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PRESENTS

Benjamin Bernheim, tenor Carrie-Ann Matheson, piano

Charles Gounod (1818-1893)	L'absent
Reynaldo Hahn (1874-1947)	L'heure exquise
Ernest Chausson (1855-1899)	Poème de l'amour et de la mer I. La fleur des eaux II. Interlude III. La mort de l'amour

INTERMISSION

Hector Berlioz (1803-1869)	from Les nuits d'été, op. 7 La spectre de la rose Sur les lagunes L'île inconnue
Henri Duparc (1848-1933)	L'invitation au voyage Extase Phidylé
Joseph Kosma (1905-1969)	Les feuilles mortes
Charles Trenet (1913-2001)	Douce France
Jacques Brel (1929-1978)	Quand on n'a que l'amour

Program subject to change

Stage Manager: Miranda Wilson

Presentation made possible by generous support from
Kyle Thorpe

Please refrain from talking during the performance, and turn off all cell phones, electronic devices and watch alarms. If you are using an assistive hearing device, or are attending with someone who is, please make sure that it is set to an appropriate level to avoid distracting audio feedback. Latecomers will be seated at the discretion of the house management. Members of the audience who leave during the performance will not be shown back into the theater until the next intermission. The use of cameras and recording equipment is strictly prohibited.



Benjamin Bernheim

TENOR



From: Paris, France.

LA Opera: debut.

About: Benjamin Bernheim is a regular guest artist at the world's leading opera houses, including the Opéra National de Paris, Metropolitan Opera, Vienna State Opera, Berlin State Opera, La Scala and the Royal Opera House in London, where he per-

forms leading tenor roles from the romantic repertoire, and specializes in French repertoire. Garnering high praise with both his performances and recordings, he has been hailed as "The most beautiful tenor voice since Luciano Pavarotti" by the *Süddeutsche Zeitung*, and "the new star tenor" by *Diapason*. After delivering a spine-tingling performance at the Paris 2024 Olympic closing ceremony, he released his first solo song album *Douce France: Mélodies & Chansons*. He was also named "Male Singer of the Year" by the International Opera Awards this year.

At the start of the season, Mr. Bernheim returned to the Metropolitan Opera as Hoffmann in *Les Contes d'Hoffmann*. He then took to the concert stage, with performances alongside pianists Carrie-Ann Matheson and Hélio Vida at the Centro de Bellas Artes Luis A. Ferré, Wiener Konzerthaus, Prague's Rudolfinum and the Palais Garnier in Paris. He begins the new year with additional recitals at the Prinzregententheater and Opéra de Monte-Carlo, before performing his lauded interpretation of the title role in *Werther* at the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées. He then performs his highly acclaimed Roméo in *Roméo et Juliette* at the Vienna State Opera and concludes his season with a return to the Opéra National de Paris for *Manon*.

Previous highlights include Hoffmann in Hamburg, Faust at the Opéra National de Paris, Lyric Opera of Chicago, Théâtre des Champs Élysées and at the Latvian National Opera, Rodolfo in *La Bohème* in Paris, Zürich, London, Berlin and Vienna, Des Grieux in *Manon* in Paris, Hamburg and Bordeaux, Edgardo in *Lucia di Lammermoor* in Zürich, Vienna and at the Salzburg Festival, the Duke of Mantua in *Rigoletto* in Munich, Vienna, Barcelona and at the Met, Alfredo in *La Traviata* at La Scala and in London, Zürich, Dresden, Berlin and Bordeaux, the title role in *Werther* in Bordeaux, Nemorino in *L'Elisir d'Amore* in Vienna and Roméo in *Roméo et Juliette* in Zürich, Paris and Genève. (BenjaminBernheim.com)

Carrie-Ann Matheson

PIANO



From: Prince Edward Island, Canada.

LA Opera: debut.

About: Carrie-Ann Matheson has a multi-faceted international career as a pianist, conductor and educator. She is the artistic director of the world-renowned San Francisco Opera Center and Merola

Opera Program. She began her career at the Metropolitan Opera, working as assistant conductor, prompter, pianist and vocal coach. Following a long tenure at the Met, she joined the conducting and coaching staff at Opernhaus Zurich, and also worked at festivals such as the Salzburger Festspiele and the Seiji Ozawa Matsumoto Festival.

