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## The Méloides of Jean Cras: A Performance Companion

Leslie Ann Heffner



THE FLORIDA STATE UNIVERSITY  
COLLEGE OF MUSIC

THE MÉLODIES OF JEAN CRAS: A PERFORMANCE COMPANION

By

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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 Noël*s (*Three Noël*s).

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. Commercial 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<sup>1</sup>

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

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<sup>1</sup>It 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."<sup>2</sup> 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

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<sup>2</sup>Jean 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.”<sup>3</sup>

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 Droin. 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.”<sup>4</sup> 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).”<sup>5</sup>

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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<sup>3</sup>Bempéchat, 67.

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

<sup>5</sup>Jean Cras, “Autobiographie,” quoted in Bempéchat, 71.

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.<sup>6</sup>

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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<sup>6</sup>Bempéchat, 54.

a post-concert reception as being “love at first sight.”<sup>7</sup> 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.<sup>8</sup>

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

<sup>8</sup>Jean 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.'<sup>9</sup>

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<sup>9</sup>Jean 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.<sup>10</sup>

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."<sup>11</sup> 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

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

<sup>11</sup>Ibid.

whom I try to conform or aspire.”<sup>12</sup> 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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<sup>12</sup>Monique 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 Stravinsky 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.



## CHAPTER TWO

### Introduction

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 Droin, Virginie Hériot, Lucien Jacques, Omar Khayyam, Tanguy Malmanche, Georges Rodenbach, Albert Samain, Édouard Schneider, Rabindranath Tagore, and Paul Verlaine.

### Poet Biographies

#### Charles Baudelaire<sup>13</sup>

(1821-1867)

Poet for: "Correspondances" from *Sept mélodies*.

Charles Pierre Baudelaire is recognized as one of the most influential poets of the 19<sup>th</sup> 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

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<sup>13</sup>Information for this entry can be found in the following resources: "Baudelaire, Charles," in *Comptons by Britannica*, Vol. 3 (Chicago: Encyclopedia Britannica, 2008), 110; "Baudelaire, Charles," in *The New Encyclopedia Britannica* (Chicago: Encyclopedia Britannica, 2008), 966-968.

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.<sup>14</sup> 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.

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<sup>14</sup>“Baudelaire, Charles,” in *The New Encyclopedia Britannica*, 967.

## Léon Chancerel<sup>15</sup>

(1886-1965)

Poet for: *Trois Noël*s

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 *Compagnie des comédiens-routiers* (Company of Routiers Actors). Chancerel was an advocate for the development of the *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 *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 *Trois Noël*s (Three Noels) is excerpted from Chancerel's prose poetry *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<sup>16</sup>

(1878-1967)

Poet for: "Rêverie" and "Nocturne" from *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

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<sup>15</sup>Bempéchat, 473.

<sup>16</sup>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<sup>17</sup>**

(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 ailée* (Winged Schooner). Jean Cras assigned the title to his composition.

### **Lucien Jacques<sup>18</sup>**

(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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<sup>17</sup>Bempéchat, 481.

<sup>18</sup>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<sup>19</sup>**

(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,<sup>20</sup> 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 Islamic

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<sup>19</sup>Information for this entry can be found in the following sources: Davis Dick, "Omar Khayyam," in *The World Book Encyclopedia*, Vol. 14 (Willard, OH: RR Donnelley, 2011), 759-780; "Omar Khayyam," in *The New Encyclopedia Britannica*, Vol. 18 (Chicago: Encyclopedia Britannica, 2005), 945-950; "Omar Khayyam" in *Compton's by Britannica*, Vol. 17 (Chicago: Encyclopedia Britannica, 2008), 544.

<sup>20</sup>"Omar Khayyam," in *The New Encyclopedia Britannica*, 945.

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 13<sup>th</sup>-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."<sup>21</sup> 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<sup>22</sup>**

(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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<sup>21</sup> Bempéchat, 379.

<sup>22</sup> 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**<sup>23</sup>

(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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<sup>23</sup>Information 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<sup>24</sup>

(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 pseudonym 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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<sup>24</sup>E.H. Falk, “Samain, Albert Victor,” in *European Authors 1000-1900 A Biographical Dictionary* (New York: The H.W. Wilson Company, 1967), 828-829.



*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 Schneider<sup>25</sup>**

(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 Tagore<sup>26</sup>**

(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

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<sup>25</sup> Bempéchat: 103, 302, 342.

<sup>26</sup> Information for this entry can be found in: "Tagore, Rabindranath," in *Compton's by Britannica*, Vol. 23 (Chicago: Encyclopedia Britannica, 2008), 13; "Tagore, Rabindranath," in *Nobel Prize Winners* (New York: The H.W. Wilson Company, 1987), 1037-1038; "Tagore, Rabindranath" in *The New Encyclopedia Britannica*, Vol. 11 (Chicago, Encyclopedia Britannica, 2005), 496.

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."<sup>27</sup>

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."<sup>28</sup> 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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<sup>27</sup>"Tagore, Rabindranath," in *Nobel Prize Winners*, 1038.

<sup>28</sup>*Ibid.*, 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-Bhāratī 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<sup>29</sup>**

(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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<sup>29</sup>Information for this entry can be found in: M. Coulon, “Verlaine, Paul,” in *European Authors 1000-1900 A Biographical Dictionary* (New York: The H.W. Wilson Company, 1967), 957-959; Edward Kaplan, “Verlaine, Paul,” in *The World Book Encyclopedia*, Vol. 20 (Willard, OH: RR Donnelley, 2011), 317; “Verlaine, Paul,” in *The New Encyclopedia Britannica*, Vol. 12 (Chicago: Encyclopedia Britannica, 2005), 319-320.

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.

# Mélodies

## Deux Chansons

[dø fã.sõ]

### Two Songs

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 [lõ rwa lu.di.vik] The King Ludwig

Poet: Tanguy Malmanche

Duration: 1:00<sup>30</sup>

Range: E<sub>4</sub> – F<sup>#</sup><sub>5</sub>

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

<b>Le</b>	<b>roi</b>	<b>Loudivic</b>	<b>avait</b>	<b>fait</b>	<b>project</b>		
[lõ	rwa	lu.di.vik	a.vɛ	fɛ	prɔ.ʒɛ]		
The	king	Ludwig	had	made	plans		
	<b>de</b>	<b>lever</b>	<b>tribute</b>	<b>sur</b>	<b>ceux</b>	<b>de</b>	<b>Bretagne ...</b>
	[dõ	lø.ve	tri.byɛ	syr	sø	dõ	brɛ.ta.jnõ]
	of	raising	tribute	on	those	of	Brittany...

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<sup>30</sup>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.

**Ah... Ah...**  
[ɑ     ɑ]  
Ah... Ah...

**Si bien qu'il s'en vint braver notre Comte,**  
[si   bjɛ̃   kil       sɑ̃       vɛ̃       bra.ve   nɔ.trə   kɔ̃.tə]  
So   well   that-he   himself   came   to-defy   our   count,

**avec une armée de mille soldats.**  
[a.vɛ   ky   naʁ.me   də   mi.lə       sɔl.da]  
with   an   army   of   a-thousand   soldiers.

**Ah... Ah...**  
[ɑ     ɑ]  
Ah... Ah...

**Il ne savait pas ce qui l'attendait.**  
[il   nə   sa.vɛ   pa   sə   ki   la.tɑ̃.dɛ]  
He   did   know   not   that   which   him-awaited.

**L'épée de Gurvan est bien affilée.**  
[le.pe       də   gur.van   ɛ   bjɛ̃   na.fi.le.ə]  
The-sword   of   Gurvan   is   well   sharpened.

**Ah... Ah...**  
[ɑ     ɑ]  
Ah... Ah...

**L'épée de Gurvan est bien affilée;**  
[le.pe       də   gur.van   ɛ   bjɛ̃   na.fi.le.ə]  
The-sword   of   Gurvan   is   well   sharpened;

**si tu l'ignorais, ô roi, tu le sais!**  
[si   ty   li.jɔ.ʁɛ       o   rwa   ty   lə   sɛ]  
if   you   it-do-not-know,   oh   king,   you   it   know!

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

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

*The King did not know what awaited him.*  
*The Gurvan sword is so sharp.*  
*Ah... Ah...*

*The Gurvan sword is so sharp;  
if you didn't know it (before), oh King, you will know it (now)!*

**II. Chanson du barde**  
**[ʃã.sõ dy bɑrd]**  
**Song of the Bard**

Poet: Tanguy Malmanche  
Performance Time: 2:40  
Range: E<sub>4</sub> – E<sub>5</sub>

- 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.se.ã my.ʒi]  
The-ocean roars,

**Iouh, iouh...**  
[i.u i.u]  
Iouh, iouh...

**L'ouragan rugit,**  
[lu.ra.gã ry.gi]  
The-hurricane howls,

**Iuh, iuh...**  
[i.y i.y]  
Iuh iuh...

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

**Coa, coa, coa,**  
[kɔ.ɑ kɔ.ɑ kɔ.ɑ]  
Caw-caw, caw-caw, caw-caw,

**Goap, goap, goap, goap, a...**  
[gɔp gɔp gɔp gɔp ɑ]  
Goap, goap, goap, goap, ah...

**chante, vent, et grince gronde;**  
[ʃã.tə vã e grɛ̃.sə grõ.də]  
sing, wind, and squeal growl;



**le deuil plane sur le monde,**  
[lə døj pla.nə syr lə mɔ̃.də]  
the mourning hovers over the earth,

**ris, courlis, coasse et crie,**  
[ri kur.li kɔ.a se kri]  
laugh, curlew, croak, and scream,

**le malheur est au logis!**  
[lə ma.lœ rɛ to lɔ.ʒi]  
the calamity is in-the home!

**Au matin suivant le soleil luira,**  
[o ma.tɛ̃ sɥi.vã lə sɔ.lɛj lɥi.ra]  
In-the morning following the sun will-shine,

**la chose cachée se dévoilera.**  
[la ʃo.zə ka.ʃe sə de.vwa.lə.ra]  
the thing hidden it will-be-revealed.

**Au matin suivant, le coq chantera,**  
[o ma.tɛ̃ sɥi.vã lə kɔk ʃã.tə.ra]  
In-the morning following, the rooster will-sing,

**Celui qui dormait s'éveillera.**  
[sə.lɥi ki dɔr.mɛ se.vɛ.jə.ra]  
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.zi]**  
**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 Noël*s, were initially composed for voice and piano, and the orchestral arrangements followed.

**I. Désir**  
**[de.ziʁ]**  
**Desire**

Poet: Albert Samain  
Duration: 5:10  
Range: D<sub>4</sub> – A<sub>5</sub>

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

<b>Comme</b>	<b>une</b>	<b>grande</b>	<b>fleur</b>	<b>trop</b>	<b>lourde</b>	<b>qui</b>	<b>défaile,</b>
[kɔ	my.nə	grɑ̃.də	flœr	tro	lur.də	ki	de.fɑ.jə]
Like	a	large	flower	too	heavy	that	faints,

<b>Parfois,</b>	<b>toute</b>	<b>en</b>	<b>mes</b>	<b>bras,</b>	<b>tu</b>	<b>renverses</b>	<b>ta</b>	<b>taille</b>
[par.fwa	tu	tɑ̃	mɛ	bra	ty	rɑ̃.vɛr.sə	ta	taj]
sometimes,	all	in	my	arms,	you	fall-back-from	your	waist

<b>Et</b>	<b>plonges</b>	<b>dans</b>	<b>mes</b>	<b>yeux</b>	<b>tes</b>	<b>beaux</b>	<b>yeux</b>	<b>verts</b>	<b>ardents,</b>
[e	plɔ̃.ʒə	dɑ̃	mɛ	zjø	tɛ	bo	zjø	vɛ	rar.dɑ̃]
and	plunge	in	my	eyes	your	beautiful	eyes	green	burning,

<b>Avec</b> [a.vɛ With	<b>un</b> kœ a	<b>long</b> lɔ̃ broad	<b>sourire</b> su.ri smile	<b>où</b> ru in-which	<b>miroitent</b> mi.rwa.tɛ̃ shine	<b>tes</b> tɛ your	<b>dents.</b> dɑ̃] teeth.	
<b>Je</b> [ʒə I	<b>t'enlace!</b> tɑ̃.la.sə you-embrace!	<b>J'ai</b> ʒe I-have	<b>comme</b> kɔ̃ like	<b>un</b> mœ̃ a	<b>peu</b> pø little	<b>de</b> də of	<b>l'âpre</b> la.prə the-bitter	<b>joie</b> ʒwa] joy
<b>Du</b> [dy Of-the	<b>fauve</b> fo.və wild-animal	<b>frémissant</b> fre.mi.sɑ̃ trembling	<b>et</b> te and	<b>fier</b> fjɛr proud	<b>qui</b> ki that	<b>tient</b> tjɛ̃ holds	<b>sa</b> sa its	<b>proie.</b> prwa] prey.
<b>Tu</b> [ty You	<b>souris!</b> su.ri smile!	<b>Je</b> ʒə I	<b>te</b> tə you	<b>tiens</b> tjɛ̃ hold	<b>pâle</b> pa pale	<b>et</b> le and	<b>l'âme</b> la.mə your-soul	<b>perdue</b> pɛr.dy.ə] lost
<b>De</b> [də Of	<b>se sentir</b> sə sɑ̃.ti it to-feel	<b>au</b> ro at-the	<b>bord</b> bɔr brink	<b>du</b> dy of	<b>bonheur</b> bɔ.ncœr happiness	<b>suspendue,</b> sys.pɑ̃.dy.ə] suspended,		
<b>Et</b> [e And	<b>toujours</b> tu.ʒur always	<b>le</b> lə the	<b>désir</b> de.zir desire	<b>pareil</b> pa.rɛ̃ similar	<b>au</b> jo to-the	<b>coeur</b> kœr heart	<b>me</b> mə me	<b>mord</b> mɔr] it-bites
<b>De</b> [də Of	<b>t'emporter</b> tɑ̃.pɔr.te you-to-carry-away	<b>ainsi,</b> rɛ̃.si thus,	<b>vivante,</b> vi.vɑ̃.tə living	<b>dans</b> dɑ̃ into	<b>la</b> la the	<b>mort!</b> mɔr] dead!		
<b>Incliné</b> [ɛ̃.kli.ne Bent	<b>sur</b> syr over	<b>tes</b> tɛ your	<b>yeux,</b> zjø eyes,	<b>où</b> u where	<b>palpite</b> pal.pi throbs	<b>une</b> ty.nə a	<b>flamme,</b> fla.mə] flame,	
<b>Je</b> [ʒə I	<b>descends,</b> de.sɑ̃ fall,	<b>je</b> ʒə I	<b>descends,</b> de.sɑ̃ fall,	<b>on</b> ɔ̃ one	<b>dirait,</b> di.rɛ̃ might-say,	<b>dans</b> dɑ̃ into	<b>ton</b> tɔ̃ your	<b>âme.</b> na.mə] soul.
<b>De</b> [də From	<b>ta</b> ta your	<b>robe</b> rɔ dress	<b>entr'ouverte</b> bɑ̃.tru.ver half-opened	<b>aux</b> to with-the	<b>larges</b> lar.ʒə large	<b>plis</b> pli folds	<b>flottants,</b> flɔ.tɑ̃] waving,	
<b>Où</b> [u Where	<b>des</b> dɛ the	<b>éclairs</b> ze.klɛr flashes	<b>de</b> də of	<b>peau</b> po skin	<b>reluisent</b> rɛ̃.luʝi.zə gleam	<b>par</b> pa for	<b>instants,</b> rɛ̃.stɑ̃] moments,	

**Un arôme charnel, où le désir s'allume,**  
 [œ na.ro.mə ʃar.nɛl u lə de.zir sa.ly.mə]  
 An aroma sensual, where the desire it-ignites,

**Monte à longs flots vers moi**  
 [mɔ̃ ta lɔ̃ flo vɛr mwa]  
 Ascend in long waves toward me

**comme un parfum qui fume,**  
 [kɔ̃ mœ̃ par.fœ̃ ki fy.mə]  
 like a perfume that smokes,

**Et, lentement, les yeux clos, pour mieux m'en griser,**  
 [e lɑ̃.tə.mɑ̃ lɛ zjø klo pur mjø mɑ̃ 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.jə syr tɛ dɑ̃ la flœr də tɔ̃ bæ.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.*

<sup>31</sup>*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!*

<sup>32</sup>*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!*

<sup>31</sup>Samain's poem continues without interruption. Here, Cras creates a new verse.

<sup>32</sup>Samain's poem continues without interruption. Here, Cras creates a new verse.

**II. Dans le parc**  
 [dã lə park]  
**In the park**

Poet: Albert Samain

Duration: 3:50

Range: C<sup>#</sup><sub>4</sub> – G<sup>#</sup><sub>5</sub>

- Written for high voice.
- Long climactic phrases.

**Dans le parc aux lointains voiles de brume, sous**  
 [dã lə par ko lwɛ̃.tɛ̃ vwa.le də bry.mə su]  
 In the park into-the distance veiled with mist, under

**Les grands arbres d’où tombe, avec un bruit très doux,**  
 [lɛ grã zar.brə du tɔ̃ ba.vɛ kœ̃ brỹi tʁɛ du]  
 The large trees of-where fall, with a sound very faint,

**L’adieu des feuilles d’or parmi la solitude,**  
 [la.djø də fœ.jø dɔʁ paʁ.mi la sɔ.li.ty.də]  
 The-farewell of leaves of-gold amongst the solitude,

**Sous le ciel pâlisant comme de lassitude,**  
 [su lə sjɛl pa.li.sã kɔ.mə də la.si.ty.də]  
 Beneath the sky fading as from weariness,

**nous irons, si tu veux, jusqu’au soir, à pas lents,**  
 [nu zi.rɔ̃ si ty vø ʒys.ko swaʁ a pa lã]  
 we will-go, if you want, as-far-as night, with steps slow,

**Bercer l’été qui meurt dans nos coeurs indolents.**  
 [bɛʁ.se le.te ki mœʁ dã no kœʁ zɛ̃.dɔ.lã]  
 To-cradle the-summer which dies in our hearts indolent.

