Mead Witter School of Music, University of Wisconsin-Madison

Doctoral Voice Recital
Lindsey Meekhof, mezzo soprano
Aubrie Jacobson, piano

Saturday, October 3rd, 2020, 3pm
Collins Recital Hall

**Program**

Le Bestiaire — Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)
- Le dromadaire
- La chèvre du Thibet
- La sauterelle
- Le dauphin
- L'écrevisse
- La carpe

Selections from *6 mélodies* — Emmanuel Chabrier (1841-1894)
- Villanelle des petits canards
- Les Cigales

-Brief Intermission-

*Histoires naturelles* — Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)
- Le paon
- Le grillon
- Le cygne
- Le martin-pêcheur
- La pintade

*Trois fables de Jean de la Fontaine* — André Caplet (1878-1925)
- Le corbeau et le renard
- La cigale et la fourmi
- Le loup et l'agneau

Presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of
Doctor of Musical Arts in Voice Performance

## Notes and Translations

I have always wanted to perform Ravel's stunning cycle *Histoires naturelles.* Every selection for this program came from a desire to relate it to Ravel's work. **Emmanuel Chabrier** set some animal songs that inspired other composers like Ravel to write music inspired by animals. Chabrier referred to these *melodies* as his "Barnyard suite." The poetry by Edmond Rostand and his wife Rosamond Gérard gives the animals and insects here some traits similar to humans. In "Villanelle des petits canards," you can hear the merry line animated by the ducks waddling. In "Les cigales", the cicadas are present in the piano line, incessantly singing "better than the violins!"

**Francis Poulenc** (1899-1963) set six songs from Guillaume Apollinaire's *Le Bestiaire ou Cortège d'Orphée*, a collection of thirty poems that describe Orpheus and the various animals following him. This enchanting set was Poulenc's first song cycle. Each short song brings out an aspect of the animal's contrasting natures. From "La sauterelle" where the melody is as delicate as the grasshopper to "Le Dauphin" as fast and playful as a swimming dolphin, Poulenc creates the atmosphere of the animals' lives. In discussing the cycle Poulenc said "Apollinaire's voice is like that of his works, melancholy and joyful at the same time. This is why my Apollinaire songs must be sung without emphasizing the ludicrousness of certain phrases. *Le Bestiaire* is a most serious work."

**Maurice Ravel's** (1875-1937) song cycle *Histoires naturelles* caused quite the controversy over his choice to set the text more like the spoken French language, and to omit the pronunciation of the French schwa. It creates a much more conversational vocal style that lends to excellent story telling. With the poetry of Jules Renard and the evocative music of Ravel, the animals' personalities come to life. Many famous French composers, like Debussy and Fauré, were shocked by Ravel's setting of the prose texts. Ravel's music vividly captures the life of these animals, and the nature surrounding them. I will let you decide if you are scandalized or charmed by the melodic recitative in the vocal writing.

The music of **André Caplet** (1878-1925) is still relatively unknown, even though he was a great friend of Debussy. *Trois fables de Jean de la Fontaine* bring the animals in the famous fables by Jean de La Fontaine to life with an equal partnership in the piano parts. The wide-ranging vocal lines help the vivid storytelling, and playfully captures the spirit of each animal relationship. The moral lessons warn of the danger of being distracted by flattery, that hard work is important to prepare for the future, and the dark lesson that sometimes the powerful harm the weak without justice.

| **Le dromadaire** | **The dromedary** |
|---|---|
| Avec ses quatre dromadaires<br>Don Pedro d'Alfaroubeira<br>Courut le monde et l'admira<br>Il fit ce que je voudrais faire<br>Si j'avais quatre dromadaires. | With his four dromedaries<br>Don Pedro d'Alfaroubeira<br>Roamed the world and admired it.<br>He did what I would like to do<br>If I had four dromedaries too. |

| **La chèvre du Thibet** | **The Tibetan goat** |
|---|---|
| Les poils de cette chèvre et même<br>Ceux d'or pour qui prit tant de peine<br>Jason ne valent rien au prix<br>Des cheveux dont je suis épris | The hair of this goat and even<br>The golden hair that so preoccupied<br>Jason, cannot match<br>The head of hair I'm smitten with. |

| **La sauterelle** | **The grasshopper** |
|---|---|
| Voici la fine sauterelle<br>La nourriture de Saint Jean<br>Puissent mes vers être comme elle<br>Le régal des meilleures gens. | Behold the delicate grasshopper,<br>The food Saint John was wont to eat.<br>May my verses likewise be<br>A feast for the elite. |

