

The background of the album cover features three white, textured animal masks. On the left is a horse's head, shown in profile. At the top center is a rabbit's head, facing forward. At the bottom right is a fox's head, also facing forward. The masks are set against a solid black background.

le
Pestiaire

CÉLINE RICCI

DANIEL LOCKERT, PIANO

Les Animaux et leurs Hommes — Henri Sauguet (1901-1989)

1. Cheval — 1:03
2. Vache — 1:16
3. Oiseau — 0:37
4. Chien — 0:51
5. Chat — 1:17
6. Poule — 0:32
7. Porc — 0:54

8. Chanson pour le Petit Cheval — Déodat de Séverac (1872-1921) — 3:17

9. Les Hiboux — Déodat de Séverac (1872-1921) — 3:19

10. Le Petit Âne Blanc (*piano*) — Jacques Ibert (1890-1962) — 2:22

Trois Fables de La Fontaine — André Caplet (1878-1925)

11. Le Corbeau et le Renard — 3:41
12. La Cigale et la Fourmi — 4:12
13. Le Loup et l'Agneau — 5:14

14. Les Ânes (*piano*) — Gabriel Grovlez (1879-1944) — 2:15

15. Chat I — Henri Sauguet (1901-1989) — 3:24

16. Chat II — Henri Sauguet (1901-1989) — 2:36

Le Bestiaire du Paradis — Jeanne Herscher-Clément (1878-1941)

17. Le Furet — 2:46
18. La Truite — 2:10
19. Le Coq et la Poule — 2:29
20. L'Araignée — 3:11
21. La Huppe — 3:07
22. Le Chat — 4:23
23. La Chouette — 3:12
24. La Reine des Abeilles — 3:42
25. Les Martins-Pêcheurs — 2:27
26. Le Petit Singe — 3:08
27. La Mouche — 2:03
28. Le Psaume du Merle — 5:22

Total Time — 74:38



le Bestiaire

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L'inspiration

It is interesting and amusing to observe how animals have been personified in literature throughout the centuries. To differing ends, authors have had them behave like human beings, giving them the capacity to speak, or using them as symbols of a thought, feeling or person. We have chosen to put together a small anthology - or, more appropriately, bestiary - of French mélodies featuring texts written by famous (or not!) poets, as well as two piano pieces.

Of course, the concept of anthropomorphism in French literature leads us at once to Jean de la Fontaine. La Fontaine, inspired by Aesop, gave voices to animals in his fables, which were published between 1668 and 1694. “Le Corbeau et le Renard”, “La Cigale et la Fourmi” and “Le Loup et l’Agneau,” are among the most famous of La Fontaine’s fables. Each fable illustrated a moral lesson - animals spoke beautifully, in free verse. These fables served to speak about people, to criticize XVIIth century society, and in particular the court of Louis XIV. André Caplet’s settings are enchanting through their theatricality, vitality, humor and drama.

In a totally different genre, Charles Baudelaire’s “Chat I & II” and “Les Hiboux,” taken from *Spleen et Idéal* (first section of *Les Fleurs du Mal*, published in 1857), had no didactic or moral goal. *Spleen et Idéal* was essentially inspired by three of the women Baudelaire loved, as well as by other female figures, fictitious or real. “Chat I & II” refers to the comedian Marie Daubrun, also known as the “Green Eyed Venus.” “Les Hiboux” embraces Baudelaire’s vision of unattainable happiness, and the inability of humankind to find contentment. Here, set by Henri Sauguet, “Chat I & II” are taken from a song cycle, containing settings of Symbolist poetry by Baudelaire, as well as Stéphane Mallarmé and Jules Laforgue.

Déodat de Séverac, who composed *Les Hiboux*, also set Occitan poet Prosper Estieu’s “La Chanson pour le Petit Cheval” from *Flors d’Occitania*, published in 1906. De Séverac was very attached to his southern French origins, and throughout his entire life he promoted the Occitan culture. In “Chanson pour le Petit Cheval”, the poet and the composer take us on a breathtaking ride of a horse and its desperate rider.

Some years later, after the Great War and its trauma, the face of Europe had changed. Artists were questioning the world in which they lived, speaking out against war, and rejecting tradition. They sought new

forms of expression. In this context, Paul Éluard, concerned by the language-related problems, published *Les Animaux et leurs Hommes, les Hommes et leurs Animaux* in 1920. His aim was to find an elementary simplicity of linguistic expression through poetry. At the same time, young composer Henri Sauguet was also influenced by the artistic revolution and by the new French musical movement, led by the composers of “Les Six,” as well as Erik Satie and Jean Cocteau. Sauguet set several poems from Eluard’s collection, and published them as *Les Animaux et leurs Hommes*.

The subjects of the two piano pieces are both about donkeys. “Histoires” by Jacques Ibert is a collection of ten piano pieces composed in 1922. One of them, “Le petit âne blanc” (the Little White Donkey) originated during a trip to Tunisia, where Ibert encountered the animal for the first time. One can definitely hear the sometimes playful, yet sometimes stubborn and rambunctious character of the donkey, punctuated throughout with “hee-haws”!

L’Almanach aux Images, by Gabriel Grovlez, is a set of eight piano pieces and is his best known work. Each piece is prefaced by a poem by the “fantaisiste” poet Tristan Klinsgor (1874-1966), best known for his collaboration on Ravel’s Scheherazade. “Les Ânes” (the Donkeys) is preceded by a whimsical and fanciful poem of a donkey’s journey carrying a cast of characters including witches, fairies, beggars and pilgrims, finally ending up at the stable of Jesus!

This anthology concludes with *Le Bestiaire du Paradis* by Renée de Brimont, composed by Jeanne Herscher Clément. Madame de Brimont’s cycle starts with a text dedicated to “Mother Goose,” and with this as a departure point, sets the cycle in a fairy-tale atmosphere. Then, her “bestiary” (much in style of a medieval “bestiary”) presents a succession of animals with personalities and human feelings, but without feeling obligated to moralize. The first song, *Le Furet*, written in modal style, gives another wink of the eye to the Middle Ages - the ferret addresses himself to the green dwarf, the will o’ the wisp, and to Prince Charming, and opens the door to childhood and fairy-tales. The last song, *Le Psaume du Merle*, seems to show that the whole cycle is in honor of Eve, Queen of “Le Paradis des Animaux,” - the Garden of Eden.

LES ANIMAUX ET LEURS HOMMES (THE ANIMALS AND THEIR MEN)

Henri Sauguet (1901-1989) ~ Poem by Paul Éluard ~ English Translation by Joseph Newsome

1. CHEVAL (HORSE)

Cheval seul, cheval perdu,
Malade de la pluie, vibrant d'insectes,
Cheval seul, vieux cheval.

Aux fêtes du galop,
Son élan serait vers la terre,
Il se tuerait.

Et, fidèle aux cailloux,
Cheval seul attend la nuit
Pour n'être pas obligé
De voir clair et de se sauver.

Lonely horse, abandoned horse,
Sickened by the rain, shuddering with insects,
Lonely horse, aged horse.

In frenzied gallop,
Its striving would be unto the earth,
To its own end.

And, true to the cobbles,
Lonely horse awaits the night
That it might not be decreed
To see clearly and make escape.

2. VACHE (COW)

On ne mène pas la vache
À la verdure rase et sèche,
À la verdure sans caresses.

L'herbe qui la reçoit
Doit être douce comme un fil de soie,
Un fil de soie doux comme un fil de lait.

Mère ignorée,
Pour les enfants, ce n'est pas le déjeuner,
Mais le lait sur l'herbe

L'herbe devant la vache,
L'enfant devant le lait.

One does not direct the cow
To the pasture dry and fallow,
To the pasture without sweet touch.

The grass that takes her
Should be delicate like a silken thread,
A silken thread dulcet like a thread of milk.

Unknowing mother,
For the children, it is not a fit supper,
Only milk on the grass

The grass before the cow,
The child before the milk.