**Nous marcherons parmi les muettes allées:**  
 [nu mar.ʃə.rɔ̃ paʁ.mi lɛ my.ɛt.ə za.le.ə]  
 We will-walk among the silent paths:

**Et cet amer parfum qu’ont les herbes foulées;**  
 [e sɛ ta.mɛʁ paʁ.fœ̃ kɔ̃ lɛ zɛʁ.bə fu.le.ə]  
 And this bitter fragrance that-has the grass trampled;

**Et ce silence, et ce grand charme langoureux**  
 [e sə si.lã.sə e sə grã ʃaʁ.mə lã.gu.rø]  
 And this silence, and this large spell languid

**Que**    **verse**    **en**    **nous**    **l'automne**    **exquis**    **et**    **douloureux**  
 [kə    vɛr    sɑ̃    nu    lo.tɔ̃    nɛks.ki    ze    du.lu.rø̃]  
 That    pours    upon    us    the-autumn    exquisite    and    mournful

**Et**    **qui**    **sort**    **des**    **jardins;**  
 [e    ki    sɔr    dɛ    ʒar.dɛ̃]  
 And    which    emanates    from-the    gardens;

**des**    **bois,**    **des**    **eaux,**    **des**    **arbres,**  
 [dɛ    bwa    dɛ    zo    dɛ    zar.brə̃]  
 from-the    forests,    from-the    water,    from-the    trees,

**Et**    **des**    **parterres**    **nus**    **où**    **grelottent**    **les**    **marbres,**  
 [e    dɛ    par.tɛ.rə̃    ny    zu    grɛ.lɔ̃.tɛ̃    lɛ    mar.brə̃]  
 And    from-the    flowerbeds    bare    where    trembles    the    marble,

**Baignera**    **doucement**    **notre**    **âme**    **tout**    **un**    **jour,**  
 [bɛ.ɲə.ra    du.sə.mɑ̃    nɔ̃    trɑ̃.mə̃    tu    tœ̃    ʒur]  
 Will-bathe    gently    our    soul    all    the    day,

**Comme**    **un**    **mouchoir**    **ancien**    **qui**    **sent**    **encore**    **l'amour.**  
 [kɔ̃    mœ̃    mu.ʃwa    rɑ̃sjɛ̃    ki    sɑ̃    tɑ̃.kɔr    la.muʁ]  
 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.*

<sup>33</sup>*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, natures 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.<sup>34</sup>*

<sup>33</sup>Samain's poem continues without interruption. Here, Cras creates a new verse.

<sup>34</sup>Bempéchat, 260.

### III. Soir

[swar]

#### Evening

Poet: Albert Samain

Duration: 3:33

Range: E<sup>b</sup><sub>4</sub> – G<sub>5</sub>

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

<b>Une</b>	<b>douceur</b>	<b>splendide</b>	<b>et</b>	<b>sombre</b>
[y.nə]	du.sœr	splã.di	de	sõ.brə]
A	sweetness	magnificent	and	dark

<b>Flotte</b>	<b>sous</b>	<b>le</b>	<b>ciel</b>	<b>étoilé.</b>
[flɔ.tə]	su	lə	sje	le.twa.le]
Floats	beneath	the	sky	starry.

<b>On</b>	<b>dirait</b>	<b>que,</b>	<b>là-haut,</b>	<b>dans</b>	<b>l'ombre,</b>
[õ]	di.rɛ	kə	la-o	dã	lõ.brə]
One	would-say	that,	up-there,	in	the-shadow,

<b>Un</b>	<b>paradis</b>	<b>s'est</b>	<b>écroulé.</b>
[œ]	pa.ra.di	sɛ	te.kru.le]
A	paradise	itself-has	collapsed.

<b>Et</b>	<b>c'est</b>	<b>comme</b>	<b>l'odeur</b>	<b>ardente,</b>
[e]	sɛ	kɔ.mə	lɔ.dœ	rar.dã.tə]
And	it-is	like	the-scent	burning,

<b>L'odeur</b>	<b>fiévreuse</b>	<b>dans</b>	<b>l'air</b>	<b>noir,</b>
[lɔ.dœr]	fje.vrø.zə	dã	lɛr	nwar]
The-scent	feverish	in	the-air	dark,

<b>D'une</b>	<b>chevelure</b>	<b>d'amante</b>
[dy.nə]	ʃə.və.ly.rə	da.mã.tə]
Of-a	head-of-hair	of-lover

<b>Dénouée</b>	<b>à</b>	<b>travers</b>	<b>le</b>	<b>soir.</b>
[de.nu.e]	a	tra.vɛr	lə	swar]
Loosened	through	the	the	night.

**Tout l'espace languit de fièvres**  
 [tu lɛs.pa.sə lɑ̃.gi də fjɛ.vrɛ]  
 All the-space languishes from fevers

**Du fond des coeurs mystérieux**  
 [dy fɔ̃ də kœr mis.te.ri.ø]  
 From-the bottom of hearts mysterious

**S'en viennent mourir sur les lèvres**  
 [sɑ̃ vjɛ.nə mu.rir syr lɛs lɛ.vrɛ]  
 They-from-there come to-die on the lips

**Des mots qui font fermer les yeux.**  
 [dɛ mo ki fɔ̃ fɛr.me lɛ zjø]  
 Some words that make to-close the eyes.

**Et de<sup>35</sup> ma bouche où s'évapore**  
 [e də ma bu ju se.va.pɔ̃.rɛ]  
 And from my mouth from-where itself-vanishes

**Le parfum des bonheurs derniers,**  
 [lə par.fœ̃ də bɔ̃.nœr dɛr.nje]  
 The perfume of pleasures final,

**Et de mon coeur vibrant encore**  
 [e də mɔ̃ kœr vi.brɑ̃ tɑ̃.kɔ̃.rɛ]  
 And from my heart beating still

**S'élèvent de vagues pitiés.**  
 [se.lɛ.və də va.gə pi.tje]  
 They-ascend of vague compassions.

**Pour tous ceux-là qui, sur la terre,**  
 [pur tu sɔ̃.lɑ ki syr la tɛ.rɛ]  
 For all those-there that, on the earth,

**Par un tel soir tendant les bras,**  
 [pa rœ̃ tɛl swar tɑ̃.dɑ̃ lɛ bra]  
 Through a such night stretching the arms,

**N'ont point dans leur coeur solitaire**  
 [nɔ̃ pwɛ̃ dɑ̃ lœr kœr sɔ̃.li.te.rɛ]  
 Not-have not in their heart lonely

---

<sup>35</sup>Samain used the word “dans” in his original poem. Cras replaced it with “de.”



<b>Un</b>	<b>nom</b>	<b>à</b>	<b>sangloter</b>	<b>tout</b>	<b>bas.</b>
[œ̃	nõ	a	sã.glo.te	tu	ba]
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**

**[a.RjɛR.sɛzõ]**

**Late Autumn**

Poet: Albert Samain

Duration: 3:51

Range: D<sub>4</sub> – G<sub>5</sub>

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

<b>Blotti</b>	<b>comme</b>	<b>un</b>	<b>oiseau</b>	<b>frileux</b>	<b>au</b>	<b>fond</b>	<b>du</b>	<b>nid,</b>
[blo.ti	kõ	mœ̃	nwa.zo	fri.lø	o	fõ	dy	ni]
Huddled	like	a	bird	shivering	at-the	bottom	of-its	nest,

**Les yeux sur ton profil, je songe à l'infini.**  
 [lɛ zjø syr tɔ̃ prɔ.fil ʒə sɔ̃ ʒa lɛ̃.fi.ni]  
 My eyes on your profile, I daydream into the-infinity.

**Immobile sur les coussins brodés, j'évoque**  
 [im.mɔ.bi.lə syr lɛ ku.sɛ brɔ.de ʒe.vɔ.kə]  
 Unmoving on the cushions embroidered, I-recall

**l'enchantement ancien, la radieuse époque,**  
 [lɑ̃.ʃɑ̃.tə.mɑ̃ ɑ̃.sjɛ la ra.di.ø ze.pɔ.kə]  
 The-enchantment former, the radiant era,

**Et les rêves au ciel de tes yeux verts baignés!**  
 [e lɛ rɛ.və o sjɛl də tɛ zjø vɛr bɛ.jɛ]  
 And the dreams in-the heaven of your eyes green bathed!

**Et je revis, parmi les objets imprégnés**  
 [e ʒə rə.vi par.mi lɛ zɔb.ʒɛ zɛ̃.pre.jɛ]  
 And I relive, amid the objects impregnated

**De ton parfum intime et cher, l'ancienne année,**  
 [də tɔ̃ par.fɛ̃ ɛ̃.ti m e ʃɛr lɑ̃.sjɛ na.ne.ə]  
 With your scent intimate and dear, the-previous year,

**celle qui flotte encore dans ta robe fanée!**  
 [sɛ.lə ki flɔ tɑ̃.kɔr dɑ̃ ta rɔ.bə fa.ne.ə]  
 that which drifts still in your dress faded!

**Je t'aime ingénument. Je t'aime pour te voir.**  
 [ʒə tɛ mɛ̃.ʒe.ny.mɑ̃ ʒə tɛ.mə pur tə vwar]  
 I you-love ingenuously. I you-love for you to-look.

**Ta voix me sonne au coeur, comme un chant dans le soir**  
 [ta vwa mə sɔ no kœr kɔ mœ ʃɑ̃ dɑ̃ lə swar]  
 Your voice in-me resonates in-the heart, like a song in the night

**Et penché sur ton cou, doux comme les calices,**  
 [e pɑ̃.ʃe syr tɔ̃ ku du kɔ.mə lɛ ka.li.sə]  
 and leaning on your neck, soft as the flowers,

**J'épuise, goutte à goutte, en amères délices,**  
 [ʒe.pɥi.zə gu ta gu.tə ɑ̃ na.mɛ.rə de.li.sə]  
 I-extract, drop by drop, in-the-form-of bitter pleasures,

<b>Pendant</b>	<b>que</b>	<b>mon</b>	<b>soleil</b>	<b>décroît</b>	<b>à</b>	<b>l’horizon</b>
[pɑ̃.dɑ̃	kə	mɔ̃	sɔ̃.lɛj	de.krwa	ta	lɔ̃.ri.zɔ̃]
While		my	sun	shrinks	in	the-horizon

<b>le</b>	<b>charme</b>	<b>douloureux</b>	<b>de</b>	<b>l’arrière-saison.</b>
[lə	ʃɑ̃r.mə	du.lu.rø	də	la.ʀjɛ.rə.sɛ.zɔ̃]
The	charm	sorrowful	of	the-autumn-end.

*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**  
**[fɔ̃.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.”<sup>36</sup> In a letter written on December 18, 1925, Cras recounts the review of a critic

<sup>36</sup>Cras 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.”<sup>37</sup>

**I. Hommage à la fontaine**  
**[ɔ.ma ʒa la fɔ.tɛn]**  
**Homage to the fountain**

Poet: Lucien Jacques

Duration: 1:52

Range: C<sub>4</sub><sup>#</sup> – E<sub>5</sub>

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

**L’aube**    **et**    **le**    **soir**    **la**    **regardent**    **de**    **loin,**  
 [lo        be        lə        swar    la        rə.gar.də    də        lwɛ̃]  
 The-dawn    and    the    night    her/it    gaze-at    of        distance,

**midi**        **lui**        **donne**    **un**        **franc**        **baiser**  
 [mi.di      lɥi        dɔ        nœ̃        frɑ̃        bɛ.ze]  
 noon        her/it    gives    an        uninhibited    kiss

**et**        **la**        **nuit**        **se**        **penche**    **sur**        **elle.**  
 [e        la        nɥi        sə        pɑ̃.fə      sy        rɛlə]  
 and        the        night    itself    inclines    over        her/it.

**Je**        **suis**    **le**        **printemps**    **matinal**  
 [ʒə        sɥi        lə        prɛ̃.tɑ̃      ma.ti.nal]  
 I        am        the        spring    morning

**qui**        **fait**        **saigner**    **sur**        **toi**        **la**        **branche**    **du**        **pêcher.**  
 [ki        fɛ        sɛ.ɲe      syr        twa        la        brɑ̃.fə      dy        pɛ.ʃɛ]  
 that        makes    to-bleed    over    you        the        branch    of-the    peach-tree.

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

**que**        **te**        **donne**    **à**        **midi**    **le**        **moissonneur**    **hâlé!**  
 [kə        tə        dɔ        na        mi.di      lə        mwa.sɔ.nœr    'ɑ̃.le]  
 that        on-you    bestows    at        noon        the        harvester    tanned!

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<sup>37</sup>Jean Cras, letter to unknown recipient, 18 December 1925, quoted in Bempéchat, 366.

**Je suis l'automne qui s'attarde**  
 [ʒə sɥi lo.tɔ.nə ki sa.taʁ]  
 I am the-autumn that itself-delays

**à goûter les fruits mûrs au bord de ton bassin.**  
 [da gu.te le frɥi my ro bɔʁ də tɔ̃ ba.sɛ̃]  
 in-order-to taste the fruits ripe at-the edge of your basin.

**Et je suis l'hiver aux mains vides**  
 [e ʒə sɥi livɛ ro mɛ̃ vidə]  
 And I am the-winter with-the hands empty

**qui t'écoute pleurer dans la nuit désolée.**  
 [ki te.ku.tə plœ.ʁe dɑ̃ la nɥi de.zɔ.le.ə]  
 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 bõ ma.tẽ]**  
**Of good morning**

Poet: Lucien Jacques

Duration: 0:45

Range: C<sub>4</sub> – E<sub>5</sub><sup>b</sup>

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

**De bon matin, sous l'olivier**  
[də bõ ma.tẽ su lõ.li.vje]  
Of good morning, under the-olive-tree

**coupez la jonquille et le frêle narcisse.**  
[ku.pe la ʒõ.ki je lõ frẽ.lõ nar.si.sõ]  
cut the daffodil and the fragile narcissus.

**Tressez-en couronnes légères**  
[trẽ.se.zã ku. rõ.nõ le.ʒẽr]  
weave-of-them wreaths light

**et faites des colliers**  
[e fẽ.tõ dẽ kõ.lje]  
and make some necklaces

**d'anémones et de violiers**  
[da.ne.mõ.nõ e dõ vi.õ.lje]  
of-anemone and of wallflowers

**pour parer la fontaine claire**  
[pur pa.re la fõ.te.nõ klẽ.rõ]  
in-order to-decorate the spring clear

**qu'un cyprès marque dans la plaine.**  
[kõ si.prẽ mar.kõ dã la plẽ.nõ]  
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 wreaths  
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

[ɔ.frãd]

#### Offering

Poet: Lucien Jacques

Duration: 1:15

Range: E<sub>4</sub> – E<sub>5</sub>

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

<b>Par</b>	<b>la</b>	<b>douceur</b>	<b>du</b>	<b>printemps</b>	<b>matinal</b>			
[par	la	du.sœr	dy	prẽ.tã	ma.ti.nal]			
For	the	sweetness	of-the	spring	morning			
<b>sur</b>	<b>la</b>	<b>fontaine</b>	<b>peinte</b>	<b>où</b>	<b>des</b>	<b>amours</b>	<b>s'ébattent</b>	
[syʀ	la	fõ.te.nə	pẽ	tu	dẽ	za.mur	se.ba.tə]	
on	the	fountain	painted	where	the	lovers	frolic	
<b>j'ai</b>	<b>posé</b>	<b>l'olive,</b>	<b>le</b>	<b>thym</b>	<b>et</b>	<b>la</b>	<b>première</b>	<b>jacinthe.</b>
[je	po.ze	lɔ.li.və	lə	tẽ	e	la	prẽ.mjẽ.rə	za.sẽ.tə]
I-have	placed	the-olive,	the	thyme	and	the	first	hyacinth.
<b>Puis</b>	<b>j'ai</b>	<b>brûlé</b>	<b>l'encens</b>	<b>pour</b>	<b>les</b>	<b>amours</b>	<b>amis,</b>	
[pui	ʒe	bry.le	lã.sã	pur	le	za.mur	za.mi]	
Then	I-have	burned	the-incense	for	the	lovers	friendly,	
<b>pour</b>	<b>la</b>	<b>blonde</b>	<b>lumière</b>	<b>et</b>	<b>la</b>	<b>vie.</b>		
[pur	la	blõ.də	ly.mjẽr	e	la	vi.ə]		
for	the	blond	light	and	the	life.		
<b>La</b>	<b>fontaine</b>	<b>m'a</b>	<b>dit</b>	<b>merci</b>				
[la	fõ.te.nə	ma	di	mẽr.si]				
The	fountain	to-me-has	said	thank you				
<b>avec</b>	<b>sa</b>	<b>bouche</b>	<b>de</b>	<b>cristal.</b>				
[a.vẽk	sa	bu.fə	də	kri.stal]				
with	its	mouth	of	crystal.				

*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: C<sub>4</sub> – D<sub>5</sub>

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

#### Reste.

[rɛs.tə]

Stay.

<b>Demain</b>	<b>le</b>	<b>pêcher</b>	<b>fleurira</b>
də.mɛ̃	lə	pɛ.ʃe	flœ.ri.ra
Tomorrow	the	peach tree	will-bloom

<b>rose</b>	<b>sur</b>	<b>l'indigo</b>	<b>du</b>	<b>ciel</b>
[ro.zə	syr	lɛ̃.di.go	dy	sjɛl]
pink	against	the-indigo	of-the	sky

<b>et</b>	<b>l'air</b>	<b>fleurera</b>	<b>bon</b>	<b>le</b>	<b>miel</b>
[e	lɛr	flœ.rə.ra	bɔ̃	lə	mjɛl]
and	the-wind	will-smell	good	the	honey

<b>et</b>	<b>l'olivier</b>	<b>s'argentera</b>
[e	lɔ.li.vje	sar.ʒɑ̃.tə.ra]
and	the-olive tree	itself-will-appear silver

<b>sous</b>	<b>le</b>	<b>vent</b>	<b>d'Est.</b>
[su	lə	vɑ̃	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**  
**[lã.tik fõ.tɛn]**  
**The old fountain**

Poet: Lucien Jacques

Duration: 2:31

Range: C<sup>#</sup><sub>4</sub> – E<sub>5</sub>

- 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,**  
 [su sa vu.tə də ljɛ.rə dɾy]  
 Beneath its canopy of ivy dense,

**l'antique fontaine pleure l'heure écoulee**  
 [lã.ti.kə fõ.tɛ.nə plœ.rə lœ re.ku.le.ə]  
 the-antique fountain weeps-for the-hour slipped-away

**et les dieux disparus,**  
 [e lɛ djø di.spa.ry]  
 and the gods vanished,

**par le triple sanglot de ses trois ruisselets.**  
 [par lə tri.plə sã.glo də sɛ trwa rɥi.sə.lɛ]  
 through the three-fold sobs of its three streams.

