

SEATTLE SYMPHONY LUDOVIC MORLOT



MESSIAEN
POÈMES POUR MI
JANE ARCHIBALD, SOPRANO
TROIS PETITES LITURGIES DE LA PRÉSENCE DIVINE
CYNTHIA MILLAR, ONDES MARTENOT
MICHAEL BROWN, PIANO
NORTHWEST BOYCHOIR

OLIVIER MESSIAEN*Poèmes pour Mi*

Book I

1	<i>Action de grâces</i>	5:21
2	<i>Paysage</i>	1:57
3	<i>La maison</i>	1:38
4	<i>Épouvante</i>	2:53

Book II

5	<i>L'épouse</i>	2:42
6	<i>Ta voix</i>	3:22
7	<i>Les deux guerrier</i>	1:39
8	<i>Le collier</i>	3:29
9	<i>Prière exaucée</i>	3:03

Jane Archibald, soprano

Trois petites liturgies de la Présence Divine

10	<i>Antienne de la conversation intérieure</i>	9:21
11	<i>Séquence du Verbe, cantique divin</i>	6:51
12	<i>Psalmodie de l'ubiquité par amour</i>	17:01

Cynthia Millar, ondes Martenot; Michael Brown, piano;
Northwest Boychoir**TOTAL TIME** 59:26**SEATTLESYMPHONY.ORG**

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MADE IN USA

SEATTLE SYMPHONY

The Seattle Symphony is one of America's leading symphony orchestras and is internationally acclaimed for its innovative programming and extensive recording history. Under the leadership of Music Director Ludovic Morlot since September 2011, the Symphony is heard from September through July by more than 500,000 people through live performances and radio broadcasts. It performs in one of the finest modern concert halls in the world — the acoustically superb Benaroya Hall — in downtown Seattle. Its extensive education and community engagement programs reach over 65,000 children and adults each year. The Seattle Symphony has a deep commitment to new music, commissioning many works by living composers each season. The orchestra has made nearly 150 recordings and has received three Grammy Awards, 23 Grammy nominations, two Emmy Awards and numerous other accolades. In 2014 the Symphony launched its in-house recording label, Seattle Symphony Media.



Photo: Ben VanHouten



LUDOVIC MORLOT, CONDUCTOR

As the Seattle Symphony's Music Director, Ludovic Morlot has been received with extraordinary enthusiasm by musicians and audiences alike, who have praised him for his deeply musical interpretations, his innovative programming and his focus on community collaboration. From 2012 to 2014 Morlot was also Chief Conductor of La Monnaie, one of Europe's most prestigious opera houses.

In the U.S., Ludovic Morlot has conducted the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Cleveland Symphony Orchestra, Los Angeles Philharmonic, New York Philharmonic, Philadelphia Orchestra and Pittsburgh Symphony. Additionally, he has conducted the Budapest Festival Orchestra, Czech Philharmonic, Danish National Symphony Orchestra, Dresden Staatskapelle, London Philharmonic Orchestra, Orchestre National de France, Royal Concertgebouw Orchestra, Rundfunk-Sinfonieorchester Berlin, Tokyo Philharmonic Orchestra and the Tonhalle-Orchester Zürich.

Trained as a violinist, Morlot studied conducting at the Royal Academy of Music in London and then at the Royal College of Music as recipient of the Norman del Mar Conducting Fellowship. Morlot was elected a Fellow of the Royal Academy of Music in 2014 in recognition of his significant contributions to music. He is Chair of Orchestral Conducting Studies at the University of Washington School of Music.

JANE ARCHIBALD, SOPRANO

Jane Archibald's artistry has generated excitement across Europe and North America with recent engagements including Lucia and Konstanze in Zurich; Adele and Ophélie at the Met; Olympia, Zerbinetta and Cleopatra at the Opéra National de Paris; Sophie at La Scala Milan and in Berlin; Zerbinetta at Baden-Baden Festspielhaus, the Royal Opera House Covent Garden and in Munich; as well as Semele at the Canadian Opera Company. Archibald was an Adler Fellow and Merola participant with the San Francisco Opera. She then moved to the Vienna State Opera as a member of the ensemble, debuting many of the coloratura roles she continues to sing today. Archibald stunned audiences with her extraordinary technical ability and breath control in the title role of Handel's *Semele* in 2012, which was highly praised by *Opera News*, describing Archibald's performance as "outstanding" and "simply spectacular." Archibald's first solo CD, of Haydn coloratura arias, was released on the ATMA Classique label and won the 2012 JUNO Award for Classical Album of the Year. A newly released recording of *Die Entführung aus dem Serail* (June 2016) with Parisian conductor Jérémie Rhorer, is receiving rave reviews.

