

For Soprano and piano

Text: Charles Baudelaire

Duration: 12 minutes

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XXII
LE CRÉPUSCULE DU SOIR

Le jour tombe. Un grand apaisement se fait dans les pauvres esprits fatigués du labeur de la journée; et leurs pensées prennent maintenant les couleurs tendres et indécises du crépuscule.

Cependant du haut de la montagne arrive à mon balcon, à travers les nues transparentes du soir, un grand hurlement, composé d'une foule de cris discordants, que l'espace transforme en une lugubre harmonie, comme celle de la marée qui monte ou d'une tempête qui s'éveille.

Quels sont les infortunés que le soir ne calme pas, et qui prennent, comme les hiboux, la venue de la nuit pour un signal de sabbat? Cette sinistre ululation nous arrive du noir hospice perché sur la montagne; et, le soir, en fumant et en contemplant le repos de l'immense vallée, hérissée de maisons dont chaque fenêtre dit: «C'est ici la paix maintenant; c'est ici la joie de la famille!» je puis, quand le vent souffle de là-haut, bercer ma pensée étonnée à cette imitation des harmonies de l'enfer.

Le crépuscule excite les fous. — Je me souviens que j'ai eu deux amis que le crépuscule rendait tout malades. L'un méconnaissait alors tous les rapports d'amitié et de politesse, et maltraitait, comme un sauvage, le premier venu. Je l'ai vu jeter à la tête d'un maître d'hôtel un excellent poulet, dans lequel il croyait voir je ne sais quel insultant hiéroglyphe. Le soir, précurseur des voluptés profondes, lui gâtait les choses les plus succulentes.

L'autre, un ambitieux blessé, devenait, à mesure que le jour baissait, plus aigre, plus sombre, plus taquin. Indulgent et sociable encore pendant la journée, il était impitoyable le soir; et ce n'était pas seulement sur autrui, mais aussi sur lui-même, que s'exerçait rageusement sa manie crépusculeuse.

Le premier est mort fou, incapable de reconnaître sa femme et son enfant; le second porte en lui l'inquiétude d'un malaise perpétuel, et fût-il gratifié de tous les honneurs que peuvent conférer les républiques et les princes, je crois que le crépuscule allumerait encore en lui la brûlante envie de distinctions imaginaires. La nuit, qui mettrait ses ténèbres dans leur esprit, fait la lumière dans le mien; et, bien qu'il ne soit pas rare de voir la même cause engendrer deux effets contraires, j'en suis toujours comme intrigué et alarmé.

Ô nuit! ô rafraîchissantes ténèbres! vous êtes pour moi le signal d'une fête intérieure, vous êtes la délivrance d'une angoisse. Dans la solitude des plaines, dans les labyrinthes pierreux d'une capitale, scintillement des étoiles, explosion des lanternes, vous êtes le feu d'artifice de la déesse Liberté!

Crépuscule, comme vous êtes doux et tendre! Les lueurs roses qui traînent encore à l'horizon comme l'agonie du jour sous l'oppression victorieuse de sa nuit, les feux des candélabres qui font des taches d'un rouge opaque sur les dernières gloires du couchant, les lourdes draperies qu'une main invisible attire des profondeurs de l'Orient, imitent tous les sentiments compliqués qui luttent dans le cœur de l'homme aux heures solennelles de la vie.

On dirait encore une de ces robes étranges de danseuses, où une gaze transparente et sombre laisse entrevoir les splendeurs amorties d'une jupe éclatante, comme sous le noir présent transperce le délicieux passé; et les étoiles vacillantes d'or et d'argent, dont elle est semée, représentent ces feux de la fantaisie qui ne s'allument bien que sous le deuil profond de la Nuit.

XXII
EVENING TWILIGHT

Nightfall. A great sense of peace steals into those poor minds exhausted by a day of toil, and now their thoughts are tinged with the blurred, tender hues of twilight.

And yet, from the mountain top, through the transparent evening mists, a loud uproar reaches my balcony, made of a host of discordant cries, transformed by the distance into a baleful harmony like a rising tide's or an awakening storm's.

Who are the unfortunate souls whom evening fails to calm, and who, like owls, regard the oncoming night as a signal for pandemonium? The sinister howling reaches us from the dismal asylum perched on the top of the hill, and at sundown, while I smoke and contemplate the vast vale in its repose, bristling with houses whose every window says 'Peace is here now, family happiness is in here', as the wind blows down I am able to soothe my thoughts, astounded as they are by that replica of the harmonies of hell.