| **Le dauphin** | **The dolphin** |
|---|---|
| Dauphins, vous jouez dans la mer,<br>Mais le flot est toujours amer.<br>Parfois, ma joie éclate-t-elle?<br>La vie est encore cruelle. | Dolphins, you play in the sea,<br>Though the waves are briny.<br>Does my joy at times erupt?<br>Life is still cruel. |

| **L'écrevisse** | **The crayfish** |
|---|---|
| Incertitude, ô mes délices<br>Vous et moi nous nous en allons<br>Comme s'en vont les écrevisses,<br>À reculons, à reculons. | Uncertainty, O! my delights<br>You and I we progress<br>As crayfish progress,<br>Backwards, backwards. |

| **La carpe** | **The carp** |
|---|---|
| Dans vos viviers, dans vos étangs,<br>Carpes, que vous vivez longtemps!<br>Est-ce que la mort vous oublie,<br>Poissons de la mélancolie. | In your pools, in your ponds,<br>Carp, how you live for aeons!<br>Does death forget you,<br>Fish of melancholy? |

Translation © Richard Stokes, from A French Song Companion (Oxford, 2000)
(www.oxfordlieder.co.uk)

| ***Villanelle des petits canards*** | **Villanelle of the Little Ducks** |
|---|---|
| Ils vont, les petits canards,<br>tout au bord de la rivière,<br>comme de bons campagnards! | They go, the little ducks,<br>all on the bank of the river,<br>like fine country folk! |
| Barboteurs et frétillards,<br>heureux de troubler l'eau claire,<br>ils vont, les petits canards. | Paddlers and wrigglers,<br>happy from muddying the clear water,<br>they go, the little ducks. |
| Ils semblent un peu jobards,<br>mais ils sont à leur affaire,<br>comme de bons campagnards. | They seem a little gullible,<br>but they go about their business<br>like fine country folk! |
| Dans l'eau pleine de têtards,<br>où tremble une herbe légère,<br>ils vont, les petits canards, | In the water full of tadpoles,<br>where a flimsy weed quivers,<br>they go, the little ducks, |
| marchant par groupes épars,<br>d'une allure régulière<br>comme de bons campagnards! | marching in scattered groups,<br>at a steady pace<br>like fine country folk! |
| Dans le beau vert d'épinards<br>de l'humide cressonnière,<br>ils vont, les petits canards, | In the fair spinach-green<br>of the damp watercress bed,<br>they go, the little ducks, |
| et quoi qu'un peu goguenards,<br>ils sont d'humeur débonnaire<br>comme de bons campagnards! | and though a bit snarky,<br>they are of good-natured humor<br>like fine country folk! |
| Faisant, en cercles bavards,<br>un vrai bruit de pétaudière,<br>ils vont, les petits canards, | Making, in chattering circles,<br>a veritable riot of noise,<br>they go, the little ducks, |
| dodus, lustrés et gaillards,<br>ils sont gais à leur manière,<br>comme de bons campagnards! | chubby, glossy and jolly,<br>they are jolly in their own way,<br>like fine country folk! |
| Amoureux et nasillards,<br>chacun avec sa commère,<br>ils vont, les petits canards,<br>comme de bons campagnards ! | Amorous and nasal,<br>each with its crony,<br>they go, the little ducks,<br>like fine country folk! |

