

BENNINGTON COLLEGE PRESENTS...

Songs and Piano Music Inspired by the Poetry of Charles Baudelaire

Rachel Rosales, soprano

Robert Osborne, bass-baritone

Todd Crow, pianist

Richard Howard, commentator and translator



Deane Carriage Barn
7:00 p.m.
Friday, March 12, 2010

Songs and Piano Music Inspired by the Poetry of Charles Baudelaire

Rachel Rosales, soprano

Robert Osborne, bass-baritone

Todd Crow, pianist

Richard Howard, commentator and translator

Program

Earliest Settings

L'Invitation au voyage (1870)

Henri Duparc (1848-1933)

Hymne (1870?)

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

Chant d'automne (c. 1871)

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

Prélude pour piano (1910)

Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

"Les sons et les parfums tournent dans l'air du soir" (from Harmonie du soir)

The Second Wave

Recueillement (1889)

Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

La Vie antérieure (1884)

Henri Duparc (1848-1933)

La Mort des amants (1887)

Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

La Cloche fêlée (1922)

André Caplet (1878-1925)

Réversibilité (1924)

Louis Vierne (1870-1937)

INTERMISSION

A Baudelaire Bestiary

L'Albatros (1879)

Ernest Chausson (1855-1899)

Le Chat I (1938)

Henri Sauguet (1901-1989)

Les Hiboux (1898)

Déodat de Séverac (1872-1921)

[Prélude pour piano] (1917)

Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

"Les soirs illuminés par l'ardeur de charbon" (from Le Balcon)

The International Response

Le Revenant (1944)

Paul Hindemith (1895-1963)

Muzika/La musique (1909)

Sergey Ivanovich Taneyev (1850-1918)

Les dremuchiye/Obsession (1909)

Sergey Ivanovich Taneyev (1850-1918)

Je t'adore (1911)

Aleksandr Tikhonovich Grechaninov (1864-1956)

About the Artists...

Blessed with a sumptuous voice of magnificent proportions, soprano **Rachel Rosales** is capable of delivering the fiery intensity of Verdi's most demanding works or spinning out the delicate filigree of Handel's intricate embellishments and has achieved both popular and critical acclaim on international stages in opera, oratorio and solo recitals. A ubiquitous presence on the New York City scene, her recent appearances at Carnegie Hall (and other prestigious venues around town) include the Orpheus Orchestra at Carnegie Hall, the *Sacred Music in a Sacred Space* series, the Orchestra of St. Luke's, Musica Sacra, the Oratorio Society of New York, the Lincoln Center Summer Festival and the Bard Music Festival. During the summers, she participated in performances at the Verbier Music Festival (Switzerland) in Israel with The Collegiate Chorale and the Israel Philharmonic under Zubin Mehta, as well as the Bard Music Festival & Summerscape. She toured Europe as soloist in *Le Roi David* with Kent Tritle and the Oratorio Society of New York and recently made her début with the Dayton Philharmonic in Verdi's *Requiem* under Neal Gittleman and returned to the Oratorio Singers of Westfield (NJ) for Bach's *Mass in B Minor* and Beethoven's *Christus am Ölberge*. This season's engagements include: Handel's *Messiah* with Peniel Concert Choir and Orchestra at Lincoln Center's Avery Fisher Hall, Mozart's *Requiem* with Kent Tritle as part of the *Sacred Music in a Sacred Space* series in NYC, as well as recital programs. Upon completion of her undergraduate studies at Arizona State University, she joined the Merola Opera Program at San Francisco Opera and later earned her Master of Music degree from The Juilliard School. She was a National Finalist in the Metropolitan Opera National Council Auditions and took First Place in competitions sponsored by the San Francisco Opera Center, the Music Teachers National Association and the National Association of the Teachers of Singing. In 1989 she was given the *Young Alumni Achievement Award* by her alma mater, Arizona State University. She currently serves as a member of the teaching faculties of Bennington College and Vassar College.