As a recital pianist, her collaborations have brought her to the great stages of the world with many of the world's leading opera singers, including Piotr Beczala, Diana Damrau, Joyce DiDonato, Jonas Kaufmann and Rolando Villazón. In August, her debut CD *Douce France* with tenor Benjamin Bernheim was released on Deutsche Grammophone.

Passionate about nurturing the next generation of opera singers and pianists, she devotes a portion of her time to the development of emerging artists, and has worked with young artists at Opernhaus Zürich, the Mariinsky Theatre, Metropolitan Opera, Lyric Opera of Chicago, Music Academy of the West, Aspen Music Festival and the International Vocal Arts Institute. (CarrieAnnMatheson.com)

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L'absent

Music and text: Charles Gounod

Ô silence des nuits dont la voix seule est douce,
Quand je n'ai plus sa voix,
Mystérieux rayons, qui glissez sur la mousse
Dans l'ombre de ses bois,

Dites-moi si ses yeux, à l'heure où tout sommeille
Se rouvrent doucement
Et si ma bien-aimée, alors qu'emoi je veille,
Se souvient de l'absent.

Quand la lune est aux cieux, baignant de sa lumière
Les grands bois et l'azur;
Quand des cloches du soir qui tintent la prière
Vibre l'écho si pur,

Dites-moi si son âme, un instant recueillie,
S'élève avec leur chant,
Et si de leurs accords du paisible harmonie
Lui rappelle l'absent!

The absent one

Silence of the night, whose voice alone is sweet,
When I no longer hear her voice,
Mysterious rays, gliding over the moss
In the shadow of the woods,

Tell me if her eyes, when all else sleeps,
Open softly
And if my beloved, while I watch,
Remembers the absent one.

When the moon is in the heavens, bathing with her light
The woods and the blue,
When the evening bells' call to prayer
Vibrates the pure echo,

Tell me if her soul, withdrawn a moment,
Rises up with their song,
And whether their chords of peaceful harmony
Remind her of the absent one!

L'heure exquise

Music: Reynaldo Hahn; text: Paul Verlaine

La lune blanche
Luit dans les bois;
De chaque branche
Part une voix
Sous la ramée...
Ô bien aimée.

L'étang reflète,
Profond miroir,
La silhouette
Du saule noir
Où le vent pleure...
Rêvons, c'est l'heure.

Un vaste et tendre
Apaisement
Semble descendre
Du firmament
Que l'astre irise...
C'est l'heure exquise.

Exquisite hour

The white moon
Gleams in the woods;
From every branch
There comes a voice
Beneath the boughs...
O my beloved.

The pool reflects,
Deep mirror,
The silhouette
Of the black willow
Where the wind is weeping...
Let us dream, it is the hour.

A vast and tender
Consolation
Seems to fall
From the sky
The moon illumines...
Exquisite hour.

Translations: *L'heure exquise*, *Les nuits d'été*, *L'invitation au voyage*, *Phidylé*: Richard Stokes; *L'absent*: Faith J. Cormier; *Poème de l'amour et de la mer*: Christopher Goldsack; *Mentia l'avviso*: Betsy Schwarm; *Terra e mare*: Anne Evans; *Sola e amore*: Jennifer Rushworth; *Extase*: Emily Ezust.

Poème de l'amour et de la mer

Music: Ernest Chausson; text: Maurice Bouchor

La fleur des eaux

L'air est plein d'une odeur exquise de lilas
Qui, fleurissant du haut des murs jusqu'au bas,
Embaument les cheveux des femmes.
La mer au grand soleil va toute s'embraser,
Et sur le sable fin qu'elles viennent baiser
Roulent d'éblouissantes lames.

O ciel qui de ses yeux dois porter la couleur,
Brise qui vas chanter dans les lilas en fleur
Pour en sortir toute embaumée,
Ruisseaux qui mouillerez sa robe, ô verts sentiers,
Vous qui tressaillerez sous ses chers petits pieds,
Faites-moi voir ma bien-aimée!

Et mon cœur s'est levé par ce matin d'été;
Car une belle enfant était sur le rivage,
Laisant errer sur moi des yeux pleins de clarté,
Et qui me souriait un air tendre et sauvage.

Toi que transfiguraient la Jeunesse et l'Amour,
Tu m'apparus alors comme l'âme des choses;
Mon cœur vola vers toi, tu le pris sans retour,
Et du ciel entr'ouvert pleuvaient sur nous des roses.