CYNTHIA MILLAR, ONDES MARTENOT

Cynthia Millar was born in London and studied the ondes Martenot first with John Morton and later with Jeanne Loriod. Since she first played the *Turangalila-Symphonie* at the BBC Promenade Concerts in London with Sir Mark Elder and the National Youth Orchestra of Great Britain, her performances with many of the world's leading orchestras and conductors run to triple figures. Her many performances include the Maggio Musicale Fiorentino, the Aspen, Edinburgh and Lucerne Festivals, regular appearances at the BBC Promenade Concerts in London, and concerts with orchestras throughout Europe, the U.S., Australasia and Japan. She has recorded *Turangalila* with the Bergen Symphony Orchestra conducted by Juanjo Mena for Hyperion. Other repertoire includes Honegger's *Jeanne d'Arc au Bûcher*, Varèse *Equatorial* and Messiaen's *Trois petites liturgies de la Présence Divine*. In summer 2016 she performed the important solo ondes Martenot part written especially for her by Thomas Adès in his opera *The Exterminating Angel* at the Salzburg Festival, with further performances at the Royal Opera House in London, The Metropolitan Opera in New York and the Royal Danish Theatre in Copenhagen.

MICHAEL BROWN, PIANO

Winner of a 2015 Avery Fisher Career Grant, Michael Brown has been described by *The New York Times* as a “young piano visionary” and “one of the leading figures in the current renaissance of performer-composers.” Brown is equally committed as a pianist and composer, his unique artistry reflected in creative programming that often interweaves the classics with contemporary works and his own compositions. An active recitalist, concerto soloist and chamber music collaborator, he is on the CMS Two roster of the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center. Selected by pianist Sir András Schiff for his “Building Bridges” program, Brown performed debut recitals across Europe and at New York’s 92nd Street Y during the 2016–2017 season. Recent original compositions include works for the Maryland Symphony, the Look & Listen Festival, Bargemusic and a consortium of gardens around the U.S. A native New Yorker, Brown earned dual bachelor’s and master’s degrees in piano and composition from The Juilliard School, where he studied with pianists Jerome Lowenthal and Robert McDonald and composers Samuel Adler and Robert Beaser. He was the First Prize winner of the 2010 Concert Artists Guild Victor Elmaleh Competition and is a Steinway Artist.

NORTHWEST BOYCHOIR

The Northwest Boychoir’s musical sophistication, rich tonal quality and dedication to exacting perfection have established its reputation as one of the nation’s premier boychoirs. Led by Music Director Joseph Crnko, the choir’s staff of professional musicians and educators is engaged in the teaching of a rigorous curriculum that trains young singers to sing at the highest level, read music fluently and perform in professional settings with confidence. Over the past 30 years, the Northwest Boychoir has performed countless times, performing great classic works by such composers as Bach, Mahler, Berlioz, Stravinsky, Orff and Vivaldi. The choir’s annual schedule of performances and recording engagements makes them one of the most active children’s choirs in the country. They recently completed recording for Cirque du Soleil’s new production, *Volta*.

Joseph Crnko, *Music Director*

Tigran Avakyan	Rohan Kapur	Leo Rosales
Andrew Barnes	Kenan Lauder	Nathaniel Rose
Henry Barnes	Justin Lee	Sebastian Santa Lucia
Henry Bauck	Hanri Luo	Jordan Scherr
Dominic Bennett	David Magidson	Gabriel Sharp
Max Boyd	Keiyu Mamiya	Layth Stauffer
Benjamin Butler	Joe Miller	Aidan Su
Mason Collins	William Murray	Forrest Wu
Henry Dejanikus	Rayjin Olson	Sammy Yang
Max Dorn	Anders Pohlmann	Andrew Young
Jake Flaa	Eli Porter	Alexander Zuniga
Dominic Giuzio	Will Rayment	