3. OISEAU (BIRD)

Charmée... Oh! Pauvre fille!
Les oiseaux mettent en désordre
Le soleil aveuglant du toit,
Les oiseaux jouent à remplacer

Charmed... Oh! What a silly girl!
The birds throw into such disorder
The blinding sunlight on the roof,
The birds are aflutter replacing

Le soleil plus léger que l'huile
Qui coule entre nous.

The sunshine much lighter than the oil
That slicks between us.

4. CHIEN (DOG)

Chien chaud,
Tout entier dans la voix, dans les gestes
De ton maître,
Prends la vie comme le vent,
Avec ton nez.

Eager dog,
Everything within the voice, the actions
Of your master,
Capture life like the wind,
With your nose.

Reste tranquille.

Lie peacefully.

5. CHAT (CAT)

Pour ne poser qu'un doigt dessus
Le chat est bien trop grosse bête.
Sa queue rejoint sa tête,
Il tourne dans ce cercle
Et se répond à la caresse.

To put a finger right on it
The cat is just too great a beast.
Its tail links round to its head,
It turns in a circle
And surrenders to the warm caress.

Mais, la nuit l'homme voit ses yeux
Dont la pâleur est le seul don.
Ils sont trop gros pour qu'il les cache
Et trop lourds pour le vent perdu du rêve.

But, in night man sees its eyes
Whose paleness is the only gift.
They are too grand for hiding away
And too weighty for the lost wind of dreaming.

Quand le chat danse
C'est pour isoler sa prison
Et quand il pense
C'est jusqu'aux murs de ses yeux.

When the cat dances
It is to set aside its jail
And when it ponders
It is to its eyes' limit.

6. POULE (HEN)

Hélas! ma soeur, bête bête,
Ce n'est pas à cause de ton chant,
De ton chant pour l'oeuf
Que l'homme te croit bonne.

Alas! Sister, silly, silly,
It is not owing to your song,
Your song for the egg
That man believes you good.

7. PORC (PIG)

Du soleil sur le dos, du soleil sur le ventre,
La tête grosse et immobile

A bit of sun on the back, a bit on the belly,
The head bloated and unmoving

Comme un canon,
Le porc travaille.

Like a cannon,
The pig does its work.

8. CHANSON POUR LE PETIT CHEVAL (SONG FOR THE LITTLE HORSE)

Déodat de Séverac (1872-1921) ~ Poem by Prosper Estieu ~ English Translation by Christopher Goldsack

Petit cheval, qui m'es si cher, va promptement!
Mon pauvre cœur est dévoré par l'inquiétude:
J'aime une belle qui m'attend sous la chèneise
Si trop je tarde elle entrera dans un couvent!

Little horse who is so dear to me, set off now!
My poor heart is devoured with worry:
I love a fair one who waits for me in the oak wood.
If I tarry she will join a convent!

Petit cheval jamais lassé, toujours ardent!
Tel un éclair, franchis fossés, franchis fondrières!
Mors écumant, mets aux rochers des étincelles!
Fais-moi revoir celle qui pense à moi souvent!

Little horse, never weary, forever ardent,
like lightning, leap the ditches, bound over trenches!
foaming at the bit, put sparks on the rock!
Make me see again the girl who thinks so often of me.

Petit cheval, je te promets bonne provende!
Hâte-toi donc! Hâte-toi donc!
Au fond du val est sa chaumière,
Et je pressens que mon retard la fait mourir!

Little horse, I promise you good provisions!
So make haste! Make haste!
In the bottom of the valley is her thatched cottage,
and I feel that my delay is making her die!

Petit cheval, n'arrive pas jusqu'à sa porte!
Un glas lointain à mon oreille a retenti
Retournons-nous, pour fuir ce glas!
Ma mie! ma mie! ma mie est morte!

Little horse, does not get as far as her door!
A distant knell sounds in my ear.
Let us turn back to flee this knell!
My love! My love! My love is dead !

9. LES HIBOUX (THE OWLS)

Déodat de Séverac (1872-1921) ~ Poem by Charles Baudelaire ~ English Translation by Christopher Goldsack

Sous les ifs noirs qui les abritent,
Les hiboux se tiennent rangés,
Ainsi que des dieux étrangers,
Dardant leur œil rouge. Ils méditent.

Beneath the dark yews which shelter them
the owls stand in a line
like strange Gods;
darting with their red eyes. They meditate.

Sans remuer ils se tiendront
Jusqu'à l'heure mélancolique
Où, poussant le soleil oblique,
Les ténèbres s'établiront.

Without moving they will remain
until the melancholic hour
when, pushing back the oblique sun,
darkness takes hold.

Leur attitude au sage enseigne
Qu'il faut en ce monde qu'il craigne
Le tumulte et le mouvement.

L'homme ivre d'une ombre qui passe
Porte toujours le châtiment
D'avoir voulu changer de place.

Their stance teaches the wise
that in this world they should fear
tumult and movement.

Man, intoxicated by a passing shadow,
still bears the punishment
of having wanted to swap places.

10. LE PETIT ÂNE BLANC (THE SMALL WHITE DONKEY) ~ *piano* Jacques Ibert (1890-1962)

TROIS FABLES DE LA FONTAINE (THREE FABLES OF LA FONTAINE)
André Caplet (1878-1925) ~ poems by Jean de la Fontaine ~ English Translation by Christopher Goldsack

II. LE CORBEAU ET LE RENARD (THE CROW AND THE FOX)

Maître Corbeau, sur un arbre perché,
Tenait en son bec un fromage.
Maître Renard, par l'odeur alléché,
Lui tint à peu près ce langage:
«Hé! bonjour, Monsieur du Corbeau.
Que vous êtes joli! que vous me semblez beau!
Sans mentir, si votre ramage
Se rapporte à votre plumage,
Vous êtes le phénix des hôtes de ces bois.»
À ces mots le corbeau ne se sent pas de joie;
Et pour montrer sa belle voix,
Il ouvre un large bec, laisse tomber sa proie.
Le renard s'en saisit, et dit: «Mon bon Monsieur,
Apprenez que tout flatteur
Vit aux dépens de celui qui l'écoute:
Cette leçon vaut bien un fromage, sans doute.»
Le corbeau, honteux et confus,
Jura, mais un peu tard, qu'on ne l'y prendrait plus.

Mr. Crow, hunched on a tree,
was holding a cheese in his beak.
Mr. Fox, enticed by the smell,
offered him roughly these words:
“Well! Hello, Sir Crow.
How pretty you are! How handsome you look!
Without telling a lie, if your song
compares to your plumage,
you are the phoenix of the denizens of these woods.”
To these words the crow is overcome with joy;
and to show off his beautiful voice,
he opens a huge beak, lets his booty fall.
The fox grabs it for himself, and says: “My good man,
learn that every flatterer
lives at the expense of the one who listens to him:
this lesson is well worth a cheese, no doubt.”
The crow, ashamed and confused,
swore, but a little late, that none would ever deceive him again.

12. LA CIGALE ET LA FOURMI (THE CICADA AND THE ANT)

La cigale, ayant chanté
Tout l'été,
Se trouva fort dépourvue
Quand la bise fut venue:
Pas le plus petit morceau
De mouche ou de vermisseau.
Elle alla crier famine,
Chez la fourmi sa voisine,
La priant de lui prêter
Quelque grain pour subsister
Jusqu'à la saison nouvelle.
«Je vous paierai» lui dit elle,
«Avant l'aôût, foi d'animal,
Intérêt et principal.»
La fourmi n'est pas prêteuse:
C'est là son moindre défaut,
«Que faisiez-vous au temps chaud?»
Dit-elle à cette emprunteuse.
«Nuit et jour à tout venant
Je chantais, ne vous déplaîse.»
«Vous chantiez? j'en suis fort aise.
Eh bien! dansez maintenant.»

The cicada, having sung
throughout the summer,
found herself thoroughly destitute
when the breeze came:
not the slightest piece
of fly or of worm.
She went to cry famine
to the ant, her neighbour,
begging her to lend her
some grain to live on
until the new season.
"I shall pay you," she told her,
"before August, animal's honour,
both interest and principal."
The ant is no lender:
that is her least failing,
"What were you doing in the warm season?"
says she to this borrower.
"By night and by day, come what may,
I sang, does it not please you?"
"You sang? That suits me fine.
Well, now you must dance!"