**Jadis la nymphe nue s'y voyait érigée**  
 [ʒa.dis la nɛ̃.fə ny.ə si vwa.jɛ te.ri.ʒɛ]  
 In-the-past the nymph naked herself-there saw erected

**debout sur la coquille;**  
 [də.bu syr la kɔ.ki.jə]  
 upright on the shell;

**ou bien encore, narquois,**  
 [u bjɛ̃ nã.kɔr nar.kwa]  
 or else, mockingly,

**le faune adolescent faisait l'amusant simulacre**  
 [lə fo na.dɔ.lɛ.sã fə.zɛ la.my.zã si.my.la.krɛ]  
 the faun adolescent made the-amusing pretense

**de marier le son tenu de sa syrx de pierre**  
 [də ma.ri.e lə sɔ̃ te.ny də sa si.rɛ̃ks də pjɛ.rə]  
 of blending the sound thin of his syrx of stone

**à celui, limpide, de l'eau**  
 [a sə.lqi lɛ̃.pi.də də lo]  
 with those, clear, of the-water

**sous le lierre.**  
 [su lə ljɛr]  
 under the ivy.

**Et puis vinrent les temps ingrats**  
 [e pɥi vɛ̃.rə lɛ tɑ̃ zɛ̃.gra]  
 And then came the times ungrateful

**et la vouôte fut vide et la socle vert désert.**  
 [e la vu.tə fy vi de la sɔ̃.klə vɛr de.zɛr]  
 and the canopy was empty and the pedestal green deserted.

**Mais moi, maître actuel de la source et du champ,**  
 [mɛ mwa mɛ trak.tɥɛl də la sur se dy ʃɑ̃]  
 But I, master present of the spring and of-the field,

**je fais le vœux d'orner d'une image divine**  
 [ʒə fe lə vø dɔr.ne dy ni.ma.ʒə di.vi.nə]  
 I make the vow of-to-adorn with-an image divine

**la place consacrée**  
 [la plasə kɔ̃.sa.kre.ə]  
 the place sacred

**et dis qu'un jour prochain,**  
 [e dis kœ ʒur prɔ̃.ʃɛ̃]  
 and say that-a day next,

**un Hermès bleu, tête penchée,**  
 [œ̃ nɛr.mɛs blø tɛ.tə pɑ̃.ʃe.ə]  
 a Hermes blue, head bent,

**d'un index attentif fera signe d'écouter l'eau.**  
 [dœ̃ nɛ̃.dɛ ksa.tɑ̃.tif fə.ra si.ɲə de.ku.te lo]  
 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.*

**Image**  
**[i.maʒ]**  
**Image**

Poet: Édouard Schneider  
Performance Time: 2:22  
Range: E<sub>4</sub> – G<sup>#</sup><sub>5</sub>

- This piece is more suited for a high voice.

<b>J'emporte</b>	<b>un</b>	<b>pur</b>	<b>souvenir</b>
[ʒɑ̃.pɔʁ	tœ	pyʁ	su.və.niʁ]
I-carry-away	a	pure	memory

<b>Au</b>	<b>creux</b>	<b>le</b>	<b>plus</b>	<b>chaud</b>	<b>de</b>	<b>mes</b>	<b>mains,</b>
[o	krø	lə	ply	ʃo	də	mɛ	mɛ̃]
In-the	hollow	the	most	warm	of	my	hands,

<b>Au</b>	<b>plus</b>	<b>caché</b>	<b>des</b>	<b>replis</b>	<b>de</b>	<b>mon</b>	<b>coeur,</b>
[o	ply	ka.ʃe	dɛ	rə.pli	də	mɔ̃	kœʁ]
in-the	most	hidden	of-the	recesses	of	my	heart,

**Un cher secret que seul je connais et possède,**  
 [œ ʃɛʀ sə.kʀɛ kə sœl ʒə kɔ.nɛ ze pɔ.sɛ.də]  
 A precious secret that only I know and posses,

**Une image, –saurai-je jamais où la tendresse**  
 [y ni.ma.ʒə sɔ.re.ʒə ʒa.mɛ u la tɑ̃.drɛ.sə]  
 An image, will-know-I never where the tenderness

**Le cede en elle à la douleur? –**  
 [lə sɛ dɑ̃ nɛ la la du.lœʀ]  
 The gives-way inside her to the sorrow?

**Une image toute vivante, toute blanche,**  
 [y ni.ma.ʒə tu.tə vi.vɑ̃.tə tu.tə blɑ̃.ʃə]  
 An image all lively, all clean,

**Une image toute nue d'enfant,**  
 [y ni.ma.ʒə tu.tə ny dɑ̃.fɑ̃]  
 An image all nude of-child,

**Une image d'offrande,**  
 [y ni.ma.ʒə dɔ.frɑ̃.də]  
 An image of-offering,

**Une image**  
 [y ni.ma.ʒə]  
 An image

**Sur quoi mes yeux se ferment,**  
 [syr kwa mɛ zjø sɔ fɛʀ.mə]  
 On which my eyes themselves fasten,

**Et mes mains se joignent,**  
 [e mɛ mɛ̃ sɔ ʒwa.jə]  
 And my hands join,

**Et mes lèvres,**  
 [e mɛ lɛ.vʀə]  
 And my lips,

**Avec un triste, avec un long sourire,**  
 [a.vɛ kœ tri sta.vɛ kœ lɔ̃ su.ri.rə]  
 With a sad, with a lasting smile,

**Se**    **clostent...**  
[sə    klo.zə]  
They   close...

*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 də pã]**  
**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 (G<sub>4</sub>, B-flat<sub>4</sub>, C<sub>5</sub>, E-flat<sub>5</sub>, F<sub>5</sub>, G-flat<sub>5</sub>, and A<sub>5</sub>). 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.”<sup>38</sup> *La flûte de Pan* was premiered in Paris on March 8, 1930.

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<sup>38</sup> Jean Cras, *Jean Cras*, Didier Henry, baritone; digital disc (Quantum 6897, 1988).

**I. Invention de la flûte**  
**[ɛ̃.vã.sjõ də la flyt]**  
**Invention of the flute**

Poet: Lucien Jacques

Duration: 6:58

Range: D<sub>4</sub>-A<sub>5</sub>

- Written for high voice.

**Au jailli de la source gerboient les longs roseaux**  
 [o ʒa.ji də la sur.sə ʒɛr.bwa lɛ lɔ̃ ro.zo]  
 From-the geyser at the source burst-forth the long reeds

**qui sont les cheveux verts de la nymphe changée.**  
 [ki sɔ̃ lɛ ʃə.vø vɛʀ də la nɛ̃.fə ʃã.ʒe.ə]  
 which are the hair green of the nymph transformed.

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

**plus legers que des os d'oiseaux,**  
 [ply le.ʒɛʀ kə də zo dwa.zo]  
 more light than the bones of-birds,

**tous lisses et polis et de couleur pareille.**  
 [tu li.sə ze pɔ.li e də ku.lœʀ pa.rɛ.jə]  
 all smooth and polished and of color similar.

**Par jeu je les ai mis dans un buis court-creusé,**  
 [par ʒø ʒə lɛ ze mi dã zœ̃ bɥi kur-krø.ze]  
 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 lə tu ta la si.rø da.bɛ.jə]  
 and I-have bound it all with the wax of-bees

**avec des joncs nouveaux.**  
 [a.vɛk də ʒɔ̃ nu.vo]  
 with the cane new.

**Or le plus long des sept**  
 [ɔʀ lə ply lɔ̃ də set]  
 Now the most long of-the seven

**recèle le sanglot profond**  
[rə.sɛ.lə lə sɑ̃.glo prɔ̃.fɔ̃]  
contains the sob deep

**de l'hiver long et du vent rauque.**  
[də li.vɛr lɔ̃ e dy vɑ̃ rokə]  
of the-winter long and of-the wind raucous.

**Celui qui vient après**  
[sə.lɥi ki vjɛ̃ ta.prɛ̃]  
The-one that comes after

**est clameur de l'eau glauque**  
[ɛ kla.mœr də lo glo.kə]  
is cry of the-water blue-green

**qu'un gouffre sourd étouffe.**  
[kœ̃ gu.frə sur e.tu.fə]  
that-a pit muffled smothers.

**Celui qui vient après**  
[sə.lɥi ki vjɛ̃ ta.prɛ̃]  
The-one that comes after

**est plein, pur et paisible:**  
[ɛ plɛ̃ py ʁe pɛ.zi.blə]  
is full, pure and peaceful:

**c'est l'écho prolongé des bois.**  
[sɛ le.ko prɔ̃.lɔ̃ʒe də bwa]  
it-is the-echo extended of-the woods.

**Celui-là, du milieu,**  
[sə.lɥi.la dy mi.ljø]  
That-one, in-the middle,

**est guttural, mieux qu'un appel**  
[ɛ gy.ty.ral mjø kœ̃ na.pɛl]  
is guttural, better than-a call

**de la palombe énamourée.**  
[də la pa.lɔ̃ be.na.mu.re.ə]  
of the wood-pigeon enamoured.

**Celui qui vient après a la voix de l'enfance:**  
 [sə.lɥi ki vjẽ ta.prɛ a la vwa də lã.fã.sə]  
 That which comes after has the voice of the-childhood:

**il rêve et rit et jase et rit encore.**  
 [il rɛ ve ri te ʒazə e ri tã.ko.rə]  
 it dreams and laughs and chatters and laughs again.

**Celui l'avant-dernier est de soleil liquide;**  
 [sə.lɥi la.vã.dɛr.nje rɛ də so.lɛʒ li.ki.də]  
 That the-before-last is-(made) of sun liquid;

**une cymbalə de cigale y vibre.**  
 [y.nə sɛ̃.ba.lə də si.ga li vi.brə]  
 a cymbal of cicada there vibrates.

**Et le dernier de tous joue la frénésie:**  
 [e lə dɛr.nje də tus ʒu la fre.ne.zi.ə]  
 And the last of all plays the frenzy:

**c'est la grive d'automne grise**  
 [sɛ la gri.və do.tɔ.nə gri.zə]  
 it-is the thrush of-autumn grey

**ou cri strident d'une âme à la dérive.**  
 [u kri stri.dã dy na ma la de.ri.və]  
 or cry strident of-a soul to the drift.

**Or voici qu'en soufflant les voix se sont mêlées**  
 [ɔr vwa.si kã su.flã lɛ vwa sə sɔ mɛ.le]  
 Now {all-of-a-sudden-in} blowing the voices they are blended

**harmonieusement.**

[zar.mə.ni.ø.zə.mã]

harmoniously.

**Toutes les voix unies n'ont formé qu'un seul chant.**  
 [tu.tə lɛ vwa zyni nɔ̃ fɔr.me kœ sœl ʃã]  
 All the voices united not-have formed but-one single song.

**Et voici qu'à mon gré je parle à tous**  
 [e vwa.si ka mɔ̃ gre ʒə par la tus]  
 And suddenly at my wish I talk to all



**selon ma joie et mon tourment,**  
 [sə.lõ ma ʒwa e mõ tur.mã]  
 according-to my joy and my anguish,

**selon mon âme et selon l'âme universelle.**  
 [sə.lõ mõ na.mə e sə.lõ la my.ni.ver.sɛ.lə]  
 according-to my soul and according-to the-soul universal.

**J'ai réveillé la nymphe belle.**  
 [ʒe re.vɛ.je la nɛ.fə bɛ.lə]  
 I-have awoken the nymph beautiful.

**Vous me croyiez un homme?**  
 [vu mə krwa.je zœ nɔm]  
 You me believe-to-be a man?

**Non, je suis le vieux Pan.**  
 [nõ ʒə sɥi lə vjø pã]  
 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 [dõ də la flyt] Gift of the flute

Poet: Lucien Jacques  
Duration: 2:54  
Range: D<sup>#</sup><sub>4</sub> – A<sub>5</sub>

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

<b>J'ai</b>	<b>trouvé</b>	<b>ce</b>	<b>matin</b>	<b>suspendue</b>	<b>à</b>	<b>ma</b>	<b>porte</b>
[ʒe	tru.ve	sə	ma.tẽ	sys.pã.dy	a	ma	pɔr.tə]
I-have	found	this	morning	hanging	from	my	door

<b>la</b>	<b>flûte</b>	<b>du</b>	<b>dieu</b>	<b>Pan</b>	<b>faite</b>	<b>de<sup>39</sup></b>	<b>roseaux</b>	<b>joints,</b>
[la	fly.tə	dy	djø	pã	fɛ.tə	də	ro.zo	ʒwẽ]
the	flute	of-the	god	Pan	made	of	reeds	bound,

<b>parée</b>	<b>de</b>	<b>myrte</b>	<b>vert</b>	<b>et</b>	<b>thym</b>	<b>odorant</b>
[pa.re	də	mir.tə	vɛr	e	tẽ	o.dɔ.rã]
adorned	with	myrtle	green	and	thyme	fragrant

<b>puis,</b>	<b>poses</b>	<b>à</b>	<b>côté,</b>	<b>du</b>	<b>miel</b>	<b>et</b>	<b>des</b>	<b>amandes.</b>
[pui	po.ze	a	ko.te	dy	mje	le	dɛ	za.mã.də]
then,	laid	at	side,	some	honey	and	some	almonds.

<sup>39</sup>Samain's poem included the number twelve. Cras omitted that number and used the number seven.

**C'est mon ami Koré avec ma soeur Aïa**  
 [sɛ mɔ̃ na.mi kɔ.re a.vɛk ma sœ raj.a]  
 It-is my friend Koré with my sister Aïa

**qui, de nuit, sont venus m'en faire la surprise.**  
 [ki də nuʃi sɔ̃ vɔ.ny mɑ̃ fɛ.rə la syr.pri.zə]  
 who, by night, have come me-in to-give the surprise.

**Je n'ai rien à présent pour donner en retour,**  
 [ʒə ne ʀjɛ̃ na pre.zɑ̃ pur dɔ.ne rɑ̃ rə.tur]  
 I not-have nothing at present for to-give in return,

**mais je vais conserver douze pommes vermeilles**  
 [mɛ ʒə vɛ kɔ̃.sɛr.ve du.zə pɔ̃.mə vɛr.m.ɛjə]  
 but I will keep twelve apples rosy

**et, lorsque je saurai d'un souffle habile et pur**  
 [e lɔr.skə ʒə sɔ̃.re dœ̃ suf la.bi le py]  
 and, when I will-be-able with-a breath skillful and pure

**animer la syrinx, me couronnant de lierre**  
 [ra.ni.me la si.rɛ̃ks mɔ̃ ku.rɔ.nɑ̃ də ljɛ.rə]  
 to-give-life-to the syrinx, myself crowning with ivy

**j'irai, par un matin de la saison nouvelle,**  
 [ʒi.re pa rœ̃ ma.tɛ̃ də la sɛ.zɔ̃ nu.vɛ.lə]  
 I-will-go, on a morning in the season new,

**avec une jarrée du bon lait de mes chèvres,**  
 [a.vɛ ky.nə ʒa.re dy bɔ̃ lɛ də mɛ ʃɛv.rə]  
 with a jar of-the good milk from my goats,

**poser mes humbles dons et chanter à leur seuil.**  
 [po.ze mɛ zœ̃.blə dɔ̃ ze ʃɑ̃.te ra lœr sœj]  
 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**  
**[lə si.ɲal də la flyt]**  
**The signal of the flute**

Poet: Lucien Jacques  
 Duration: 2:29  
 Range: E<sup>b</sup><sub>4</sub> – A<sup>b</sup><sub>5</sub>

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

<b>Nous</b>	<b>avons</b>	<b>convenu</b>	<b>d'un</b>	<b>signal.</b>
[nu	za.võ	kõ.və.ny	dœ	si.ɲal]
We	have	agreed	of-a	signal.

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

<b>sur</b>	<b>la</b>	<b>flûte,</b>	<b>j'imiterai</b>	<b>le</b>	<b>chant</b>	<b>plaintif</b>
[syʁ	la	fly.tə	ʒi.mi.tə.re	lə	ʃɑ̃	plɛ̃.tif]
on	the	flute,	I-will-imitate	the	song	plaintive

<b>du</b>	<b>berger</b>	<b>dans</b>	<b>le</b>	<b>soir.</b>
[dy	bɛʁ.ʒe	dɑ̃	lə	swaʁ]
of-the	shepherd	in	the	evening.

<b>Alors,</b>	<b>tu</b>	<b>sauras</b>	<b>que</b>	<b>tu</b>	<b>dois</b>	<b>rester</b>	<b>dans</b>	<b>l'ombre.</b>
[a.lɔʁ	ty	sɔ.ra	kə	ty	dwa	rɛ.ste	dɑ̃	lõ.brə]
Then,	you	will-know	that	you	have	to-stay	in	the-shadow.

<b>Mais</b>	<b>si</b>	<b>bois</b>	<b>et</b>	<b>champs</b>	<b>sont</b>	<b>déserts</b>
[mɛ	si	bwa	ze	ʃɑ̃	sõ	de.zɛʁ]
But	if	forests	and	fields	are	deserted

<b>et</b>	<b>que</b>	<b>tu</b>	<b>puisses</b>	<b>me</b>	<b>rejoindre,</b>
[e	kə	ty	pui.sə	mə	rɔ.ʒwɛ̃.drə]
and	that	you	could	me	to-reunite,

<b>accours</b>	<b>en</b>	<b>m’entendant</b>	<b>jouer</b>	<b>à</b>	<b>perdre</b>	<b>haleine</b>
[a.ku run	rã when	mã.tã.dã me-hearing	ʒu.e to-play	ra until	pɛr losing	dra.lɛ.nə] breath

<b>l’air</b>	<b>bleu</b>	<b>alerte</b>	<b>et</b>	<b>fou</b>	<b>qui</b>	<b>fait</b>	<b>danser</b>	<b>les</b>	<b>chèvres.</b>
[lɛr the-air	blø blue	a.lɛr lively	te and	fu wild	ki that	fɛ makes	dã.se to-dance	lɛ the	ʃɛ.vrə] goats.