Twilight excites the insane. I remember two friends who began to feel ill at dusk. The first used to forget all the formalities of friendship and politeness, and like a savage ill-treated all those he came across. I once saw him throw a perfectly good chicken at a head-waiter, as he thought he saw some insulting symbol in it. The nightfall, which is the herald of profound delights, could ruin for him the most succulent of dishes.

The other, a man of thwarted ambitions, grew more bitter and depressed and sharp-tongued as day dimmed. Completely understanding and sociable as long as the daylight lasted, he became pitiless in the evening, and it was not only against others, but against himself, that his twilight anger vented its rage.

The first of them died insane, unable to recognize his own wife and child. The second suffers from a permanent state of unease and anxiety, and even if he were to enjoy every honour that republics or princes can confer, I do believe that twilight would still inflame his mind with a greed for purely imaginary distinctions. Night, which so darkened their minds, brings nothing but light into my own; but although it is not unusual to see the same cause result in contrary effects, it never ceases to intrigue and alarm me.

O Night, O refreshing shades of darkness, for me you are the signal for inner rejoicing, you bring me deliverance from anguish. Whether in the solitude of plains or the stony labyrinths of a metropolis, with your scintillations of stars and galaxies of streetlamps you are the firework-display of the goddess Liberty.

O dusk, how gentle and tender you are. The roseate gleams which linger still on the horizon, like the day's agony beneath the triumphant onslaught of advancing dark, the candelabra flames which smear their opaque red on the final glories of the western sky, the heavy draperies drawn by an invisible hand from the depths of the East, correspond to all those complex feelings which battle in men's hearts in the solemn moments of existence.

Or it suggests one of those ballerina's exotic costumes, whose dim transparent gauze hints at the splendours of a brightly coloured skirt, just as the delicious past shows through the darkness of the present; and the shimmering gold and silver stars which spangle it are the will-o'-the-wisps of Fancy, which only start to shine in the deep mourning of the night.

[1855, 1857, 1861, (1862), 1864]

Le Crépuscule du Soir

Alwynne Pritchard

88

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a single melodic line with various time signatures: $\frac{1}{16} + \frac{2}{8}$, $\frac{2}{8}$, $\frac{2}{8} + \frac{1}{16}$, $\frac{3}{16}$, $\frac{2}{16}$, $\frac{2+3}{16}$, and $\frac{2}{8}$. The middle staff contains a complex rhythmic accompaniment with many sixteenth notes and rests, including a section marked "(non stacc.)". The bottom staff provides a bass line with some rests. Pedal markings are indicated with brackets under the bottom staff. A large blue watermark "Preview File Only" is overlaid on the score.

The second system of the musical score also consists of three staves. The top staff features a melodic line with dynamics f and mp , and time signatures $\frac{2}{8}$, $\frac{2+3}{16}$, $\frac{2}{8}$, $\frac{1}{8}$, $\frac{5}{16}$, $\frac{3}{16}$, and $\frac{2}{8}$. The words "jour" and "tombe." are written below the staff with lines indicating their duration. The middle staff has a complex rhythmic accompaniment with dynamics f and p , and time signatures $\frac{2}{8}$, $\frac{2+3}{16}$, $\frac{1}{8}$, $\frac{3}{16}$, $\frac{2}{8}$, $\frac{1}{8}$, $\frac{5}{16}$, $\frac{3}{16}$, and $\frac{2}{8}$. The bottom staff provides a bass line with some rests. Pedal markings are indicated with brackets under the bottom staff.

16

mp *grand* *(mp)*

un *grand* *a*

cresc a *f*

25

Mf *Poco più mosso.*

païse - ment

Poco più mosso.

32

A Tempo. *f*

Mf *f*

se - fait - dans - les - pauvres

A Tempo.

41

es - prits fa - ti - gués du la - beur

49

de la jour née;

56

et leurs pen - sées pren - main - nent

62

te - nant les cou - leurs

Handwritten musical score for measures 62-67. The score is in treble and bass clefs. It includes lyrics: "te - nant les cou - leurs". The music features various time signatures: 2+1/8, 16/8, 2/8, 3/8, 2+3/16, and 3/8. Dynamics include mp, f, and p. There are several triplet markings and slurs. The bass line includes chordal accompaniment with some figured bass notation like (1E4) and (A4).

68

ten - dres in - dé - cises

Handwritten musical score for measures 68-74. The score is in treble and bass clefs. It includes lyrics: "ten - dres in - dé - cises". The music features various time signatures: 2/8, 2+3/16, 3/8, 3/16, 2/8, 3+2/16, and 3/16. Dynamics include mp, mf, p, and pp. There are several triplet markings and slurs. The bass line includes chordal accompaniment with some figured bass notation like (A4) and (E4).

