière</th>
<th>emplissant</th>
<th>le</th>
<th>monde,</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>[ly.mjɛʁ]</td>
<td>ma</td>
<td>ly.mjɛʁ</td>
<td>rã.pli.sã</td>
<td>lɔ</td>
<td>mõ.dɑ</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Light! my light! light filling the world,

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>lumière</th>
<th>baiser</th>
<th>des</th>
<th>yeux,</th>
<th>douceur</th>
<th>du</th>
<th>coeur,</th>
<th>lumière!</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>[ly.mjɛʁ]</td>
<td>be.zɛ</td>
<td>dɛ</td>
<td>zjø</td>
<td>du.sœr</td>
<td>dy</td>
<td>kœr</td>
<td>ly.mjɛʁ</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

light kiss of-the eyes, sweetness of-the heart, light!

Ah! la lumière danse au centre de ma vie!

[a la ly.mjɛʁ dɑ so sã.tɾə dɔ ma viə]
Ah! the light dances at-the center of my life!

Bien-aimé, mon amour retentit sous la frappe de la lumière.

[bjɛ.nε.me mɔ na.mur rœ.tã.ti su la ra.pɔ dɔ la ly.mjɛʁ]
Beloved, my love resonates under the striking of the light.

Les cieux s’ouvrent; le vent bondit;

[lɛ sjø su.vʁa lɔ vã bõ.dĩ]
The skies themselves-open; the wind leaps;

un rire a parcouru la terre.

[œ ri ra par.ku.ɾy la te.ʁã]
a laugh has traveled the earth.

Sur l’océan de la lumière,

[syr bœ.se.ã dɔ la ly.mjɛʁ]
On the-ocean of the light,

mon bien-aimé, le papillon ouvre son aile.

[mõ bjɛ.ne.me la pa.pi.jõ u.vɾɔ sõ nɛ.lâ]
my beloved, the butterfly opens its wings.
La crête des vagues de lumière
[la kɾɛ.tə de va.gə də ly.mjɛ.ɾə]
The crest of the waves of light

brille de lys et de jasmins.
[bɾi.jə də lis e də ʒas.mɛ]
shines with lilies and with jasmine.

La lumière mon bien-aimé,
[la ly.mjɛ.ɾə mō bjɛ.ne.me]
The light, my beloved,

brésille l’or sur les nuées;
[bre.zi.jə lɔr syr le ny.e.ə]
turns into powder the gold on the clouds;

elle éparpille à profusion les pierreries.
[ɛ lə.par.pi ja prɔ.fy.zjɔ le pjɛ.ʁa.ʁi.ə]
it sprinkles in abundance the gems.

Une jubilation s’étend de feuille en feuille, ô mon amour!
[y.nə ʒy.bi.la.sjə se.tə də fœ jə fœ.jə o mō na.mur]
A jubilation itself extends from leaf to leaf, oh my love!

une aise sans mesure.
[y ne.zə sà mə.zy.ɾə]
a pleasure without measure.

Le fleuve du ciel a noyé ses rives;
[lə flœ.və dy sjɛ la nwa.jɛ sə ri.və]
The river of the sky has drowned its banks;

tout le flot de joie est dehors.
[tu lə flo də ʒwa e də.ɔʁ]
all the flood of joy is out.

Light! my light! all-illuminating light,
a light that kisses the eyes and sweetens the heart.

Ah! The light dances in the center of my life!
Beloved, my love reverberates under the brilliance of the light.
The skies open, the wind leaps;
laughter passes over the earth.

41 Following this word, Samain’s poem has an ô. Cras omits this in his setting of the poetry.
On the ocean of light, my beloved,
the butterfly spreads its wings.
The cresting waves of light
shine with lilies and jasmine.

The light, my beloved,
is turned into golden powder, abundantly
sprinkling gems on the clouds.

A jubilation spreads from leaf to leaf, oh my love!
a comfort without measure.
the river of heaven has overflowed its banks;
and all around is flooded with joy.

Robaiyat de Omar Khayyam
[ro.bɑ.i.jat də O.мɑɾ kɑ.i.jum]
Rubā’iyat of Omar Khayyam

The ruba’i, pronounced [ru.ba.i], plural ruba’iyat [ru.ba.i.jat] is a form of Persian poetry that consists of four lines of verse. Ruba’i is an Arabic word meaning “foursome.” The first, second, and last of the four lines should rhyme. Rhyme in the third line is not necessary.\(^\text{42}\) This poetry was easily accessible to both the educated and the uneducated people of India. Each ruba’i is considered a separate entity and its simple structure does not require a great deal of thought.

Cras became interested in the ruba’i when his friend and fellow officer, Franz Toussaint (1879-1955), translated 170 of the Persian poems into French after World War I. Just as Toussaint was finishing his translations for publication in 1924, Cras began working on his song cycle, *Robaiyat de Omar Khayyam*. Finished on November 16, 1924, the work was published by Maurice Senart in 1925. Cras’s daughter Monique designed the cover for this publication. The compositions were first performed by Vanni-Marcouz on a concert at Salle Gaveau in Paris on December 11, 1925. These songs became an instant success.

I. Chaque matin...

Poet: Omar Khayyam
Duration: 1:25
Range: E♭₄ – E₅

- Vocal line is legato in contrast to the piano part that is quick and agitated.

Every morning, the dew weighs down the tulips the hyacinths and the violets,
But the sun frees them of their shimmering burden.
Every morning, the heart in my chest feels heavier,
But your gaze frees it from its sadness.
II. Pourquoi…

Poet: Omar Khayyam
Duration: 1:54
Range: D♯₄ – F♯₅

- Soft dynamic markings in higher range of the voice.
- Dramatic effects due to wide range of dynamics and tempi.

Pourquoi tant de douceur, de tendresse,
[puɾ.kwa tã du.soɛr dã tã.drɛ]
Why so much of sweetness, of tenderness,

au début de notre amour?
[so de.by dɔ nɔ tra.mur]
at-the beginning of our love?

Pourquoi tant de caresses, tant de délices, après?
[puɾ.kwa tã ka.re.so tã de.lis a.pɾɛ]
Why so much of caresses, so much of delight, after?

Maintenant, ton seul plaisir est de déchirer mon cœur…
[mɛ.tə.nɑ tɔ sœl ple.zi re dɔ de.ji.re mɔ kœr]
Now, your sole pleasure is to tear-to-pieces my heart…

Pourquoi?
[puɾ.kwa]
Why?

Why so much sweetness and so much tenderness in the beginning of our love?
Why so many caresses and so much delight after?
Now, your sole pleasure is to tear my heart to pieces…
Why?
III. Nuit. Silence.  
[ȵũ ɕi.ɻ̃.sa]  
Night. Silence.  
Poet: Omar Khayyam  
Duration: 2:06  
Range: C₄ – G₅

- Vocal line is not doubled within accompaniment.  
- Cross rhythms between voice and piano – each part is completely independent.

Nuit. Silence. Immobilité d’une branche et de ma pensée.  
[ȵũ ɕi.ɻ̃. ɪ.m.ø.ɓi.li.te ɗy.nɔ ɓʁa.ʃɔ e ɗə ma pɑ.se.ə]  

Une rose, image de ta splendeur éphémère,  
[y.nɔ ʁɔ.zɔ i.ma.ʒɔ ɗə tɔ splɑ.ɗe re.ʃe.mə.ʁɔ]  
A rose, likeness of your splendor ephemeral,

vient de laisser tomber un de ses pétales.  
[yjɛ də le.se tɔ.ɓe rœ ɗə se pe.ta.ɫə]  
has-just to-let fall one of its petals.

Où es-tu en ce moment, toi qui m’as tendu  
[u ɛ.ty ɑ sɔ mɔ.mɔ twa ki ma tɑ.dy]  
Where are-you in this moment, you who me-has extended

la coupe et que j’appelle encore?  
[la kup e kɔ ʒa.ɻɛ lɑ.kɔ.ɾə]  
the cup and whom I-call again?

Sans doute, aucune rose ne s’effeuille près de celui  
[ʃa dut ɻo.ky.nə ro.ʃɔ nə se.ʃe.j prɛ ɗə sə.lɥi]  
Without doubt, no-one rose not sheds-petals near the one

que tu désaltères là-bas, et tu es privée,  
[kɔ ty də.zal.tə.ɾə la.ba e ty ɛ prɪ.vɛ]  
whom you quench over-there, and you are deprived,

du bonheur amer dont je sais t’enivrer.  
[di bɔ.nət rə.mɛɾ dɔ ʒə se tɑ.ni.vʁɛ]  
Of-the happiness bitter with-which I know you-to-intoxicate.
Night. Silence. My thoughts are still like a branch.  
A rose, the likeness of your fleeting splendor, has just let one of its petals drop.  
Where are you in this moment, you who extended to me the cup and whom I still call?  
Without a doubt, no rose is shedding its petals over there, near the one whose thirst you quench,  
and you are deprived of the bitter happiness with which I can intoxicate you.