13. LE LOUP ET L'AGNEAU (THE WOLF AND THE LAMB)

La raison du plus fort est toujours la meilleure,
Nous l'allons montrer tout à l'heure.
Un agneau se désaltérait
Dans le courant d'une onde pure.
Un loup survient à jeun, qui cherchait aventure,
Et que la faim en ces lieux attirait.
«Qui te rend si hardi de troubler mon breuvage?»
Dit cet animal plein de rage:
«Tu seras châtié de ta témérité.»
«Sire», répond l'agneau, «que Votre Majesté
Ne se mette pas en colère:

The reasoning of the strongest is always the best,
we shall prove it by and by.
The lamb was quenching its thirst
in the current of a pure water.
A fasting wolf passed by which was seeking adventure,
and which hunger attracted to these parts.
"Who makes you so bold as to disturb my drink?"
says this animal full of rage
"you will be castigated for your temerity."
"Sire," replies the lamb, "let not Your Majesty
get himself into a rage:

Mais plutôt qu'elle considère
Que je me vas désaltérant
Dans le courant,
Plus de vingt pas au-dessous d'elle;
Et que par conséquent en aucune façon
Je ne puis troubler sa boisson.»
«Tu la troubles», reprit cette bête cruelle,
«Et je sais que de moi tu médis l'an passé.»
«Comment l'aurais-je fait si je n'étais pas né?»
Reprit l'agneau; «je tette encor ma mère.»
«Si ce n'est toi, c'est donc ton frère.»
«Je n'en ai point.»
«C'est donc quelqu'un des tiens;
Car vous ne m'épargnez guère,
Vous, vos bergers, et vos chiens.
On me l'a dit: Il faut que je me venge.»
Là-dessus, au fond des forêts
Le loup l'emporte, et puis le mange,
Sans autre forme de procès.

14. LES ÂNES (THE DONKEYS) ~ *piano*

Gabriel Grovlez (1879-1944)

15. CHAT I (CAT I)

Henri Sauguet (1901-1989) ~ Poem by Charles Baudelaire ~ English Translation by Christopher Goldsack

Dans ma cervelle se promène,
Ainsi qu'en son appartement,
Un beau chat, fort doux et charmant.
Quand il miaule, on l'entend à peine,
Tant son timbre est tendre et discret;
Mais que sa voix s'apaise ou gronde,
Elle est toujours riche et profonde.
C'est là son charme et son secret.

Cette voix, qui perle et qui filtre,
Dans mon fonds le plus ténébreux,

but rather let him consider
that I go to quench my thirst
in the current,
more than twenty paces below him;
and thereby in no way
shall I be able to disturb his drink.”
“You disturb it,” repeated this cruel beast,
“and I know that, about me, you speak ill of last year.”
“How would I have done that if I was not born?”
replied the lamb; “I am still suckling my mother.”
“If it's not you, then it is your brother.”
“I have none.”
“Then it's one of your family;
for you hardly spare me,
you, your shepherds, and your dogs.
I have been told: I must have my revenge.”
Thereupon, into the depths of the forests
the wolf carries him, then eats him,
without any other kind of ceremony.

A handsome cat is strolling in my brain,
just as in its rooms,
very gentle and charming.
When it mews one can hardly hear it,
so gentle and discrete is its timbre;
but whether its voice grows calm or growls,
it is always rich and deep.
That is its charm and its secret.

This voice, which pearls and filters,
in my darkest recesses,

Me remplit comme un vers nombreux
Et me réjouit comme un philtre.

Elle endort les plus cruels maux
Et contient toutes les extases;
Pour dire les plus longues phrases,
Elle n'a pas besoin de mots.

Non, il n'est pas d'archet qui morde
Sur mon cœur, parfait instrument,
Et fasse plus royalement
Chanter sa plus vibrante corde,

Que ta voix, chat mystérieux,
Chat séraphique, chat étrange,
En qui tout est, comme en un ange,
Aussi subtil qu'harmonieux!

16. CHAT II (CAT II)

Henri Sauguet (1901-1989) ~ Poem by Charles Baudelaire ~ English Translation by Christopher Goldsack

De sa fourrure blonde et brune
Sort un parfum si doux, qu'un soir
J'en fus embaumé, pour l'avoir
Caressée une fois, rien qu'une.

C'est l'esprit familier du lieu;
Il juge, il préside, il inspire
Toutes choses dans son empire;
Peut-être est-il fée, est-il dieu?

Quand mes yeux, vers ce chat que j'aime
Tirés comme par un aimant,
Se retournent docilement
Et que je regarde en moi-même,

Je vois avec étonnement
Le feu de ses prunelles pâles,
Clairs fanaux, vivantes opales,
Qui me contemplant fixement.

fills me like a plentiful verse
and cheers me like a philtre.

It lulls the cruellest pains to sleep
and contains all raptures;
it has no need for words
to say the longest sentences.

No, there is no bow which bites
upon my heart, perfect instrument,
and makes its most vibrant
string sing more regally,

than your voice, mysterious cat,
seraphic cat, strange cat,
in which all is, as within an angel,
as subtle as it is harmonious!

From its blond and brown fur
comes such a sweet fragrance that one evening
I was perfumed with it, for having
stroked it once, just once.

It's the familiar spirit of the place;
it judges, it presides, it inspires
all things in its empire;
Is it maybe a fairy, is it God?

When my eyes turn docilely,
pulled as if by a magnet
towards this cat which I love,
and I look within myself,

with astonishment I see
the fire of its pale pupils,
bright lanterns, living opals,
which observe me steadfastly.

17. LE FURET (THE WEASEL) ~ English Translation by Nina Epton

Il court, il court, le Furet...

Le Furet s'est mis en route
pour visiter l'univers.
Oeil vif, museau de travers,
il interroge... Il écoute...

-Qu'étaient-vous donc devenues,
sylves des près et des eaux ?
-Au fond d'un lit de roseaux
nous dormions tristes et nues.

Il court, il court, le Furet...

-Hola ! Nain-vert qui galopes,
pourquoi quitter ta forêt?
-De nous il reste, ô Furet,
gueux et tireurs d'horoscopes.

-Princes charmants, belles reines,
où sont les jeux d'autrefois?
-Adieu, flûtes et hautbois
des contes de nos marraines!...

Il court, il court, le Furet...

-Mais vous, tisseurs de guirlandes?
Toi, flûtiste des coucous?
-Nul ne s'intéresse à nous.
Mortes, mortes, nos légendes!

-Quoi, si vaines destinées?
Prodiges si tôt détruits?
N'est-il au jour d'aujourd'hui,
Que têtes découronnées?

Il court, il court, le Furet...

How fast the Weasel runs...

Master Weasel trotted out
on a trip right round the world.
Eyes bright brown snout slightly curled,
hear him ask his way about...

-What had happened to all of you,
sylphs of the still leafy glades?
-We sadly sleep in the shades,
stripped of fantasy's bright hue.

How fast the Weasel runs...

-Hullo ! Why hurry, wood dwellers,
green dwarf men, why do you leave?
-Bright Weasel, no one will grieve,
welcome now new fortune tellers...

-Beautiful queens and princes bold,
must you too all fade and go?
-Farewell, flute and clear oboe
from fairy story we were told!

How fast the Weasel runs...

-And you, who weav'd flower garlands?
You, cow slip bellringer, too?
-We have no more work to do.
Faith is lost in our small hands !

-You mean to leave us alone?
Is that all you wish to say?
Or have we chas'd you away
and crushed your delicate throne?

How fast the Weasel runs...

Il court, le Furet, mesdames,
sous un ciel désenchanté
ce monde est mal habité,
le feu-follet perd ses flammes...

-Bah! J'irai chercher fortune
dit-il, bien ailleurs qu'ici!
Sur un fil de cramoisi
Je grimperai dans la lune!