*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** [lɔ rə.tur də la flyt] **The return of the flute**

Poet: Lucien Jacques

Duration: 3:05

Range: F<sub>4</sub> – G<sup>b</sup><sub>5</sub>

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

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

<b>prends</b>	<b>ma</b>	<b>flûte</b>	<b>à</b>	<b>mon</b>	<b>cou</b>
[prã take	ma my	fly flute	ta from	mõ my	ku] neck

<b>dans</b>	<b>sa</b>	<b>gaine</b>	<b>de</b>	<b>cuir.</b>
[dã in	sa its	gɛ.nə case	də of	kɥir] leather.

<b>Puis</b>	<b>cherche</b>	<b>un</b>	<b>beau</b>	<b>platane</b>
[pɥi Then	ʃɛr search-for	ʃœ a	bo beautiful	pla.ta.nə] plane tree

<b>pour</b>	<b>me</b>	<b>coucher</b>	<b>dessous</b>	<b>en</b>	<b>terre</b>
[pʁ	mə	ku.ʃe	də.su	zɑ̃	tɛ.rə]
for	me	to-lay-down	underneath	within	ground

<b>Et</b>	<b>quand</b>	<b>ce</b>	<b>sera</b>	<b>fait</b>
[e	kɑ̃	sə	sə.ra	fɛ]
And	when	this	will-be	done

<b>n'ae</b>	<b>cesse</b>	<b>ni</b>	<b>repos</b>
[nɛ	sɛ.sə	ni	rə.po]
neither-have	stop	nor	rest

<b>avant</b>	<b>d'avoir</b>	<b>remis</b>
[a.vɑ̃	da.vwar	rə.mi]
before	of-to-have	put-back

<b>à</b>	<b>qui</b>	<b>les</b>	<b>façonna</b>
[a	ki	lɛ	fa.sə.na]
to	him-who	them	fashioned

<b>les</b>	<b>précieux</b>	<b>pipeaux</b>
[lɛ	pre.sjø	pi.po]
the	precious	pipes

<b>que</b>	<b>mon</b>	<b>souffle</b>	<b>anima.</b>
[kə	mɔ̃	suf.lə	a.ni.ma]
that	my	breath	gave-life-to.

*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.*

**L'Offrande lyrique**  
**[lɔ.frɑ̃d li.rik]**  
**The Lyric Offering**

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]." <sup>40</sup> In return, Cras sent Gide a signed first edition of *L'offrande lyrique*. Gabrielle Gills, 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 amoureux.

<b>I. Cueille</b>	<b>cette frêle fleur...</b>
<b>[kœ.jø</b>	<b>sɛ.tə frɛ.lə flœr...]</b>
<b>Pluck</b>	<b>this fragile flower...</b>

Poet: Rabindranath Tagore

Duration: 2:37

Range: D<sup>#</sup><sub>4</sub> – F<sup>#</sup><sub>5</sub>

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

<b>Cueille</b>	<b>cette</b>	<b>frêle</b>	<b>fleur</b>	<b>prends-la</b>	<b>vite!</b>
[kœ.jø	sɛ.tə	frɛ.lə	flœr	prɑ̃.la	vi.tə]
Pick	this	frail	flower	take-it	quickly!

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<sup>40</sup>Jean Cras, personal letter to unknown recipient, 12 December 1921, quoted by Bempéchat, 143.

**de**        **crainte**    **qu'elle**    **ne**    **se**        **fane**  
 [dø        krɛ̃.tə      kɛ.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                    dɑ̃        la        pu.sjɛ.rə]  
 and       not        itself-shed-its petals    in        the       dust.

**S'il**        **n'y**        **a**        **point**        **place**        **pour**        **elle**        **dans**  
 [sil        ni        a        pwɛ̃        plasə        pu        rɛ.lə      dɑ̃]  
 If-there    not-is       not        place       for        it        in

**ta**        **guirlande,**    **fais**    **lui**        **pourtant**        **l'honneur**  
 [ta        gir.lɑ̃.də      fɛ        lɥi        pur.tɑ̃        lɔ.nœʁ]  
 your       garland,    do        it        nevertheless    the-honor

**du**        **contact**    **douloureux**    **de**    **ta**        **main;**        **Cueille-la.**  
 [dy        kɔ̃.takt      du.lu.rø      də        ta        mɛ̃        kœ.jə.la]  
 with-the    touch        painful      of        your    hands;    Pluck-it.

**Je**        **crains**    **que**        **le**        **jour**        **ne**        **s'achève**        **avant**    **que**  
 [ʒə        krɛ̃        kə        lə        ʒur        nə        sa.ʃɛ.və      avɑ̃      kə]  
 I        fear        that        the        day        not        itself-ends      before    that

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

**l'offertoire**    **ne**        **soit**        **passé.**  
 [lɔ.fɛr.twa.rə      nə        swa        pa.se]  
 the-offering    not        be        past.

**Bien**    **que**        **sa**        **couleur**    **soit**        **discrete**    **et**        **que**  
 [bjɛ̃        kə        sa        ku.lœʁ      swa        di.skʁet      e        kə]  
 Although        its        color        be        subtle        and        that

**timide**    **soit**        **sa**        **senteur,**    **prends**    **cette**        **fleur**        **à**  
 [ti.mi.də      swa        sa        sɑ̃.tœʁ      prɑ̃        sɛ.tə        flœ        ra]  
 timid        be        its        scent,        take        this        flower      in

**ton**        **service**    **et**        **cueille-la**    **tandis**    **qu'il**        **en**        **est**        **temps.**  
 [tɔ̃        sɛʁ.vi      se        kœ.jə.la      tɑ̃.di      ki        lɑ̃        nɛ        tɑ̃]  
 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. Si tu ne parles pas...**  
[si ty nə par.lə pas]  
**If you do speak not...**  
*(If you do not speak...)*

Poet: Rabindranath Tagore

Duration: 2:28

Range: E<sub>4</sub> – G<sub>5</sub><sup>#</sup>

- Composed for high voice.

<b>Si</b>	<b>tu</b>	<b>ne</b>	<b>parles</b>	<b>pas,</b>	<b>certes</b>	<b>j'endurerai</b>	<b>ton</b>
[si	ty	nə	par.lə	pa	sɛrtə	ʒɑ̃.dy.rə.re	tɔ̃]
If	you	–	speak	not,	most-certainly	I-will-bear	your

<b>silence;</b>	<b>j'en</b>	<b>emplirai</b>	<b>mon</b>	<b>coeur.</b>
[si.lɑ̃.sə	ʒɑ̃	nɑ̃.pli.re	mɔ̃	kœr]
silence;	I-with-it	will-fill	my	heart.

<b>J'attendrai</b>	<b>tranquille,</b>	<b>la</b>	<b>tête</b>	<b>bas</b>	<b>penchée,</b>
[ʒɑ̃.tɑ̃.dre	trɑ̃.ki.lə	la	tɛ.tə	ba	pɑ̃.ʃe.ə]
I-will-wait	calmly,	the	head	low	bent,

<b>et</b>	<b>pareil</b>	<b>à</b>	<b>la</b>	<b>nuit</b>	<b>durant</b>	<b>sa</b>	<b>vigile</b>	<b>étoilée.</b>
[e	pa.rɛ	ja	la	nɥi	dy.rɑ̃	sa	vi.ʒi	le.twa.le.ə]
and	similar	to	the	night	during	its	vigil	starry.

<b>Le</b>	<b>matin</b>	<b>sûrement</b>	<b>va</b>	<b>venir;</b>	<b>la</b>	<b>ténèbre</b>
[lə	ma.tɛ̃	sy.rə.mɑ̃	va	və.nir	la	te.nɛ.brə]
The	morning	surely	will	come;	the	darkness

<b>céder,</b>	<b>et</b>	<b>ta</b>	<b>voix</b>	<b>va</b>	<b>s'épandre</b>	<b>en</b>
[se.de	e	ta	vwa	va	se.pã	drã]
yield,	and	your	voice	will	itself-spread	in

<b>jaillissements</b>	<b>d'or</b>	<b>ruisselant</b>	<b>à</b>	<b>travers</b>	<b>le</b>	<b>ciel.</b>
[ʒa.ji.sə.mã	dɔr	rɥi.sə.lã	ta	tra.ver	lə	sjɛl]
gushes	of-gold	streaming	across		the	sky.

<b>Tes</b>	<b>paroles</b>	<b>alors</b>	<b>s'essoreront</b>	<b>en</b>	<b>chansons</b>
[tɛ	pa.rɔ.lə	za.lɔr	se.sɔ.rə.rõ	tã	ʃã.sõ]
Your	words	then	will-soar	in-the-form-of	songs

<b>de</b>	<b>chacun</b>	<b>de</b>	<b>mes</b>	<b>nids</b>	<b>d'oiseaux</b>	<b>et</b>	<b>tes</b>
[də	ʃa.kœ	də	mɛ	ni	dwa.zo	e	tɛ]
from	each	of	my	nests	of-birds	and	your

<b>mélodies</b>	<b>éclateront</b>	<b>en</b>	<b>fleurs</b>	<b>sur</b>	<b>toutes</b>	<b>les</b>	<b>charmilles</b>
[me.lɔ.di.ə	ze.kla.tə.rõ	tã	flœr	syr	tu.tə	lə	ʃar.mi.jə]
melodies	will-burst	into	flowers	on	all	the	arbors

<b>de</b>	<b>mes</b>	<b>forêts.</b>
[də	mɛ	fɔ.rɛ]
of	my	forests.

*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 ʒur ɛ pa.se]**  
**If the day has passed...**

Poet: Rabindranath Tagore

Duration: 3:06

Range: D<sub>4</sub> – G<sub>5</sub>

- Composed for high voice.

<b>Si</b>	<b>le</b>	<b>jour</b>	<b>est</b>	<b>passé,</b>				
[si	lə	ʒu	rɛ	pa.se]				
If	the	day	has	passed,				
<b>si</b>	<b>les</b>	<b>oiseaux</b>	<b>ne</b>	<b>chantent</b>	<b>plus,</b>			
[si	le	zwa.zo	nə	ʃɑ̃.tə	ply]			
if	the	birds	no	sing	more,			
<b>si</b>	<b>le</b>	<b>vent</b>	<b>fatigué</b>	<b>retombe,</b>				
[si	lə	vɑ̃	fa.ti.ge	rə.tõ.bə]				
if	the	wind	tired	subsides,				
<b>tire</b>	<b>au-dessus</b>	<b>de</b>	<b>moi</b>	<b>le</b>	<b>voile</b>	<b>des</b>	<b>ténèbres,</b>	
[ti	ro.də.sy	də	mwa	lə	vwa.lə	dɛ	tɛ.nɛ.brə]	
pull	over	of	me	the	veil	of	darkness,	
<b>ainsi</b>	<b>que</b>	<b>tu</b>	<b>as</b>	<b>enveloppé</b>	<b>la</b>	<b>terre</b>		
[ɛ̃.si	kə	ty	a	zɑ̃.və.lɔ.pe	la	tɛ.rə]		
even	as	you	have	wrapped	the	earth		
<b>dans</b>	<b>les</b>	<b>courtines</b>	<b>du</b>	<b>sommeil</b>				
[dɑ̃	lɛ	kur.ti.nə	dy	sɔ̃.mɛj]				
in	the	coverlets	of-the	sleep				
<b>et</b>	<b>clos</b>	<b>tendrement</b>	<b>à</b>	<b>la</b>	<b>brune</b>	<b>les</b>	<b>pétales</b>	
[e	klo	tɑ̃.drə.mɑ̃	a	la	bry.nə	lɛ	pe.ta.lə]	
and	closed	tenderly	{	at dusk	}	the	petals	
<b>du</b>	<b>défaillant</b>	<b>lotus.</b>						
[dy	de.fa.jɑ̃	lɔ.tys]						
of-the	drooping	lotus.						
<b>Du</b>	<b>voyageur</b>	<b>dont</b>	<b>la</b>	<b>besace</b>	<b>est</b>	<b>vide</b>		
[dy	vwa.ja.ʒœr	dõ	la	bə.za	sɛ	vi.də]		
From-the	traveler	whose	the	pouch	is	empty		

**avant**    **qu'il**    **n'ait**    **achevé**    **sa**    **route,**  
[a.vã    kil    nɛ    ta.fə.ve    sa    ru.tə]  
before    that-he    not-has    finished    his    trip,

**dont**    **le**    **vêtement**    **est**    **déchiré**  
[dõ    lə    vɛ.tə.mã    ɛ    de.ʃi.rɛ]  
whose    the    garments    are    torn

**et**    **lourd**    **de**    **poussière,**  
[e    lur    də    pu.sjɛ.rə]  
and    heavy    with    dust,

**dont**    **les**    **forces**    **sont**    **épuisées**  
[dõ    lɛ    fɔr.sə    sɔ̃    te.pɥi.ze]  
whose    the    strengths    are    exhausted

**écarte**    **honte**    **et**    **misère,**  
[e.kar.tə    õ    te    mi.zɛ.rə]  
push-aside    shame    and    misery,

**et**    **lui**    **renouvelle**    **la**    **vie**    **comme**    **à**    **la**    **fleur**  
[e    lɥi    rə.nu.vɛ.lə    la    vi    kɔ̃    ma    la    flœr]  
and    of-him    renew    the    life    like    to    the    flower

**sous**    **le**    **bienveillant**    **couvert**    **de**    **ta**    **nuit.**  
[su    lə    bjɛ̃.vɛ.jã    ku.vɛr    də    ta    nɥi]  
under    the    benevolent    cover    of    your    night.

*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 lɛ vɔ.ny sa.swar]**  
*(He came to sit at my side...)*

Poet: Rabindranath Tagore

Duration: 1:49

Range: E<sup>b</sup><sub>4</sub> – G<sup>#</sup><sub>5</sub>

- 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 lɛ vɔ.ny sa.swar]  
 At my sides he has come himself-to-sit

**et je ne me suis pas éveillé.**  
 [re ʒə nə mə sɥi pa ze.vɛ.je]  
 and I -- myself did not wake.

**Maudit soit mon sommeil misérable!**  
 [mo.di swa mɔ̃ sɔ.mɛj mi.ze.ra.blə]  
 Cursed be my sleep miserable!

**Il est venue quand la nuit était paisible;**  
 [i lɛ vɔ.ny kɑ̃ la nɥi e.tɛ 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 mɛ̃ e mɛ rɛ.və sɔ̃]  
 he had his harp in his hand and my dreams have

**devenus tout vibrant de ses mélodies.**  
 [dɔ.vɔ.ny tu vi.brɑ̃ də sɛ me.lɔ.di.ɔ̃]  
 become all resonating with its melodies.

**Hélas! Pourquoi mes nuits toutes ainsi perdues?**  
 [e.las pur.kwa mɛ nɥi tu.tɔ zɛ̃.si pɛr.dy.ɔ̃]  
 Alas! Why my nights all in-this-way lost?

**Ah! pourquoi celui dont le souffle touche**  
 [a pur.kwa sɔ̃.lɥi dɔ̃ lə su.flə tu.ʃə]  
 Ah! Why the-one whose the breath touches

<b>mon</b>	<b>sommeil,</b>	<b>échappe-t-il</b>	<b>toujours</b>	<b>à</b>	<b>ma</b>	<b>vue?</b>
[mõ	sõ.mej]	e.ʃa.pø.til	tu.zu	ra	ma	vy.ø]
my	sleep,	escapes-he	always	from	my	sight?

*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...**  
**[wi, ʒə lə sɛ    bjɛ̃]**  
**Yes, I know it well...**

Poet: Rabindranath Tagore  
Duration: 2:26  
Range: G<sub>4</sub> – A<sup>b</sup><sub>5</sub>

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

<b>Oui,</b>	<b>je</b>	<b>le</b>	<b>sais</b>	<b>bien,</b>
[wi	ʒə	lə	sɛ	bjɛ̃]
Yes,	I	it	know	well,

<b>ce</b>	<b>n'est</b>	<b>là</b>	<b>rien</b>	<b>que</b>	<b>ton</b>	<b>amour</b>
[sə	nɛ	la	ʀjɛ̃	kə	tõ	na.mu]
it	not-is	here	nothing but	your	love	

<b>ô</b>	<b>aimé</b>	<b>de</b>	<b>mon</b>	<b>coeur –</b>	<b>cette</b>	<b>lumière</b>
[ro	ɛ.me	də	mõ	kœr	sɛ.tə	y.mjɛ.rø]
oh	loved	of	my	heart	this	light

<b>d'or</b>	<b>qui</b>	<b>danse</b>	<b>sur</b>	<b>les</b>	<b>feuilles;</b>
[dɔr	ki	dã.sə	syr	lɛ	fœ.jø]
of-gold	that	dances	on	the	leaves;

**ces indolents nuages qui voguent par le ciel,**  
 [sɛ zɛ̃.dɔ̃.lɑ̃ ny.a.ʒə ki vɔ̃.gə par lə sjɛl]  
 these lazy clouds that wander through the sky,

**et cette brise passagère qui laisse sa fraîcheur à mon front.**  
 [e sɛ.tə bri.zə pa.sa.ʒɛ.rə ki lɛ.sə sa frɛ̃.ʃœ ra mɔ̃ frɔ̃]  
 and this breeze passing that leaves its coolness on my brow.