Quel son lamentable et sauvage
Va sonner l'heure de l'adieu!
La mer roule sur le rivage,
Moqueuse, et se souciant peu
Que se soit l'heure de l'adieu.

Des oiseaux passent, l'aile ouverte,
Sur l'abîme presque joyeux;
Au grand soleil la mer est verte,
Et je saigne silencieusement
En regardant briller les cieux.

Je saigne en regardant ma vie
Qui va s'éloigner sur les flots;
Mon âme unique m'est ravie
Et la sombre clameur des flots
Couvre le bruit de mes sanglots.

Qui sait si cette mer cruelle
La ramènera vers mon cœur?
Mes regards sont fixés sur elle,
La mer chante, et le vent moqueur
Raillait l'angoisse de mon cœur.

Poem of love and the sea

The flower of the waters

The air is filled with an exquisite scent of lilac
That, flowering from the top of the walls to the bottom,
Perfumes the women's hair.
The whole sea goes to the great sun to be set aglow,
And, over the fine sand that they come to kiss,
Dazzling waves roll.

Oh sky that has to wear the color of her eyes,
Breeze that goes to sing among the lilacs in bloom
So as to come out all scented,
Streams that will moisten her dress, o green paths,
You who will tremble beneath her dear little feet,
Let me see my beloved!

And my heart arose on this summer's morning;
For a beautiful girl was on the beach,
Letting eyes full of brightness wander over me,
And who smiled at me with a tender and wild expression.

You whom youth and love transfigured,
You appeared to me like the soul of all things;
My heart flew towards you, you took it forever,
And roses rained upon us from the part-opened sky.

What mournful and wild sound
Will toll the hour of farewell!
The sea rolls over the beach,
Teasing, hardly concerning itself
That it is the hour of farewell.

Birds pass by, wings outspread,
Nearly joyful across the deep;
In the full sun the sea is green,
And, silently, I bleed
While looking at the heavens gleaming above.

I bleed as I watch my life
Departing over the waves;
My very soul is taken from me
And the deep clamor of the waves
Smothers the sound of my sobs.

Who knows if this cruel sea
Will guide her back towards my heart?
My gaze is fixed upon her,
The sea is singing, and the mocking wind
Jeers at the anguish of my heart.

La mort de l'amour

Bientôt l'île bleue et joyeuse
 Parmi les rocs m'apparaîtra:
 L'île sur l'eau silencieuse
 Comme un nénuphar flottera.

A travers la mer d'améthyste
 Doucement glisse le bateau,
 Et je serai joyeux et triste
 De tant me souvenir — bientôt!

Le vent roulait les feuilles mortes; mes pensées
 Roulaient comme les feuilles mortes, dans la nuit.
 Jamais si doucement au ciel noir n'avaient lui
 Les milles roses d'or d'où tombent les rosées.

Une danse effrayante, et les feuilles froissées,
 Et qui rendaient un son métallique, valsaient,
 Semblaient gémir sous les étoiles, et disaient
 L'inexprimable horreur des amours trépassées.

Les grands hêtres d'argent que la lune baisait
 Étaient des spectres: moi, tout mon sang se glaçait
 En voyant mon aimée étrangement sourire.

Comme des fronts de morts nos fronts avaient pâli,
 Et, muet, me penchant vers elle, je pus lire
 Ce mot fatal écrit dans ses grands yeux: l'oubli.

Le temps des lilas et le temps des roses
 Ne reviendra plus à ce printemps ci;
 Le temps des lilas et le temps des roses
 Est passé, le temps des œillets aussi.

Le vent a changé, les cieux sont moroses,
 Et nous n'irons plus courir, et cueillir
 Les lilas en fleur et les belles roses;
 Le printemps est triste et ne peut fleurir.

Oh! joyeux et doux printemps de l'année
 Qui vins, l'an passé, nous ensoleiller,
 Notre fleur d'amour est si bien fanée,
 Las! que ton baiser ne peut l'éveiller!

Et toi, que fais-tu? pas de fleurs écloses,
 Point de gai soleil ni d'ombrages frais;
 Le temps des lilas et le temps des roses
 Avec notre amour est mort à jamais.

The death of love

Very soon the blue and joyful isle
 will appear to me among the rocks:
 the isle will float upon the silent water
 like a waterlily.

Across the amethyst sea
 the boat gently slips,
 and I shall be joyful and sad
 to remember so much — soon!