IV. Quand tu chancelles…  
[kā ty jū̃.sɛ.lɔ]  
When you stagger…

Poet: Omar Khayyam  
Duration: 1:43  
Range: D₄ – E₅

- Mixed Meter.  
- Specific attention should be given to ensure piano does not overpower the voice in the beginning of the piece.

Quand tu chancelles sous le poids de la douleur,  
[kā ty jū̃.sɛ.lɔ su lɔ pwa dɔ la du.lɔʁ]  
When you stagger under the weight of the sorrow,

Quand tu n’as plus de larmes,  
[kā ty na ply dɔ lar.mɔ]  
when you not-have more of tears,

pense à la verdure qui miroite après la pluie.  
[pə sa la ver.dy.rɔ ki mi.rwa ta.prɛ la plɥi.ɛ]  
think of the greenery that glistens after the rain.

Quand la splendeur du jour t’exaspère, quand tu souhaites qu’une nuit définitive s’abatte sur le monde,  
[kā la splañ.deʁ dy jʊʁ teɡ.zas.pɛ.rɔ kā ty]  
When the splendor of-the day you-exasperates, when you desire for-a night final itself-throw on the world,

Penses au réveil d’un enfant.  
[pə so re.vɛ̃ dɔ̃ nã. fa]  
Think of-the waking of-a child.
When you stagger beneath the weight of your sorrow, 
and when you have no more tears, think how the plants glisten after the rain. 
When the splendor of the day tires you, when you desire for a final night that will come crashing 
down on the world, 
Think of the waking of a child.

V. Serviteurs, n’apportez pas les lampes…
[ser.vi.tœɾ na.pɔɾ.te pa le l âm pa] 
Servants, do-not bring the lamps…

Poet: Omar Khayyam
Performance Time: 1:46
Range: G♯₃ – F♯₅

- Accompaniment is sparse.
- Wide range, but tessitura is rather low for most of the piece.

puisque mes convives, exténués, se sont endormis.
[pɥi.skœ mœ kœ.vi.vo eks.te.ny.e sœ sœ tœ.dœ.mœ] 
since my guests, exhausted, they have gone-to-sleep.

J’y vois suffisamment pour distinguer leur pâleur.
[ʒi vwa sy.fi.za.mœ pur di.stœ.œ lœr pa.lœr] 
I-there see sufficiently in-order-to distinguish their paleness.

Étendus et froids, ils seront ainsi dans la nuit du tombeau.
[e.tœ.dy ze frwa il sœ.rœ tœ.si dœ la nœ ti dy tœ.bo] 
Outstretched and cold, they will be thus in the darkness of-the tomb.

N’apportez pas les lampes,
[na.pɔɾ.te pa le l âm pa] 
Bring not the lamps,

car il n’y a pas d’aube chez les morts.
[kar il ni a pa do.bo je le mœœ] 
for { there-not-is } a-dawn among the dead.
Servants, do not bring the lamps since my exhausted guests have fallen asleep.
I can see well enough to make out their paleness.
Outstretched and cold, they will thus be in the tomb’s darkness.
Do not bring the lamps, for there is no dawn amongst the dead.

**Sept mélodies**  
[sət me.ɔ.l.dje]  
**Seven Songs**  

Premiered by Jean Cras’s sister Gabrielle, *Sept mélodies* was performed in its entirety on April 24, 1909, at a Société Nationale de Musique concert. These seven songs are not to be considered a song cycle, but simply a collection of his first printed vocal pieces. All thirty-eight vocal compositions prior to this publication have remained unpublished at the request of Cras. Printed by two separate publishing companies, the first collection consisted of six pieces. When Salabert published the collection again in 1910, *Correspondances* was added for a total of seven. Cras later orchestrated three for string quartet and voice: *Doucer du soir*, *Mains lasses* and *L’espoir luit*.

I. **Douceur**  
[du.sœʁ dy swar]  
**Sweetness of-the night**  

Duration: 8:05  
Range: C♯₄ – E₅  

- There is a rest missing in the vocal line in measure seven.  
- Wide range of dynamics and varying tempos throughout.

**Douceur**  
[du.sœʁ dy swar]  
**Sweetness of-the night**  

**Le crepuscule**  
[lə kre.pys.ky]  
**The twilight**  

**Et l’ombre**  
[e lə.bʁə]  
**And the-shadow**  

**Douceur du soir!**  
[du.sœʁ du.swar]  
**Sweetness of-the night**  

**Douceur de la chambre sans lampe.**  
[du.sœʁ du swar də la jə.brə sə lə.pə]  
**Sweetness of the room without lamp.**  

**Le crepuscule est doux comme une bonne mort.**  
[lə kre.pys.ky dœ ky.mə mɔʁ]  
**The twilight is sweet like a good death.**  

**Et l’ombre lentement qui s’insinue et rampe.**  
[e lə.bʁə lə.tə.mə ki sə.sə.nə e rə.pə]  
**And the-shadow slowly that worms-itself-into and creeps**  

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Se déroule en pensée au plafond.
It unrolls in thoughts to-the ceiling.

Tout s’endort.
Tu sâ.dør
All falls-asleep.

Comme une bonne mort sourit le crépuscule
[kɔ my.nɔ bɔ.nə mɔʁ su.ʁi lə kre.pys.ky.lɔ]
Like a good death smiles the twilight

Et dans le miroir terne, en un geste d’adieu,
[e dɔ̃ lɔ mi.ʁavar ter.nə ā nèœ ʒə.stə da.djø]
And in the mirror dull, in a gesture of-farewell,

Il semble doucement, que soi même on recule,
[il sɔ̃.blɔ du.so.mɔ kɔ swa mɛ mɔœ rə.ky.lɔ]
It seems sweetly, that one self one recedes,

Qu’on s’en aille plus pâle
[kɔ sɑ na.jo ply pa.lə]
That-one itself-in becomes more pale

et qu’on y meure un peu.
[e kɔ ni mœ œr pø]
and that-one there dies a little.

Sur les tableaux pâles aux murs dans la mémoire
[syr lɛ ta.blo pɔ.ʁ dy zo myʁ dɔ lə me.mwa.ʁə]
On the paintings hanging on-the walls inside one’s memoirs

Où sont les souvenirs, en leurs cadres déteints,
[u sɔ lɛ su.vo.nir ā lœʁ ka.drə de.tɛ]
Where are the memories, in their frames faded,

Paysages de l’âme et paysages peints,
[pe.i.za.ʒə do la.mə e pe.i.za.ʒə pɛ]
Landscapes of the-soul and landscapes painted,

On croit sentir tomber comme une neige noire.
[œ krwa sɔ̃.tir tɔ̃.be kɔ my.nɔ ne.ʒə nwa.ʁə]
One believes to-feel to-fall like a snow black.
Douceur du soir! Douceur qui fait qu'on s'habitue
Sweetness of the night! Sweetness that makes that-one gets-used-to

À la sourdine, aux sons de violes assoupis;
To the muted, from-the sounds of viols drowsy;

L’amant entend songer l’amante qui s’est tue
The-lover hears to-dream the-lover who has-fallen silent

Et leurs yeux sont ensemble aux dessins du tapis.
And their eyes are together in-the patterns of-the rug.

Douceur! Ne plus se voir distincts!
Sweetness! No longer {to-see-each-other} distinctly!

N’être plus qu’un!
Not-to-be more than one!

Silence! Deux senteurs en un même parfum:
Silence! Two scents in a single perfume:

Penser la même chose et ne pas se le dire.
To-think the same thing and – not to-each-other it to-say.

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Sweetness of the night! Sweetness of the room without a lamp.
Twilight is sweet like a good death
And the shadow unfolds its thoughts
As it wafts towards the ceiling.
Everything (gradually) falls asleep.
Like a peaceful death the twilight smiles
And in the drab mirror, by a sign of farewell,
It seems that one withdraws into one's self quietly
Retreats more sallow, to die a little there.

From the paintings hung on the wall,
In their faded frames, engraved in the memory,
Landscapes of the soul; landscapes painted,
Descend like blackened snow.

Sweetness of night! [That] sweetness which helps us adapt
To the quiet, to the sound of muted viols;
The lover listens to his woman, now silent, dream;
And their eyes reside together in the designs of the carpet.

And languorously, the clarity withdraws;
Sweetness! To no longer see ourselves distinctly!
   To be but one!
Silence! two aromas [fused] in a single scent:
To think the same thing and not reveal it to one another.\(^{43}\)

II. Main lasses
   [mɛ la.sə]
   Tired hands

Poet: Georges Rodenbach, from Les vies encloses (The Enclosed Lives)
Duration: 2:31
Range: E\(^\prime\)\(_4\) − F\(^\#\)\(_5\)

- Vocal line is notated in a time signature of 4/4, while the accompaniment is notated in 12/8 creating a 2 against 3 feel.
- Appropriate for all voices.