SEATTLE SYMPHONY

LUDOVIC MORLOT

The Harriet Overton Stimson Music Director

FIRST VIOLIN	<i>E. McTavish</i>	Rachel Swerdlow	Jonathan Burnstein
Open Position	Michael Miropolsky*	Julie Whitton	Jennifer Godfrey
<i>David & Amy Fulton</i>	<i>John & Carmen Delo</i>	Allison Farkas*	Travis Gore
<i>Concertmaster</i>	<i>Assistant Principal</i>	Joseph Gottesman *	Jonathan Green
Emma McGrath ^	<i>Second Violin</i>		
<i>Clowes Family Associate</i>	Kathleen Boyer °		
<i>Concertmaster</i>	Gennady Filimonov		
Cordula Merks ▲	Evan Anderson		
<i>Assistant Concertmaster</i>	Natasha Bazhanov		
Simon James	Brittany Boulding Breeden		
<i>Second Assistant</i>	Stephen Bryant		
<i>Concertmaster</i>	Linda Cole		
Jennifer Bai	Xiao-po Fei		
Mariel Bailey	Artur Girskey		
Cecilia Poellein Buss	Andrew Yeung		
Ayako Gamo	Blayne Barnes *		
Timothy Garland	Adrianna Hulscher *		
Leonid Keylin			
Mae Lin	VIOLA		
Mikhail Shmidt	Susan Gulkis Assadi	Charles Jacot *	OBOE
Clark Story	<i>PONCHO Principal Viola</i>	Emily Hu *	Mary Lynch
John Weller	Arie Schächter		<i>Principal</i>
Jeannie Wells Yablonsky	<i>Assistant Principal</i>		
Arthur Zadinsky	Mara Gearman	Jordan Anderson	Ben Hausmann
	<i>Mr. & Mrs. Harold H. Heath</i>		<i>Associate Principal</i>
SECOND VIOLIN	Timothy Hale	<i>Principal String Bass</i>	Chengwen Winnie Lai
Elisa Barston ♫	Vincent Comer	Joseph Kaufman °	Stefan Farkas
<i>Principal</i>	Penelope Crane	<i>Assistant Principal</i>	
<i>Supported by Jean</i>	Wes Dyring	Ted Botsford	ENGLISH HORN
	Sayaka Kokubo		Stefan Farkas

Thomas Dausgaard, *Principal Guest Conductor*
 Joseph Crnko, *Associate Conductor for Choral Activities*
 Pablo Rus Broseta, *Douglas F. King Associate Conductor*
 Ruth Reinhardt, *Conducting Fellow*
 Gerard Schwarz, *Rebecca & Jack Benaroya Conductor Laureate*

CLARINET

Benjamin Lalich
Mr. & Mrs. Paul R. Smith
Principal Clarinet
 Laura DeLuca
Dr. Robert Wallace
Clarinet

E-FLAT CLARINET

Laura DeLuca
 Eric Jacobs

BASS CLARINET

Eric Jacobs

BASSOON

Seth Krimsky
Principal
 Paul Rafanelli
 Mike Gamburg
 Francine Peterson *

CONTRABASSOON

Mike Gamburg

HORN

Jeffrey Fair
Charles Simonyi
Principal Horn

OBOE

Mary Lynch
Principal

BASS

Ben Hausmann
Associate Principal
 Jonathan Karschney
Assistant Principal
 Jenna Breen
 Adam Lascone
 John Turman

TRUMPET

David Gordon
The Boeing Company
Principal Trumpet
 Alexander White
Assistant Principal
 Geoffrey Bergler

TROMBONE

Ko-ichiro Yamamoto
Principal
 David Lawrence Ritt

BASS TROMBONE

Stephen Fissel
 Stephen Fissel

TUBA

Christopher Olka ^
Principal
 Jonathan Hill **

TIMPANI

Michael Crusoe
Principal
 Matthew Decker

PERCUSSION

Michael A. Werner
Principal
 Michael Clark
 Matthew Decker
 Rob Tucker *

HARP

Valerie Muzzolini Gordon
Principal
Supported by Eliza Flug,
in memory of Martin Flug

KEYBOARD

Kimberly Russ + ^
 Joseph Adam + °

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Scott Wilson

ASSISTANT PERSONNEL MANAGER

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ARTIST IN ASSOCIATION

Dale Chihuly

HONORARY MEMBER

Cyril M. Harris †

+ Resident

^ In Memoriam

* Principal on Poèmes

pour Mi

° Principal on Trois petites liturgies de la Présence Divine

▲ Concertmaster on Poèmes pour Mi

◊ Concertmaster on Trois petites liturgies de la Présence Divine

• Extra Musician for This Recording
 ^ on leave



THE SEATTLE SYMPHONY RECORDING **POÈMES POUR MI**
WITH JANE ARCHIBALD ON SEPTEMBER 15, 2016.

MUSIC OF MESSIAEN

A quarter-century since his passing, Olivier Messiaen stands securely among the major French composers of the 20th century. From a broader perspective, he was one of the most original musicians of any period, the creator of a singular and often astonishing body of work. Adhering to none of the modernist styles or movements in vogue during his lifetime, Messiaen followed his own sensibilities throughout his career, forging a unique musical language out of bird calls, scales and chords of his own invention, rhythms derived from an ancient Hindu treatise, numerical symbols, and a strongly felt affinity between sound and color.

The degree to which Messiaen replaced compositional forms and procedures of the past with his own idiosyncratic methods would be enough to distinguish his music from that of his contemporaries. But no less significant is the fact that Messiaen's work is largely unrelated to the humanistic ideals of mainstream modernism. Rather, it expresses a visionary frame of mind whose concern was always with the miraculous, the transcendent. Messiaen found inspiration in the cosmos, in the most vast and violent manifestations of nature, and in the contemplation of myth, numerology and ancient civilizations. But above all, he created his music to articulate his very personal brand of Roman Catholicism. Although his faith would strike few as orthodox, Messiaen nevertheless was the foremost religious composer of his era.