Bass-baritone **Robert Osborne** has sung over fifty roles in operas from Bernstein to Weill with companies in Paris, Berlin, New York, Houston, Santa Fe and Los Angeles. His concert career has taken him to Carnegie Hall, Lincoln Center, and the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, Royal Albert Hall in London, the Concertgebouw in Amsterdam, Victoria Hall in Singapore, the Gran Teatro in Havana, and Tchaikovsky Hall in Moscow where he has sung under such distinguished conductors as Bernstein, Ozawa, Spivakov, Tilson Thomas, John Williams and Russell Davies. He has appeared with the Tanglewood, Schleswig-Holstein, Nakamichi, USArts/Berlin, Aspen and Marlboro Festivals as well as on several celebrated telecasts for the BBC, PBS, Russian and European television. In the musical theatre repertoire, he has appeared in four City Center Encore! productions, in the Bernstein at 70! Gala from Tanglewood, and in the BAM Salutes Sondheim Gala. His recordings of operas include Harry Partch's *The Wayward*, Meredith Monk's *Atlas*, Viktor Ullmann's *The Emperor of Atlantis*, Hindemith's *Hin und zurück*, Richard Wilson's *Aethelred the Unready*, and Stewart Wallace's *Kaballah*. His solo recordings are Schubert's *Winterreise*, Songs of Henry Cowell, Songs of Leo Sowerby, Songs of John Alden Carpenter, all on Albany, and Orchestral Songs of Shostakovich on Arabesque. Mr. Osborne holds a Doctorate of Musical Arts from Yale University and is on the faculties of Vassar College and Barnard College. Visit: <http://www.robertosborne.net>

Pianist **Todd Crow** has been widely acclaimed for performances in North and South America and Europe. He made his Carnegie Hall debut as soloist with the American Symphony in 1992 and his London orchestral debut at the Barbican Centre with the London Philharmonic in 1986. He has performed recently with the Jerusalem Symphony in Israel, and with Milano Classica and I Solisti Aquilani in Italy. He has also been heard in recital or in chamber music at Washington's National Gallery of Art, London's Wigmore Hall, Amsterdam's Concertgebouw, and New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art as well as Avery Fisher Hall and Alice Tully Hall at Lincoln Center. He is heard on BBC Radio in both live and recorded performances and on many American radio stations. Since 1996, he has been music director and pianist of the Mount Desert Festival of Chamber Music in Northeast Harbor, Maine. His CDs include sonatas of Haydn and Schubert, works by Taneyev and Dohnányi, Liszt's piano solo transcription of Berlioz's *Symphonie fantastique*, Ernst Toch's Piano Concerto No. 1 with the NDR-Hamburg Symphony Orchestra, and most recently, Schubert's unfinished Sonata in C major in a new completion by Brian Newbould. Born in Santa Barbara, California, he is an honors graduate of the University of California and the Juilliard School. In 1986 he received the University of California's Distinguished Alumni Award. A member of the Vassar faculty since 1969, he is the George Sherman Dickinson Professor of Music.

Richard Howard is a distinguished American poet, literary critic, essayist, teacher, and translator. He was born in Cleveland, Ohio and is a graduate of Columbia University, where he now teaches. After reading French letters at the Sorbonne in 1952-53, Howard had a brief early career as a lexicographer. He soon turned his attention to poetry and poetic criticism, and won the Pulitzer Prize for poetry for his 1969 collection *Untitled Subjects*, which took for its subject dramatic imagined letters and monologues of 19th century historical figures. For much of his career, Howard has written poems using a quantitative verse technique. He was awarded the PEN Translation Prize in 1976 for his translation of E. M. Cioran's *A Short History of Decay* and the American Book Award for his 1983 translation of Baudelaire's *Les Fleurs du Mal*. Howard was a long-time poetry editor of *The Paris Review* and is currently poetry editor of *The Western Humanities Review*. He has also received a Pulitzer prize, the Academy of Arts and Letters Literary Award and a MacArthur Fellowship. A former Chancellor of the Academy of American Poets, he is Professor of Practice in the writing program at Columbia's School of the Arts. He was previously University Professor of English at the University of Houston and, before that, Ropes Professor of Comparative Literature at the University of Cincinnati. He served as Poet Laureate of the State of New York from 1994 to 1997. In 1982, Howard was named a Chevalier of L'Ordre National du Mérite by the government of France.