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Souvent</th>
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<tr>
<td>[su.vû tû vwa dê mê ki sô fê.blô ze la.sô]</td>
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Often one sees of-the hands that are weak and tired

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<th>D’avoir</th>
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<tr>
<td>[da.vûar vu.ly kœ.jir tro dô ro.zô zu da.ma]</td>
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From-having desired to-pluck too-many of-the roses or of-the-souls;

\(^{43}\)Bempéchat, 215.
Elles pendent le long du corps comme des rames,
[ɛ.lə pɑ.də lɔ lɔ dy kɔʁ kɔ.ma de ra.ma]
They hang along of-the body like the oars,

Et ce n’est que du silence qu’elles déplacent
[e sə nɛ kə dy si.lə.sə ke.lə de.pla.so]
And it is nothing but of-the silence that-they displace

En remuant, de temps en temps, dans l’air à peine!
[ɑ rə.my.ə də tə zə tə də le ra pe.nə]
In stirring, from time to time, in the-air scarcely!

Mains qui voudraient un peu s’amarrer à la rive,
[mɛ ki vu.dre tø po sa.ma.re ra la riva]
Hands that would-like-to a little secure-themselves to the shore,

Mais que la vie, au fil de son courant, entraîne,
[mɛ kə la vi o fil də sɔ ku.rə ə.tre.nə]
But that the life, in-the flow of its current, carries-away,

Mains sans espoirs et sans désirs, à la derive...
[mɛ sə zəs.pwar e sə de.zir a la de.ri.və]
Hands without hopes and without desires, { adrift… }
### III. Sagesse (Wisdom)

L’espoir luit…

[le.spwar luip]  
Hope shines…

Poet: Paul Verlaine  
Duration: 4:39  
Range: B₃ – A₅

- Wide range of dynamics and tempo indicated throughout the piece.  
- This piece contains a long piano interlude.

#### L’espoir luit comme un brin de paille dans l’étable.

The hope shines like a stalk of straw in the stable.

#### Que crains tu de la guêpe ivre de son vol fou?

What fear you from the wasp drunk in its flight wild?

#### Vois! le soleil toujours poudroie à quelque trou.

See! The sun always powders through some hole.

#### Que ne t’endormais tu, le coude sur la table?

That not you-fell-asleep you, the elbow on the table?

#### Pauvre âme pâle, au moins cette eau du puits glacé,

Poor soul pale, at least this water of the well icy,

#### Bois-la! puis dors après. Allons, tu vois, je reste,

Drink-it! then sleep after. Let’s go, you see, I stay,

#### Et je d’orloterai les rêves de ta sieste,

And I will-pamper the dreams of your nap,

#### Et tu chantonneras comme un enfant bercé.

And you will-hum like a child rocked.
Noon strikes. Kindly leave us, Madame.

He’s sleeping. How surprising that a woman’s steps
Resound in the minds of poor, unhappy souls.

Noon strikes. I’ve had [holy] water sprinkled in the room.
Go, sleep! Hope shines like a flint in a cavern’s hollows.
Ah, when will September’s roses bloom again?45

45Bempéchat, 220.
IV. Sagesse (Wisdom)
Le son du cor
[ɋə sõ dy kɔʁ]
The sound of the horn

Poet: Paul Verlaine
Duration: 3:04
Range: C₄ – F₅

- Monosyllabic setting of the text on repeated notes.
- Majority of vocal phrases are two, three and four measures long.
- Tessitura of this piece is more suited to low voices.

Le son du cor s’afflige vers les bois
[ɋə sõ dy kɔʁ s’ɛflɛʒə vɛʁ ɋɛ bwa]
The sound of the horn mourns toward the woods

D’une douleur on veut croire orpheline
[dy.nɔ du.lɔʁ ɔ vʊ krwa ɔʁ.fɛ.li.nɔ]
Of a grief one wants to believe orphan

Qui vient mourir au bas de la colline
[ki vjɛ mu.ʁi ʁo bɑ dɔ la kɔ.li.nɔ]
Which comes to die at the foot of the hill

Parmi la bise errant en courts abois.
[par.mi la biz ɛ.rɑ tɑ kur za.bwa]
In the north-wind wandering in short howlings.

L’âme du loup pleure dans cette voix
[l.ɑmɔ dy lu plœ.ʁɔ dɑ sɛ.tə vwa]
The soul of the wolf weeps with this voice

Qui monte avec le soleil qui décline
[ki mɔ̃ ta.vek ɭɔ sɔ.lez ki de.klinə]
Which rises with the sun that declines

D’une agonie on veut croire câlin
[dy na.go.ni ɔ vʊ kwra.ʁɔ kɑ.li.ne]
In an agony which one wishes to believe caressing

Et qui ravit et qui nâvre à la fois!
[e ki ra.vi e ki nɔ vʁa lɑ fwa]
And which entrances and which distresses at the time!
Pour faire mieux cette plainte assoupie
[puʁ fe.ʁə mi.jɔ se.tɔ plɛ ta.su.pi.ə]
To make better this lament lulled

La neige tombe à longs traits de charpie
[la nɛ.ʒə tɔ ba lɔ tre dɔ jœ.pi.ə]
The snow falls in long trails of rags

À travers le couchant sanguinolent.
[a tra.ver lɔ ku.ʃɑ sã.gi.nɔ.lã]
Across the sunset blood-red.

Et l’air a l’air d’être un soupir d’automne
[e le ra ler de trœ su.pir do.to.nœ]
And the-air has the-air of-being a sigh of-autumn

Tant il fait doux par ce soir monotone
[tà til fe du par so swar mo.nœ.to.nœ]
so it is mild on this evening monotonous

Où se dorlote un paysage lent.
[u so dor.lo tœ pe.i.za.ʒə lã]
Where itself nestles a landscape slow.

The sound of the horn grieves toward the woods with pain
So singularly sorrowful as to seem orphaned,
That comes to die at the foot of the hill,
Along the north winds, wandering in [stuttered] barks.

The soul of the wolf weeps with this voice
That ascends to a slowly setting sun;
From an agony one wishes to consider tender,
And which at once enchants and distresses.

To heighten this languorous plaint,
The snow falls in long white trains,
Like arrows of lint across a crimson sky.

And the song has the air of an autumn sigh
So sweet on this listless night
Where the quiet landscape coddles itself [to sleep].
V. Réverie
[ʁɛ.ʁə. ri]
Daydream

Poet: Alfred Droin
Duration: 3:49
Range: D₄ – E₅

- Notated dynamics keep this piece to a relatively soft, with few moments of mezzo-forte and forte.
- While the accompaniment is not dense, it is typically in the same range as the singer. A sensitive performance will strive for balance between voice and piano.

Le soir tombe…
[la swar tɔ.bə la və]
The night falls…

Le vent
[le vɛ̃]
The wind

Qui berce les feuilles tremblantes
[ki bɛʁ.sə lə fe.jə trɔ.blə.tə]
That rocks the leaves trembling

Déroule sur mon front brûlant
[de.ru.lɔ syʁ mɔ̃ frɔ̃ bʁylɑ̃]
Unfolds on my brow scorching

Des étoffes rafraîchissantes.
[dɛ ʁe. tɔ.ʃə ra.frɛ.ji.sə.tə]
The cloths refreshing.

L’air est rempli d’une douceur
[lɛ ʁe rɔ.pli dy.nɔ du.sɔʁ]
The air is-full of-a gentleness

Si suave que l’on devine,
[si sy.a.və kə lɔ̃ do.vi.nə]
So sweet that we guess,

Comme une présence divine,
[kɔ my.nɔ prɛ.zɔ̃.sɔ̃ di.vi.nə]
Like a presence divine,

L’apparition d’une soeur.
[la.pə.ʁi si.ɔ dy.nə sœʁ]
The arrival of-a sister.
Légère comme un pas de femme
[le.ɡɛ.ʁə kɔ mœ pa dœ fa.ma]
Light like a footprint of a-woman

Qui se pose sur le gazon,
[ki sɔ po.zɔ syʁ lɔ ga.zɔ]
That itself places on the grass,

L’ombre descend sur l’horizon:
[lɔ.ʁɔ.brə de.sɑ syʁ lɔ.ʁi.zɔ]
The-shadow descends on the-horizon:

On dirait l’approche d’une âme…
[ɔ di.ʁε la.prɔ.ʃə dy na.mə]
One would-say the-approach of-a soul…

C’est l’heure enjôleuse où l’on sent
[se lœ rə.ʒɔ.lə.zɔ u lɔ sə]
It-is the-hour cajoling where one feels

Couler le temps comme une eau pure:
[ku.le lɔ tã kɔ my no py.ʁə]
Flow the time like a water pure:

{C’est l’heure où le passé murmure
[se lœ ru lɔ pa.se myr.my.ʁə]
It-is the-hour when the past murmurs

Qu’il est moins doux que le présent.)\(^{46}\)
[ki le mwɛ du kã lɔ pre.zã]
That-it is less sweet than the present

Puis, tout s’éloigne et s’imprécise
[pʁi tu se.lwa ɲe sɛ.pre.si.zã]
Then, all themselves-distances and themselves-blur

Tout devient immatérial.
[tu dœ.vjɛ tim.ma.te.ʁi.al]
All becomes intangible.