Il court, il court, le Furet...

The Weasel is not so bright,
now that he has been all around.
Never fairy has he found,
Will o'the Wisp has no light...

-Pooh! I think I shall have soon to try,
said he, my luck else where!
I shall find a thread of air
end my journey on the moon!

How fast the Weasel runs...

18. LA TRUITE (THE TROUT) ~ English Translation by Nina Epton

Je suis jeune Truite, dans le torrent
cascateur et rapide.
Les nuages du ciel se mirent au courant
de cette eau limpide.
L'aigre printemps souffle. Eole furtif brouille,
mais en soupirant,
astres dansants et fines rides...
Floc, fait en sautant ma sœur, dame Grenouille.
Et moi je glisse, vite, vite...

Je suis jeune Truite.

Je plais aussi. Mon cousin le Saumon,
déjà m'a courtisée.
Je filais en aval, il glissait en amont,
lorsqu'il m'a visée.
-Souple, belle enfant, l'éventail de ta queue
sur ce frais limon.
Vivons ensemble une odyssée...
Mais j'ai viré de bord, et dans l'onde bleue
je l'ai dépesté, vite, vite...

Je suis jeune Truite.

Batifoler, voilà tout mon plaisir.
Mon cœur n'est point à vendre.

My name is young Trout, oh come watch me dance
in the falling stream.
See the cloudlets all gathering to glance
and admire their gleam.
This must be Spring. The mischievous breeze, Eolus, muddles
when he sees his chance,
ripples and dancing stars gold beam...
Flop! there goes my sister, dame frog through her puddles.
While I glide swiftly in and out.

For I am Trout.

I also please, And fresh cousin Salmon
Has tried my young heart to woo.
When we crossed in the stream he was quite overcome
By my coat of blue.
-Supple, belle of pool and mountain hid river
Let us live as one.
I have never seen fish like you!
My propeller's quick turn, with a slight shiver
Soon left him floundering about...

For I am Trout.

To jump and frolic, that's all my pleasure.
My heart is not for sale,

J'ai, dit-on, bien assez de sang-froid pour choisir
d'un seul regard tendre.

Va, poissonne! Va, sous-marine d'eau-douce,
alerte à loisir!

Il n'est rien comme de s'entendre
avec le courant qui bafouille et me pousse
vers la rivière, vite, vite...

Je suis jeune Truite.

yet, they say, I can choose at a glance and measure
fish from head to tail.

Siren, off! Sly submarine, do not try to touch
a King With treasure.

For all other joys seem to pale
on days when I brave the green water's firm clutch
arrowlike, leaping, darling in and out.

For I am Trout.

19. LE COQ ET LA POULE (THE ROOSTER AND THE HEN) ~ English Translation by Nina Epton

Lui

Cro...Rrrococo... Coquerico!

J'annonce le Jour! J'éveille l'écho!
Le soleil perce à ma voix sonore,
et mes sujets, dès avant l'aurore,
caquetent, chacun dans son argot.

Coquerico!

Je suis la trompette de Jéricho!

Elle

Cott... Cott... Comme au sortir de l'œuf
je suis la Poulette ingénue,
beau coq à la crête charnu
qu'on admire en ce matin neuf...

Lui

Cro...Rrrococo... Coquerico!

J'ai plus de quartiers qu'un vieil hidalgo!
Deviens ma sultane favorite,
ô Poule de luxe! Je t'invite
à la faveur de ce noble ergot...

Coquerico!

Je suis la trompette de Jéricho!

He

Cro...Rrrococo... Coquerico!

I herald the dawn, and when I have sung
even the sun must obey my call.
He quickly wakens my subjects one and all
to cackle news, each in their tongue

Coquerico!

I am the loud trumpet of Jericho!

She

Cott... Cott... I am so shy and young,
as fresh as when I left my home,
fine cock, with superb scarlet comb
respected all in this run.

He

Cro...Rrrococo... Coquerico!

I have more blue blood than many can show ...
And your charms impress me, I admit
so should you, my sweet, so permit,
you shall be my queen,

I promise you by my royal crow!

Coquerico!

I am the loud trumpet of Jericho!

Elle

Sois donc mon maître et mon ténor,
magnifique sultan de Gaule!
Pondeuse?.. *Cott... Cott...* C'est mon rôle.
Je serai ta Poule aux œufs d'or.

Lui

Cro...Rrrococo... Coquerico!
Mon jabot s'empourpre en coquelicot!
De cette cour je suis le satrape,
et je te choisis par Esculape,
sans autre mode de quiproquo...
Coquerico!
Je suis la trompette de Jéricho!

Elle

Cott... Cott... Girouette de mon cœur,
grattons ensemble la pelouse!
Vois, la Poule noire est jalouse...
Allons cacher notre bonheur.

Lui

Cro...Rrrococo... Coquerico!

She

Be then my lord and my beau,
magnificent Sultan of Gaul!
Good layer? *Cott... Cott...* That's my role...
I'll lay you gold eggs all in a row.

He

Cro...Rrrococo... Coquerico!
Just see the blush on my prickly jabot!
Of this court I am the proud King,
and I invite you for this farmyard fling,
without convention or quiproquo...
Coquerico!
I am the loud trumpet of Jericho!

She

Cott... Cott... Oh weather cock of my heart,
happily we shall scratch all day ;
come, the blackhen's jealous, they say...
You must not be henpeck'd from the start!

He

Cro... Rococo! Coquerico!

20. L'ARAIGNÉE (THE SPIDER) ~ English Translation by Nina Epton and Joseph Newsome

Entre deux fleurettes d'Avril
grim pant à la muraille,
je tends, je tends les mailles
d'un tissu magique et subtil.
Souple, mais solide, mon fil!
J'en suis l'artiste et la recluse...

*Dévide, dévide, dévideras-tu
le fin peloton des ruses?*

Sur un mode étrange et divers,
navette fort habile
je file, ami, je file

I have built my latest abode
between two April flow'rs
and there I spend long hours
unwinding silk to make my road.
Supple, yet strong to bear a load!
Then I repose, until I am repaid...

*Will you, won't you unwind oh who shall unwind
the skeins that cunning won't unloose?*

In a style strange and changing,
shuttle strong and skillful
I spin, friend, I spin

les contours de cet univers.
Le soleil décoche au travers
mille traits de son arquebuse...

*Dévide, dévide, dévideras-tu
le fin peloton des ruses?*

Il n'est diamant ou cristal
plus frais que la rosée
sur ma trame posée.
- Viens, sauterelle de métal,
et toi, bourdon sentimental,
et toi, belle mouche camuse !

*Dévide, dévide, dévideras-tu
le fin peloton des ruses?*

Mon tendre appel sort-il du cœur?
- La faim est mon excuse ! –
Lorsqu'en sa cornemuse
siffle un moustique baladeur,
j'en fais mon souper, sans pudeur.
J'en suis la Parque, et non la Muse...

*Dévide, dévide, dévideras-tu
le fin peloton des ruses?*

21. LA HUPPE (THE HOOPOE) ~ English Translation by Nina Epton

Dame-Huppe, pour le printemps neuf,
lustre au soleil son joli costume.
Au creux du nid elle couve un œuf,
dresse une crête de vingt-six plumes.

*Dans vos souvenirs d'exil,
Dame-Huppe, Dame-Huppe,
dans vos souvenirs, que reste-t'il?*

Et Dame-Huppe m'a répondu:
Uip, uip, j'ai vu l'Euphrate et le Gange.

the outlines of this universe.
The sun sends flying out
a thousand shafts of his arquebus...

*Will you, won't you unwind oh who shall unwind
the skeins that cunning won't unloose?*

Neither diamond nor crystal
is fresher than the dew
dangling from my handiwork.
-Come, shiny grasshopper,
and you, sentimental bumblebee,
and you, pretty snub fly.

*Will you, won't you unwind oh who shall unwind
the skeins that cunning won't unloose?*

My tender appeal's in sincere?
Hunger is my excuse!
My trap comes into use
when a bag pipe's drone strikes my ear.
that means dame Mosquito is near!
I am the Fate and not the Muse!