75

du cré - pus - cule.

Handwritten musical score for measures 75-81. The score is in treble and bass clefs. It includes lyrics: "du cré - pus - cule.". The music features various time signatures: 3/16, 16/8, 3/16, 8/8, 3/16, 2/8, and 3/8. Dynamics include mf and f. There are several triplet markings and slurs. The bass line includes chordal accompaniment with some figured bass notation like (A4) and (E4).

2 1 3 3 1 2 2

$\frac{2}{8} + \frac{1}{16}$ $\frac{3}{8}$ $\frac{2}{16}$ $\frac{3}{16}$ $\frac{1}{8}$ $\frac{2}{8} + \frac{1}{16}$



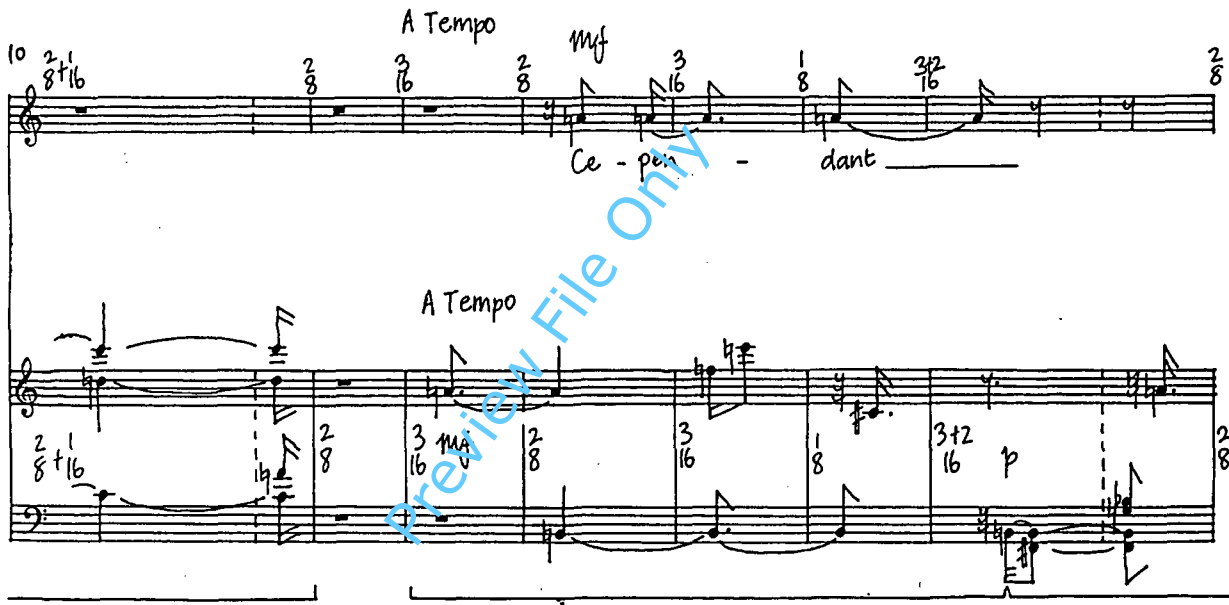
$\frac{2}{8} + \frac{1}{16}$ *mp* $\frac{3}{8}$ *pp* $\frac{2}{16}$ $\frac{3}{16}$ $\frac{1}{8}$ $\frac{2}{8} + \frac{1}{16}$



10 *A Tempo* *Mf* $\frac{2}{8}$ $\frac{3}{16}$ $\frac{2}{8}$ $\frac{3}{16}$ $\frac{1}{8}$ $\frac{3+2}{16}$ $\frac{2}{8}$

Ce - pen - dant

A Tempo $\frac{2}{8}$ $\frac{3}{16}$ $\frac{2}{8}$ $\frac{3}{16}$ $\frac{1}{8}$ $\frac{3+2}{16}$ $\frac{2}{8}$ *p*



17 $\frac{2}{8}$ *Mf* $\frac{2}{8} + \frac{1}{16}$ $\frac{2}{8}$ $\frac{2+3}{16}$ *f* $\frac{3}{8}$ *Mf* $\frac{2}{8}$

du haut de la mon - tag - (ne)

$\frac{2}{8}$ *Mf* $\frac{2}{8} + \frac{1}{16}$ $\frac{2}{8}$ $\frac{3}{8}$ $\frac{2+3}{16}$ $\frac{3}{8}$ *dim a* *p* $\frac{2}{8}$