Messiaen's religious belief was unusual in its literal embrace of miracles and revelations set forth in the scriptures and manifest, he felt, everywhere around him. "The truths of the faith are startling," the composer observed, referring to the highly charged imagery of the scriptural passages and mystical poetry to which he was drawn. And this imagery drew from him lush, colorful and strangely ecstatic music quite unlike the decorous settings of the mass and other liturgical texts by Stravinsky, Poulenc and other leading 20th-century composers.

But though unconventional, the spiritual sentiment of Messiaen's religious music is strong and heartfelt. It was also of primary importance to the composer. "This is the first aspect of my work," he once declared, "the noblest and, doubtless, the most useful and valuable; perhaps the only one I won't regret at the hour of my death." The two compositions recorded here reflect, each in its own way, something of Messiaen's spiritual outlook and the extraordinary expression he gave to it in his music.

In 1932 Messiaen married Claire Delbos, a violinist and composer. The couple had a warm and devoted relationship and they often performed together (Messiaen was an accomplished pianist). The highest string on the violin is the E string, and the note E is called "Mi" in French musical nomenclature (as in "Do, Re, Mi," etc.). This became Messiaen's affectionate nickname for Claire. Four years after they wed they built

a small house by a lake near Grenoble with a view of the mountains. This retreat became Messiaen's favorite place for composing and the first work he wrote there was a gift to his wife: a cycle of nine songs whose texts are poems by the composer.

Poèmes pour Mi meditates on the idea of marriage as both a human blessing and a religious sacrament. The first song gives thanks for God's gifts of nature (sky, water, mountains), for the poet's beloved ("an eye close to my eye, a thought close to my thought") and for the redemptive sacrifice of Christ. Messiaen draws further parallels between nature and his wife in the second song ("... And she is there, green and blue like the landscape!"). In the third he extolls the joy they know dwelling together in a house surrounded by natural beauty. But the idyll evoked in "*La maison*" cannot last, and the fourth song, "*Épouvante*" ("Terror"), evokes its opposite, the hell to which a solely earthly love can lead.

The three songs that follow show the way out of that darkness, beginning with a call to follow where the Holy Spirit leads and concluding with a vision of the married couple as spiritual warriors. The last two songs reveal the rewards of their journey and struggle. "*Le collier*" ("The Necklace") paints a touching portrait of the couple in loving embrace. Complementing this vision of sensual love, the concluding song praises the heavenly grace granted the faithful Christian. Its grateful tone resonates with that of the first song, thereby bringing the cycle full circle to its point of departure.

Much of the orchestration of *Poèmes pour Mi* reflects Messiaen's lifelong vocation as a church organist. The vocal writing ranges in style from quasi-liturgical chant at the outset of the cycle, and again in the final song, to menacing snarls in "*Épouvante*" to languorous sensuality in "*Le collier*." Among the many extraordinary moments of this generally extraordinary composition are the rapturous "Alleluias" sung over circling lines from the woodwinds at the close of "*Action de grâces*," the cascading vocal lines that suggest falling into hell in "*Épouvante*," the birdsong near the end of "*Ta voix*" and the unbridled ecstasy just before the close.

Composed in 1944, after his release from a German prison camp, ***Trois petites liturgies de la Présence Divine*** was Messiaen's first important work using voices and orchestra. It is characteristic of the composer's very poetic religious perspective that this is not at all a liturgical work, its title notwithstanding. (In fact, Messiaen never composed a setting of the mass or any canonical ecclesiastic verses.) Rather, its text is three religious poems written by Messiaen himself. The words are set forth, in the original score, by a choir of women's voices. Our performance uses a boychoir instead. Ludovic Morlot, the Seattle Symphony's Music Director and the conductor on this recording, made that substitution in order to realize more fully the composer's intention. "Messiaen wanted the sound of really pure, angelic voices in this piece," Morlot explains, a sound the Northwest Boychoir delivers admirably here. Accompanying them is an unusual ensemble of percussion, piano (in a featured role),

string orchestra and ondes Martenot, an early electronic instrument that produces a strong but ethereal sound, like the singing of some extra-terrestrial creature.

The composition offers up an array of striking and extremely novel sonorities. The piano joins with celeste and vibraphone in an ensemble Messiaen compared to a Balinese gamelan. The vocal writing ranges from chant to languorous song to rhythmic shouting. Strings and ondes Martenot join in lushly scored passages. The composer's unconventional instrumental and vocal sonorities complement his very personal handling of rhythm and his use of both familiar harmonies and new chords and scales. The music tends to extremes of either cataclysmic activity or tender quietude.