*Will you, won't you unwind oh who shall unwind
the skeins that cunning won't unloose?*

Madam Hoopoe for the spring sunshine,
all her sedate winter garments has shed
and white hatching under a pine;
whistles a verse of three words on nine
curls the twenty six feathers on her head

*Of your journeys for a way
Madam Hoopoe, Madam Hoopoe
of your journeys what have you to say?*

And Madam Hoopoe said in reply:
Oop, oop. I saw India's mountain ranges.

Aux bords du Nil, parfois, j'ai perdu...
Mon paradis n'est jamais perdu,
car j'y reviens dès que le temps change.

*Dans vos souvenirs d'exil,
Dame-Huppe, Dame-Huppe,
dans vos souvenirs, que reste-t'il?*

- J'ai pour Balkis, reine de Saba,
en Israël porté les messages.
Tous les trésors d'un Ali-Baba
me sont connus... Uip, uip, ouliba!
Je suis discrète, aimable et fort sage.

*Mais de notre ciel si doux,
Dame-Huppe, Dame-Huppe,
de notre printemps, que direz-vous?*

Et Dame Huppe, avec un froufrou
de vert feuillage et de frissons d'ailes,
a dit : Uip, uip, il me plait beaucoup
revoir ici fauvette, coucou,
pinson, mésange, ou svelte hirondelle...

*Mais de notre ciel si doux,
Dame-Huppe, Dame-Huppe,
de notre printemps, que direz-vous?*

- Que le printemps, que l'Été vermeil
passent tous deux, pareils aux nuages.
Alors, fidèle au cours du soleil,
Uip, uip, docile au divin conseil,
j'épouserai les souffles sauvages!..

*O fille de la saison,
Dame-Huppe, Dame-huppe,
saluons-nous. Vous avez raison.*

At times I laid beneath Egypt's sky.
To no fair haunt do I bid goodbye
for I return when the weather changes.

*Of your journeys for a way
Madam Hoopoe, Madam Hoopoe
of your journeys what have you to say?*

For proud Balkis dark queen of Sheba,
to Israel I have borne a message.
All the treasures of Alibaba
are known to me... Oop, oop, Ouliba!
Indeed, discretion is my heritage!

*Of the sky you see to day,
Madam Hoopoe, Madam Hoopoe,
and of our springtime, what do you say?*

Then Madam Hoopoe pondered a bit before
she nestled in her green hallow
and said: Oop, oop, when I think of it
I like to see the finch the tam tit,
the linnet too and grace ful slim swallow.

*Of the sky you see to day,
Madam Hoopoe, Madam Hoopoe,
and of our springtime, what do you say?*

That both the spring and gay summer days
pass away soon like the clouds after rain,
and then faithful to the sun's bright rays,
oop, oop, I shall fly to where he stays,
and ride the winds until we meet again!

*You whoever are in flight,
Madam Hoopoe, Madam Hoopoe,
I salute you. Truly you are right!*

22. LE CHAT (THE CAT) ~ English Translation by Nina Epton and Joseph Newsome

Couché sur la plume,
devant un four que Gothon rallume,
oreilles droites, pattes sous le menton,
j'ai clos à demi ma lanterne assassine.
Là, sur le carreau, la balle de coton,
et la jatte de lait qui fume...
Moi, j'ai le ventre plein. Je fais dos rond.
Je rêve chasse, amour et cuisine...
Je suis le chat. Je suis un frippon.
Je suis le maître du canton.

*Rron, rron, petit patapon,
ma moustache remue,
mon rêve continue...
Rron, rron... Rron, rron...*

Célèbre à la cave,
illustre en ces greniers où les braves
affrontent rats géants et croquent souris,
j'ai combattu pour ma plus haute gloire.
Chacun de nous a son histoire...
J'ai rencontré sous d'antiques lambris
reîtres et gueux, chinois ou slaves,
jouant du croc pour quelques houri...
Celle d'hier portait frimousse noire,
à l'heure où tous les chats sont gris.

*Rron, rron, petit patapon,
ma moustache remue,
mon rêve continue...
Rron, rron... Rron, rron...*

Elle?.. Une de gouitière,
mais de la griffe à la jarretière,
ce je ne sais quoi qui mène à tout.
- Ô topazes de tes prunelles!

Enthron'd on my pillow,
watching the flickering firelights warm glow,
ears at attention paws peeping under my chin,
I half close my eyes in a blissful illusion...
Then, as I sit still and full of peace within
my content is soon heard crescendo.
Life does not trouble me, no kith or kin
make my hair gray with bitter delusion.
I am the Cat. They can say I can win
all hearts with my mischievous grin!

*Purr, purr, in my velvet fur
how my fine whiskers twitch
at the slightest itch.
Purr, purr, purr...*

Celebrated in the cellar,
illustrious in the lofts where the brave
confront giant rats and crunchy mice,
I fought for my greater glory.
Each of us has his history...
I encountered in ancient halls
pensioners and beggars, Chinese or slaves,
playing fangs for a few frights...
The one that yesterday carried a sweet black grin,
to the hour at which all cats are grey.

*Purr, purr, in my velvet fur
how my fine whiskers twitch
at the slightest itch.
Purr, purr, purr...*

She? Comes from the gutter
and yet she puts my heart in a flutter
and there is an appeal in her velvet spats...
- O! How those golden eyes upset me!

Rroû... Suis-moi sur le toit, ma Belle...

Viens, je t'invite! Mais elle:

- Pour y quoi faire, beau matou?

- Quoi? L'amour au clair-de-lune, ma chère!

- Miaou... Je n'ose... Que dira ma mère?

- Ta mère, enfant? Moi, je m'en fff..aou!

Rron, rron, petit patapon,

ma moustache remue,

mon rêve continue...

Rron, rron... Rron, rron...

Je dors. Le temps passe.

Gothon larde une dindonne grasse,

la tourte, bientôt, va sortir du four...

À demain, bohèmes galantes!

Je rêve patte au gant de blanc velours,

coussin mollet, grâces devant la glace

et soupirs chantés de troubadours...

Je rêve, étendu sur mes rentes.

Je suis bourgeois, je suis fin dilettante.

Je suis le Chat d'un long discours.

Rron, rron, petit patapon,

ma moustache remue,

mon rêve continue...

Rron, rron... Rron, rron...

Purr, come on the roof there we will be free.

Come, I implore you ! But says she:

- What for, most handsome King of Cats?

- Why? To love each other by the moonlight, my dear!

- Miaow! I dare not my mother is near!

- Your mother, child ? Your mother rats!

Purr, purr, in my velvet fur

how my fine whiskers twitch

at the slightest itch.

Purr, purr, purr...

I sleep. Time passes.

Chef greases a plump she-fowl,

the tart, soon enough, comes out of the oven...

Until tomorrow, gallant gypsies!

I dream, paw to the glove of white velvet,

soft cushion, graces before the glaze

and sighing songs of troubadours...

I dream, sprawled over my earnings.

I am bourgeois, I am the ultimate dilettante.

I am the Cat of Grand Speeches.

Purr, purr, in my velvet fur

how my fine whiskers twitch

at the slightest itch.

Purr, purr, purr...

23. LA CHOUETTE (THE OWL) ~ English Translation by Nina Epton

Le crépuscule mol et doux

a pris ses mouffles de brume,

ses chaussons d'ouate et sa capuche brune,

Hou, ouï!..

Le chat miaule à l'amour et le vent s'enrhume...

Je suis la Chouette! Mes yeux ouvrez-vous,

mes yeux ronds, ronds comme la lune.

Hou!..

Twilight has put on by surprise

her gloves of mist by the hill.

Her socks of cottonwool and shady cowl.

Ooo!..

The cat sings of love ; the wind has caught a chill.

Now the time has come to open my eyes,

my big round eyes, for I am a owl:

Ooo!..