| ***Les Cigales*** | **The Cicadas** |
|---|---|
| Le soleil est droit sur la sente,<br>l'ombre bleuit sous les figuiers,<br>ces cris au loin multipliés,<br>c'est midi, c'est midi qui chante!<br><br>Sous l'astre qui conduit le chœur,<br>les chanteuses dissimulées<br>jettent leurs rauques ululées<br>de quel infatigable cœur!<br><br>Les cigales, ces bestioles,<br>ont plus d'âme que les violes,<br>les cigales, les cigalons,<br>chantent mieux que les violons!<br><br>S'en donnent elles, les cigales,<br>sur les tas de poussière gris,<br>sous les oliviers rabougris<br>étoilés de fleurettes pâles.<br><br>Et grises de chanter ainsi,<br>elles font leur musique folle;<br>Et toujours leur chanson s'envole<br>des touffes du gazon roussi!<br><br>Aux rustres épars dans le chaume,<br>le grand astre torrentiel,<br>à larges flots, du haut du ciel,<br>verse le sommeil et son baume.<br><br>Tout est mort, rien ne bruit plus<br>qu'elles toujours, les forcenées,<br>entre les notes égrénées<br>de quelque lointain Angélus! | The sun is directly over the path,<br>the shadow turns blue under the fig trees,<br>the cries in the distance multiply,<br>it is noon, it is noon that sings!<br><br>Under the star that conducts the choir,<br>the singers which are concealed<br>throw their raucous hooting<br>from such a tireless heart!<br><br>The cicadas, those bugs,<br>have more soul than viols,<br>the cicadas, the little cicadas,<br>sing better than violins!<br><br>They give themselves up, these cicadas,<br>atop the heaps of grey dirt,<br>under the scraggly olive trees<br>starred with little flowers.<br><br>And tipsy from singing so,<br>they make their crazed music,<br>and always their song soars out<br>from tufts of scorched grass!<br><br>Over the rustics, scattered among the thatching,<br>the great torrential star<br>in wide streams, from high in the sky<br>pours slumber and its balm.<br><br>All is dead, nothing sounds any more<br>but them, the frenzied ones,<br>filling in the spaces between the tolls<br>of some remote Angelus! |

Translations by James C.S. Liu, http://www.jamescsliu.com/classical/Chabrier_Volailleries.html

| ***Le Paon*** | **The Peacock** |
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| Il va sûrement se marier aujourd'hui.<br>Ce devait être pour hier.<br>En habit de gala, il était prêt.<br>Il n'attendait que sa fiancée.<br>Elle n'est pas venue.<br>Elle ne peut tarder.<br><br>Glorieux, il se promène<br>avec une allure de prince indien<br>et porte sur lui les riches présents d'usage.<br><br>L'amour avive l'éclat de ses couleurs | He will surely get married today.<br>It was to have been yesterday. In full regalia he was ready. It was only his bride he was waiting for. She has<br>not come. She cannot be long.<br><br>Proudly he processes the with air of an Indian prince,<br>bearing about his person the customary lavish gifts.<br>Love burnishes the brilliance of his colours, |

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| et son aigrette tremble comme une lyre.<br>La fiancée n'arrive pas.<br><br>Il monte au haut du toit<br>et regarde du côté du soleil.<br><br>Il jette son cri diabolique :<br>Léon ! Léon !<br><br>C'est ainsi qu'il appelle sa fiancée.<br>Il ne voit rien venir et personne ne répond.<br>Les volailles habituées<br>ne lèvent même point la tête.<br>Elles sont lasses de l'admirer.<br><br>Il redescend dans la cour,<br>si sûr d'être beau<br>qu'il est incapable de rancune.<br><br>Son mariage sera pour demain.<br><br>Et, ne sachant que faire<br>du reste de la journée,<br>il se dirige vers le perron.<br>Il gravit les marches,<br>comme des marches de temple,<br>d'un pas officiel.<br><br>Il relève sa robe<br>à queue toute lourde des yeux<br>qui n'ont pu se détacher d'elle.<br><br>Il répète encore une fois la cérémonie. | and his crest quivers like a lyre.<br>His bride does not appear.<br><br>He ascends to the top of the roof and looks<br>towards the sun.<br><br>He utters his devilish cry:<br>Léon! Léon!<br><br>It is thus that he summons his bride. He can see<br>nothing drawing near, and no one replies.<br>The fowls are used to all this and do not even<br>raise their heads.<br>They are tired of admiring him.<br><br>He descends once more to the yard, so sure of<br>his beauty that he is incapable of resentment.<br><br>His marriage will take place tomorrow.<br><br>And, not knowing what to do for the rest of the<br>day, he heads for the flight of steps.<br>He ascends them, as though they were the steps<br>of a temple, with a formal tread.<br><br>He lifts his train,<br>heavy with eyes that have been unable to detach<br>themselves.<br><br>Once more he repeats the ceremony. |

| ***Le Grillon*** | **The Cricket** |
|---|---|
| C'est l'heure où, las d'errer,<br>l'insecte nègre revient de promenade<br>et répare avec soin le désordre de son domaine.<br><br>D'abord il ratisse ses étroites allées de sable.<br>Il fait du bran de scie qu'il écarte<br>au seuil de sa retraite.<br><br>Il lime la racine de cette grande herbe<br>propre à le harceler.<br>Il se repose.<br><br>Puis il remonte sa minuscule montre.<br>A-t-il fini ? Est-elle cassée ?<br>Il se repose encore un peu.<br>Il rentre chez lui et ferme sa porte. | It is the hour when, weary of wandering, the black<br>insect returns from his outing and carefully<br>restores order to his estate.<br><br>First he rakes his narrow sandy paths.<br>He makes sawdust which he scatters on the<br>threshold of his retreat.<br><br>He files the root of this tall grass likely to annoy<br>him.<br>He rests.<br><br>Then he winds up his tiny watch.<br>Has he finished? Is it broken? He rests again for a<br>while.<br>He goes inside and shuts the door. |