**Mes yeux se sont lavés dans la lumière matinale –**  
 [mɛ zjø sə sɔ̃ la.ve dɑ̃ la ly.mjɛ.rə ma.ti.na.lə]  
 My eyes themselves are washed in the light (of) morning –

**et c'est ton message à mon coeur.**  
 [e sɛ tɔ̃ me.sa ʒa mɔ̃ kœʁ]  
 and this-is your message to my heart.

**Ta face, de très haut s'incline;**  
 [ta fasə də trɛ 'o sɛ̃.kli.nɛ]  
 Your face, from very high itself-inclines;

**tes yeux ont plongé dans mes yeux,**  
 [tɛ zjø ɔ̃ plɔ̃.ʒe dɑ̃ mɛ zjø]  
 your eyes have immersed into my eyes,

**et contre tes pieds bat mon coeur.**  
 [e kɔ̃.trə tɛ pje ba mɔ̃ kœʁ]  
 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.mjɛʀ]**  
**Light**

Poet: Rabindranath Tagore

Duration: 2:34

Range: E<sub>4</sub> – A<sub>5</sub>

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

**Lumière!**    **ma**    **lumière!**    **lumière**    **emplissant**    **le**    **monde,**  
 [ly.mjɛ.rə    ma    ly.mjɛ.rə    ly.mjɛ    rɑ̃.pli.sɑ̃    lə    mɔ̃.də]  
 Light!    my    light!    light    filling    the    world,

**lumière**    **baiser**    **des**    **yeux,**    **douceur**    **du**    **cœur,**    **lumière!**  
 [ly.mjɛ.rə    bɛ.ze    də    zjø    du.sœr    dy    kœr    ly.mjɛ.rə]  
 light    kiss    of-the    eyes,    sweetness    of-the    heart,    light!

**Ah!**    **la**    **lumière**    **danse**    **au**    **centre**    **de**    **ma**    **vie!**  
 [ɑ    la    ly.mjɛ.rə    dɑ̃    so    sɑ̃.trə    də    ma    viə]  
 Ah!    the    light    dances    at-the    center    of    my    life!

**Bien-aimé,**    **mon**    **amour**    **retentit**    **sous**    **la**    **frappe**    **de**    **la**    **lumière.**  
 [bjɛ̃.nɛ.me    mɔ̃    na.mur    rə.tɑ̃.ti    su    la    ra.pə    də    la    ly.mjɛ.rə]  
 Beloved,    my l    ove    resonates    under    the    striking    of    the    light.

**Les**    **cieux**    **s'ouvrent;**    **le**    **vent**    **bondit;**  
 [lɛ    sjø    su.vrə    lə    vɑ̃    bɔ̃.di]  
 The    skies    themselves-open:    the    wind    leaps;

**un**    **rire**    **a**    **parcouru**    **la**    **terre.**  
 [œ̃    ri    ra    pa.ku.ry    la    tɛ.rə]  
 a    laugh    has    traveled    the    earth.

**Sur**    **l'océan**    **de**    **la**    **lumière,**  
 [syʀ    lɔ̃.se.ɑ̃    də    la    ly.mjɛ.rə]  
 On    the-ocean    of    the    light,

**mon**    **bien-aimé,**    **le**    **papillon**    **ouvre**    **son**    **aile.**  
 [mɔ̃    bjɛ̃.nɛ.me    lə    pa.pi.jɔ̃    u.vrə    sɔ̃    nɛ.lə]  
 my    beloved,    the    butterfly    opens    its    wings.



**La crête des vagues de lumière**  
 [la kʁɛ.tə də va.gə də ly.mjɛ.rə]  
 The crest of-the waves of-the light

**brille de lys et de jasmins.**  
 [bri.jə də lis e də ʒas.mɛ̃]  
 shines with lilies and with jasmine.

**La lumière<sup>41</sup> mon bien-aimé,**  
 [la ly.mjɛ.rə mɔ̃ bjɛ̃.nɛ.me]  
 The light, my beloved,

**brésille l'or sur les nuées;**  
 [bre.zi.jə lɔʁ syʁ lɛ ny.e.ə]  
 turns-into-powder the-gold on the clouds;

**elle éparpille à profusion les pierreries.**  
 [ɛ le.par.pi ja pʁɔ.fy.zjɔ̃ lɛ pjɛ̃.rɛ̃.ri.ɛ̃]  
 it sprinkles in abundance the gems.

**Une jubilation s'étend de feuille en feuille, ô mon amour!**  
 [y.nə ʒy.bi.la.sjɔ̃ se.tɑ̃ də fœ.jɛ̃ jɑ̃ fœ.jɛ̃ o mɔ̃ na.muʁ]  
 A jubilation itself-extends from leaf to leaf, oh my love!

**une aise sans mesure.**  
 [y nɛ.zə sɑ̃ mɛ̃.zy.rə]  
 a pleasure without measure.

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

**tout le flot de joie est dehors.**  
 [tu lə flo də ʒwa ɛ də.ɔʁ]  
 all the flood of-the 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.*

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<sup>41</sup> 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**  
**[rø.ba.i.jat də O.mar ka.i.jam]**  
**Ruba'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.<sup>42</sup> 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.

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<sup>42</sup>*The Ruba'iyat of Omar Khayyam*, trans. Peter Avery and John Heath-Stubbs (London: Penguin Books, 1981), 7.

**I. Chaque matin...**  
[ʃa.kə ma.tɛ̃]  
**Every morning...**

Poet: Omar Khayyam

Duration: 1:25

Range: E<sup>#</sup><sub>4</sub> – E<sub>5</sub>

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

**Chaque matin, la rosée accable les tulipes,**  
[ʃa.kə ma.tɛ̃ la ro.ze a.ka.blə lɛ ty.li.pə]  
Every morning, the dew overwhelms the tulips,

**les jacinthes et les violettes,**  
[lɛ ʒa.sɛ̃.tə e lɛ vi.ɔ.lɛ.tə]  
The hyacinths and the violets,

**Mais le soleil les délivre de leur brillant fardeau.**  
[mɛ lə so.lɛj lɛ de.li.vrə də lœr bri.jã far.do]  
But the sun them frees of their shimmering burden.

**Chaque matin, mon coeur est plus lourd dans ma poitrine,**  
[ʃa.kə ma.tɛ̃ mɔ̃ kœr ɛ ply lur dã ma pwa.tri.nə]  
Every morning, my heart is more heavy in my chest,

**Mais ton regard le délivre de sa tristesse.**  
[mɛ tɔ̃ rə.gar lə de.li.vrə də sa tri.stɛ.sə]  
But your gaze it frees of its sadness.

*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...**  
**[pur.kwa]**  
**Why...**

Poet: Omar Khayyam

Duration: 1:54

Range: D<sup>#</sup><sub>4</sub> – F<sup>#</sup><sub>5</sub>

- 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,**  
 [pur.kwa tã də du.sœr də tã.drɛ]  
 Why so-much of sweetness, of tenderness,

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

**Pourquoi tant de caresses, tant de délices, après?**  
 [pur.kwa tã də ka.rɛ.sə tã də de.lis a.prɛ]  
 Why so-much of caresses, so-much of delight, after?

**Maintenant, ton seul plaisir est de déchirer mon coeur...**  
 [mɛ̃.tə.nã tɔ̃ sœl ple.zi rɛ də de.ʃi.re mɔ̃ kœr]  
 Now, your sole pleasure is to tear-to-pieces my heart...

**Pourquoi?**  
 [pur.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.

[nʊi si.lã.sə]

Night. Silence.

Poet: Omar Khayyam

Duration: 2:06

Range: C<sub>4</sub> – G<sub>5</sub><sup>b</sup>

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

<b>Nuit.</b>	<b>Silence.</b>	<b>Immobilité</b>	<b>d'une</b>	<b>branche</b>	<b>et</b>	<b>de</b>	<b>ma</b>	<b>pensée.</b>
[nʊi]	si.lã.sə	im.mɔ.bi.li.te	dy.nə	brã.ʃə	e	də	ma	pã.se.ə]
Night.	Silence.	Stillness	of-a	branch	and	of	my	thought.

<b>Une</b>	<b>rose,</b>	<b>image</b>	<b>de</b>	<b>ta</b>	<b>splendeur</b>	<b>éphémère,</b>
[y.nə]	ro.zə	i.ma.zə	də	ta	splã.dœ	re.fe.mɛ.rə]
A	rose,	likeness	of	your	splendor	ephemeral,

<b>vient</b>	<b>de</b>	<b>laisser</b>	<b>tomber</b>	<b>un</b>	<b>de</b>	<b>ses</b>	<b>pétales.</b>
[vjɛ̃]	də	lɛ.se	tõ.be	rõ	də	sɛ	pe.ta.lə]
has-just	to-let	fall	one	of	its	petals.	

<b>Où</b>	<b>es-tu</b>	<b>en</b>	<b>ce</b>	<b>moment,</b>	<b>toi</b>	<b>qui</b>	<b>m'as</b>	<b>tendu</b>
[u]	ɛ.ty	ã	sə	mɔ.mã	twa	ki	ma	tã.dy]
Where	are-you	in	this	moment,	you	who	me-has	extended

<b>la</b>	<b>coupe</b>	<b>et</b>	<b>que</b>	<b>j'appelle</b>	<b>encore?</b>
[la]	kup	e	kə	ʒa.pɛ	lã.kɔ.rə]
the	cup	and	whom	I-call	again?

<b>Sans</b>	<b>doute,</b>	<b>aucune</b>	<b>rose</b>	<b>ne</b>	<b>s'effeuille</b>	<b>près</b>	<b>de</b>	<b>celui</b>
[sã]	dut	to.ky.nə	ro.zə	nə	se.fœ.j	pre	də	sə.luʃi]
Without	doubt,	no-one	rose	not	sheds-petals	near	the	one

<b>que</b>	<b>tu</b>	<b>désaltères</b>	<b>là-bas,</b>	<b>et</b>	<b>tu</b>	<b>es</b>	<b>privée,</b>
[kə]	ty	de.zal.tɛ.rə	la.ba	e	ty	ɛ	pri.ve]
whom	you	quench	over-there,	and	you	are	deprived,

<b>du</b>	<b>bonheur</b>	<b>amer</b>	<b>dont</b>	<b>je</b>	<b>sais</b>	<b>t'enivrer.</b>
[dy]	bɔ.nœ	ra.mɛr	dõ	ʒə	sɛ	tã.ni.vre]
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...**  
[kã ty ʃã.sɛl]  
**When you stagger...**

Poet: Omar Khayyam

Duration: 1:43

Range: D<sub>4</sub> – E<sub>5</sub>

- 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,**  
[kã ty ʃã.sɛ.lə su lə pwa də la du.lœr]  
When you stagger under the weight of the sorrow,

**Quand tu n'as plus de larmes,**  
[kã ty na ply də lar.mə]  
when you not-have more of tears,

**pense à la verdure qui miroite après la pluie.**  
[pã sa la vɛr.dy.rə ki mi.rwa ta.pɛ la plɥi.ə]  
think of the greenery that glistens after the rain.

**Quand la splendeur du jour t'exaspère, quand tu**  
[kã la splã.dœr dy zur tɛgz.as.pɛ.rə kã ty]  
When the splendor of-the day you-exasperates, when you

**souhaites qu'une nuit définitive s'abatte sur le monde,**  
[swɛ.tə ky.nə nɥi de.fi.ni.ti.və sa.ba.tə syr lə mɔ̃.də]  
desire for-a night final itself-throw on the world,

**Penses au réveil d'un enfant.**  
[pã so re.vɛj dœ̃ nã. fã]  
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...**  
[sɛr.vi.tœr na.pɔʁ.te pa lɛ lɑ̃.pə]  
**Servants, do-not bring the lamps...**

Poet: Omar Khayyam  
Performance Time: 1:46  
Range: G<sup>#</sup><sub>3</sub> – F<sup>#</sup><sub>5</sub>

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

**Serviteurs, n'apportez pas les lampes**  
[sɛr.vi.tœr na.pɔʁ.te pa lɛ lɑ̃.pə]  
**Servants, – bring not the lamps**

**puisque mes convives, exténués, se sont endormis.**  
[pɥi.skø mɛ kɔ̃.vi.vø ɛks.te.ny.e sə sɔ̃ tɑ̃.dɔʁ.mi]  
since my guests, exhausted, they have gone-to-sleep.

**J'y vois suffisamment pour distinguer leur pâleur.**  
[ʒi vwa sy.fi.za.mɑ̃ pur di.stɛ̃.ʒe lœʁ pa.lœʁ]  
I-there see sufficiently in-order-to distinguish their paleness.

**Étendus et froids, ils seront ainsi dans la nuit du tombeau.**  
[e.tɑ̃.dy ze frwa il sɔ̃.rɔ̃ tɛ̃.si dɑ̃ la nɥi dy tɔ̃.bo]  
Outstretched and cold, they will be thus in the darkness of-the tomb.

**N'apportez pas les lampes,**  
[na.pɔʁ.te pa lɛ lɑ̃.pə]  
Bring not the lamps,

**car il n'y a pas d'aube chez les morts.**  
[kar il ni a pa do.bø ʒe lɛ mɔʁ]  
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**  
**[sɛt me.lɔ.di]**  
**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: *Douceur du soir*, *Mains lasses* and *L'espoir luit*.

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

Poet: Georges Rodenbach, from *Le règne du silence* (The Reign of Silence).

Duration: 8:05

Range: C<sup>#</sup><sub>4</sub> – E<sub>5</sub>

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

<b>Douceur</b>	<b>du</b>	<b>soir!</b>	<b>Douceur</b>	<b>de</b>	<b>la</b>	<b>chambre</b>	<b>sans</b>	<b>lampe.</b>
[du.sœʁ	dy	swaʁ	du.sœʁ	də	la	ʃɑ̃.brə	sɑ̃	lɑ̃.pə]
Sweetness	of-the	night	Sweetness	of	the	room	without	lamp.

<b>Le</b>	<b>crepuscule</b>	<b>est</b>	<b>doux</b>	<b>comme</b>	<b>une</b>	<b>bonne</b>	<b>mort</b>
[lə	kre.pys.ky	ɛ	du	kɔ	my.nə	bɔ̃.nə	mɔʁ]
The	twilight	is	sweet	like	a	good	death

<b>Et</b>	<b>l'ombre</b>	<b>lentement</b>	<b>qui</b>	<b>s'insinue</b>	<b>et</b>	<b>rampe</b>
[e	lɔ̃.brə	lɑ̃.tə.mɑ̃	ki	sɛ̃.si.ny	e	rɑ̃.pə]
And	the-shadow	slowly	that	worms-itself-into	and	creeps



<b>Se</b>	<b>déroule</b>	<b>en</b>	<b>pensée</b>	<b>au</b>	<b>plafond.</b>
[sə	de.ru	lã	pã.se.ə	o	pla.fõ]
It	unrolls	in	thoughts	to-the	ceiling.

<b>Tout</b>	<b>s'endort.</b>
tu	sã.dər
All	falls-asleep.

<b>Comme</b>	<b>une</b>	<b>bonne</b>	<b>mort</b>	<b>sourit</b>	<b>le</b>	<b>crépuscule</b>
[kə	my.nə	bə.nə	mər	su.ri	lə	kre.pys.ky.lə]
Like	a	good	death	smiles	the	twilight

<b>Et</b>	<b>dans</b>	<b>le</b>	<b>miroir</b>	<b>terne,</b>	<b>en</b>	<b>un</b>	<b>geste</b>	<b>d'adieu,</b>
[e	dã	lə	mi.rwar	tər.nə	ã	nœ	ʒɛ.stə	da.djø]
And	in	the	mirror	dull,	in	a	gesture	of-farewell,

<b>Il</b>	<b>semble</b>	<b>doucement,</b>	<b>que</b>	<b>soi</b>	<b>même</b>	<b>on</b>	<b>recule,</b>
[il	sã.blə	du.sə.mã	kə	swa	mɛ	mõ	rə.ky.lə]
It	seems	sweetly,	that	one	self	one	recedes,

<b>Qu'on</b>	<b>s'en</b>	<b>aille</b>	<b>plus</b>	<b>pâle</b>
[kõ	sã	na.jə	ply	pa.lə]
That-one	itself-in	becomes	more	pale

<b>et</b>	<b>qu'on</b>	<b>y</b>	<b>meure</b>	<b>un</b>	<b>peu.</b>
e	kõ	ni	mœ	rœ	pø]
and	that-one	there	dies	a	little.

<b>Sur</b>	<b>les</b>	<b>tableaux</b>	<b>pendus</b>	<b>aux</b>	<b>murs</b>	<b>dans</b>	<b>la</b>	<b>mémoire</b>
[syr	lə	ta.blo	pã.dy	zo	myr	dã	la	mɛ.mwa.rə]
On	the	paintings	hanging	on-the	walls	inside	one's	memoirs

<b>Où</b>	<b>sont</b>	<b>les</b>	<b>souvenirs,</b>	<b>en</b>	<b>leurs</b>	<b>cadres</b>	<b>déteints,</b>
[u	sõ	lə	su.və.nir	ã	lœr	ka.drə	de.tɛ̃]
Where	are	the	memories,	in	their	frames	faded,

<b>Paysages</b>	<b>de</b>	<b>l'âme</b>	<b>et</b>	<b>paysages</b>	<b>peints,</b>
[pɛ.i.za.ʒə	də	la.mə	e	pɛ.i.za.ʒə	pɛ̃]
Landscapes	of	the-soul	and	landscapes	painted,

<b>On</b>	<b>croit</b>	<b>sentir</b>	<b>tomber</b>	<b>comme</b>	<b>une</b>	<b>neige</b>	<b>noire.</b>
[õ	krwa	sã.tir	tõ.be	kə	my.nə	nɛ.ʒə	nwa.rə]
One	believes	to-feel	to-fall	like	a	snow	black.

<b>Douceur</b>	<b>du</b>	<b>soir!</b>	<b>Douceur</b>	<b>qui</b>	<b>fait</b>	<b>qu'on</b>	<b>s'habitué</b>
[du.sœr	dy	swar	du.sœr	ki	fɛ	kõ	sa.bi.ty.ə]
Sweetness	of-the	night!	Sweetness	that	makes	that-one	gets-used-to

<b>À</b>	<b>la</b>	<b>sourdine,</b>	<b>aux</b>	<b>sons</b>	<b>de</b>	<b>violes</b>	<b>assoupis;</b>
[a	la	sur.din	o	sõ	də	vjɔ.lə	za.su.pi]
To	the	muted,	from-the	sounds	of	viols	drowsy;

<b>L'amant</b>	<b>entend</b>	<b>songer</b>	<b>l'amante</b>	<b>qui</b>	<b>s'est</b>	<b>tue</b>
[la.mã	ã.tã	sõ.ʒe	la.mã.tə	ki	sɛ	ty.ə]
The-lover	hears	to-dream	the-lover	who	has-fallen	silent

<b>Et</b>	<b>leurs</b>	<b>yeux</b>	<b>sont</b>	<b>ensemble</b>	<b>aux</b>	<b>dessins</b>	<b>du</b>	<b>tapis.</b>
[e	lœr	zjɔ	sõ	tã.sã.blə	o	de.sɛ̃	dy	ta.pi]
And	their	eyes	are	together	in-the	patterns	of-the	rug.