Le sourd frisson des bois dormants
-*chuchoti, chuchota*- m'attire.
L'oiseau du soleil a fini de rire...
Hou, où!..

D'un nuage crevé c'est la tirelire
qui sème à l'horizon mille diamants...
Dans ton cœur, ô Nuit, je soupire!
Hou!..

De ma cachette je sors sans bruit,
frôlant pignons et lucarnes.
Les rats, au grenier, narguent le gendarme...
Hou, où!

Dame Chauve-Souris va tisser l'écharpe
de l'étang figé sous des songes enfuis...
Vous, dormez en paix, dame-Carpe!
Hou!..

Phalènes rôdeurs, gare à vous!
Gare à toi, Taupe vagabonde!
-*Chut, chut*, - La Chouette montre sa tête ronde...
Hou, Où!..

Je suis la revenante furtive et blonde
qui se blottit, tiède, en l'ombre de son tour,
quand elle a fait son tour de ronde...
Hou!..

24. LA REINE DES ABEILLES (THE QUEEN BEE) ~ English Translation by Nina Epton and Joseph Newsome

Reine guerrière au pays des anges,
j'ai déployé fragile étendard
dans un palais de cire et de nard.
Il me souvient des splendeurs étranges
d'un peuple nain qui vit de nectar.

*O ruche, ruche des mouches à miel,
ta reine a volé si haut dans le ciel
qu'on ne l'a pas revue...*

The whispers of under wood trails
-*Ssb! Ssb!* Haunt me all night long;
the little sunbird has finished his song
Ooo!..

Just like a musical box where the rain drops throng,
till he scatters them all in glittering scales.
I await, oh moon, midnight's gong.
Ooo!..

Then from my gloomy hole I sally
past the lighted turret window.
The big attic rats soon scamper and go.
Ooo!..

Dame owl with wings you spread Weaves her fleece
over silent ponds where dreams forever sleep.
You, cold blooded fish, rest in peace.
Ooo!

All bandits of the well lit night now beware!
Mind, o mole; where your tiny feet tread,
-*Ssb! Ssb!* For the owl is showing his round head!
Ooo!

Like other pale ghost in search of nightly bread,
I fly alone in the silent moon lit air,
and seek my prey when all humans are abed.
Ooo!

Warrior queen in a land of fays,
my fragile banner I have unfurld
in a bee palace with honey pearl'd.
I still recall the glory of those days
a mid the humming folk of the world.

*O hive, singing with gold honey flies,
your queen has flown so high in the sky
she will return no more...*

Qu'on ne l'a pas revue.

Du seuil magique ouvert sur le monde,
mes escadrons criblaient le matin.
-Filez, mes sœurs, vers votre destin!
Gorge de fleur est assez profonde
pour vous livrer sa part de butin.

*O ruche, ruche des mouches à miel,
ta reine a volé si haut dans le ciel
qu'on ne l'a pas revue...
Qu'on ne l'a pas revue.*

Dancez de l'un à l'autre calices,
chœur virginal, essaim diligent!
L'Été bourdonne au milieu des champs...
Vous reviendrez, tambours et milices,
quand sonnera mon fifre d'argent.

*O ruche, ruche des mouches à miel,
ta reine a volé si haut dans le ciel
qu'on ne l'a pas revue...
Qu'on ne l'a pas revue.*

Dans mon palais, princesse éblouie,
je gouvernais l'incessant arroi.
-Sortir aussi?.. Mes sœurs, quel effroi...
Mais quel désir! – La reine s'ennuie,
murmurait-on; elle veut un roi.

*O ruche, ruche des mouches à miel,
ta reine a volé si haut dans le ciel
qu'on ne l'a pas revue...
Qu'on ne l'a pas revue.*

Alors, lustrant jupe de peluche,
élytres d'or et casque vermeil,
j'ai pris l'essor du divin réveil.
O vol d'amour!.. J'oubliais ma ruche...
Je suis tombée au cœur du soleil!

She will return no more...

The world upon the magic brink,
my squadrons open fire on the morning.
-Fly, my sisters, unto your destiny!
The blossom-throat is too deep
to hand over its part of the spoils.

*O hive, singing with gold honey flies,
your queen has flown so high in the sky
she will return no more...
She will return no more...*

Dance from one chalice to the next,
unspoiled choir, diligent swarm!
Summer buzzes among the fields...
You will return, drums and militias,
when my silvery fife will sound.

*O hive, singing with gold honey flies,
your queen has flown so high in the sky
she will return no more...
She will return no more...*

Within my palace, dazzled princess,
I reigned over the unending arroy.
-To leave too?... My sisters, what a fray...
But what desire! -- The queen is listless,
it is said; it's for a king she plays..

*O hive, singing with gold honey flies,
your queen has flown so high in the sky
she will return no more...
She will return no more...*

And so, brilliant ruffled skirt,
gilded wings and rosy helmet,
I took the leap of divine awakening.
O flight of love!..I forgot my hive...
I tumbled into the heart of the sun!

*O ruche, ruche des mouches à miel,
ta reine a volé si haut dans le ciel
qu'on ne l'a pas revue...
Qu'on ne l'a pas revue.*

*O hive, singing with gold honey flies,
your queen has flown so high in the sky
she will return no more...
She will return no more...*

25. LES MARTINS-PÊCHEURS (THE KINGFISHERS) ~ English Translation by Nina Epton

Lui

Vois-tu bien, mon Cœur, les légers panaches
de ces blonds roseaux,
et l'arbre penché, là-bas, sur les eaux?

Elle

Je vois l'arbre vert, d'un vert de pistache,
Je vois deux oiseaux
guettant un poisson qui glisse et se cache...

Lui/Elle

*Ce sont les Martins-Pêcheurs, ma Belle,
Ce sont les Martins-Pêcheurs, mon Cœur.*

Elle

Ces elfes d'azur, on les dit sauvages.
Toi, que sais-tu d'eux?
Où donc est leur nid, leur nid d'amoureux?

Peut-être ont-ils fait d'étonnants voyages,
bleus, sous des jours bleus?
Vois, au ras du flot, leur double sillage...

Lui/Elle

*Ce sont les Martins-Pêcheurs, ma Belle,
Ce sont les Martins-Pêcheurs, mon Cœur.*

Lui

Vois, dans l'infini, les traces jumelles
de leur vol doublé...
Car nos oiseaux bleus se sont envolés!

He

Can you see, my heart, how lightly the ashes
wear their silver crown
and playfully bending make waters frown?

She

I see two birds dart, a bright blue wing flashes
gaily up and down
when a fish has leap'd, a mid diamond splashes...

She/He

*Those are the blue kingfishers my dear,
Those are the blue kingfishers my heart.*

She

These fairies in blue are said to be sky.
Who knows where they rest
or where they have built their lovers' nest ?

Whence come they and wither go through the sky,
who knows of their quest?
Ah ! They alone know where their journeys lie...

She/He

*Those are the blue kingfishers my dear,
Those are the blue kingfishers my heart.*

He

See, far far above the parallel trace
of their double flight...
For our birds have flown away from our sight!

Elle

Ils taillent l'espace et les vents rebelles
d'un ciel pommelé.
Quel bonheur s'enfuit sur deux paires d'ailes?

Lui/Elle

*Ce sont les Martins-Pêcheurs, ma Belle,
Ce sont les Martins-Pêcheurs, mon Cœur.*

She

They brave the high winds and the kingdoms of space
like two streaks of light.
What happiness flies on their wings of grace!

She/He

*Those are the blue kingfishers my dear,
Those are the blue kingfishers my heart.*

26. LE PETIT SINGE (THE LITTLE MONKEY) ~ English Translation by Nina Epton

C'est le petit Singe d'Océanie.
Sur un cocotier, il se croyait roi.
Le ciel était bleu toujours. Loiseau-lyre,
devant ses gambades, se mettait à rire...
-Dites, pourquoi l'a-t-on pris? Pourquoi?
-Mais... Pour distraire la compagnie.

C'est le petit singe d'Océanie.