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| Longtemps il tourne sa clé<br>dans la serrure délicate.<br><br>Et il écoute :<br>Point d'alarme dehors.<br><br>Mais il ne se trouve pas en sûreté.<br><br>Et comme par une chaînette<br>dont la poulie grince,<br>il descend jusqu'au fond de la terre.<br><br>On n'entend plus rien.<br><br>Dans la campagne muette,<br>les peupliers se dressent comme des doigts<br>en l'air et désignent la lune. | For an age he turns his key in the delicate lock.<br><br>And he listens:<br>Nothing untoward outside.<br><br>But he does not feel safe.<br><br>And as if by a tiny chain on a creaking pulley, he lowers himself into the bowels of the earth.<br><br>Nothing more is heard.<br><br>In the silent countryside the poplars rise like fingers in the air, pointing to the moon. |

| ***Le cygne*** | **The Swan** |
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| Il glisse sur le bassin, comme un traîneau blanc,<br>de nuage en nuage. Car il n'a faim que des nuages floconneux<br>qu'il voit naître, bouger, et se perdre dans l'eau.<br><br>C'est l'un d'eux qu'il désire. Il le vise du bec,<br>et il plonge tout à coup son col vêtu de neige.<br><br>Puis, tel un bras de femme sort d'une manche, il retire.<br>Il n'a rien.<br>Il regarde : les nuages effarouchés ont disparu.<br><br>Il ne reste qu'un instant désabusé,<br>car les nuages tardent peu à revenir, et,<br>là-bas, où meurent les ondulations de l'eau,<br>en voici un qui se reforme.<br><br>Doucement, sur son léger coussin de plumes,<br>le cygne rame et s'approche...<br><br>Il s'épuise à pêcher de vains reflets,<br>et peut-être qu'il mourra, victime de cette illusion,<br>avant d'attraper un seul morceau de nuage.<br><br>Mais qu'est-ce que je dis ?<br>Chaque fois qu'il plonge, il fouille du bec<br>la vase nourrissante et ramène un ver.<br>Il engraisse comme une oie. | He glides on the pond like a white sledge, from cloud to cloud.<br>For he is hungry only for the fleecy clouds that he sees forming, moving, dissolving in the water.<br><br>It is one of these that he wants. He takes aim with his beak and suddenly immerses his snow-clad neck.<br><br>Then, like a woman's arm emerging from a sleeve, he draws it back up.<br>He has caught nothing.<br>He looks about: the startled clouds have vanished.<br>Only for a second is he disappointed, for the clouds are not slow to return, and, over there, where the ripples fade, there is one reappearing.<br><br>Gently, on his soft cushion of down, the swan paddles and approaches …<br><br>He exhausts himself fishing for empty reflections and perhaps he will die, a victim of that illusion, before catching a single shred of cloud.<br><br>But what am I saying?<br>Each time he dives, he burrows with his beak in the nourishing mud and brings up a worm.<br>He's getting as fat as a goose. |

| ***Le martin-pêcheur*** | **The kingfisher** |
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| Ça n'a pas mordu, ce soir,<br>mais je rapporte une rare émotion.<br><br>Comme je tenais ma perche de ligne tendue,<br>un martin-pêcheur est venu s'y poser.<br><br>Nous n'avons pas d'oiseau plus éclatant.<br>Il semblait une grosse fleur bleue<br>au bout d'une longue tige.<br>La perche pliait sous le poids.<br>Je ne respirais plus, tout fier d'être pris<br>pour un arbre par un martin-pêcheur.<br><br>Et je suis sûr qu'il ne s'est pas envolé de peur,<br>mais qu'il a cru qu'il ne faisait que passer<br>d'une branche à une autre. | Not a bite, this evening, but I had a rare experience.<br><br>As I was holding out my fishing rod, a kingfisher came and perched on it.<br><br>We have no bird more brilliant.<br>He was like a great blue flower at the tip of a long stem. The rod bent beneath the weight.<br><br>I held my breath, so proud to be taken for a tree by a kingfisher.<br><br>And I'm sure he did not fly off from fear, but thought he was simply flitting from one branch to another. |