Messiaen called the first movement an "interior conversation" and explained that it is meant to evoke "the God that is present in us." The opening and close of this movement juxtapose serene melodic lines with birdsongs transmitted primarily by the piano. A contrasting central passage brings a faster pace and greater rhythmic complexity in both the vocal and instrumental parts. A single violin and, later, ondes Martenot, play lines intimating ecstatic dance, while piano, percussion and the string ensemble each contribute vigorous figures of their own. All these combine with the vocal line to create an exhilarating polyphony of diverse elements.

The second "liturgy" features similarly complex textures. But in contrast to the dizzying welter of musical detail this movement presents, its formal structure is a simple rondo

design: a brief melodic idea alternating with episodes of more variegated music. The end conveys religious rapture through sheer sonority, bright and overwhelming.

The final movement, like the first, unfolds in a broad A–B–A pattern, but with tempos and characters reversed: here the outer panels are fast and rhythmic, while the central episode brings slow, sustained music and celestial sonorities. The reprise of the initial section culminates in another of Messiaen's shattering climaxes, but the composer appends a coda passage that brings the work to a tranquil close.

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MESSIAEN POÈMES POUR MI

Ier Livre

"Action de graces"

Le ciel,
Et l'eau qui suit les variations des nuages,
Et la terre,
Et les montagnes qui attendent toujours,
Et la lumière qui transforme.
Et un oeil près de mon oeil, une pensée près de ma pensée,
Et un visage qui sourit et pleure avec le mien,
Et deux pieds derrière mes pieds
Comme la vague à la vague est unie.
Et un âme,
Invisible, pleine d'amour et d'immortalité,
Et un vêtement de chair et d'os qui germera pour La résurrection,
Et la vérité, e l'Esprit, et la grâce avec son héritage De lumière.
Tout cela, vous me l'avez donné.
Et vous vous êtes encore donné vous-même,
Dans l'obéissance et dans le sang de votre Croix,
Et dans un Pain plus
Doux que la fraîcheur des étoiles,
Mon Dieu.
Alleluia.

"Paysage"

Le lac comme un gros bijou bleu.
La route pleine de chagrins et de fondrières,
Mes pieds qui hésitent dans la poussière,

Book I

"Thanksgiving"

The sky,
And the water which follows the variations of the clouds,
And the earth,
And the mountains which wait always,
And the light which transforms.
And an eye close to my eye, a thought close to my thought,
And a face which smiles and cries with mine,
And two feet behind my feet
Like a wave to a wave are united.
And a soul,
Invisible, full of love and immortality,
And a garment of flesh and bone which germinates For the resurrection,
And Truth, and Spirit, and the grace with its Heritage from light.
All of this You have given me.
And You yourself again gave Yourself,
In obedience and in the blood of Your Cross,
And in a Bread more sweet
Than the freshness of the stars,
My God.
Alleluia.

"Landscape"

The lake like a great blue jewel.
The road full of chagrin and potholes,
My feet that hesitate in the dust,

Le lac comme un gros bijou bleu.
Et la voilà, verte et bleue comme le paysage!
Entre le blé et le soleil je vois son visage:
Elle sourit, la main sur les yeux.
Le lac comme un gros bijou bleu.

"La maison"

Cette maison nous allons la quitter:
Je la vois dans ton oeil.
Nous quitterons nos corps aussi:
Je les vois dans ton oeil.
Toutes ces images de douleur qui s'impriment
Dans ton oeil,
Ton oeil ne les retrouvera plus:
Quand nous contempleros la Vérité,
Dans des corps purs, jeunes, éternellement lumineux.

"Épouvante"

Ha, ho!
N'enfouis pas tes souvenirs dans la terre,
Tu ne les retrouveras plus.
Ne tire pas, ne froisse pas, ne déchire pas.
Des lambeaux sanglants te suivraient dans les ténèbres
Comme une vomissure triangulaire,
Et le choc bruyant des anneaux sur la porteir irréparable
Rhythmerait ton désespoir
Pour rassasier les puissances du feu.
Ha, ho! Ha!

II^{me} livre

"L'épouse"

Va où l'Esprit te mène,
Nul ne peut séparer ce que Dieu a uni,

The lake like a great blue jewel.
And there she is, green and blue like the landscape!
Between the corn and the sun I see her face:
She smiles, her hand on her eyes.
The lake like a great blue jewel.

"The House"

This house, we will leave it:
I see it in your eye.
We will leave our bodies also:
I see it in your eye.
All these images of sadness which have imprinted Themselves in your eye,
Your eye won't see them anymore:
When we contemplate Truth,
In bodies pure, young, eternally luminous.

"Terror"

Ah! Oh!
Do not bury your memories in the earth,
You might not find them again.
Do not throw them, crease them, tear them.
The bloody tatters will follow you in the darkness
Like spasmodic vomiting,
And the noisy shock of the bolts of the door of no return
Will give rhythm to your despair
To satisfy the fiery powers.
Ah, oh! Ah!