Regarde, Singe, la foire sur la place.
On y croise renard, poule et requin,
et chacun s'y gonfle en peau de baudruche.
Prends ton bonnet, ton panache d'autruche
et ton bel habit de petit Arlequin.
Et puis... Ressemble-nous, fais la grimace!

Regarde, Singe, la foire est sur la place.

Mais le petit Singe a du vague à l'âme,
il se souvient d'avoir été roi.
Il rêve souvent d'un perroquet jaune,
d'un vol de papillons longs d'une aune...
Il est malade. On dit qu'il a pris froid.
-Ça vous amuse donc, vous, Madame,
qu'un singe en exil ait du vague à l'âme?..

Poor little monkey from over the sea!
Of coconut trees he used to be King.
The skies were always blue, the forest bard
though his tricks would kill him; he laughed so hard!
Then why did they bring him, poor thing ?
Oh! Just to amuse society.

Poor little monkey from over the sea!

Look, grey monkey, the fair is taking place.
For the fox, hen and shark are all in town;
here they come! There is plenty for them to do
don your cap quickly they are waiting for you
and your funny white suit, like a real grown up clown,
and now, you must make us laugh! Now make a face!

Look, grey monkey the fair is taking place.

But the grey monkey is feeling lonesome,
he recalls that once he was a King.
Often in his dreams he hears bird cries
and sees the coloured wings of butterflies... poor thing...
It seems that he is ill; he has caught cold.
Is it amusing, for us in freedom,
to watch a monkey who is feeling lonesome?

27. LA MOUCHE (THE FLY) ~ English Translation by Nina Epton

*De la jatte de crème à la buchette
et du compotier à l'édredon.*

*Mouche, Mouchine, Mouchaille, Mouchette,
je vire, je vole, je danse un rigodon
Bzzz... au son, au son du bourdon.*

Mouche suis, filant tête en bas,
de mille pas en mille pas
à la seconde.

*Poub... Poub... Je me cogne au plafond!
Mais ainsi font
Ceux-là qui gouvernent le monde.*

Que deviendrait notre univers
si mouche à tort ou à travers,
je n'étais Mouche?
À droite... à gauche... Par ici...
Pouh... Quel souci!
Un crâne... Un nez... *Bzzz...* Une bouche...

Belle et fière en corselet court,
moi, fille de l'été, je cours
de proche en proche...
Mes sœurs pullulent au marché,
et font marcher
le fantôme du dernier coche.

Dans l'or d'un soleil intrigant,
halte ! Il convient- geste élégant-
lustrer ses guêtres.
Mais qu'entends-je? Un terme aigre-doux?..
Sus au jaloux
qui me chasse par la fenêtre!

*De la jatte de crème à la buchette
et du compotier à l'édredon.
Mouche, Mouchine, Mouchaille, Mouchette,*

*From the basin of milk to the plum pie
from the pot of jam off to that string,
busy and noisy for I am the fly
I hop and I turn and I dance a highland fling
Bzzz... A gay, a gay little thing!*

Here I come, unsteady in flight,
now to the left now to the right
what noise I create!
Poob... Poob... I've hurt my tender nose!
But so do those
who govern affairs of state.

What would our universe become
if all we flies forgot to hum
or bid good bye?
Fly here halt there I am quite tame!
Pooh! What a game
A head? A nose? *Bzz!* Now a round eye...

Gay and jaunty in my short skirt,
I fair maid of the summer, flirt
with all at random,
my countless sisters go to town,
fly up and down
till they plunder cache horse and hansom.

The glow of the sun's golden ray.
Halt there! Bids me loiter on my way
to dust my gaiter!
What do I hear? A human complains?
Dare call me names
All in vain for you'll see me later!

*From the basin of milk to the plum pie
from the pot of jam off to that string,
busy and noisy for I am the fly*

*je vires, je vole, je danse un rigodon
Bzzz... au son, au son du bourdon.*

*I hop and I turn and I dance a bigblatd fling
Bzzz... A gay, a gay little thing!*

28. LE PSAUME DU MERLE (THE BLACKBIRD PSALM) ~ English Translation by Nina Epton

*Rak Tsippor Ani.
Azamra Eli!
Hen Shbir, Mizmor!
Tsitsim, Tsitsim ve'or.
El Eli kôli!
Eli! Eli!
Tsair Nabi Ani.*

Ma merlette, au nid surprise,
écoute la vocalise
du cœur d'amant qui se brise.

Cristal pur et solitaire,
cette voix ! Au loin sur terre,
plane un merveilleux mystère...

Terre, ah ! louange étouffée!
Suis-je pas le coryphée
du vieux paradis d'Orphée?

L'ombre, au Levant, se déchire.
- Frère-Angé, divin sourire,
accorde à mon chant ta lyre!

Adieu, Lune, blanc fantôme...
Un Jardin s'ouvre à mon psaume
sous l'arche des fleurs-à-baume.

Les étoiles, peuple étrange,
ont suivi les pas de l'Angé
Vers l'arbre aux pommes d'orange...

Une vapeur, rose à peine,
glisse aux pieds de notre Reine...
Eve rêve à la fontaine.

*Rak Tsippor Ani.
Azamra Eli!
Hen Shbir, Mizmor!
Tsitsim, Tsitsim ve'or.
El Eli kôli!
Eli! Eli!
Tsair Nabi Ani.*

Hear the Blackbird's matins rise
his psalm carries to the skies
a lover's heart broken sighs.

Crystal pure hidden and alone
is this voice! Birds minstrel unknown
mystery is in thy tone.

Earth with thy smouldering fire,
praise me whose voice could inspire
the sublime Orphean choir.

Towards the East breaks the dawn
divine Angels newly born,
Let us all salute the morn!

Moon, pale ghost now you must flee!
Garden's flair open wide to me
underneath the arch'd balsam tree.

And the stars their beams now fold,
following the angels as of old
to the Tree with fruit of gold.

Now glides a mist, of rosy sheen,
round the sandals of your young Queen.
By the spring, Eve dreams serene.

Mille perles s'évaporent,
mille roses vont éclore...
J'ai chanté. Voici l'aurore!

*Rak Tsippor Ani.
Azamra Eli!
Hen Shir, Mizmor!
Tsitsim, Tsitsim ve'or.
El Eli kôli!
Eli! Eli!
Tsair Nabi Ani.*

See the pearls in vaporise,
while the roses open their eyes.
Cease, my song, night slowly dies.

*Rak Tsippor Ani.
Azamra Eli!
Hen Shir, Mizmor!
Tsitsim, Tsitsim ve'or.
El Eli kôli!
Eli! Eli!
Tsair Nabi Ani.*



Céline Ricci

Born in Florence of Italian and French parents, Céline Ricci first studied in Paris with Ana Maria Miranda and continued her post-graduate studies at the prestigious Guildhall School of Music and Drama in London. Selected by renowned conductor William Christie for his first elite academy, Le Jardin des Voix, this gifted artist was named one of operas promising new talents in 2005 by Opernwelt. She has made numerous appearances for the prestigious Les Arts Florissants and continues to have engagements with them.

Ms. Ricci already has an impressive discography that includes a number of audio recordings and two DVDs. The release of the Terradellas opera *Artaserse*, in which she sings the role of Arbace, garnered a great deal of critical acclaim. In her character's 8-minute aria, Opernwelt singled out her exciting performance as being a "tour de force" and was described as having "faultless breath control, total security and perfect round tone".

Céline Ricci's first solo CD, *Cirque* (DSL-92125), a collection of early 20th Century French songs, was released in February 2011 on the Sono Luminus label. She will be part of a forthcoming Sono Luminus release with Ars Lyrica on a disc devoted to vocal works by Domenico Scarlatti.

Early music continues to be a major component of Céline Ricci's performances. Recent operas include *Angelica* in Handel's *Orlando* (Sacramento Opera), *Clitia* in Handel's *Teseo* (Göttingen-Handel Festival), Handel's *Athalia* (Philharmonia Baroque Orchestra), Purcells *Dido* and *Aeneas* (numerous companies) and many others.