<b>Et</b>	<b>langoureusement</b>	<b>la</b>	<b>clarté</b>	<b>se</b>	<b>retire;</b>
[e	lã.gu.rø.zə.mã	la	klar.te	sə	rə.ti.rə]
And	languidly	the	clarity	itself	retreats;

<b>Douceur!</b>	<b>Ne</b>	<b>plus</b>	<b>se</b>	<b>voir</b>	<b>distincts!</b>
[du.sœr	nə	ply	sə	vwar	di.stɛ̃]
Sweetness!	No	longer	{to-see-each-other}		distinctly!

<b>N'êtré</b>	<b>plus</b>	<b>qu'un!</b>
[nɛ.trə	ply	kõ]
Not-to-be	more	than one!

<b>Silence!</b>	<b>Deux</b>	<b>senteurs</b>	<b>en</b>	<b>un</b>	<b>même</b>	<b>parfum:</b>
[si.lã.sə	dø	sã.tœr	zã	nõ	mɛ.mə	par.fõ]
Silence!	Two	scents	in	a	single	perfume:

<b>Penser</b>	<b>la</b>	<b>même</b>	<b>chose</b>	<b>et</b>	<b>ne</b>	<b>pas</b>	<b>se</b>	<b>le</b>	<b>dire.</b>
[pã.se	la	mɛ.mə	ʃo.zə	e	nə	pa	sə	lə	di.rə]
To-think	the	same	thing	and	–	not	to-each-other	it	to-say.

*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.<sup>43</sup>*

## II. Main lasses [mɛ̃ la.sə] Tired hands

Poet: Georges Rodenbach, from *Les vies encloses* (The Enclosed Lives)

Duration: 2:31

Range: E<sup>b</sup><sub>4</sub> – F<sup>#</sup><sub>5</sub>

- 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.

<b>Souvent</b>	<b>on</b>	<b>voit</b>	<b>des</b>	<b>mains</b>	<b>qui</b>	<b>sont</b>	<b>faibles</b>	<b>et</b>	<b>lasses</b>
[su.vã	tõ	vva	dɛ	mɛ̃	ki	sõ	fɛ.blə	ze	la.sə]
Often	one	sees	of-the	hands	that	are	weak	and	tired

<b>D'avoir</b>	<b>voulu</b>	<b>cueillir</b>	<b>trop</b>	<b>de</b>	<b>roses</b>	<b>ou</b>	<b>d'âmes;</b>
[da.vwar	vu.ly	kœ.jir	tro	də	ro.zə	zu	da.mə]
From-having	desired	to-pluck	too-many	of-the	roses	or	of-the-souls;

<sup>43</sup>Bempéchat, 215.

<b>Elles</b>	<b>pendent</b>	<b>le</b>	<b>long</b>	<b>du</b>	<b>corps</b>	<b>comme</b>	<b>des</b>	<b>rames,</b>	
[ɛ.lə	pɑ̃.də	lə	lɔ̃	dy	kɔʁ	kə.mə	də	ra.mə]	
They	hang		along	of-the	body	like	the	oars,	
<b>Et</b>	<b>ce</b>	<b>n'est</b>	<b>que</b>	<b>du</b>	<b>silence</b>	<b>qu'elles</b>	<b>déplacent</b>		
[e	sə	nɛ	kə	dy	si.lɑ̃.sə	kɛ.lə	dɛ.pla.sə]		
And	it	is-nothing	but	of-the	silence	that-they	displace		
<b>En</b>	<b>remuant,</b>	<b>de</b>	<b>temps</b>	<b>en</b>	<b>temps,</b>	<b>dans</b>	<b>l'air</b>	<b>à</b>	<b>peine!</b>
[ɑ̃	rə.my.ɑ̃	də	tɑ̃	zɑ̃	tɑ̃	dɑ̃	lɛ	ra	pɛ.nə]
In	stirring,	from	time	to	time,	in	the-air	scarcely!	
<b>Mains</b>	<b>qui</b>	<b>voudraient</b>	<b>un</b>	<b>peu</b>	<b>s'amarrer</b>	<b>à</b>	<b>la</b>	<b>rive,</b>	
[mɛ̃	ki	vu.drɛ̃	tœ̃	pø	sa.ma.re		ra	la	ri.və]
Hands	that	would-like-to	a	little	secure-themselves	to	the	shore,	
<b>Mais</b>	<b>que</b>	<b>la</b>	<b>vie,</b>	<b>au</b>	<b>fil</b>	<b>de</b>	<b>son</b>	<b>courant,</b>	<b>entraîne,</b>
[mɛ̃	kə	la	vi	o	fil	də	sɔ̃	ku.rɑ̃	ɑ̃.tʁɛ.nə]
But	that	the	life,	in-the	flow	of	its	current,	carries-away,
<b>Mains</b>	<b>sans</b>	<b>espoirs</b>	<b>et</b>	<b>sans</b>	<b>désirs,</b>	<b>à</b>	<b>la</b>	<b>derive...</b>	
[mɛ̃	sɑ̃	zɛs.pwaʁ	e	sɑ̃	dɛ.ziʁ	a	la	dɛ.ri.və]	
Hands	without	hopes	and	without	desires, {	adrift...		}	

*Often one sees hands, weakened and weary  
Having wished to pluck too many roses or souls;  
They hang the length of the body like oars,  
And it is only silence which they move  
When, from time to time, they barely stir the air!  
Hands yearning to be more moored to the shore,  
But which life, following its course, has brought [faithfully] along;  
Hands without hope and without desires, gone astray...<sup>44</sup>*

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<sup>44</sup>Bempéchat, 217.

**III. Sagesse (Wisdom)**  
**L'espoir luit...**  
**[lɛ.spwar lɥi]**  
**Hope shines...**

Poet: Paul Verlaine

Duration: 4:39

Range: B<sub>3</sub> – A<sub>5</sub>

- 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.**  
 [lɛ.spwar lɥi kɔ mœ̃ brɛ̃ də pa.jə dɑ̃ le.ta.blə]  
 The-hope shines like a stalk of straw in the-stable.

**Que crains tu de la guêpe ivre de son vol fou?**  
 [kə krɛ̃ ty də la gɛp i.vrə də sɔ̃ vɔl fu]  
 What fear you from the wasp drunk in its flight wild?

**Vois! le soleil toujours poudroie à quelque trou.**  
 [vwa lə sɔ̃.lej tu.zur pu.drwa a kɛl.kə tru]  
 See! The sun always powders through some hole.

**Que ne t'endormais tu, le coude sur la table?**  
 [kə nə tɑ̃.dɔ̃r.mɛ ty lə ku.də syr la ta.blə]  
 That not you-fell-asleep you, the elbow on the table?

**Pauvre âme pâle, au moins cette eau du puits glacé,**  
 [po vʁɑ.mə pal o mwɛ̃ se to dy pɥi gla.se]  
 Poor soul pale, at least this water of-the well icy,

**Bois-la! puis dors après. Allons, tu vois, je reste,**  
 [bwa.la pɥi dɔ̃r a.prɛ a.lɔ̃ ty vwa ʒə rɛ.stə]  
 Drink-it! then sleep after Let's go, you see, I stay,

**Et je d'orloterai les rêves de ta sieste,**  
 [e ʒə dɔ̃r.lɔ̃.tɔ̃.re lɛ rɛ.və də ta sjɛ.stə]  
 And I will-pamper the dreams of your nap,

**Et tu chantonneras comme un enfant bercé.**  
 [e ty ʃɑ̃.tɔ̃.nə.ʁɑ kɔ mœ̃ nɑ̃.fɑ̃ bɛr.se]  
 And you will-hum like a child rocked.

**Midi sonne. De grâce éloignez vous Madame.**  
 [mi.di sɔ.nə də ɡras e.lwa.je vu ma.da.mə]  
 Noon strikes. Please distance yourself Madame.

**Il dort! C'est étonnant comme les pas de femme**  
 [il dɔr sɛ te.tɔ.nɑ̃ kɔ.mə lɛ pas də fa.mə]  
 He is-sleeping! It-is astonishing how the steps of woman

**Résonnent au cerveau des pauvres malheureux.**  
 [re.zɔ.nə to sɛ.rvo də pov.rə ma.lœ.rø]  
 Resonate in-the brain of poor unfortunate.

**Midi sonne. j'ai fait arroser dans la chambre**  
 [mi.di sɔ.nə ʒe fɛ ta.ro.ze dɑ̃ la ʃɑ̃.brə]  
 Noon strikes I-had to-make watered in the room

**Va! Dors! L'espoir luit comme un caillou dans un creux**  
 [va dɔr lɛ.spar lɥi kɔ mœ̃ ka.ju dɑ̃ zœ̃ krø]  
 Go! Sleep! The-hope shines like a pebble in a chasm

**Ah, Quand refleuriront les roses de septembre?**  
 [ɑ kɑ̃ rə.flœri.rɔ̃ lɛ rɔ.zə də sɛp.tɑ̃.brə]  
 Ah, When blossoms-again the roses of September?

*Hope shines like a wisp of a straw in the stable.  
 What do you fear from the wasp, drunk from its mad flights?  
 See, the sun's rays always sprinkle [the earth] through a hole in the clouds.  
 Why didn't you doze off, with elbows on the table?*

*Poor pale soul. At least, drink this water from this frozen well.  
 Drink it! Then, sleep. There. You see, I'm staying with you.  
 Then, sleep. And I will coddle the dreams of your slumber until,  
 You hum like a child, rocking in its cradle.*

*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?<sup>45</sup>*

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<sup>45</sup>Bempéchat, 220.

#### IV. Sagesse (Wisdom)

##### Le son du cor

[lə sɔ̃ dy kɔʁ]

##### The sound of the horn

Poet: Paul Verlaine

Duration: 3:04

Range: C<sub>4</sub> – F<sub>5</sub>

- 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.

<b>Le</b>	<b>son</b>	<b>du</b>	<b>cor</b>	<b>s'afflige</b>	<b>vers</b>	<b>les</b>	<b>bois</b>
[lə	sɔ̃	dy	kɔʁ	sa.fli.ʒə	vɛʁ	le	bwa]
The	sound	of-the	horn	mourns	toward	the	woods

<b>D'une</b>	<b>douleur</b>	<b>on</b>	<b>veut</b>	<b>croire</b>	<b>orpheline</b>
[dy.nə	du.lœʁ	ɔ̃	vø	krwa	rɔʁ.fə.li.nə]
Of-a	grief	one	wants	to-believe	orphan

<b>Qui</b>	<b>vient</b>	<b>mourir</b>	<b>au</b>	<b>bas</b>	<b>de</b>	<b>la</b>	<b>colline</b>
[ki	vjɛ̃	mu.ri	ʁo	ba	də	la	kɔ.li.nə]
Which	comes	to-die	at-the	foot	of	the	hill

<b>Parmi</b>	<b>la</b>	<b>bise</b>	<b>errant</b>	<b>en</b>	<b>courts</b>	<b>abois.</b>
[paʁ.mi	la	biz	ɛ.rɑ̃	tɑ̃	kur	za.bwa]
In	the	north-wind	wandering	in	short	howlings.

<b>L'âme</b>	<b>du</b>	<b>loup</b>	<b>pleure</b>	<b>dans</b>	<b>cette</b>	<b>voix</b>
[l.amə	dy	lu	plœ.rə	dɑ̃	sɛ.tə	vwa]
The-soul	of-the	wolf	weeps	with	this	voice

<b>Qui</b>	<b>monte</b>	<b>avec</b>	<b>le</b>	<b>soleil</b>	<b>qui</b>	<b>décline</b>
[ki	mɔ̃	ta.vɛk	lə	sɔ.lɛj	ki	dɛ.klinə]
Which	rises	with	the	sun	that	declines

<b>D'une</b>	<b>agonie</b>	<b>on</b>	<b>veut</b>	<b>croire</b>	<b>câlin</b>
[dy	na.gɔ̃.ni	ɔ̃	vø	kwra.rə	ka.li.ne]
In-an	agony	which	one	wishes	to-believe caressing

<b>Et</b>	<b>qui</b>	<b>ravit</b>	<b>et</b>	<b>qui</b>	<b>nâvre</b>	<b>à</b>	<b>la</b>	<b>fois!</b>
[e	ki	ra.vi	e	ki	na	vra	la	fwa]
And	which	entrances	and	which	distresses	at	the	time!

**Pour faire mieux cette plainte assoupie**  
 [pur fɛ.rə mjø sɛ.tə plɛ̃ ta.su.pi.ə]  
 To make better this lament lulled

**La neige tombe à longs traits de charpie**  
 [la nɛ.ʒə tɔ̃ ba lɔ̃ trɛ də ʃar.pi.ə]  
 The snow falls in long trails of rags

**À travers le couchant sanguinolent.**  
 [a tra.vɛr lə ku.ʃɑ̃ sɑ̃.gi.nɔ̃.lɑ̃]  
 Across the sunset blood-red.

**Et l'air a l'air d'être un soupir d'automne**  
 [e lɛ ra lɛr dɛ trœ su.pir do.tɔ̃.nə]  
 And the-air has the-air of-being a sigh of-autumn

**Tant il fait doux par ce soir monotone**  
 [tɑ̃ til fɛ du par sə swar mɔ̃.nɔ̃.tɔ̃.nə]  
 so it is mild on this evening monotonous

**Où se dorlote un paysage lent.**  
 [u sə dɔr.lɔ̃ tœ̃ pɛ.i.za.ʒə lɑ̃]  
 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 cuddles itself [to sleep].*



**V. Rêverie**  
**[ʀɛ.və.ʀi]**  
**Daydream**

Poet: Alfred Droin

Duration: 3:49

Range: D<sub>4</sub> – E<sub>5</sub>

- 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... Le vent**  
 [lə swar tɔ̃.bə lə vɑ̃]  
 The night falls... The wind

**Qui berce les feuilles tremblantes**  
 [ki bɛʀ.sə lɛ fœ.jə trɑ̃.blɑ̃.tɑ̃]  
 That rocks the leaves trembling

**Déroule sur mon front brûlant**  
 [de.ru.lə syr mɔ̃ frɔ̃ bʀy.lɑ̃]  
 Unfolds on my brow scorching

**Des étoffes rafraîchissantes.**  
 [de ze.tɔ̃.fə ra.frɛ.ʃi.sɑ̃.tɑ̃]  
 The cloths refreshing.

**L'air est rempli d'une douceur**  
 [lɛ rɛ rɑ̃.pli dy.nə du.sœʀ]  
 The air is-full of-a gentleness

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

**Comme une presence divine,**  
 [kɔ̃ my.nə pre.zɑ̃.sə di.vi.nə]  
 Like a presence divine,

**L'apparition d'une soeur.**  
 [la.pa.ri.si.ɔ̃ dy.nə sœʀ]  
 The arrival of-a sister.

**Légère**    **comme**    **un**    **pas**    **de**    **femme**  
 [le.gɛ.rə    kɔ    mœ    pa    də    fa.mə]  
 Light    like    a    footprint    of    a-woman

**Qui**    **se**    **pose**    **sur**    **le**    **gazon,**  
 [ki    sə    po.zə    syr    lə    ga.zɔ̃]  
 That    itself    places    on    the    grass,

**L'ombre**    **descend**    **sur**    **l'horizon:**  
 [lɔ̃.brə    de.sɑ̃    syr    lɔ̃.ri.zɔ̃]  
 The-shadow    descends    on    the-horizon:

**On**    **dirait**    **l'approche**    **d'une**    **âme...**  
 [ɔ̃    di.rɛ    la.pʁɔ.ʃə    dy    na.mə]  
 One    would-say    the-approach    of-a    soul...

**C'est**    **l'heure**    **enjôleuse**    **où**    **l'on**    **sent**  
 [sɛ    lœ    rɑ̃.ʒo.lø.zə    u    lɔ̃    sɑ̃]  
 It-is    the-hour    cajoling    where    one    feels

**Couler**    **le**    **temps**    **comme**    **une**    **eau**    **pure:**  
 [ku.le    lə    tɑ̃    kɔ    my    no    py.rə]  
 Flow    the    time    like    a    water    pure:

{**C'est**    **l'heure**    **où**    **le**    **passé**    **murmure**  
 [sɛ    lœ    ru    lə    pa.se    myr.my.rə]  
 It-is    the-hour    when    the    past    murmurs

**Qu'il**    **est**    **moins**    **doux**    **que**    **le**    **present.}**<sup>46</sup>  
 [ki    lɛ    mwɛ̃    du    kə    lə    pre.zɑ̃]  
 That-it    is    less    sweet    than    the    present

**Puis,**    **tout**    **s'éloigne**    **et**    **s'imprécise**  
 [pɥi    tu    se.lwa    je    sɛ̃.pre.si.zə]  
 Then,    all    themselves-distances    and    themselves-blur

**Tout**    **devient**    **immatériel.**  
 [tu    də.vjɛ̃    tim.ma.te.ri.al]  
 All    becomes    intangible.

**Et**    **le**    **baiser**    **spirituel**  
 [e    lə    bæ.ze    spi.ri.ty.ɛl]  
 And    the    kiss    spiritual

<sup>46</sup>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.

<b>Du</b>	<b>silence</b>	<b>vous</b>	<b>angélice.</b>
[dy	si.lã.sə	vu	zã.ʒe.li.zə]
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.<sup>47</sup>

**VI. Nocturne**  
**[nɔk.tyʁn]**  
**Night**

Poet: Alfred Drouin  
Duration: 4:58  
Range: D<sub>4</sub> – G<sub>5</sub><sup>b</sup>

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

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<sup>47</sup>Bempéchat, 223.