Book II

"The Wife"

Go where the Spirit leads you,
No one will separate what God has united,

Va où l'Esprit te mène,
L'épouse est le prolongement de l'époux,
Va où l'Esprit te mène,
Comme l'Eglise est le prolongement
Comme l'Eglise est le prolongement du Christ.

"Ta voix"
Fenêtre pleine d'après-midi,
Qui s'ouvre sur l'après-midi,
Et sur ta voix fraîche
(Oiseau de printemps qui s'éveille).
Si elle s'ouvrait sur l'éternité
Je te verrais plus belle encore.
Tu es la servante du Fils,
Et le Père t'aimerait pour cela.
Sa lumière sans fin tomberait sur tes épaules,
Sa marque sur ton front.
Tu complèterais le nombre des anges incorporels.
A la gloire de la Trinité sainte
Un toujours de bonheur élèverait ta voix fraîche
(Oiseau de printemps qui s'éveille):
Tu chanterais.

"Les deux guerriers"
De deux nous voici un.
En avant!
Comme des guerriers bardés de fer!
Ton oeil et mon oeil parmi les statues qui marchent,
Parmi les hurlements noirs,
Les écroulements de sulfureuses géométries.
Nous gémissions: ah!
Écoute-moi, je suis tes deux enfants, mon Dieu!
En avant, guerriers sacramentels!
Tendez joyeusement vos boucliers.

Go where the Spirit leads you,
The wife is the extension of the husband,
Go where the Spirit leads you,
Like the Church is the extension
Like the Church is the extension of Christ.

"Your Voice"
A window full of afternoon,
Which opens onto the afternoon,
And in your fresh voice
(Bird of spring which awakens).
If it should open on eternity
I would see you even more beautiful.
You are the handmaiden of the Son,
And the Father will love you for that.
His light without end will fall on your shoulders,
His mark on your forehead.
You will complete the number of angels intangible.
To the glory of the holy Trinity
An eternity of happiness will raise your fresh voice
(Bird of spring which awakens):
You will sing.

"The Two Warriors"
The two of us are one.
Forward!
Like warriors protected with iron!
Your eye and my eye between the marching statues,
Between the screaming black,
The collapse of sulfurous shapes.
We moan: ah!
Listen to me, I am your two children, my God!
Forward, sacred warriors!
Stretch joyously your shields.

Lancez vers le ciel les flèches
Du dévouement d'aurore:
Vous parviendrez aux portes de la Ville.

"Le collier"
Printemps enchaîné,
Arc-en-ciel léger du matin,
Ah! mon collier! Ah! mon collier!
Petit soutien vivant de mes oreilles lasses,
Collier de renouveau, de sourire et de grâce,
Collier d'Orient,
Collier choisi multicolore aux perles dures et cocasses!
Paysage courbe, épousant l'air frais du matin,
Ah! mon collier! Ah! mon collier!
Tes deux bras autour de mon cou, ce matin.

"Prière exaucée"
Ebranlez la solitaire,
La vieille montagne de douleur,
Que le soleil travaille les eaux amères de mon cœur!
O Jésus, Pain vivant et qui donnez la vie,
Ne dites qu'une seule parole,
Et mon âme seraguérie.
Ebranlez la solitaire, la vieille montagne de douleur,
Que le soleil travaille les eaux amères de mon cœur!
Donnez-moi votre grâce,
Donnez-moi votre grâce,
Donnez-moi votre grâce!
Carillonne, mon cœur!
Que ta résonance soit dure, et longue, et profonde!
Frappe, tape, choque pour ton roi!
Frappe, tape, choque pour ton Dieu!
Voici ton jour de gloire et de résurrection!
La joie est revenue.

Launch to the sky the arrows
From the dedication from dawn:
You will come to the gates of the City.

"The Necklace"
Spring enchanted,
The Rainbow in the morning light,
Ah! my necklace! My necklace!
Little living cushion of my tired ears,
Necklace of renewal, of smiles and of grace,
Necklace of the Orient,
Necklace of many colors of pearls strong and comical!
Curved landscape, married to the fresh morning air,
Ah! my necklace! My necklace!
Your two arms around my neck, this morning.

"Answered Prayer"
Shake the lonely,
The old mountain of pain,
As the sun works the bitter waters of my heart!
O Jesus, living Bread which gives life,
Say but a single word,
And my soul shall be healed.
Shake the lonely, the old mountain of pain,
As the sun works the bitter waters of my heart!
Give me Your grace,
Give me Your grace,
Give me Your grace!
Rings out my heart!
Thy resonance is hard, and long, and deep!
Strike, hit, ring for your king!
Strike, hit, ring for your God!
Here is your day of glory and resurrection!
The joy has returned.