Collaborating conductors include some very distinguished names: Nicolas McGegan, Hugo Reyne, Friedmann Layer, P. Cohen-Akenine, Enrique Mazzola, Jean-Christophe Spinosi, Martin Haselbock, Martin Gester, Matthew Dirst, Timm Rolek and others. She has worked with choreographer Sasha Waltz and director Deborah Warner on a number of projects. Her touring has taken her to New York, Los Angeles, Berlin, London, Brussels, Israel, Barcelona, Paris, Vienna, Amsterdam, Moscow, St. Petersburg and a score of others.



Daniel Lockert

Daniel Lockert is a multi-talented pianist/collaborator. He was honored as the only American finalist at the first International Accompanying Competition held in Den Hague, the Netherlands. In his role as pianist/collaborator, his wide-ranging career has taken him around the globe, playing throughout the United States, Europe, Japan, Australia and New Zealand. He has been praised for exhibiting a strong sense of rhythm, lovely variety of touches, and a convincing sense of historical style.

Mr. Lockert has partnered with many notable singers including Deborah Voight, Enrico di Giuseppe, Brenda Boozer, Janice Taylor and Christopheren Nomura. His chamber music performances have included appearances with the Alexander String Quartet among others. Other noteworthy collaborations have included Nathaniel Webster, Angelina Reaux, David Gordon, Catherine Robbin and cellist Gary Hoffmann in addition to jazz singer Luciana Souza. He has also been paired with a number of distinguished conductors including Sir David Wilcocks and William Hall. Following one of his many recital appearances, it was stated in a *Los Angeles Times* review that “Daniel Lockert was the expert pianist of the occasion; his sensitive and authoritative playing matched in every way the level of the singing.”

Daniel Lockert began his piano studies at the age of five. He received his Bachelor of Music in Piano Performance with a minor in organ from Loma Linda University. Following were studies for an advanced degree at the University of Southern California in the specialized area of accompanying, studying with the renowned Gwendolyn Koldofsky who was the pioneer teacher in the field of accompanying and the pedagogue to many distinguished accompanists.

Currently, Mr. Lockert is Professor of Collaborative Piano at Notre Dame de Namur University in Belmont CA. In his role as coach and teacher, he has been on several faculties including the Juilliard School, the San Francisco Conservatory of Music, and Chapman University among others. He has also served on the coaching staffs at the San Francisco Opera, Opera San Jose, and the Aspen Music Festival.



the Composers

ANDRÉ CAPLET (1878-1925) was a personal friend of Claude Debussy. He conducted many of his works, and was commissioned by Debussy to orchestrate many of his compositions. André studied harmony, piano accompaniment, composition, and conducting at the Paris Conservatoire, and he won Le Prix de Rome in 1901. Due to complications from internal damage suffered during World War I, he died at a young age. He composed primarily for the voice.



DÉODAT DE SÉVERAC (1872-1921) was profoundly influenced by the musical traditions of his native Languedoc. He is noted for his vocal and choral music, which include settings of verse in Provençal and Catalan.

He was inspired by the poetry of Verlaine and Baudelaire.

JEANNE HERSCHER-CLÉMENT (1878-1941) was very active in the society and salon scene in Paris. She was a fine pianist, and gave concerts for the Société Musicale Indépendente, of which Gabriel Fauré was president. She accompanied her own “Le Bestiaire du Paradis” on the same program with well-known artists and composers such as Olivier Messiaen. She had pieces dedicated to her by composers such as Darius Milhaud and Charles Koechlin, whose music she promoted. Jeanne was interested in North American Indian music and gave recitals in Paris and the U.S. accompanying songs, sometimes with Chief Os-Ko-Mon of the Yakima Tribe present! Being a lover of J.S. Bach, she transcribed many organ pieces for piano.

GABRIEL GROVLEZ (1879-1944) was a pianist and conductor. As a pianist, he premiered Ravel’s Mother Goose and Fauré’s Dolly Suite, among others. He also revived and conducted baroque operas by Lully, Monteverdi, Gluck and Rameau.

31 **JACQUES IBERT** (1890-1962) was born into a musical family, being encouraged by his mother, who was an accomplished pianist, and Manuel de Falla, who was his cousin. He was classmates with Darius

Milhaud and Arthur Honegger at the Paris Conservatoire, with whom he would work later. However, he refused to be categorized or “put in a box”, but composed in a style which his biographer Alexandra Laederich (Groves Dictionary of Music) said, “can be festive and gay...lyrical and inspired or descriptive and evocative...often tinged with gentle humor”.



HENRI SAUGUET (1901-1989) studied music at an early age in his native Provence. With his friend Joseph Cantaloube, he collected and harmonized traditional songs of the Auvergne region. Being fascinated by the group “Les Six”, he sought out the friendship of Darius Milhaud, who was the catalyst for him to promote his own group “Les Trois” with two musician friends who gave concerts promoting music of the larger group. He then moved to Paris, where he studied composition with Charles Koechlin, to whom he credited finding his own “voice”. In 1923 he formed the “School of Arcueil” with three other admirers of Erik Satie. Satie introduced Sauguet to Serge Diaghilev, who agreed to produce his ballets for the Ballets Russes. Sauguet continued to compose in every medium with great success in France, even though his fame did not spread internationally.

the Poets

CHARLES BAUDELAIRE (1821-1867) is one of the greatest nineteenth century poets. His use of imagery and rejection of traditional forms deemed him a “symbolist poet”. His rejection of bourgeois values, his use of drugs, fascination with sex (and cats!), and his close friendship with painters and other poets made him the typical bohemian living on societies’ fringes. He is most celebrated for his translations of Edgar Allan Poe as well as his collection *Les Fleurs de Mal*.



PAUL ÉLUARD (1895-1952) was one of the founders of the Surrealist movement. With André Breton and Louis Aragon, he experimented with new verbal techniques, exploring the relationship between dream and reality and expression of thought.





PROSPER ESTIEU (1860-1939), a poet from the Languedoc region, spoke Occitan, an ancient European language derived from the Troubadours, that was actually codified in 1846.

He founded several schools to further the Occitan language, and was a major voice of the cultural and political renaissance of all things Occitane.

RENÉE DE BRIMONT (1880-1943), who sometimes wrote under the pseudonym Rene de Prat, was a baroness, the great great niece of Alphonse de Lamartine, a member of high society and salons, president of women's associations, and a specialist in French literature of the nineteenth century.

Gabriel Fauré used some of her poetry in his cycle “Mirages”. She was a friend of Jeanne Herscher-Clément.



JEAN DE LA FONTAINE (1621-1695) was born in Château-Thierry into a high provincial middle class family. He is the most famous French fabulist, world-wide known for his *Fables de la Fontaine* published between 1668 and 1694. The first collection of his *Fables choisies* was dedicated to the six year old son of Louis XIV of France.

Jean de la Fontaine not only wrote fables; among his lesser known works there are *The Loves of Cupid and Psyché* and *Adonis*. Jean de la Fontaine was elected to the Académie Française in 1683.



DSL-92149 — LE BESTIAIRE — CÉLINE RICCI

Recorded March 29-31, 2011 at Sono Luminus in Boyce, Virginia

Producer: Dan Merceruio

Recording Engineer: Daniel Shores

Editing Engineer: Dan Merceruio

Mixing Engineer: Daniel Shores

Mastering Engineer: Daniel Shores

A&R Direction: Marina A. Ledin and Victor Ledin, Encore Consultants, LLC

Piano Technician: Ashley Turner

Piano: Yamaha Concert Grand

Program Notes: Céline Ricci and Daniel Lockert

Translations: Christopher Goldsack, Joseph Newsome, Nina Epton

Graphic Design: Brandon Bloodworth

Cover Art Photography: Strider Jordan

Photo of Céline Ricci (pg. 28): NorbertPhotography.com

Photo of Daniel Lockert (pg. 30): NorbertPhotography.com

Session Photo (pg. 26): Nate S. Rhodes

Tenor (Tracks 19, 25): Allan Palacios Chan

Flute (Track 28): Noriko Ogizawa



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