Et le baiser spirituel
[e lɔ be.zɛ spi.ʁi.ty.ɛl]
And the kiss spiritual

\(^{46}\)Cras altered the words within the brackets from Droin’s original text. After the brackets Cras omitted Droin’s last verse and provided his own text for the rest of the poem.
Du silence vous angélise.
[dy si.lâ.so vu zà.3e.li.zà]
Of-the silence you to-transform into an angel.

Night falls ... The wind
Which rocks the trembling leaves
Unravels refreshing cloths
Across my burning forehead.

The air is filled with a sweetness
As gracious as one could imagine,
Like a divine presence,
The arrival of a sister.

Delicate as a woman’s gait
Implanted upon the grass
The shadow descends on the horizon:
One could imagine a soul approaching.

It is the hour of enchantment where one feels
Time flow away, like pure water:
It is the hour where the past murmurs
That it is less sweet than the present.

Then, everything grows more distant and vague;
All seems immaterial
And Silence’s spiritual kiss
Transforms us into angels.  

VI. Nocturne
[no.k.tyrn]
Night

Poet: Alfred Doin
Duration: 4:58
Range: D₄ – G₅

- Wide range of dynamics combined with quick tempo changes present a dramatic effect.
- Multiple tempo changes.

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⁴⁷Bempéchat, 223.
L’heure était alanguie un vent léger posait

Des lèvres de fraîcheur sur les plantes lassées;

Les âmes et les fleurs se sentaient caressées

Par des douceurs d’avril, en ce soir de juillet …

L’heure était alanguie un vent léger posait

Des baisers fugitifs aux corolles lassées.

48 Le jour tombait sans bruit, ainsi qu’un fruit bien mûr

Qui tombe mollement dans l’herbe et dans la mousse,

Détaché par le doigt d’une brise très douce.

Et le soir aux yeux d’or descendait de l’azur.

Le jour tombait sans bruit, ainsi qu’un fruit bien mûr;

48 Cras omitted a verse from Droin’s original poem.
Une source chantait dans son lit plein de mousse.
A spring was-singing in its bed full of moss.

La mer qui déroulait ses vagues d’argent clair,
The sea that was-unfurling its waves of-silver clear,

Sous son archet puissant faisait vibrer la côte;
Under its bow mighty was-making vibrate the shore;

Et ses arpèges lents, sur la terrasse haute,
And its arpeggios slow, on the balcony high,

Emportaient ma pensée au de là de l’éther.
was-carrying my thoughts { past } the-ether.

La mer qui déroulait ses vagues d’argent clair
The sea that was-unfurling its waves of-silver clear

Comme un riche instrument faisait vibrer la côte\(^49\)
Like a rich instrument was-making vibrate the shore

Les hommes’étant tus, l’espace s’emplissait
The men being silent, the-space itself-was-filled

De la grande rumeur des choses éternelles.
With the great noise of-the things eternal.

L’infini regardait par ses milles prunelles.
The-infinity was-looking through its thousand pupils.

Au rythme universel mon cœur s’harmoisait.
To-the rhythm universal my heart it-was-harmonizing.

\(^{49}\)Cras substituted his own line of text instead of using Droin’s original wording, as well as omitting Droin’s next verse.
Les hommes s’étant tus l’espace s’emplissait

The men themselves hushed the-space itself—was-filled

Des bruits d’orgues que font les choses éternelles.

With noise of-organs that were-made-by the things eternal.

The hour grew languid, a light wind left
Fresh kisses on the tired plants;
The souls and the flowers felt caressed
By the gentleness of April on this July night...
The hour grew languid, a light wind placed
Furtive kisses upon weary corollas.

The day fell silently, like a well-ripened fruit
Which falls weakly on the grass and amid the moss,
Detached by the touch of a very gentle breeze.
And the night whose eyes of gold fell from the blue skies.
The day ended silently, like a well-ripened fruit;
A spring sang in its bed filled with moss.

The sea which unfolded its clear silver waves,
Under its powerful bow, made the coast vibrate;
And its slow arpeggios on the elevated terrace
Transported my thoughts beyond the ethereal.
The sea which unfolded its clear silver waves
Like a rich instrument that made the coast ripple.

With men now silent, the atmosphere was filling
With the grandiloquent murmuring of things eternal.
Infinity gazed down through its thousand pupils.
My heart was in harmony with the rhythm of the universe.
Men now silent, the interval was being filled with the
Sounds that[only the] organ render eternal.50

50Bempéchat, 225.
VIII. Correspondances
[kɔ. ʁɛ.spœ.ðuːs]
Correspondences

Poet: Charles Baudelaire
Duration: 3:34
Range: C\textsuperscript{4} – A\textsubscript{5}

- Accompaniment is thick with a great deal of movement.
- Tempos are slow and expansive.

La Nature est un temple, où de vivants piliers
[la na.ty ʁɛ tœ ʁœ.plœ, u do vi.vɔ pi.lje]
The Nature is a temple, where some living columns

Laissent parfois sortir de confuses paroles;
[lœ.so par.fwa ʁœ.tir do kɔœ.ʁœ.zœ pa.ʁœ.lœ]
Let sometimes come-out of confused words;

L’homme y passe à travers des forêts de symboles
[lœ mi pa ʁœ tra.ʁœ de fœ.re do sœ.ʁœ.lœ]
The-man there passes through of the forests of symbols

Qui l’observent avec des regards familiers.
[ki ˈlo.pœ.ʁœ.vœ ta.ʁœ ʁœ fa.mi.lje]
That him-observe with of-the gazes familiar.

Comme de longs échos qui de loin se confondent
[kœ.mœ do lœ ze.kœ ki do lwœ sœ kœ.ʁœ.dœ]
Like some long echoes that from far themselves mix-up

Dans une ténèbreuse et profonde unité,
[dœ zœ.te.ne.ʁœ ze prœ.ʁœ dy.ni.te]
In a dark and deep unison,

Vaste comme la nuit et comme la clarté,
[vas.te kœ.mœ la nœ ki kœ.mœ la klœ.te]
Vast like the night and like the light,

Les parfums, les couleurs et les sons se répondent.
[lœ par.fœ lœ ku.lœʁ e lœ sœ sœ re.pœ.dœ]
The perfumes, the colors and the sounds each-other answer

Il est des parfums frais comme des chairs d’enfants,
[i lœ de par.fœ fœ kœ.mœ de ʁœ dœ.fœ]}
There are some perfumes fresh like the flesh of-children,
Doux comme le hautbois, verts comme les prairies,
\([\text{du k}\text{o.m}\text{o l}\text{o o.bwa v}\text{er k}\text{o.m}\text{l e p}\text{r.e ri.}\text{a}]\)
Gentle like the oboe, green like the meadows,

– Et d’autres, corrompus, riches et triomphants,
\([\text{e do.tr}\text{o k}\text{r.o.py ri.}\text{f}\text{e ze tri.}\text{.o.f}\text{û}]\)
– And others, corrupted, rich and triumphant,

Ayant l’expansion des choses infinies,
\([\text{e.jâ leks.pû.si.ô dë fo.zô zë.fî.ni.}\text{ô}]\)
Having expanse of things infinite,

Comme l’ambre, le musc, le benjoin et l’encens,
\([\text{k}\text{o.m\ô lâ.bro lô mys}k lô bë.3wë e lâ.sà}]\)
Like the-amber, the musk, the benzoin\(^{51}\) and the-incense,

Qui chantent les transports de l’esprit et des sens.
\([\text{ki jû.tô lë trûs.orr dë les.pri e dë sôs}]\)
That sing the transports of the-spirit and the senses.

\(\text{Nature is a temple whose living columns}\)
\(\text{At times convey mixed messages;}\)
\(\text{Man wanders through Her forests of symbols}\)
\(\text{Which observe him knowingly.}\)
\(\text{Like sustained echoes which mingle from afar}\)
\(\text{Into a dark and deep unison,}\)
\(\text{As vast as the night and clear as the day,}\)
\(\text{Scents, colours and sounds answer each other’s calls.}\)
\(\text{Scents there are fresh as a child’s skin,}\)
\(\text{Sweet as the oboe, green as the plains,}\)
\(\text{– And others corrupted, rich, and triumphant,}\)
\(\text{[Imbued] with the expansiveness of Infinity,}\)
\(\text{Like amber, musk, benzoin or incense,}\)
\(\text{Singing the flight of the mind and the senses.}\)\(^{52}\)

\(^{51}\text{benzoin – an aromatic balsamic resin, also called gum benjamin.}\)

\(^{52}\text{Bempéchat, 229.}\)
Poet: Virginie Hériot
Duration: 2:32
Range: C♯₄ – F₅

- Marked très lent, includes monosyllabic sections that stay on the same pitch for several notes.
- The piano accompaniment is rather thin.
- The singer is required to maintain soft dynamics throughout the piece.