Charles Baudelaire Poetry
English-language translations by Richard Howard

L'invitation au voyage Mon enfant, ma sœur, Songe à la douceur D'aller là-bas vivre ensemble, Aimer à loisir, Aimer et mourir Au pays qui te ressemble. Les soleils mouillés De ces ciels brouillés Pour mon esprit ont les charmes Si mystérieux De tes traîtres yeux, Brillant à travers leurs larmes. Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté, Luxe, calme et volupté. Vois sur ces canaux Dormir ces vaisseaux Dont l'humeur est vagabonde; C'est pour assouvir Ton moindre désir Qu'ils viennent du bout du monde. Les soleils couchants Revêtent les champs, Les canaux, la ville entière, D'hyacinthe et d'or; Le monde s'endort Dans une chaude lumière! Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté, Luxe, calme et volupté.	Invitation to the Voyage Imagine the music Of living together There, with all the time in the world For loving each other, For loving and dying Where even the landscape resembles you: The suns dissolved In overcast skies Have the same mysterious charm for me As your wayward eyes Through crystal tears, My sister, my child! All is order there, and elegance, Pleasure, peace and opulence. On these still canals The freighters doze Fitfully: their mood is for roving, And only to flatter A lover's fancy Have they put in from the ends of the earth. By late afternoon The canals catch fire As sunset glorifies the town; The world turns to gold As it falls asleep In a fervent light. All is order there, and elegance, Pleasure, peace and opulence.
Hymne À la très chère, à la très belle, Qui remplit mon coeur de clarté, À l'ange, à l'idole immortelle, Salut en immortalité! Elle se répand dans ma vie, Comme un air imprégné de sel, Et dans mon âme inassouvie, Verse le goût de l'Eternel. Comment, amour incorruptible, T'exprimer avec vérité, Grain de musc, qui gis invisible, Au fond de mon éternité? À la très chère, à la très belle, Qui remplit mon coeur de clarté, À l'ange, à l'idole immortelle, Salut en immortalité!	Hymn To Love in all her loveliness filling my heart with light, To the Angel, the Idol, the Muse, Homage and endless praise! Who like a salt-wind from the sea Suffuses life with joy And pours into my unslaked heart Eternity's bouquet! What is your substance, flawless Love? Who can pronounce your name, Invisible grain of musk at the core Of my immortal soul? To Love in all her loveliness filling my heart with light, To the Angel, the Idol, the Muse, Homage and endless praise!

Chant d'automne Bientôt nous plongerons dans les froides ténèbres, Adieu vive clarté de nos étés trop courts! J'entends déjà tomber, avec un choc funèbre, Le bois retentissant sur le pavé des cours. J'écoute en frémissant chaque bûche qui tombe; L'échafaud qu'on bâtit n'a pas d'écho plus sourd. Mon esprit est pareil à la tour qui succombe Sous les coups du bélier infatigable et lourd. Il me semble, bercé par ce choc monotone, Qu'on cloue en grande hâte un cercueil quelque part! Pour qui? c'était hier l'été; voici l'automne! Ce bruit mystérieux sonne comme un départ! J'aime de vos longs yeux, la lumière verdâtre, Douce beauté! Mais aujourd'hui tout m'est amer! Et rien ni votre amour ni le boudoir, ni l'âtre, Ne me vaut le soleil rayonnant sur la mer!	Autumnal Soon cold shadows will close over us And summer's transitory gold be gone; I hear them chopping firewood in our court – The dreary thud of logs on cobblestone. I listen trembling to that grim tattoo – Build a gallows, it would sound the same. My mind becomes a tower giving way Under the impact of a battering-ram. Stunned by the strokes, I seem to hear, somewhere, A coffin hurriedly hammered shut – for whom? Summer was yesterday; autumn is here! Strange how the sound rings out like a farewell.
Recueillement Sois sage, ô ma douleur, et tiens-toi plus tranquille; Tu réclamaï le soir: il descend, le voici! Une atmosphère obscure enveloppe la ville, Aux uns portant la paix, aux autres le souci. Pendant que des mortels la multitude vile, Sous le fouet du Plaisir, ce bourreau sans merci, Va cueillir des remords dans la fête servile, Ma douleur, donne-moi la main; viens par ici, Loin d'eux. Vois se pencher les défunes Années, Sur les balcons du ciel, en robes surannées. Surgir du fonds des eaux le Regret souriant; Le soleil moribond s'endormir sous une arche; Et, comme un long linceul traînant à l'Orient, Entends, ma chère, entends la douce nuit qui marche.	Meditation Behave, my Sorrow! Let's have no more scenes. Evening's what you wanted – Evening's here: A gradual darkness overtakes the town, Bringing peace to some, to others pain. Now, while humanity racks up remorse In low distractions under Pleasure's lash, Groveling for a ruthless master – come Away, my Sorrow, leave them! Give me your hand... See how the dear departed dowdy years Crowd the balconies of heaven, leaning down, While smiling out of the sea appears Regret; The Sun will die in its sleep beneath a bridge, And trailing westward like a winding-sheet – Listen, my dear – how softly Night arrives.
La vie antérieure J'ai longtemps habité sous de vastes portiques Que les soleils marins teignaient de mille feux, Et que leurs grands piliers, droits et majestueux, Rendaient pareils, le soir, aux grottes basaltiques. Les houles, en roulant les images des cieux, Mêlaient d'une façon solennelle et mystique Les tout puissants accords de leur riche musique Aux couleurs du couchant reflété par mes yeux... C'est là, c'est là que j'ai vécu dans les voluptés calmes Au milieu de l'azur, des vagues, des splendeurs,	Previous Existence I lived a long time under vast porticoes Whose splendors altered with the sea all day; By evening their majestic pillars turned, Row after row, into tall basalt caves. Solemn and magical the waves rolled in Bearing images of heaven on the swell, Blending the sovereign music that they made With sunset colors mirrored in my eyes. There I lived, in a rapture of repose, Amid the glories of that sky, that sea, And I had naked slaves, perfumed with musk,