**L'heure était alanguie un vent léger posait**  
 [lœ re.tɛ ta.lɑ̃.ɡi.ə œ vɑ̃ le.ʒe po.zɛ]  
 The-hour had become-languid a wind light placed

**Des lèvres de fraîcheur sur les plantes lassées;**  
 [dɛ lɛ.vrø dø frɛ.ʃœr syr lɛ plɑ̃.tø la.se.ə]  
 the lips of coolness on the plants weary;

**Les âmes et les fleurs se sentaient caressées**  
 [lɛ za.mə ze lɛ flœr sɔ sɑ̃.te kaʁe.se.ə]  
 The souls and the flowers themselves felt caressed

**Par des douceurs d'avril, en ce soir de juillet ...**  
 [par dɛ du.sœr da.vʁil œ sɔ swar dø ʒɥi.jɛ]  
 By the sweetness of-April, on this night of July ...

**L'heure était alanguie un vent léger posait**  
 [lœ re.tɛ ta.lɑ̃.ɡi.ə œ vɑ̃ le.ʒe po.zɛ]  
 the-hour had-become languid a wind light placed

**Des baisers fugitifs aux corolles lassées.**  
 [dɛ bæ.ze fy.ʒi.tif o kɔ.rɔ.lø la.se.ə]  
 Some kisses, fleeting on-the petals weary.

<sup>48</sup>**Le jour tombait sans bruit, ainsi qu'un fruit bien mûr**  
 [lø ʒur tɔ̃.be sɑ̃ bʁɥi tɛ̃.si kœ frɥi bjɛ myʁ]  
 The day was-falling without noise, like that-a fruit well ripe

**Qui tombe mollement dans l'herbe et dans la mousse,**  
 [ki tɔ̃.bə mɔ̃.lə.mɑ̃ dɑ̃ lɛʁ.bə e dɑ̃ la mu.sø]  
 Which falls gently in the-grass and in the moss,

**Détaché par le doigt d'une brise très douce.**  
 [de.ta.ʃe par lø dwa dy.nø bʁi.zø tʁɛ du.sø]  
 Detached by the finger of-a breeze very soft.

**Et le soir aux yeux d'or descendait de l'azur.**  
 [e lø swa ro zjø dɔʁ de.sɑ̃.de dø la.zyʁ]  
 And the evening with eyes of-gold was-descending from the-blue.

**Le jour tombait sans bruit, ainsi qu'un fruit bien mûr;**  
 [lø ʒur tɔ̃.be sɑ̃ bʁɥi tɛ̃.si kœ frɥi bjɛ myʁ]  
 The day was-falling without noise like that-a fruit well ripe;

<sup>48</sup>Cras omitted a verse from Droin's original poem.

**Une source chantait dans son lit plein de mousse.**  
 [y.nə sur.sə ʃɑ̃.te dɑ̃ sɔ̃ li plɛ̃ də mu.sə]  
 A spring was-singing in its bed full of moss.

**La mer qui déroulait ses vagues d'argent clair,**  
 [la mɛr ki de.ru.lɛ sɛ va.gə dar.ʒɑ̃ klɛr]  
 The sea that was-unfurling its waves of-silver clear,

**Sous son archet puissant faisait vibrer la côte;**  
 [su sɔ̃ nar.ʃɛ pɥi.sɑ̃ fə.zɛ vi.bre la ko.tə]  
 Under its bow mighty was-making vibrate the shore;

**Et ses arpèges lents, sur la terrasse haute,**  
 [e sɛ zar.pɛ.ʒə lɑ̃ syr la tɛ.ra.sə o.tə]  
 And its arpeggios slow, on the balcony high,

**Emportaient ma pensée au de là de l'éther.**  
 [ɑ̃.pɔr.te ma pɑ̃.se.ə o də la də le.tɛr]  
 was-carrying my thoughts { past } the-ether.

**La mer qui déroulait ses vagues d'argent clair**  
 [la mɛr ki de.ru.lɛ sɛ va.gə dar.ʒɑ̃ klɛr]  
 The sea that was-unfurling its waves of-silver clear

**Comme un riche instrument faisait vibrer la côte<sup>49</sup>**  
 [kɔ mœ̃ ri ʃɛ.stry.mɑ̃ fə.zɛ vi.bre la ko.tə]  
 Like a rich instrument was-making vibrate the shore

**Les hommes s'étant tus, l'espace s'emplissait**  
 [lɛ zɔ.mə se.tɑ̃ ty lɛs.pa.sə sɑ̃.pli.sɛ]  
 The men being silent, the-space itself-was-filled

**De la grande rumeur des choses éternelles.**  
 [də la grɑ̃.də ry.mœr də ʃo.zə ze.tɛr.nɛ.lə]  
 With the great noise of-the things eternal.

**L'infini regardait par ses milles prunelles.**  
 [lɛ̃.fi.ni rɑ̃.gar.dɛ par sɛ mi.lə pry.nɛ.lə]  
 The-infinity was-looking through its thousand pupils.

**Au rythme universel mon coeur s'harmonisait.**  
 [o rit my.ni.ver.sɛl mɔ̃ kœr sar.mɔ̃.ni.zɛ]  
 To-the rhythm universal my heart it-was-harmonizing.

<sup>49</sup>Cras substituted his own line of text instead of using Droin's original wording, as well as omitting Droin's next verse.

<b>Les</b>	<b>hommes</b>	<b>s'étant</b>	<b>tus</b>	<b>l'espace</b>	<b>s'emplissait</b>
[lɛ	zɔ.mə	se.tɑ̃	ty	lɛs.pa.sə	sɑ̃.pli.sɛ]
The	men	themselves	hushed	the-space	itself-was-filled

<b>Des</b>	<b>bruits</b>	<b>d'orgues</b>	<b>que</b>	<b>font</b>	<b>les</b>	<b>choses</b>	<b>éternelles.</b>
[dɛ	brɥi	dɔʁ.gø	kə	fɔ̃	lɛ	ʃo.zə	ze.tɛʁ.nɛ.lə]
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.<sup>50</sup>*

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<sup>50</sup>Bempéchat, 225.

**VII. Correspondances**  
**[kɔ.ʀɛ.spõ.dãs]**  
**Correspondences**

Poet: Charles Baudelaire  
 Duration: 3:34  
 Range: C<sup>#</sup><sub>4</sub> – A<sub>5</sub>

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

<b>La</b>	<b>Nature</b>	<b>est</b>	<b>un</b>	<b>temple,</b>	<b>où</b>	<b>de</b>	<b>vivants</b>	<b>piliers</b>
[la	na.ty	rɛ	tœ̃	tã.plø,	u	də	vi.vã	pi.lje]
The	Nature	is	a	temple,	where	some	living	columns

<b>Laissent</b>	<b>parfois</b>	<b>sortir</b>	<b>de</b>	<b>confuses</b>	<b>paroles;</b>
[lɛ.sə	par.fwa	sɔʀ.tir	də	kõ.fy.zə	pa.rø.lə]
Let	sometimes	come-out	of	confused	words;

<b>L’homme</b>	<b>y</b>	<b>passe</b>	<b>à</b>	<b>travers</b>	<b>des</b>	<b>forêts</b>	<b>de</b>	<b>symboles</b>
[lɔ	mi	pa	sa	tra.vɛʀ	dɛ	fɔ.rɛ	də	sɛ̃.bɔ.lə]
The-man	there	passes	through	of-the	forests	of	symbols	

<b>Qui</b>	<b>l’observent</b>	<b>avec</b>	<b>des</b>	<b>regards</b>	<b>familiers.</b>
[ki	lɔp.sɛʀ.və	ta.vɛk	dɛ	rø.gar	fa.mi.lje]
That	him-observe	with	of-the	gazes	familiar.

<b>Comme</b>	<b>de</b>	<b>longs</b>	<b>échos</b>	<b>qui</b>	<b>de</b>	<b>loin</b>	<b>se</b>	<b>confondent</b>
[kɔ.mə	də	lɔ̃	ze.ko	ki	də	lwɛ̃	sə	kõ.fõ.də]
Like	some	long	echoes	that	from	far	themselves	mix-up

<b>Dans</b>	<b>une</b>	<b>ténébreuse</b>	<b>et</b>	<b>profonde</b>	<b>unité,</b>
[dã	zy.nə	te.ne.brø	ze	prɔ.fõ	dy.ni.te]
In	a	dark	and	deep	unison,

<b>Vaste</b>	<b>comme</b>	<b>la</b>	<b>nuit</b>	<b>et</b>	<b>comme</b>	<b>la</b>	<b>clarté,</b>
[vas.tə	kɔ.mə	la	nɥi	e	kɔ.mə	la	klar.te]
Vast	like	the	night	and	like	the	light,

<b>Les</b>	<b>parfums,</b>	<b>les</b>	<b>couleurs</b>	<b>et</b>	<b>les</b>	<b>sons</b>	<b>se</b>	<b>répondent.</b>
[lɛ	par.fœ̃	lɛ	ku.lœʀ	e	lɛ	sõ	sə	re.põ.də]
The	perfumes,	the	colors	and	the	sounds	each-other	answer

<b>Il</b>	<b>est</b>	<b>des</b>	<b>parfums</b>	<b>frais</b>	<b>comme</b>	<b>des</b>	<b>chairs</b>	<b>d’enfants,</b>
[i	lɛ	dɛ	par.fœ̃	frɛ	kɔ.mə	dɛ	ʃɛʀ	dã.fã]
There	are	some	perfumes	fresh	like	the	flesh	of-children,

**Doux**    **comme**    **le**    **hautbois,**    **verts**    **comme**    **les**    **prairies,**  
 [du    kɔ.mə    lə    o.bwa    vɛr    kɔ.mə    lɛ    prɛ.ri.ə]  
 Gentle    like    the    oboe,    green    like    the    meadows,

– **Et**    **d’autres,**    **corrompus,**    **riches**    **et**    **triomphants,**  
 [e    do.trə    kɔr.ɔ.py    ri.fə    ze    tri.ɔ.fɑ̃]  
 – And    others,    corrupted,    rich    and    triumphant,

**Ayant**    **l’expansion**    **des**    **choses**    **infinies,**  
 [ɛ.jɑ̃    lɛks.pɑ̃.si.ɔ̃    dɛ    ʃo.zə    zɛ̃.fi.ni.ə]  
 Having    expanse    of    things    infinite,

**Comme**    **l’ambre,**    **le**    **musc,**    **le**    **benjoin**    **et**    **l’encens,**  
 [kɔ.mə    lɑ̃.brə    lə    mysk    lə    bɛ̃.ʒwɛ̃    e    lɑ̃.sɑ̃]  
 Like    the-amber,    the    musk,    the    benzoin<sup>51</sup>    and    the-incense,

**Qui**    **chantent**    **les**    **transports**    **de**    **l’esprit**    **et**    **des**    **sens.**  
 [ki    ʃɑ̃.tə    lɛ    trɑ̃s.pɔr    də    lɛs.pri    e    dɛ    sɑ̃s]  
 That    sing    the    transports    of    the-spirit    and    the    senses.

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

<sup>51</sup>benzoin – an aromatic balsamic resin, also called gum benjamin.

<sup>52</sup>Bempéchat, 229.



**Soir sur la mer**  
**[swaR syr la mɛR]**  
**Night on the Sea**

Poet: Virginie Hériot

Duration: 2:32

Range: C<sup>#</sup><sub>4</sub> – F<sub>5</sub>

- 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 mɛr sə swa rɛ tɛ̃ grɑ̃ mir.waʁ]  
 The sea this night is a large mirror.

**Tout se pose sur elle avec une grande douceur.**  
 [tu sə po.zə sy rɛ la.vɛ kynə grɑ̃.də du.sœʁ]  
 Everything itself lays on it with a great sweetness.

**Le crépuscule est violet,**  
 [lə kre.py.sky lɛ vi.ɔ.lɛ]  
 The dusk is purple,

**elle est mauve avant de devenir grise.**  
 [ɛ lɛ mo va.vɑ̃ də də.və.niʁ gri.zə]  
 it is mauve before becoming gray.

**Un feu blanc se mire,**  
 [œ̃ fø blɑ̃ sə mi.rə]  
 A light white is mirrored,

**le croissant roux de la lune**  
 [lə krwa.sɑ̃ ru də la ly.nə]  
 the crescent red of the moon

**se reflète, le phare tournant lui verse par intervalles**  
 [sə rɔ.flɛ.tə lə fa.rə tur.nɑ̃ lɥi vɛʁ.sə pa rɛ̃.tɛʁ.va.lə]  
 itself reflects, the lighthouse moving on-it pours in intervals

**réguliers son regard rouge, une étoile lui envoie**  
 [re.gy.lje sɔ̃ rɑ̃.ga ru.zə y ne.twa.lə lɥi ɑ̃.vwa]  
 regular its gaze red a star it extends

**son rayon tremblant qui s'allonge, et la barque de**  
 [sɔ̃ rɛ.jɔ̃ trɑ̃.blɑ̃ ki sa.lɔ̃.ʒə e la bar.kə dɔ̃]  
 it's ray trembling that itself-stretches, and the boat of

**pêche posée devient double sur ce miroir en lui**  
 [pɛ.ʃə po.zɛ.ə də.viɛ̃ du.blə syr sə mi.rwa rɑ̃ lɥi]  
 fishing placed becomes double on this mirror in to-it

**donnant son image.**  
 [dɔ̃.nɑ̃ sɔ̃ ni.ma.ʒə]  
 giving its image.

**Ce soir la mer reflète le monde et tout lui donne tout.**  
 [sə swar la mɛ̃ rɛ̃.flɛ̃.tə lə mɔ̃.də e tu lɥi dɔ̃.nə tu]  
 This night the sea reflects the world and all to-it bestows everything.

**Mon âme solitaire est ainsi reflétée sur le calme**  
 [mɔ̃ na.mə sɔ̃.li.tɛ̃ rɛ̃ tɛ̃.si rɛ̃.flɛ̃.te.ə syr lə kal.mə]  
 My soul solitary is like-this reflected on the calm

**miroir que mes rêves ont choisi.**  
 [mir.war kə mɛ̃ rɛ̃.və zɔ̃t ʃwa.zi]  
 mirror that my dreams have chosen.

*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.<sup>53</sup>*

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<sup>53</sup>Bempéchat, 482.

**Trois chansons bretonnes**  
**[trwa ʃã.sõ brə.tõn]**  
**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**  
**[la rã.kõ.tr]**  
**The meeting**

Poet: Jean Cras  
 Duration: 1:50  
 Range: E<sup>b</sup><sub>4</sub> – E<sup>b</sup><sub>5</sub>

- 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**  
 [ʒø rã.trɛ lə swar də la mɛ ra.prɛ zõ lõ vwa.ja.ʒø]  
 I returned at night from the sea after a long voyage

**Je rentrais le soir de la mer quand à mes yeux étonnés**  
 [ʒø rã.trɛ lə swar də la mɛr kã ta mɛ zjø ze.tõ.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.ry to bɔr də la mɛr y.nø fi jo pyr vi.za.ʒø]  
 appeared at-the edge of the sea a girl with-a pure face

**respirant le vent de la mer, ses cheveux dénoués**  
 [rɛ.spi.rã lə vã də la mɛr sɛ ʃø.vø de.nu.e]  
 Breathing the wind of the sea, her hair loose

**Jamais je ne vis devant moi une femme si belle**  
 [ʒa.mɛ ʒə nə vi də.vã mwa y.nə fa.mə si bɛ.lə]  
 Never I not see before me a woman so beautiful

**Jamais je ne vis devant moi un trésor si précieux**  
 [ʒa.mɛ ʒə nə vi də.vã mwa œ tre.zɔʁ si pre.si.ø]  
 Never I not see before me a treasure so precious

**Je sentis soudain naître en moi une ardeur toute nouvelle**  
 [ʒə sã.ti su.dɛ̃ nɛ trã mwa y nar.dœʁ tu.tə nu.vɛ.lə]  
 I felt suddenly being-born within me an eagerness completely new

**lorsque vint se poser sur moi le velour de ses yeux**  
 [lɔʁ.skə vɛ̃ sə po.zɛ syr mwa lə vø.lur də sɛ zjø]  
 When came it to-rest on me the velvet of her eyes

**Je voudrais aller lui parler mais je crains ma faiblesse.**  
 [ʒə vu.drɛ zale lɥi par.le mɛ ʒə krɛ̃ ma fɛ.blɛ.sə]  
 I would-like to-go to-her to-talk but I fear my weakness.

**Je voudrais aller lui parler et me livrer sans détours**  
 [ʒə vu.drɛ za.le lɥi par.e e mə li.vʁe sã de.tur]  
 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**  
 [si mɛ zjø sa.vɛ̃ lɥi par.lɛʁ e lɥi di.rə ma tã.drɛ.sə]  
 If my eyes knew-how to-her to-talk and her tell my tenderness

**Ah, si je pouvais sans parler lui offrir mon amour!**  
 [ɑ si ʒə pu.vɛ̃ sã par.le lɥi ɔ.frir mɔ̃ na.muʁ]  
 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<sub>4</sub><sup>b</sup> – E<sub>5</sub><sup>b</sup>

- 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 bɛ.lə vø.ty par.ta.ʒe mɔ̃ sɔʁ]  
 My pretty-one, want-you to-share my fate?

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

**Jusqu'à ta mort? C'est beaucoup mon pauvre ami;**  
 [ʒys.ka ta mɔʁ sɛ bo.ku mɔ̃ po vra.mi]  
 Until your death? That-is much my poor friend;

**un seul jour te suffirait-i'?**  
 [œ sœl ʒur tɔ sy.fi.rɛ.ti]  
 one single day for-you would-be-enough?

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

**je crains les cailloux pour tes pieds nus?**  
 [ʒə krɛ̃ lɛ ka.ju pur tɛ pjɛ ny]  
 I fear the pebbles for your feet naked?