La mer ce soir est un grand miroir.
[la mɛʁ sɔ̃ swa rɛ tœ grɔ̃ mir.war]
The sea this night is a large mirror.

Tout se pose sur elle avec une grande douceur.
[tu sɔ po.zɔ sy rɛ la.vɛ kynœ grɔ̃dœ du.soɛʁ]
Everything itself lays on it with a great sweetness.

Le crépuscule est violet,
[lɔ̃ kre.py.skɛ lɛ vi.ɔ̃lɛ]
The dusk is purple,

elle est mauve avant de devenir grise.
[e lɛ mo va.vã dœ da.vœ nir gri.zœ]
it is mauve before becoming gray.

Un feu blanc se mire,
[œ fɔ̃ blɔ̃ sɔ̃ mi.ʁ]
A light white is mirrored,

le croissant roux de la lune
[lɔ krwa.sœ ru dœ la ly.nœ]
the crescent red of the moon

se reflète, le phare tournant lui verse par intervalles
[so̞ re.flɛ.to lɔ fa.ʁœ tœr.nœ lœ vœ.rsœ pa rœ.te.r.va.lœ]
itself reflects, the lighthouse moving on-it pours in intervals

réguliers son regard rouge, une étoile lui envoie
[re.gy.lje sɔ̃ rœ.ga ru.zœ y ne.twœ.lœ lœi ʁu.vwa]
regular its gaze red a star it extends
ton rayon tremblant qui s’allonge, et la barque de
it’s ray trembling that itself-stretches, and the boat of

pêche posée devient double sur ce miroir en lui
fishing placed becomes double on this mirror in to-it

Donnant son image.

giving its image.

Ce soir la mer reflète le monde et tout lui donne tout.
This night the sea reflects the world and all to-it bestows everything.

Mon âme solitaire est ainsi reflétée sur le calme
My soul solitary is like-this reflected on the calm

Tonight, the sea is a vast mirror.
With gentle greatness, everything rests upon it.
The twilight is violet, and the sea is mauve before turning grey.
[Upon it] are reflected a white fire, the moon’s russet crescent, the lighthouse beacon, shines its red glare at regular intervals; a star that extends its long, shivering reflection a stationary fishing boat, its image now doubled.

Tonight, the sea reflects the world, giving it back all it has received.
My lonely soul is also reflected upon this calm mirror chosen by my dreams.  

53 Bempéchat, 482.
Trois chansons bretonnes
[trwa fœ.so.bra.tɔ̃]
Three Breton Songs

Trois chansons bretonnes was the last project that Jean Cras completed. He wrote the text
and music, and also designed the cover for the score. Cras dedicated the cycle to his wife, Isaure,
in honor of their love and long marriage. Monique felt that her father had premonitions of his
own death and she suggested that this last work was the realization of those premonitions. Cras
had been under the care of physicians in the naval hospital for intestinal difficulties for several
months prior to his death. These pieces were published posthumously in 1932 by Salabert.
Maria Branèze premiered these three mélodies June 17, 1932. They were later sung by Ninon
Vallin at a memorial concert for Cras on October 11, 1934.

I. La rencontre
[lə rœ.ukœ.trə]
The meeting

Poet: Jean Cras
Duration: 1:50
Range: E♭₄ – E♭₅

- Piece is strophic in form.
- Large amount of text.
- Very few tempo and dynamic notations in the score.

Je rentrais le soir de la mer après un long voyage
[ʒə rœ.tʁɛ lo swaʁ də la meʁ apʁɛ lɔ lɔ vwa.ja.ʒə]
I returned at night from the sea after a long voyage

Je rentrais le soir de la mer quand à mes yeux étonnés
[ʒə rœ.tʁɛ lo swaʁ də la meʁ kuɑ̃ ta me zjo ze.to.ne]
I returned at night from the sea when to my eyes astonished

apparut au bord de la mer une fille au pur visage
[a.pa.ʁyt o boʁ də la meʁ ʒu fi jɔ pʁi vi.za.ʒə]
appeared at-the edge of the sea a girl with-a pure face

respirant le vent de la mer, ses cheveux dénoués
[ʁe spi.ʁə lo vɑ̃ də la meʁ sə jɔ.vɔ de.nœ.e]
Breathing the wind of the sea, her hair loose
Jamais je ne vis devant moi une femme si belle
Never I not see before me a woman so beautiful

Jamais je ne vis devant moi un trésor si précieux
Never I not see before me a treasure so precious

Je sentis soudain naître en moi une ardeur toute nouvelle
I felt suddenly being-born within me an eagerness completely new

lorsque vint se poser sur moi le velour de ses yeux
When came it to-rest on me the velvet of her eyes

Je voudrais aller lui parler mais je crains ma faiblesse.
I would-like to-go to-her to-talk but I fear my weakness.

Je voudrais aller lui parler et me livrer sans détours
I would-like to-go to-her to-talk and myself deliver without detours

si mes yeux savaient lui parler et lui dire ma tendresse
If my eyes knew-how to-her to-talk and her tell my tenderness

Ah, si je pouvais sans parler lui offrir mon amour!
Ah, if I were-able-to without to-talk her to-offer my love!

I returned in the evening after a long voyage at sea.
I returned in the evening from the sea
when to my astonishment
a pure-faced girl appeared at the seashore,
breathing the air off the sea, her hair freely falling.

Never before had I seen a woman so beautiful.
Never before had I seen a treasure so precious.
when the velvet of her eyes came to rest upon me,
I suddenly felt inside me a completely new desire.
I would like to talk to her, but I fear my own weakness.
I would like to speak to her and give of myself without reservation.
If only my eyes knew how to speak to her and express my fondness.
Ah, if only I were able to offer my love without speaking!

II. L’aveu
[la.vø]
The confession

Poet: Jean Cras
Duration: 3:40
Range: E♭₄ – E♭₅

- This seven verse piece is strophic in form.
- This piece is composed for one voice but is a dialogue between a man and woman.
- Vocal line is doubled in the accompaniment.

Ma belle, veux-tu partager mon sort?
[ma be.lə vø.ty par.ta.ʒe mɔ sɔʁ]
My pretty-one, want-you to-share my fate?

Je veux t’adorer jusqu’à ma mort.
[ʒə vø ta.dɔ.re ʒys.kə ma mɔʁ]
I want you-to-adore until my death.

Jusqu’à ta mort? C’est beaucoup mon pauvre ami;
[ʒys.kə ta mɔʁ se bo.ku mɔ po vra.mi]
Until your death? That-is much my poor friend;

un seul jour te suffirait-i’?
[œ sœl ʒy.re.ti]
one single day for-you would-be-enough?

Ma belle, veux-tu des sabots menus,
[ma be.lə vø.ty də sa.bo mə.ny]
My pretty-one, do-want-you some clogs tiny,

je crains les cailloux pour tes pieds nus?
[ʒə krɛ lə ka.ju pur te pje ny]
I fear the pebbles for your feet naked?

Si mes pieds nus te font mal à regarder,
[si mə pje ny to fɔ ma la ʁa.gar.de]
If my feet naked you make hard to look-at,
tourne-toi de l’autre côté.
[tur.nɔ.twa dɔ lo.trə ko.te]
turn-you to the-other side.

Ma belle, veux-tu un souper choisi
[ma be.lə vɔ.ty œ su.pe jwa.zi]
My pretty-one, do-want-you a supper chosen

avec du bon vin et du rôti?
[a.vek dy bɔ vɛ e dy ro.ti]
with some good wine and some roast?

De ton rôti je n’ai pas besoin ce soir,
[də to.ro.ti ʒə ne pas bə.zwɛ sə swar]
of your roast I have not need this evening,

j’ai du beurre avec du pain noir.
[ʒe dy bœ ra.vek dy pɛ nwar]
I have some butter with some bread black.

Ma belle, veux-tu quitter ce pays?
[ma be.lə vɔ.ty ki.te sə pe.i]
My pretty-one, do-want-you to-leave this country?

je t’amènerai jusqu’à Paris.
[ʒə ta.me.nə.re ʒy.ska pa.ɾi]
I you-will-take up-to Paris.

Paris, dis-moi, n’est pas au bord de la mer
[pa.ɾi di.mwa ne pa zo bɔ dɔ la meʁ]
Paris, tell-me, is not at-the { seaside }

que j’veux voir été comme hiver
[kə ʒvɔ vwa re.te kə mi.vɛʁ]
that I-want to-see summer and winter.