Et des esclaves nus tout imprégnés d'odeurs Qui me rafraîchissaient le front avec des palmes, Et dont l'unique soin était d'approfondir Le secret douloureux qui me faisait languir.	To fan me by the hour with rustling fronds, And their one study was to diagnose The secret torment which had sickened me.
La mort des amants Nous aurons des lits pleins d'odeurs légères, Des divans profonds comme des tombeaux; Et d'étranges fleurs sur des étagères, Ecloses pour nous sous des cieux plus beaux, Usant à l'envi leurs chaleurs dernières; Nos deux coeurs seront deux vastes flambeaux, Qui réfléchiront leurs doubles lumières Dans nos deux esprits, ces miroirs jumeaux. Un soir fait de rose et de bleu mystique Nous échangerons un éclair unique, Comme un long sanglot tout chargé d'adieu, Et plus tard un ange, entrouvrant les portes, Viendra ranimer, fidèle et joyeux, Les miroirs ternis et les flammes mortes.	The Death of Lovers We shall have richly scented beds – Couches deep as graves, and rare Flowers on the shelves will bloom For us beneath a lovelier sky. Emulously spending their last Warmth, our hearts will be as two Torches reflecting their double fires In the twin mirrors of our minds. One evening, rose and mystic blue, We shall exchange a single glance, A long sigh heavy with farewells; And then an Angel, unlocking doors, Will come, loyal and gay, to bring The tarnished mirrors back to life.
La cloche fêlée Il est amer et doux, pendant les nuits d'hiver, D'écouter, près du feu qui palpite et qui fume, Les souvenirs lointains lentement s'élever Au bruit des carillons qui chantent dans la brume. Bienheureuse la cloche au gosier vigoureux Qui, malgré sa vieillesse, alerte et bien portante, Jette fidèlement son cri religieux, Ainsi qu'un vieux soldat qui veille sous la tente! Moi, mon âme est fêlée, et lorsqu'en ses ennuis Elle veut de ses chants peupler l'air froid des nuits, Il arrive souvent que sa voix affaiblie Semble le râle épais d'un blessé qu'on oublie Au bord d'un lac de sang, sous un grand tas de morts, Et qui meurt, sans bouger, dans d'immenses efforts.	The Cracked Bell Bitter, but sweet as well! On winter nights When embers whiten on the hearth, to hear Faraway memories slowly surfacing, Summoned by carillons chiming through the mist. Blessèd be the rugged-throated bell, Alert and tough for all its years, which tolls Religiously the watches of the night Like some old trooper standing sentinel! My soul is cracked, and when in its distress It tries to sing the chilly nights away, How often its enfeebled voice suggests The gasping of a wounded soldier left Beside a lake of blood, who, pinned beneath A pile of dead men, struggles, stares and dies.
Réversibilité Ange plein de gaieté, connaissez-vous l'angoisse, La honte, les remords, les regrets, les ennuis, Et les vagues terreurs de ces affreuses nuits Qui compriment le coeur comme un papier qu'on froisse? Ange plein de gaieté, connaissez-vous l'angoisse? Ange plein de bonté, connaissez-vous la haine? Les poings crispés dans l'ombre et les larmes de fiel,	Reversibility Blithe as you are, what could you know of shame, Grief, remorse – of midnight's vague alarms That treat the heart like a much-crumpled page To be discarded with the morning's trash? Being so blithe, what do you know of shame? Fond as you are, what could you know of hate, The secretly clenched fists, the silent tears, While every heartbeat drums <i>revenge! revenge!</i>