**Si mes pieds nus te font mal à regarder,**  
 [si mɛ pjɛ ny tɔ fɔ̃ ma la rɛ.gar.de]  
 If my feet naked you make hard to look-at,

**tourne-toi de l'autre côté.**  
[tur.nə.twa də lo.trə ko.te]  
turn-you to the-other side.

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

**avec du bon vin et du rôti?**  
[a.vɛk dy bɔ̃ vɛ̃ e dy ro.ti]  
with some good wine and some roast?

**De ton rôti je n'ai pas besoin ce soir,**  
[də tɔ̃ ro.ti ʒə ne pas bɛ.zwɛ̃ sə swar]  
of your roast I have not need this evening,

**j'ai du beurre avec du pain noir.**  
[ʒə dy bœ ra.vɛk dy pɛ̃ nwar]  
I-have some butter with some bread black.

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

**je t'amènerai jusqu'à Paris.**  
[ʒə ta.mɛ.nə.re ʒy.ska pa.ri]  
I you-will-take up-to Paris.

**Paris, dis-moi, n'est pas au bord de la mer**  
[pa.ri di.mwa nɛ pa zo bɔr də la mɛr]  
Paris, tell-me, is not at-the { seaside }

**que j'veux voir été comme hiver**  
[kə ʒvø vwa re.te kɔ̃ mi.vɛr]  
that I-want to-see summer and winter.

**Ma belle, veux-tu un collier d'or roux?**  
[ma bɛ.lə vø.ty œ kɔ.lje dɔr ru]  
My pretty-one, do-want-you a necklace of-gold pink?

**j'en entourerai ton joli cou.**  
[ʒɑ̃ nɑ̃.tu.rə.re tɔ̃ ʒɔ.li ku]  
I-it will-put-around your pretty neck.

**Mon joli cou n'a pas besoin de collier,**  
 [mõ ʒo.li ku na pa bə.zwɛ̃ də kɔ.lje]  
 My pretty neck does-not need any necklace,

**il est blanc, j'aime le montrer.**  
 [i lɛ blɑ̃ ʒɛ.mə lə mɔ̃.tre]  
 it is white, I-love it to-show.

**Ma belle, veux-tu que j't'apporte en plus**  
 [ma bɛ.lə vø.ty kə ʒta.pɔʁ tɑ̃ ply]  
 My pretty-one, do-want-you that I-bring-to-you in addition

**un grand sac pesant rempli d'écus?**<sup>54</sup>  
 [zɑ̃ grɑ̃ sak pə.zɑ̃ rɑ̃.pli de.ky]  
 a large bag heavy filled with-silver-coins?

**Un sac d'écus!... et pourquoi faire? mon Dieu,**  
 [ɑ̃ sak de.ky e pur.kwa fɛ.rə mɔ̃ djø]  
 A bag of-coins!... and what to-do? My God,

**garde-le pour quand tu s'ras vieux.**  
 [gar.də.lə pur kɑ̃ ty sʁa vjø]  
 keep-it for when you become old.

**Ma belle, veux-tu cette pauvre fleur**  
 [ma bɛ.lə vø.ty sɛ.tə pov.rə flœʁ]  
 My pretty-one, do-want-you this poor flower

**posée à tes pieds avec mon cœur?**  
 [po.ze a tɛ pje a.vɛk mɔ̃ kœʁ]  
 laced at your feet with my heart?

**Mon cœur, prends-le... Je ne peux plus le céler,**  
 [mɔ̃ kœʁ pʁɑ̃.lə ʒə nə pø ply lə se.le]  
 My heart, take-it... I not able-to anymore it conceal,

**moi aussi veux toujours t'aimer!**  
 [mwa osi vø tu.ʒur tɛ.me]  
 I too want always you-to-love!

<sup>54</sup> 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.  
'til 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<sup>b</sup><sub>4</sub> – E<sup>b</sup><sub>5</sub>

- Beginning of song is unaccompanied.

**Un an nous nous sommes aimés**  
[œ̃ nɑ̃ nu nu sɔ.mə zɛ.me]  
A year we each-other have loved

**depuis l'hiver jusqu'à l'été.**  
[dø.pɥi li.vɛʁ ʒy.ska le.te]  
since the-winter until-to the-summer.

**Nos deux coeurs étaient tout entiers**  
[no dø kœʁ ze.te tu tɑ̃.tje]  
Our two hearts were entirely

**unis l'un et l'autre à jamais.**  
[zy.ni lœ̃ e lo tra ʒa.mɛ]  
united the-one and the-other to forever.

**Un an, nous nous sommes aimés**  
[œ̃ nɑ̃ nu nu sɔmə zɛ.me]  
A year we each-other have loved

**et puis la mort l'a emportée.**  
[e pɥi la mɔʁ la ɑ̃.pɔʁ.te]  
and then the death her carried-away.

**Je reste seul et désolé.**  
[ʒø ʁɛ.stø sœ̃ le de.zø.le]  
I stay alone and broken-hearted.

**Que suis-je sans elle?**  
[kø sɥi.ʒø sɑ̃ zɛ.lø]  
What am-I without her?

**Mon Dieu, qui aurait jamais dit**  
[mɔ̃ djø ki o.ʁɛ ʒa.mɛ di]  
My God, who would-have ever told

**un tel bonheur si tôt fini?**  
[œ̃ tɛl bɔ.nœʁ si to fi.ni]  
a such happiness so soon finished?

**Je la vois, pâle sur son lit**  
[ʒə la vwa pa.lə syr sɔ̃ li]  
I her see, pale on her bed

**comme un oiseau blessé au nid.**  
[kɔ mœ̃ nwa.zo blɛ.se o ni]  
like a bird wounded in-the nest.

**Mon Dieu, qui aurait jamais dit**  
[mɔ̃ djø ki œ.rɛ ʒa.mɛ di]  
My God, who could-have ever told

**que mon trésor me serait pris?**  
[kə mɔ̃ tre.zɔʁ mə sə.rɛ pri]  
that my treasure me would-be taken?

**Accueillez-la en paradis.**  
[a.kœ.je.la œ̃ pa.ra.di]  
Welcome-her in paradise.

**Ayez pitié d'elle.**  
[ɛ.je pi.tje dɛ.lə]  
Have mercy on-her.

**Plus rien ne m'attache ici-bas,**  
[ply ʁjɛ̃ nə ma.ta ʃi.si.ba]  
More nothing not me-ties here-below,

**Puis qu'elle n'est plus en mes bras.**  
[pɥi kɛ.lə nə ply zɑ̃ mɛ bra]  
Now that-she not-is more in my arms.

**nuit et jour je cherche ses pas**  
[nɥi te ʒur ʒə ʃɛr.ʃə sɛ pa]  
Night and day I search-for her steps

**le long des grèvet dans les bois.**  
[lə lɔ̃ də grɛ.ve dɑ̃ lɛ bwa]  
the length of-the beach-and in the woods.

**Plus rien ne m'attache ici-bas,**  
[ply ʀjɛ̃ nə ma.ta ʃi.si.ba]  
More nothing not me-ties here-below,

**Je ne veux rien que le trépas.**  
[ʒə nə vø ʀjɛ̃ kə lə tre.pa]  
I not want nothing but the death.

**Dieu, ne me le refusez pas.**  
[djø nə mə lə rə.fy.ze pa]  
God, -- me it refuse not.

**Menez-moi vers elle.**  
[mə.ne.mwa vɛ rɛ.lə]  
Guide-me toward her.

**Lorsque le soleil disparut,**  
[lɔrs.kə lə sɔ.lej dis.pa.ry]  
When the sun vanished,

**le pauvre amant soudain mourut.**  
[lə po. vra.mã su.dɛ̃ mu.ry]  
the poor lover suddenly died.

**La même tombe l'a reçu.**  
[la mɛ.mə tɔ̃.bə la rə.sy]  
The same grave him received.

**Il dort tout près d'elle.**  
[il dɔʀ tu prɛ dɛ.lə]  
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 Noël**  
**[trwa no.ɛl]**  
**Three Noels**

Cras began *Trois Noël*s 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 plɛ̃t da.dɑ̃]**  
**The Lamentation of Adam**

Poet: Léon Chancerel

Duration: 3:15

Range: E<sup>b</sup><sub>4</sub> – G<sup>b</sup><sub>5</sub>

- 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 a a fam ɑ̃.dja.ble.ə]  
 Ah! Ah! Ah! Woman full-of-devil!

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

**Pour mon malheur et pour ta honte?**  
 [pur mɔ̃ ma.lœ re pur ta ɔ̃.tə]  
 for my unhappiness and for your shame?

**Ah! Pourquoi m'as-tu fait manger**  
 [ɑ pur.kwa ma.ty fɛ mɑ̃.ʒɛ]  
 Ah! Why me-have-you made to eat

**Le fruit de malédiction!**  
 [lə frɥi də ma.le.di.ksi.ɔ̃]  
 the fruit of damnation!

**Je t'aimais, Adam, mon pauvre homme.**  
 [ʒə tɛ.me adɑ̃ mɔ̃ po vrɔ̃.mə]  
 I you-loved Adam, my poor man.

**Tant savoureuse était la pomme,**  
 [tɑ̃ sa.vu.rø ze.te la pɔ̃.mə]  
 So savory was the apple,

**Tant heureuse elle me faisait**  
 [tɑ̃ tœ.rø zɛ.lə mə fə.zɛ]  
 So happy it me made

**Que t'en donnai, croyant te plaire.**<sup>55</sup>  
[kə tã dɔ.ne krwa.jã tə plɛ.rə]  
That you-some gave, believing you to-please

**Finie à présent douce vie!**  
[fi.ni a pre.zã du.sə vi.ə]  
Ended at present sweet life!

**Il nous faut gagner notre pain.**  
[il nu fo ga.ɲe nɔ.trə pɛ̃]  
It for-us is-necessary to-earn our bread.

**à la sueur de nos visages.**  
[a la sy.œr də no vi.za.ʒə]  
by the sweat of our faces.

**A grand ahan il faut bêcher**  
[a grã ta.ã il fo bɛ.ʃe]  
With large heave-ho it is-necessary to-dig

**la terre où nous serons demain.**  
[la tɛ ru nu sɔ.rɔ̃ də.mɛ̃]  
the earth where we will-be tomorrow.

**En Dieu, mettez votre espérance.**  
[ã djø mɛ.te vɔt rɛ.spe.rã.sə]  
In God, put your trust.

**Votre douleur sera guérie**  
[vɔ.trə du.lœr sɔ.ra ge.ri]  
Your pain will-be healed

**Par un Sauveur né d'une Vierge.**  
[pa rœ̃ so.vœr ne dy.nə vjɛr.ʒə]  
By a Savior born of-a virgin.

**Noël! Noël! Alleluia!**  
[nɔ.ɛl nɔ.ɛl al.le.lu.ja]  
Christmas! Christmas! Hallelujah!

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<sup>55</sup>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.bɛʁʒ]**

**The unpleasant inn**

Poet: Léon Chancerel

Duration: 2:13

Range: D<sub>4</sub> – G<sub>5</sub>

- 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 də lo.bɛʁ.ʒə uv.re e o]  
Ho! from the-inn. Open! Heigh ho!

**Qui va là?**  
[ki va la]  
Who goes there?

**Nazareth est notre pays.**  
[na.za.rɛ tɛ nɔ.trə pɛ.i]  
Nazareth is our country.

**Je m'appelle Joseph.**  
[ʒə ma.pɛ.lə ʒo.zɛf]  
I myself-call Joseph.  
**Et voici ma femme Marie.**  
e vwa.si ma fa.mə ma.ri.ə]  
And here-is my wife Mary.

**Au large!**  
[o lar.ʒə]  
off!

**Mon bon ami, prenez la peine de descendre.**  
[mɔ̃ bɔ̃ na.mi prɛ.ne la pɛ.nə də de.sɑ̃.drə]  
My good friend, take the trouble of coming-down.

**Et m'écoutez.**  
e me.ku.te]  
And me-listen-to.

**Je ne veux pas de baladins en ma maison.**  
[ʒə nə vø pa də ba.la.dɛ̃ zɑ̃ ma mɛ.zɔ̃]  
I – want not of minstrels in my house.

**En votre écurie, s'il vous plaît...**  
[ɑ̃ vɔt re.ky.ri sil vu plɛ]  
In your stable, if-it you please...

**Pour y mettre le feu. Merci!**  
[pu ri mɛ.trə lə fø mɛr.si]  
For there to-set the fire. Thanks!

**Ma femme est dans les douleurs.**  
[ma fa mɛ dɑ̃ lɛ du.lœr]  
My wife is in the pain (of childbirth).

**Elle attend le petit enfant.**  
[ɛ la.tɑ̃ lə pɛ.ti tɑ̃.fɑ̃]  
She is-awaiting the little child.

**Qu'elle aille pondre en l'auberge de la lune,**  
[kɛ la.jə pɔ̃ drɑ̃ lo.bɛr.ʒə də la lyn]  
Let-her go to-lay at the-inn of the moon,



**au carrefour des quatre vents.**  
[o ca. rɛfur dɛ kat. rə vɑ̃]  
at-the crossroads of-the four winds.

**Chez moi, on ne reçoit que des gens bien.**  
[ʃɛ mwa ɔ̃ nə rə.swa kə dɛ ʒɑ̃ bjɛ̃]  
At-my-home, one – welcomes only the people well-to-do.

**Je paierai.**  
[ʒə pɛrɛ]  
I will-pay.

**Ouste! ou je lâche le chien.**  
[ust u ʒə la.ʃə lə ʃjɛ̃]  
Leave! or I will-release the dog.

**En notre coeur, douce Pucelle,**  
[ɑ̃ nɔ.trə kœr du.sə py.sɛ.lə]  
Into our heart, dear Maiden,

**Daignez descendre et vous chauffer.**  
[dɛ.ɲɛ dɛ.sɑ̃ dre vu ʃo.fe]  
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**

[la.dɔʀ.a.sjɔ də bɛʀʒɛ]

**The adoration of the shepherds**

Poet: Léon Chancerel

Duration: 3:35

Range: C<sup>#</sup><sub>4</sub> – G<sup>#</sup><sub>5</sub>

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

**Compagnons, le Sauveur est né.**  
[kɔ̃.pa.jɔ̃ lə so.vœ rɛ ne]  
Friends, the Savior is born.

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

**Avec l'âne, chantons gaiement.**  
[a.vɛk la.nə ʃã.tõ ge.mã]  
With the-donkey, we- shall-sing gaily.

**Chantons Jésus, Roi de la Terre.**  
[ʃɑ̃.tõ ze.zy rwa də la tɛ. rə]  
Let-us-sing Jesus, King of the Earth.

**Hi-Han! Hi-Han! Alleluia!**  
[i.ɑ̃ i.ɑ̃ al.le.lu.ja]  
Hee-haw Hee-haw! Hallelujah!

**O ma dame, le bel enfant!**  
[o ma da.mə lə bɛ lɑ̃.fɑ̃]  
Oh my lady, the beautiful child!

**Voyez comme il prend bien le sein!**  
[vwa.je kɔ mil prɑ̃ bjɛ̃ lə sɛ̃]  
See how he takes well the breast!

**Fermez la porte, mon ami,**  
[fɛr.me la pɔrt mɔ̃ na.mi]  
Close the door, my friend,

**De peur qu'il n'attrape du mal.**  
[də pœr kil na.tɾa.pə dy mal]  
For fear that-he not-catch some sickness.

**Prenez mon manteau, Notre Dame,**  
[prɛ.ne mɔ̃ mɑ̃.to nɔ̃.tɾə da.mə]  
Take my cloak, Our Lady,

**Et permettez que je réchauffe,**  
[e pɛr.mɛ.te kə ʒə re.ʃo.fɑ̃]  
And allow that I to-warm-up,

**Entre mes mains, ses petits pieds.**  
[ɑ̃.tɾə mɛ mɛ̃ sɛ pɛ.ti pjɛ]  
Between my hands, his little feet.

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

**Avec l'âne, chantons gaiement,**  
[a.vɛc la.nə ʃɑ̃.tõ ge.mɑ̃]  
With the-donkey we-shall-sing gaily,

**Chantons Jésus, Roi de la terre.**  
[ʃɑ̃.tõ      ʒe.zy      rwa      də      la      tɛ. rə]  
Let-us-sing    Jesus,    King    of    the    earth.

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

**Compagnons, le Sauveur est né.**  
[kõ.pa.ɲõ      lə      so.vœ      rɛ      nɛ]  
Friends,      the    Savior    is    born.

**A quoi songez-vous, Sainte Mère?**  
[a    kwa    sɔ̃.ʒe.vu      sɛ̃.tə    mɛ.rə]  
Of    what    are-thinking-you,    Holy    Mother?

**Chut! Chut! Que le petit dorme.**  
[ʃyt    ʃyt    kə    lə    pə.ti    dɔ̃r.mə]  
Hush!    Hush!    {Let the little one} sleep.

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

**Doux! Doux! Doux! Que l'enfant repose,**  
[du    du    du    kə    lɑ̃.fɑ̃    rə.po.zə]  
Soft!    Soft!    Soft!    Let    the-child    rest,

**Car le jour viendra, bonnes gens,**  
[kar    lə    ʒur    vʒɛ̃.dra    bɔ̃.nə    ʒɑ̃]  
Because the day will-come, good people,

**Qu'il souffrira pour nos péchés**  
[kil      su.fri.ra      pur      no      pe.ʃɛ]  
When-he will-suffer for our sins

**Et qu'il mourra de mort amère.**  
[e    kil    mu.ra    də    mɔ̃r    ta.mɛ.rə]  
And that-he will-die a death bitter.

**Noël! Noël! Noël! Nouveau**  
[nɔ̃.ɛl      nɔ̃.ɛl      nɔ̃.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<sup>56</sup>

(Voice with piano unless otherwise notated)

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

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<sup>56</sup> 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)

- 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 Noël's (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-Arezzo Sheet Music.**

Online purchases only.

<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>

*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](http://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 Noël's*

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*

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- . *Image*. Paris: Editions Salabert, 1923.
- . *Jean Cras*. Didier Henry, baritone: Quantum 6897, compact disc, 1988.
- . *Jean Cras*. Pierre Reach, piano. Staatsorchester Rheinische Philharmonie. Conducted by James Lockhart: Cybelia CY 803, compact disc, 1986.
- . *La flûte de Pan*. Paris: Editions Salabert, 1930.

- . *Les mélodies avec orchestre*. Ingrid Perruche, soprano; Philippe Do, tenor; Lionel Peintre, baritone; Claude Schnitzler, conductor: Timpani 1C1160, compact disc, 2009.
- . *L'offrande lyrique*. 1921; Reprinted, Fayetteville, AR: Classical Vocal Reprints, 1997.
- . *Robaiyat de Omar Khayyam*. 1925; Reprinted, Fayetteville, AR: Classical Vocal Reprints, 2010.
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## 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.