Ma belle, veux-tu un collier d’or roux?
[ma be.lə vɔ.ty œ kɔ.lje dɔ ru]
My pretty-one, do-want-you a necklace of-gold pink?

j’en entourerai ton joli cou.
[ʒə nə.tu.ʁə.re tɔ ʒɔ.li ku]
I-it will-put-around your pretty neck.
Mon joli cou n’a pas besoin de collier,
My pretty neck does-not need any necklace,

il est blanc, j’aime le montrer.
it is white, I-love it to-show.

Ma belle, veux-tu que j’t’apporte en plus
My pretty-one, do-want-you that I-bring-to-you in addition

un grand sac pesant remplit d’écus?
a large bag heavy filled with-silver-coins?

Un sac d’écus!... et pourquoi faire? mon Dieu,
A bag of-coins!... and what to-do? My God,

garde-le pour quand tu s’ras vieux.
keep-it for when you become old.

Ma belle, veux-tu cette pauvre fleur
My pretty-one, do-want-you this poor flower

posée à tes pieds avec mon cœur?
laced at your feet with my heart?

Mon cœur, prends-le... Je ne peux plus le celer,
My heart, take-it... I not able-to anymore it conceal,

moi aussi veux toujours t’aimer!
I too want always you-to-love!

---

54 Écus – any old French coin, especially a silver five-franc piece.
My sweetheart, do you want to share my fate?
I want to adore you until I die.
‘till death do us part, that is a long time my poor friend,
would just one day be enough for you?

My sweetheart, do you want some tiny shoes?
I fear the pebbles will hurt your naked feet.
If looking at my naked feet hurts you,
turn away.

My sweetheart, do you want a fine supper
with good wine and meat?
I have no need of your roast this evening,
I have black bread with butter.

My sweetheart, do you want to leave this region?
I will take you to Paris.
Paris, tell me, it is not at the seaside?
I want to see the sea in both summer and winter.

My sweetheart, do you want a necklace of pink gold?
I will put it around your pretty neck.
My pretty neck has no need for a necklace,
it is white, I like to show it off.

My sweetheart, do you want me to also bring you
a large bag filled with heavy silver coins?
A bag of silver coins!... what for?
My God, keep them for when you become old.

My sweetheart, do you want this poor flower
placed at your feet with my heart?
My heart, take it...I am not able to conceal it anymore,
I, too, want to love you forever!
III. La mort
[la mɔʁ]
The death
Death

Poet: Jean Cras
Duration: 4:29
Range: D♭4 – E♭5

- Beginning of song is unaccompanied.

Un an nous sommes aimés
[œ nœ nu nu somœ ze mø]
A year we each-other have loved

depuis l’hiver jusqu’à l’été.
[da puœ li veʁ ʒy skœ le te]
since the-winter until to the-summer.

Nos deux cœurs étaient tout entiers
[no do kœr ze te tu tœ.tje]
Our two hearts were entirely

unis l’un et l’autre à jamais.
[zy ni lœ e lo tra za me]
united the-one and the-other to forever.

Un an, nous sommes aimés
[œ nœ nu nu somœ ze mø]
A year we each-other have loved

et puis la mort l’a emportée.
[e puœ la mœr la œ pœ.te]
and then the death her carried-away.

Je reste seul et désolé.
[œ re stœ sæ le de zo læ]
I stay alone and broken-hearted.

Que suis-je sans elle?
[kœ suœ zœ sæ ze la]
What am I without her?

Mon Dieu, qui aurait jamais dit
[mœ djo ki oœ za mø di]
My God, who would-have ever told
un tel bonheur si tôt fini?
[œ tel bɔ.nœʁ si to fœ.ni] a such happiness so soon finished?

Je la vois, pâle sur son lit
[ʒə la vwa pa.lø syʁ sɔ li] I see, pale on her bed
comme un oiseau blessé au nid.
[kɔ mœ nwa.zo blœ.se o ni] like a bird wounded in-the nest.

Mon Dieu, qui aurait jamais dit
[mœ dʒø ki œʁə sa.mε di] My God, who could-have ever told
que mon trésor me serait pris?
[kɔ mœ tre.zɔʁ mœ saʁε pri] that my treasure me would-be taken?

Accueillez-la en paradis.

Ayez pitié d’elle.
[ε.je pi.tje də.lɛ] Have mercy on-her.

Plus rien ne m’attache ici-bas,
[ply ʒe nœ ma.ta ñi.si.ba] More not nothing not me-ties here-below,
Puis qu’elle n’est plus en mes bras.
[puʃ ke.lø nε ply zœ mœ bra] Now that-she not-is more in my arms.

nuit et jour je cherche ses pas
[ɲœ te ʒœʒ ñœʃœ sa pœ] Night and day I search-for her steps
le long des grèv’et dans les bois.
[lœ lɔ de gɾœ.ve daʁ le bwa] the length of-the beach-and in the woods.
Plus rien ne m’attache ici-bas,

More nothing not me-ties here below,

Je ne veux rien que le trépas.

I not want nothing but the death.

Dieu, ne me le refusez pas.

God, -- me it refuse not.

Menez-moi vers elle.

Guide me toward her.

Lorsque le soleil disparut,

When the sun vanished,

le pauvre amant soudain mourut.

the poor lover suddenly died.

La même tombe l’a reçu.

The same grave him received.

Il dort tout près d’elle.

He sleeps very close to her.

For one year, we loved one another
from winter until summer.
Our two hearts, completely united
forever, one to the other.

We loved each other for a year
and then death carried her away.
I remain alone and broken hearted.
What am I without her?
My God, who could ever foretell
That such happiness would be over so quickly?
I see her, pale on her bed
like a wounded bird in the nest.

My God, who could have known
that my treasure would be taken from me?
Welcome her into paradise.
Have mercy on her.

Nothing else ties me to this earth,
as she is no longer in my arms.
Night and day I search for her footprints
along the beach and in the woods.

Nothing else ties me to this earth.
I want nothing but death.
God, do not refuse me this.
Take me to her.

When the sun vanished
the poor lover suddenly died.
The same grave received him.
He sleeps by her side.

Trois Noëls
[trwa nɔ.ɛl]
Three Noels

Cras began Trois Noëls on July 20, 1929, and quickly completed the song cycle on
August 2 of the same year. Originally composed for voice and piano, Jean Cras later
orchestrated the three pieces. The French critic René Dumesnil (1879-1967) deemed this to be
one of the most successful works by Cras. The text for this cycle was provided by a close family
friend, Léon Chancerel. Chancerel’s words were drawn from his prose-poetry of Le pèlerin
d’Assise (The Pilgrim of Assisi). These songs were premiered by renowned soprano Madeleine
Grey on February 8, 1930, at a Société Nationale de Musique concert.
I. La Plainte d’Adam  
[la plɛt da.dɔ]  
The Lamentation of Adam

Poet: Léon Chancerel  
Duration: 3:15  
Range: E♭₄ – G♯₅

- Call and response between vocal line and accompaniment in the beginning.  
- Trio written for one male (Adam), and one female (Eve), and the third character (Angel) could be male or female.  
- Vocal lines sound like recitative for a significant portion of the piece.

Ah! Ah! Ah!  
Femme endiablée!  
[ɑ ɑ ɑ fam ā.dja.ble.ə]
Ah! Ah! Ah!  
Woman full-of-devil!

Dieu te tira-t-il de ma côte  
[djø tɔ ti.ra.til dɔ ma ko.tə]
God you pull-he-you from my rib

Pour mon malheur et pour ta honte?  
[pur mɔ ma.lo re pur ta ðɔ.tə]
for my unhappiness and for your shame?

Ah! Pourquoi m’as-tu fait manger  
[ɑ pur.kwa ma.ty fe mɔ ze]
Ah! Why me-have-you made to eat

Le fruit de malédiction!  
[lɔ frɔ dɔ ma.le.di.ksi.ɔ]
the fruit of damnation!

Je t’aimais, Adam, mon pauvre homme.  
[ʒɛ tɛ.mɛ adə mɔ po vʁɔ.mɔ]
I you-loved Adam, my poor man.

Tant savoureuse était la pomme,  
[tɔ sa.vu.ro ze.te la po.mɔ]
So savory was the apple,

Tant heureuse elle me faisait  
[tɔ tɛ.ro ze.lɔ mə fɔ.zə]
So happy it me made
Que t’en donnai, croyant te plaire.\(^{55}\)
That you-some gave, believing you to-please

Finie à présent douce vie!
Ended at present sweet life!

Il nous faut gagner notre pain.
It for-us is-necessary to-earn our bread.

à la sueur de nos visages.
by the sweat of our faces.

A grand ahan il faut bêcher
With large heave-ho it is-necessary to-dig

la terre où nous serons demain.
the earth where we will-be tomorrow.

En Dieu, mettez votre espérance.
In God, put your trust.