Quand la vengeance bat son infernal rappel, Et de nos facultés se fait le capitaine? Ange plein de bonté, connaissez-vous la haine? Ange plein de beauté, connaissez-vous les rides, Et la peur de vieillir, et ce hideux tourment De lire la secrète horreur du dévouement Dans les yeux où longtemps burent nos yeux avidés? Ange plein de beauté, connaissez-vous les rides? Ange plein de bonheur, de joie et de lumières, David mourant aurait demandé la santé Aux émanations de ton corps enchanté; Mais de toi je n'implore, ange, que tes prières, Ange plein de bonheur, de joie et de lumières!	And one by one our talents are enslaved – Being so fond, what do you know of hate? Fair as you are, what could you know of fear – The fear of ageing and the unspeakable pain Of finding only half-concealed disgust In eyes form which we once drank greedily! Being so fair, what do you know of fear? Warm as you are, so radiant with life A dying David would have begged for health From the enchanting presence of your flesh – But all I dare to beg for is your prayers, Warm as you are, so radiant with life!
L'Albatros Souvent, pour s'amuser, les hommes d'équipage□ Prennent des albatros, vastes oiseaux des mers,□ Qui suivent, indolents compagnons de voyage,□ Le navire glissant sur les gouffres amers. À peine les ont-ils déposés sur les planches,□ Que ces rois de l'azur, maladroits et honteux,□ Laissent piteusement leurs grandes ailes blanches□ Comme des avirons traîner à côté d'eux. Le Poète est semblable au prince des nuées□ Qui hante la tempête et se rit de l'archer;□ Exilé sur le sol au milieu des huées,□ Ses ailes de géant l'empêchent de marcher.	The Albatross Often, to pass time on board, the crew Will catch an albatross, one of those big birds Which nonchalantly chaperone a ship Across the bitter fathoms of the sea. Tied to the deck, this sovereign of space, As if embarrassed by its clumsiness, Pitiably lets its great white wings Drag at its sides like a pair of unshipped oars. The Poet is like this monarch of the clouds Riding the storm above the marksman's range; Exiled on the ground, hooted and jeered, He cannot walk because of his great wings.
Le chat I 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 fond le plus ténébreux, 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 coeur, parfait instrument,	The Cat I As if he owned the place, a cat Meanders through my mind, Sleek and proud, yet so discreet In making known his will That I hear music when he mews, And even when he purrs A tender timbre in the sound Compels my consciousness – A secret rhythm penetrates To unsuspected depths, Obsessive as a line of verse And potent as a drug: All woes are spirited away, I hear ecstatic news – It seems a telling language has No need of words at all. My heart, assenting instrument, Is masterfully played;