MESSIAEN

TROIS PETITES LITURGIES DE LA PRÉSENCE DIVINE

"Antienne de la conversation intérieure"

Mon Jésus, mon silence, restez en moi.
Mon Jésus, mon royaume de silence, parlez en moi.
Mon Jésus, nuit d'arc-en-ciel et de silence,
Priez en moi.
Soleil de sang, d'oiseaux,
Mon arc-en-ciel d'amour, désert d'amour.
Chantez, lancez l'aurore d'amour,
Mon Amour, mon Dieu.

Ce qui qui chante comme un écho de lumière,
Mélodie rouge et mauve en louange du Père,
D'un baiser votre main dépasse le tableau,
Paysage divin, renverse-toi dans l'eau.
Louange de la Gloire à mes ailes de terre,
Mon Dimanche, ma Paix, mon Toujours de lumière. Que
le ciel parle en moi, rire, ange nouveau,
Ne me réveillez pas: c'est le temps de l'oiseau!

[Mon Jésus, mon silence, restez en moi...]

" Séquence du Verbe, cantique divin "

Il est parti le Bien-Aimé, c'est pour nous!
Il est monté le Bien-Aimé, c'est pour nous!
Il a prié le Bien-Aimé, c'est pour nous!
Il a parlé, Il a chanté, le Verbe était en Dieu!
Il a parlé, Il a chanté, et le Verbe était Dieu!
Louange du Père, substance du Père,
Empreinte et rejaillissement toujours,
Dans l'Amour, Verbe d'Amour!
Par lui le Père dit: c'est moi,

"Anthem of the Inward Conversation"

My Jesus, my silence, remain in me.
My Jesus, my kingdom of silence, speak in me.
My Jesus, night of rainbow and silence,
Pray in me.
Sun of blood, of birds,
My rainbow of love, wilderness of love.
Sing, cast love's halo,
My Love, my God.

This "yes" that sings like an echo of light,
A red and mauve melody in praise of the Father,
By a kiss's breadth your hand overreaches the painting,
Heavenly landscape, spill your reflection into the water.
Praise of Glory to my wings of earth,
My Sunday, my Peace, my Everlasting light.
May heaven speak within me, smile, new angel,
Do not wake me: it's the time of the bird!

[My Jesus, my silence, remain in me...]

"Sequence of the Word, Divine Canticle"

The Beloved has gone, it is for us!
The Beloved has ascended, it is for us!
The Beloved has prayed, it is for us!
He has spoken, He has sung, the Word was in God!
He has spoken, He has sung, and the Word was God!
Praise of the Father, substance of the Father,
Imprint and emanate always,
In Love, Word of Love!
Through the Word the Father said: it is I,

Parole de mon sein!
Par lui le Père dit: c'est moi,
Le Verbe est dans mon sein!
Le Verbe est la louange,
Modèle en bleu pour anges,
Trompette bleue qui prolonge le jour,
Par Amour, chant de l'Amour!

Il était riche et bienheureux, Il a donné Son ciel!
Il était riche et bienheureux, pour compléter Son ciel!
Le Fils c'est la présence, l'Esprit, c'est la présence!
Les adoptés dans la grâce toujours,
Pour l'Amour, enfants d'Amour!

[Il est parti le Bien-Aimé, c'est pour nous!...]

Il est vivant, Il est présent,
Et Lui se dit en Lui!
Il est vivant, Il est présent,
Et Lui se voit en Lui!
Présent au sang d l'âme, étoile aspirant l'âme,
Présent partout, miroir ailé des jours,
Par Amour, le Dieu d'Amour!

[Il est parti le Bien-Aimé, c'est pour nous!...]

"Psalmody de l'ubiquité par amour"

Tout en entier en tous lieux, tour entier en chaque lieu,
Donnant l'être à chaque lieu,
A tout ce qui occupe un lieu,
Le successif vous est simultané,
Dans ces espaces et ces temps que vous avez créés,
satellites de votre Douceur.
Posez-vous comme un sceau sur mon coeur.

Word of my breast!
Through Him, the Father said: it is I,
The Word is in my breast!
The Word is praise,
A blueprint for angels,
A blue trumpet that prolongs the day,
Through Love, song of Love!

He was rich and happy, He gave His heaven!
He was rich and happy, to complete His heaven!
The Son is the presence, the Spirit is the presence!
Those who have received grace always,
For Love, children of Love!

[The Beloved has gone, it is for us!...]

He lives, He is present,
And He has spoken in Him!
He lives, He is present,
And He can be seen in Him!
Present in the blood of the soul, soul-breathing star,
Everywhere present, winged mirror of days,
Through Love, the God of Love!

[The Beloved has gone, it is for us!...]

"Psalmody of the Ubiquity of Love"

Whole in all places, whole in each place,
Bestowing being upon each place,
On all that occupies a place,
The successive you is omnipresent,
In these spaces and times that you created,
These satellites of your Gentleness.
Place yourself like a seal on my heart.