Votre douleur sera guérie
Your pain will-be healed

Par un Sauveur né d’une Vierge.
By a Savior born of-a virgin.

Noël! Noël! Alleluia!
Christmas! Christmas! Hallelujah!

---

\(^{55}\)Cras changed Chancerel’s original words “bien faire” to his words “te plaire.”
Adam:
Ah! Ah! Ah! Evil woman!
Did God make you from my rib
to bring me unhappiness and to bring you shame?
Ah! Why did you make me eat the fruit of damnation!

Eve:
I loved you Adam, my poor husband.
The apple was so savory,
It made me so happy
that I gave you some, believing that you would like it.

Adam:
The sweet life is over!
We must earn our keep
by the sweat of our brow.
Heave-ho, we must dig
the ground where we will be tomorrow.

The Angel:
Put your trust in God.
Your pain will be healed by a Savior born of a virgin.
Christmas! Christmas! Hallelujah!

II. La mauvaise auberge
[la mɔ.vɛ zo.berʒ]
The unpleasant inn

Poet: Léon Chancerel
Duration: 2:13
Range: D₄ – G₅

- Trio composed for two males and one female voice (St. Joseph, L’hôtelier, and Le fidèle).
- Dramatic interaction between the characters recalls the operatic style.

Ho! de l’auberge. Ouvrez! Hé ho!
[o do lo.berʒ o vu.e e o]
Ho! from the-inn. Open! Heigh ho!

Qui va là?
[ki va la]
Who goes there?
Nazareth est notre pays.
[Nazareth is our country.]

Je m’appelle Joseph.
[I myself-call Joseph.]

Et voici ma femme Marie.
[And here-is my wife Mary.]

Au large!
[off!]

Mon bon ami, prenez la peine de descendre.
[My good friend, take the trouble of coming-down.]

Et m’écoutez.
[And me-listen-to.]

Je ne veux pas de baladins en ma maison.
[I – want not of minstrels in my house.]

En votre écurie, s’il vous plaît...
[In your stable, if-it you please…]

Pour y mettre le feu. Merci!
[For there to-set the fire. Thanks!]

Ma femme est dans les douleurs.
[My wife is in the pain (of childbirth).]

Elle attend le petit enfant.
[She is-awaiting the little child.]

Qu’elle aille pondre en l’auberge de la lune,
[Let-her go to-lay at the-inn of the moon,
au carrefour des quatre vents.
[ə ka ʁafur də kat. ʁə vɔ̃]
at-the crossroads of-the four winds.

Chez moi, on ne reçoit que des gens bien.
[ʃɛ mwa ðə nɔ ʁɔ.swa kɔ də zɔ bje]
At-my-home, one welcomes only the people well-to-do.

Je paierai.
[ʒə peʁe]
I will-pay.

Ouste! ou je lâche le chien.
[ust u zə laʃə lə ʃjɛ]
Leave! or I will-release the dog.

En notre coeur, douce Pucelle,
[ə no.tʁə kœr du.so py.ʃɛ.lə]
Into our heart, dear Maiden,

Daignez descendre et vous chauffer.
[de.ne de.so dre vu fo.ʃe]
Please be so good to come-down and you to-make-warm.

Saint Joseph:
Hello! you in the inn. Open up! Hello there!

The Innkeeper:
Who goes there?

Saint Joseph:
We are from Nazareth.
My name is Joseph. And this is my wife Mary.

The Innkeeper:
Be gone!

Saint Joseph:
My good friend, take the trouble to come down and listen to me.

The Innkeeper:
I do not want minstrels in my house.

Saint Joseph:
What about your stable, please...
The Innkeeper:
To set a fire in there...No Thanks!

Saint Joseph:
My wife is in labor.
She is awaiting a little baby.

The Innkeeper:
Then she can have her baby at the inn of the moon,
at the crossroads of the four winds.
At my house, we only have well-to-do people as guests.

Saint Joseph:
I will pay.

The Innkeeper:
Leave! or I will release the dog.

Saint Francis:
Dear Maiden, please enter our hearts
and make yourself warm.

III. L’adoration des bergers
[lə.dɔʁ.a.sjɔ̃ də berʒe]
The adoration of the shepherds

Poet: Léon Chancerel
Duration: 3:35
Range: C⁴ – G♯⁵

- Composed for 2 male and 1 female voice (Narrator, Marie and a Shepherd).
- Dramatic interaction between characters.

Compagnons, le Sauveur est né.
[kɔ̃.pa.nɔ̃ lɔ̃ so.vœ re ne]
Friends, the Savior is born.

Hi-han! Hi-han! Alleluia!
[i.ã̃ i.ã̃ a.lɛ.lu.ya]
Hee-haw! Hee-haw! Hallelujah!

Avec l’âne, chantons gaiement.
[a.vɛk lœ.nœ jã.tõ ge.mã]
With the-donkey, we- shall-sing gaily.
Chantons Jésus, Roi de la Terre.
Let-us-sing Jesus, King of the Earth.

Hi-Han! Hi-Han! Alleluia!
Hee-haw Hee-haw! Hallelujah!

O ma dame, le bel enfant!
Oh my lady, the beautiful child!

Voyez comme il prend bien le sein!
See how he takes well the breast!

Fermez la porte, mon ami,
Close the door, my friend,

De peur qu’il n’attrape du mal.
For fear that-he not-catch some sickness.

Prenez mon manteau, Notre Dame,
Take my cloak, Our Lady,

Et permettez que je réchauffe,
And allow that I to-warm-up,

Entre mes mains, ses petits pieds.
Between my hands, his little feet.

Hi-han! Hi-han! Alleluia!
Hee-haw Hee-haw! Hallelujah!

Avec l’âne, chantons gaiement,
With the-donkey we-shall-sing gaily,
Chantons Jésus, Roi de la terre.
[ʃu tɔ ʒe.zy ʁwa dɔ la te. ra]
Let-us-sing Jesus, King of the earth.

Hi-han! Hi-han! Alleluia!
[i.ã i.ã al.le.lu.ja]
Hee-haw Hee-haw! Hallelujah!

Compagnons, le Sauveur est né.
[kô.pœ nim lɔ so.vo re ne]
Friends, the Savior is born.

A quoi songez-vous, Sainte Mère?
[a kwa sɔ.ʒe.vu sê.tə me.ro]
Of what are-thinking-you, Holy Mother?

Chut! Chut! Que le petit dorme.
[ʃyt ʃyt kə lɔ po.ti dɔʁ.me]
Hush! Hush! {Let the little one} sleep.

Pourquoi pâlissez vous, Marie?
[pur.kwa pa.lis.e vu ma.ro]
Why turn-pale you, Mary?

Doux! Doux! Doux! Que l’enfant repose,
[du du du kə lu.fʁu ra.po.za]
Soft! Soft! Soft! Let the-child rest,

Car le jour viendra, bonnes gens,
[kar lɔ žur vi.je.dra bo.nə ʒu]
Because the day will-come, good people,

Qu’il souffrira pour nos péchés
kil su.ʁi.ra pur no pe.ʃe]
When-he will-suffer for our sins

Et qu’il mourra de mort amère.
[e kil mu.ʁa dɔ mɔʁ ta.me.ro]
And that-he will-die a death bitter.

Noël! Noël! Noël! Nouveau
[nɔ.ɛl nɔ.ɛl nɔ.ɛl nu.vo]
Christmas! Christmas! Christmas! New
Friends, the Savior is born.
Hee-haw! Hee-haw! Hallelujah!
We shall sing gaily with the donkey.

Let us sing Jesus, King of the Earth.
Hee-haw Hee-haw! Hallelujah!
Oh my lady, what a beautiful child!
See how well he breast-feeds!
Close the door, my friend,
so he won’t catch a cold.

Take my cloak, Our Lady,
and allow me to warm
his little feet between my hands.