| ***La pintade*** | **The guinea-fowl** |
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| C'est la bossue de ma cour.<br>Elle ne rêve que plaies à cause de sa bosse.<br><br>Les poules ne lui disent rien :<br>Brusquement, elle se précipite et les harcèle.<br><br>Puis elle baisse sa tête, penche le corps,<br>et, de toute la vitesse de ses pattes maigres,<br>elle court frapper, de son bec dur,<br>juste au centre de la roue d'une dinde.<br><br>Cette poseuse l'agaçait.<br><br>Ainsi, la tête bleuie, ses barbillons à vif,<br>cocardière, elle rage du matin au soir.<br>Elle se bat sans motif,<br>peut-être parce qu'elle s'imagine<br>toujours qu'on se moque de sa taille,<br>de son crâne chauve et de sa queue basse.<br><br>Et elle ne cesse de jeter un cri discordant<br>qui perce l'aire comme un pointe.<br><br>Parfois elle quitte la cour et disparaît.<br>Elle laisse aux volailles pacifiques<br>un moment de répit.<br>Mais elle revient plus turbulente et plus criarde.<br>Et, frénétique, elle se vautre par terre.<br><br>Qu'a-t'elle donc ? | She is the hunchback of my barnyard. She dreams only of wounding, because of her hump.<br><br>The hens say nothing to her: suddenly, she swoops and harries them.<br><br>Then she lowers her head, leans forward, and, with all the speed of her skinny legs, runs and strikes with her hard beak at the very center of a turkey's tail.<br><br>This poseuse was provoking her.<br><br>Thus, with her bluish head and raw wattles, pugnaciously she rages from morn to might.<br>She fights for no reason, perhaps because she always thinks they are making fun of her figure, of her bald head and drooping tail.<br><br>And she never stops screaming her discordant cry, which pierces the air like a needle.<br><br>Sometimes she leaves the yard and vanishes.<br>She gives the peace-loving poultry a moment's respite.<br>But she returns more rowdy and shrill. And in a frenzy she wallows in the earth.<br><br>Whatever's wrong with her? |

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| La sournoise fait une farce.<br>Elle est allée pondre son oeuf à la campagne.<br><br>Je peux le chercher si ça m'amuse.<br>Et elle se roule dans la poussière comme une bossue. | The cunning creature is playing a trick.<br>She went to lay her egg in the open country.<br><br>I can look for it if I like.<br>And she rolls in the dust, like a hunchback. |

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| ***Le corbeau et le renard*** | **The Raven and the Fox** |
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| Maître Corbeau, sur un arbre perché,<br>Tenait en son bec un fromage.<br>Maître Renard, par l'odeur alléché,<br>Lui tint à peu près ce langage:<br>Hé! Bonjour, Monsieur du Corbeau.<br><br>Que vous êtes joli! Que vous me semblez beau!<br>Sans mentir, si votre ramage<br>Se rapporte à votre plumage,<br>Vous êtes le phénix des hôtes de ces bois.<br><br>A ces mots le corbeau ne se sent pas de joie;<br>Et, pour montrer sa belle voix,<br>Il ouvre un large bec, laisse tombe sa proie.<br><br>Le renard s'en saisit, et dit: Mon bon monsieur,<br>Apprenez que tout flatteur<br>Vit aux dépens de celui qui l'écoute:<br><br>Cette leçon vaut bien un fromage, sans doute.<br>Le corbeau, honteux et confus,<br>Jura, mais un peu tard, qu'on ne l'y prendrait plus. | Master Crow, perched on an oak,<br>Was holding a cheese in his beak.<br>Master Fox, lured by the scent,<br>Spoke more or less like this:<br>'Good day, my dear Sir Crow,<br><br>How smart you are! How debonair you are!<br>In truth, if your song<br>Be as fine as your plumage,<br>You are the phoenix of these woods.'<br><br>At this, the crow grew wild with glee;<br>And to display his minstrelsy,<br>He opens a big beak and drops his booty.<br><br>The fox snaps it up, saying: 'My dear sir,<br>Learn that every flatterer<br>Depends on an audience to live at ease.<br><br>This lesson is doubtless cheap at a cheese.'<br>The crow, shamefaced and in troubled state,<br>Vowed to be tricked no more – a little late. |