Temps de l'homme et de la planète,
Temps de la montagne et de l'insecte,
Bouquet de rire pour le merle et l'alouette,
Éventail de lune au fuchsia,
A la balsamine, au bégonia;
De la profondeur une ride surgit,
La montagne saute comme une brebis
Et devient un gran océan.
Présent, vous êtes présent.
Imprimez votre nom dans mon sang.

Dans le mouvement d'Arcturus, présent,
Dans l'arc-en-ciel d'une aile après l'autre
(Écharpe aveugle autour de Saturne),
Dans la race cachée de mes cellules, présent,
Dans le sang qui répare ses rives,
Dans vos Saints par la grâce, présent,
(Interprétations de votre Verbe,
Pierres précieuses au mur de la Fraîcheur).
Posez-vous comme un sceau sur mon coeur.

Un coeur pur est votre repos,
Lis en arc-en-ciel du troupeau,
Vous vous cachez sous votre Hostie,
Frère silencieux dans la Fleur-Eucharistie,
Pour que je demeure en vous comme une aile
Dans le soleil, vers la résurrection du dernier jour.
Il est plus fort que la mort, votre Amour.
Mettez votre caresse tout autour.

Violet-jaune, vision,
Voile-blanc, subtilité,
Orangé-bleu, force et joie,
Flèche-azur, agilité,
Donnez-moi le rouge et le vert de votre amour,

Time of man and of the planet,
Time of the mountain and of the insect,
Garland of laughter for the blackbird and lark,
Wedge of moon to the fuchsia,
Balsam and begonia;
From the depths a ripple rises,
The mountain leaps like an ewe
And becomes a great ocean.
Present, you are present.
Imprint your name in my blood.

Present in the movement of Arcturus,
In the rainbow, with one wing after another
(Blind sash around Saturn),
Present in the hidden race of my cells,
In the blood that repairs its banks, present,
Through Grace, in your Saints.
(Interpretations of your Word,
Precious stones in the wall of Freshness).
Place yourself like a seal on my heart.

A pure heart is your repose,
Rainbow-colored lily of the flock,
You hide beneath your Host,
Silent brother in the Eucharist-flowers,
So I may dwell within you like a wing within the sun,
Awaiting the resurrection of the final day.
Your Love is stronger than death.
Enfold us all within your embrace.

Violet-yellow, vision,
White-out, subtlety,
Orange-blue, strength and joy,
Azure spire, agility,
Give me the red and green of your love,

Feuille-flamme-or, clarté.
Plus de langage, plus de mots,
Plus de prophètes ni de science
(C'est l'Amen de l'espérance,
Silence mélodieux de l'Éternité).

Mais la robe lavée dans le sang de l'Agneau,
Mais la pierre de neige avec un nom nouveau,
Les éventails, la cloche et l'ordre des clartés,
Et l'échelle en arcs-en-ciel de la Vérité,
Mais la porte qui parle et le soleil qui s'ouvre,
L'aurore tête de recharge qui délivre,
Et l'encre d'or ineffaçable sur le livre;
Mais le face-à-face et l'Amour.

Vous qui parlez en nous, vous qui vous taisez en nous,
Et gardez le silence dans votre Amour.
Vous êtes près, vous êtes loin,
Vous êtes la lumière et les ténèbres,
Vous êtes si compliqué si simple,
Vous êtes infiniment simple.

L'arc-en-ciel de l'Amour, c'est vous,
L'unique oiseau de l'Éternité, c'est vous!
Elles s'alignent lentement,
Les cloches de la profondeur
Posez-vous comme un sceau sur mon coeur.

[Tout entier en tous lieux, tout entier en chaque lieu...]

Vous qui parlez en nous, vous qui vous taisez en nous,
Et gardez le silence dans votre Amour,
Enforcez votre image dans la durée de mes jours.

Gold-burning leaf, clarity.
No more language, no more words,
No more prophets nor science,
(It is the Amen of hope,
The melodious silence of Eternity).

But the raiment washed in the Blood of the Lamb,
But the stone of snow with a new name,
The fans, the bells and the order of light,
And the rainbow-ladder of Truth,
But the gate that speaks and the sun that opens,
The halo and change of head that redeems us,
And the golden ink, indelible on the book;
But to see you face-to-face and Love.

You speak in us, you who keep silent in us,
And maintain your silence in your Love.
You are close, you are distant,
You are the light and the darkness,
You are so complex and so simple,
You are infinitely simple.

You are rainbow of Love,
You are the unique bird of Eternity!
Slowly they fall into line,
The bells of profundity.
Place yourself like a seal on my heart.

[Whole in all places, whole in each place...]

You who speak in us, you who say nothing in us
And maintain your silence in your Love,
Impress your image throughout the length of my days.

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Poèmes pour Mi – © Durand, 1936–1937

Trois petites liturgies de la Présence Divine – © Durand, 1943–1944

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Art direction and design: Jessica Forsythe

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