Hee-haw Hee-haw! Hallelujah!
With the donkey we shall sing gaily.
Let us sing Jesus, King of the Earth.
Hee-haw Hee-haw! Hallelujah!
Friends, the Savior is born.
What are you thinking about, Holy Mother?
Hush! Hush! Let the little one sleep.
Why are you turning pale, Mary?
Soft! Soft! Soft!
Let the child rest, because the day will come,
good people, when he will suffer for our sins
and he will die a bitter death.
Christmas! Christmas! New Christmas!
## APPENDIX A

**Chronological list of vocal compositions**\(^{56}\)

(Voice with piano unless otherwise notated)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Month</th>
<th>Composition</th>
<th>Reference</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1892</td>
<td>July</td>
<td>Dans l’alcôve sombre (In the Dark Alcove), LBo 9/1</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>July</td>
<td>A une enfant (To a little girl), LBo 9/2</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>1893</td>
<td>March</td>
<td>Chanson japonaise (Japanese Song), LBo 9/16 (voice and piano version LBo 21/5 earlier)</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>July</td>
<td>Ballade (Ballad), LBo 9/4</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>July</td>
<td>Nuit de lune (Moonlit Night), LBo 21/1</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>July</td>
<td>Avril (April), LBo 9/6</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>August</td>
<td>Chanson (Song), LBo 9/3</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>August</td>
<td>Les trois oiseaux (The Three Birds), LBo 9/7</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>September</td>
<td>Brunette (Brown), LBo 9/8</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>September</td>
<td>Triste exile (The Sad Exile), LBo 9/11</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>September</td>
<td>Je suis l’oiseau (I am the Bird), LBo 9/9</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>November</td>
<td>Au mois de rose éclose (During the Month of Blooming Roses), LBo 9/10</td>
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<tr>
<td>1893/94</td>
<td></td>
<td>Les morceaux du Paradis (Pieces of Heaven), LBo 9/22</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>c. 1894</td>
<td>O Salutaris (Oh Saving), LBo 6 (voice and organ)</td>
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<tr>
<td>1894</td>
<td>Undated manuscript – estimated date of completion, Mutisme (Silence), LBo 21/4</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>January through April</td>
<td>Hiver (Winter), LBo 9/18</td>
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<td></td>
<td>January</td>
<td>Chanson d’été (Song of Summer), LBo 9/13</td>
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<td></td>
<td>January</td>
<td>Chanson de printemps (Song of Spring), LBo 9/12</td>
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<td></td>
<td>January</td>
<td>Chanson d’automne (Song of Autumn) LBo 9/14</td>
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<td></td>
<td>February</td>
<td>Chanson d’hiver (Song of Winter), LBo 9/15</td>
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<td></td>
<td>April</td>
<td>Avril d’amour (April of Love), LBo 9/17</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>April</td>
<td>Hiver (Winter), LBo 21/6</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

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\(^{56}\) Bempéchat, 519-522.
June – Aurore (Dawn), LBo 21/3

1895

February – Élégie (Elegy), LBo 9/20

July 14 – Ophélie (Ophelia), LBo 9/21 c. 1896 – Untitled and Undated Song, LBo 21/20 –

1897

March – Chant d’automne (Song of Autumn), LBo 21/7

August – Les chaînes (The Chains), LBo 21/8

1898

August – Chant d’amour (Song of Love), LBo 21/9

September – La chanson du souvenir (The Song of Remembrance), LBo 21/10

1899

Panis angelicus (Bread of the Angels), LBo 11 (voice with organ or harmonium)

January – Derniers vers de Musset (Musset’s Last Verses), LBo 21/11

October – Viens, chère…, (Come, my dear ) LBo 21/12

À l’automne (To Autumn), LBo 13 (soprano and mezzo-soprano with piano)

December – Vierge lointaine (Faraway Virgin), LBo 21/13

1900

February – La tour (The Tower), LBo 18 (voice with piano – unfinished)

February – Minute d’extase (A Moment of Ecstasy), LBo 21/14

October 7 – Heures ternes (Tedium), LBo 21/15

October – Désirs d’hiver (Winter Desires), LBo 21/16a

1900-1905

Sept mélodies (Seven Songs), LBo 28/1-7, Salabert

1901-1905

Trois mélodies (Three Songs), voice with string quartet, LBo 28b from LBo 28

1901

August – La cloche (The Bell), LBo 21/17

January – 1902, July – La vie antérieure (A Former Life), LBo 21/19

1905

Ave verum corpus (Hail true body), LBo 26 (voice, violin and organ)

1910

Regina Coeli (Queen of Heaven) (soprano, tenor and bass), LBo 31, Schola Cantorum

Élégies (Elegies), LBo 34 (original orchestration) LBo 35 (voice with piano), Durand

1920

L’offrande lyrique (The Lyric Offering), LBo 45/1-6, Salabert

1921

Image (Image), LBo 46, Salabert; 1923 – LBo 50 (voice with string quartet, unpublished)

1923

Fontaines (Fountains), LBo 48/1-5, Salabert; 1925 – LBo 55/1-5 (voice and orchestra)
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Work Description</th>
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</thead>
</table>
| 1924 | Robaiyat de Omar Khayyam (Five Ruba‘iyat of Omar Khayyam),  
      | LBo 52/1-5, Salabert |
| 1928 | La flûte de Pan (The Flute of Pan), LBo 67/1-4, (voice, panpipes, and string trio),  
      | Salabert 1928 – LBo 68/1-4 (reduction for voice and piano), Salabert  
      | Vocalise-Étude: Valse à onze temps, (Waltz in Eleven Time), LBo 66, Leduc |
| 1929 | Trois Noëls (Three Christmas Settings), LBo 72/1-3 (narrator, solo voices, and chorus with piano), Salabert; 1929 – LBo 72a/1-3 (orchestral version), Salabert  
      | Soir sur la mer (Night on the Sea), LBo 69, Salabert |
| 1932 | Trois chansons bretonnes (Three Breton Songs), LBo 75, Salabert |
| 1932 | Deux chansons, extradites du “Chavalier étranger” (Two Songs, excerpts from “Foreign Knight”), LBo 76a/1 and 76a/2, Salabert |
APPENDIX B

Score Availability

Scores can be purchased from the following businesses:

1. **Di-Arrezzo Sheet Music.**
   
   Online purchases only.
   
   [http://www.di-arezzo.co.uk](http://www.di-arezzo.co.uk)
   
   *Élégies*
   
   *Fontaines*
   
   *Image*
   
   *La flûte de Pan*
   
   *Robaiyat de Omar Khayyan*
   
   *Sept mélodies*
   
   *Soir sur la mer*

2. **Recital Publications**
   
   P.O. Box 1697
   
   Huntsville, TX 77342-1697
   
   Phone: 936-295-6929
   
   [http://recitalpublications.com](http://recitalpublications.com)
   
   *Élégies*
   
   *L’offrande lyrique*
   
   *Sept mélodies*
3. Classical Vocal Reprints

2701 S. Van Hoose Drive
Fayetteville, AR 72701-9148
Phone: 800-298-7474
www.classicalvocalrep.com

*L’offrande lyrique*

*Robaiyat de Omar Khayyam*

*additional scores not listed in catalogue are available upon request.*

Scores not available for purchase:

1. *Deux chansons*
   
   This score can be found in the library at The State University of New York at Buffalo, NY.

2. *Trois chansons bretonnes*
   
   This score can be found in the library at Boston University, Free Library of Philadelphia, and the University of Texas in the Harry Ransom Center.

3. *Trois Noëls*
   
   This score can be found in the library at the Eastman School of Music and the State University of New York at Potsdam, NY.
APPENDIX C

Commercial Recordings

*Jean Cras: Les mélodies avec orchestre* (Jean Cras: Songs with Orchestra)

Timpani Records 1C1160

Catherine Estourelle, soprano
Lionel Peintre, baritone
Alain Jacquon, piano
Claude Schnitzler, conductor

Selections include:
- Élégies
- *Trois mélodies* (from *Sept mélodies*)
- *L’offrande lyrique"
- *Fontaines"
- *Image"
- *Trois Noëls"

*Jean Cras: Mélodies* (Jean Cras: Songs)

Timpani Records 1C1085

Ingrid Perruche, soprano
Philippe Do, tenor
Lionel Peintre, baritone

Selections include:
- *Robaiyat de Omar Khayyam"
- *La flûte de Pan"
- *Fontaines"
- *L’offrande lyrique"
- *Douceur de soir"
- *Soir sur la mer"
- *Image"
- *Deux chansons*


———. Les mélodies avec orchestre. Ingrid Perruche, soprano; Philippe Do, tenor; Lionel Peintre, baritone; Claude Schnitzler, conductor: Timpani 1C1160, compact disc, 2009.


BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

Leslie Ann Heffner

Leslie Heffner, mezzo-soprano, from Wapakoneta, Ohio, received her Bachelor of Music Education degree in 2000 from the University of Nevada, Las Vegas. In 2002 she earned her Master of Music degree in vocal performance from Bowling Green State University in Bowling Green, Ohio. She received her Doctorate in Vocal Performance from Florida State University in 2012, while concurrently earning a Certificate in Arts Administration.

Ms. Heffner’s opera credits include the title role in Britten’s The Rape of Lucretia at Florida State Opera. This production won first place in the 2010 National Opera Association’s Video Recording Competition. She has also been heard as Mrs. Herring in Britten’s Albert Herring, Estelle Oglethorpe in Musto’s Later the Same Evening, Amastre in Handel’s Xerxes, Dorabella in Mozart’s Così fan tutte, and the Second Lady in Mozart’s The Magic Flute. Ms. Heffner had the honor of performing the title role in the United States premiere of Handel’s Silla. She has also been heard as a soloist in Handel’s Messiah.

Ms. Heffner has been a participant in the esteemed Aspen Music Festival and was a semi-finalist in the Young Patronesses of the Opera Competition in conjunction with Florida Grand Opera.