| ***La cigale et la fourmi*** | **The grasshopper and the ant** |
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| La cigale, ayant chanté<br>Tout l'été,<br>Se trouva fort dépourvue<br>Quand la bise fut venue.<br>Pas un seul petit morceau<br>De mouche ou de vermisseau.<br><br>Elle alla crier famine<br>Chez la fourmi sa voisine,<br>La priant de lui prêter<br>Quelque grain pour subsister<br>Jusqu'à la saison nouvelle.<br><br>"Je vous paierai, lui dit-elle,<br>Avant l'août, foi d'animal,<br>Intérêt et principal." | The grasshopper, having sung<br>All summer long,<br>Found herself most destitute,<br>When the North Wind came.<br>Not a morsel to her name<br>Of either fly or worm.<br><br>She blurted out her tale of want<br>To her neighbour Mistress Ant,<br>And begged her for a loan<br>Of grain to last her<br>Till the coming spring.<br><br>'I shall pay you', were her words,<br>'On insect oath, before the fall,<br>Interest and principal.' |

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| La fourmi n'est pas prêteuse;<br>C'est là son moindre défaut.<br>“Que faisiez-vous au temps chaud?<br>Dit-elle à cette emprunteuse.<br><br>-“Nuit et jour à tout venant<br>Je chantais, ne vous déplaise.”<br><br>Vous chantiez? j'en suis fort aise.<br>Et bien! dansez maintenant.” | Mistress Ant is not a lender—<br>That’s the last thing to reproach her with!<br>‘Tell me how you spent the summer?’<br>Was what she asked this borrower.<br>‘<br><br>Night and day, to every comer,<br>I sang, so please you ma’am.’<br><br>‘You sang? I’m overjoyed.<br>Now off you go and dance!’ |

| **Le loup et l’agneau** | **The wolf and the lamb** |
|---|---|
| La raison du plus fort est toujours la meilleure :<br>Nous l'allons montrer tout à l'heure.<br><br>Un agneau se désaltérait<br>Dans le courant d'une onde pure.<br>Un loup survint à jeun, qui cherchait aventure,<br>Et que la faim en ces lieux attirait.<br>Qui te rend si hardi de troubler mon breuvage ?<br>Dit cet animal plein de rage:<br>Tu seras châtié de ta témérité.<br><br>Sire, répond l'agneau, que Votre Majesté<br>Ne se mette pas en colère; Mais plutôt<br>qu'elle considère Que je me vas désaltérant<br>Dans le courant,<br>Plus de vingt pas au-dessous d'elle;<br>Et que, par conséquent, en aucune façon<br>Je ne puis troubler sa boisson.<br><br>Tu la troubles ! reprit cette bête cruelle ;<br>Et je sais que de moi tu médis l'an passé.<br><br>Comment l'aurais-je fait, si je n'étais pas né ?<br>Reprit l'agneau : je tette encore ma mère.<br><br>“ Si ce n'est toi, c'est donc ton frère.”<br>Je n'en ai point. “C'est donc quelqu'un des tiens;<br>Car vous ne m'épargnez guère,<br>Vous, vos bergers et vos chiens.<br>On me l'a dit : il faut que je me venge.<br><br>Là-dessus, au fond des forêts<br>Le loup l'emporte, et puis le mange,<br>Sans autre forme de procès. | The mightiest are always right,<br>Which we shall now set out to prove.<br><br>A lamb was slaking its thirst<br>In the waters of a limpid stream<br>A famished wolf arrived to try his luck,<br>Drawn by hunger to this place.<br>'Who made you so bold to foul my drink?'<br>Said this animal full of rage:<br>'You shall be punished for such cheek.'<br><br>'Sir,' said the lamb, 'so please your Grace,<br>Do not fly into a rage;<br>Consider, rather, first,<br>The stream where I assuage my thirst<br>Is twenty yards downstream,<br>Below your place,<br>It can in no way therefore be the case<br>That I am fouling your drink.'<br><br>'You foul it all the same,' the cruel beast went on,<br>'And last year I know that you slandered me.'<br><br>'How can that be, if I wasn't yet born?'<br>Replied the lamb, 'My mother still suckles me.'<br><br>'If it isnt' you, it's your brother then.'<br>'I have no brother.' '<br>Then some relation:<br>For you are always plaguing me,<br>You, your dogs and shepherds too,<br>They tell me I should wreak revenge.'<br><br>Whereupon the wood dragged him through<br>The forest's depths and ate him up<br>Without further ado. |

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Mead Witter School of Music, University of Wisconsin-Madison

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