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!	No other bow across its strings Can draw such music out The way this cat's uncanny voice - seraphic, alien - can reconcile discordant strains into close harmony!
Les hiboux Sous les ifs noirs qui les abritent, Les hiboux se tiennent rangés, Ainsi que des dieux étrangers, Dardant leur oeil rouge. Ils méditent. Sans remuer ils se tiendront Jusqu'à l'heure mélancolique Où, poussant le soleil oblique, Les ténèbres s'établiront. 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.	Owls Under black yews that protect them The owls perch in a row Like alien gods whose red eyes Glitter. They meditate. Petrified, they will perch there till The melancholy hour When the slanting sun is ousted, And darkness settles down. From their posture, the wise Learn to shun, in this world at least, Motion and commotion; Impassioned by passing shadows, Man will always be scourged For trying to change his place.
Le revenant Comme les anges à l'oeil fauve,□ Je reviendrai dans ton alcôve□ Et vers toi glisserai sans bruit□ Avec les ombres de la nuit; Et je te donnerai, ma brune,□ Des baisers froids comme la lune□ Et des caresses de serpent□ Autour d'une fosse rampant. Quand viendra le matin livide,□ Tu trouveras ma place vide,□ Où jusqu'au soir il fera froid. Comme d'autres par la tendresse,□ Sur ta vie et sur ta jeunesse,□ Moi, je veux régner par l'effroi.	Incubus Eyes glowing like an angel's I'll come back to your bed And reach for you from the shadows: You won't hear a thing. On your dark skin my kisses Will be colder than moonlight: Caresses of a snake crawling Round an open grave. When the morning whitens You find no one beside you: The place cold all day. Others by fondness prevail Over your life, your youth: I leave it to fear.
Myzyka Poroju muzyka moj dukh vlechjot, kak more; K tebe, k tebe, zvezda moja, V tumane sumrachnom, v `efirnykh voln prostore V tot chas stremljusja ja... I vot krepchajet grud' pri jarostnom napore... I, parus raspustja, Po beshenym khrebtam chernejushchego morja Nesetsja vverkh lad'ja.	Music Music often takes me like a sea And I set out Under mist or a transparent sky For my pale star; I run before the wind as if I had Laid on full sail, Climbing the mountainous backs of the waves, Plummeting down

I snova grud' moja polna bezumnoj strast'ju, I snova ja lechu nad gibel'noju past'ju, No vdrug zatikhnet vsjo, i v glubine puchin, Skvoz' blesk vody zerkal'noj, ja sozercaju vnov', Bezmolvnyj i pechal'nyj, otchajan'je svojo.	In darkness, eardrums throbbing as I feel The coming wreck; Fair winds or foul – a raging storm On the great deep My cradle, and dead calm the looking-glass Of my despair!
Ljesa dremutchie Ljesa dremuchie vij mrachnij kak soborij, Pechalen kak organ, vash neprestannij shum... Vsjerdtsax otverzhenix v minutij gorkix dum Predsmertnij slishen ston, na groznije ukorij. Tij strashnij okean, tvoix valov skakane Tvoj bezposhtshadnij rev v polnochnoj tishinij I xoxot jarestnij i gorkoe ridane Moj smiex I skornbij vopl napominajut mnje. Ljublju tebj a o noch tebi moi mechtij No trepet jasnix zvezd mni v' dushu ljet volnenje A ja ishtshu lish tmi lish xladnoj pustuti... No mrak lish xolst pustoj I polnij umilenja, Ja vizhu vnov na nem zabitija vidinja I milix prizrakov rodimija chertij.	Obsession Forest, I fear you! In my ruined heart Your roaring wakens the same agony As in cathedrals when the organ moans And from the depths I hear that I am damned. Ocean, I hate you! For I recognize The sobs and insults of my own despair, The bitter laughter of a beaten man Repeated in the sea's huge gaiety. Night! You'd please me more without these stars Which speak a language I know all too well I long for darkness, silence, <i>nothing there...</i> Yet even shadows have their shapes which live Where I imagine them to be, the hordes Of vanished souls whose eyes acknowledge mine.
Je t'adore Je t'adore à l'égal de la voute nocturne, O vase de tristesse, ô grande taciturne, Et t'aime d'autant plus, belle, que tu me fuis, Et que tu me parais, ornement de mes nuits, Plus ironiquement accumuler les lieues Qui séparent mes bras des immensités bleues. Je m'avance à l'attaque, et je grimpe aux assauts, Comme après un cadavre un choeur de vermisseaux, Et je chéris, ô bête implacable et cruelle! Jusqu'à cette froideur par où tu m'es plus belle!	"Urn of stilled sorrows..." Urn of stilled sorrows, I worship you As if you were the dome of night itself, And all the more because you turn away And seem, for setting off my darkness, more Mockingly to magnify the space Which bars me from those blue immensities. I lay my siege, advance to the attack Like worms that congregate around a corpse, And prize that cold disdain, o cruel beast, Which makes you even lovelier to me!