The wind rolled the dead leaves; my thoughts
 rolled like the dead leaves, in the night.
 Never had the thousands of golden roses sparkled so softly
 in the black sky, from whence fall the dews.

A terrifying dance, and the crumpled leaves
 which rang with a metallic sound, waltzed,
 seemed to moan beneath the stars, and told of
 the inexpressible horror of the dead loves.

The great silver beaches which the moon kissed
 were ghosts: me, all my blood froze
 upon seeing my beloved smiling strangely.

Our brows had paled like the brows of the dead,
 and, silent, leaning towards her, I was able to read
 that fatal word written in her large eyes: oblivion.

The season for lilac and the season for roses
 will not return this spring;
 the season for lilac and the season for roses
 is passed, the season for carnations too.

the wind has changed, the skies are morose,
 and we shall never again go to run, and gather
 the lilac in bloom and the beautiful roses;
 the spring is sad and cannot blossom.

Oh! Joyful and sweet springtime of the year
 which came, last year, to light us with sunshine,
 our flower of love is so withered,
 alas, that your kiss cannot awaken it!

And you, what are you doing? Not a flower in bloom,
 no happy sun nor cool shade;
 the season for the lilac and the season for roses
 with our love has died forever.

Les nuits d'été

Music: Hector Berlioz; text: Théophile Gautier

La spectre de la rose

Soulève ta paupière close qu'effleure un songe virginal;
Je suis le spectre d'une rose que tu portais hier au bal.
Tu me pris encore emperlée des pleurs d'argent de l'arrosoir,
Et parmi le fête étoilée tu me promenas tout le soir.
Ô toi, qui de ma mort fus cause,
Sans que tu puisses le chasser, toutes les nuits mon
spectre rose
À ton chevet viendra danser.
Mais ne crains rien, je ne réclame ni messe ni De Profundis;
Ce léger parfum est mon âme, et j'arrive du paradis.
Mon destin fut digne d'envie: et pour avoir un sort si beau,
Plus d'un aurait donné sa vie, car sur ton sein j'ai mon
tombeau,
Et sur l'albâtre où je repose un poète avec un baiser écrit:
Ci-gît une rose que tous les rois vont jalouser.

Sur les lagunes

Ma belle amie est morte: je pleurerai toujours;
Sous la tombe elle emporte mon âme et mes amours.
Dans le ciel, sans m'attendre, elle s'en retourna;
L'ange qui l'emmena ne voulut pas me prendre.
Que mon sort est amer!
Ah! sans amour, s'en aller sur la mer!
Le blanche créature est couchée au cercueil.
Comme dans la nature tout me paraît en deuil!
La colombe oubliée pleure et songe à l'absent;
Mon âme pleure et sent qu'elle est dépareillée.
Que mon sort est amer!
Ah! sans amour, s'en aller sur la mer!
Sur moi la nuit immense s'étend comme un linceul;
Je chante ma romance que le ciel entend seul.
Ah! comme elle était belle, et comme je l'aimais!
Je n'aimerai jamais une femme autant qu'elle.
Que mon sort est amer!
Ah! sans amour, s'en aller sur la mer!

L'île inconnue

Dites, la jeune belle, où voulez-vous aller?
La voile ouvre son aile, la brise va souffler!
L'aviron est d'ivoire, le pavillon de moire,
Le gouvernail d'or fin; j'ai pour lest une orange,
Pour voile une aile d'ange, pour mousse un séraphin.
Dites, la jeune belle, où voulez-vous aller?
La voile ouvre son aile, la brise va souffler!
Est-ce dans la Baltique dans la mer Pacifique,
Dans l'île de Java? Ou bien est-ce en Norvège,
Cueillir la fleur de neige ou la fleur d'Angsoka?
Dites, la jeune belle, où voulez-vous aller?
Menez-moi, dit la belle, à la rive fidèle
Où l'on aime toujours. - Cette rive, ma chère,
On ne la connaît guère au pays des amours.
Où voulez-vous aller? La brise va souffler.

Summer nights

The spectre of the rose

Open your eyelids, brushed by a virginal dream;
I am the spectre of the rose from yesterday's dance.
You plucked me, sprinkled with silver tears of dew,
And, amid the glittering feast, wore me all night long.
O you who brought about my death,
You cannot banish me: every night,
the rosy spectre
Will come dance at your bedside.
But be not afraid: I demand no Mass nor De Profundis;
This faint perfume is my soul and I come from Paradise.
My destiny was worthy of envy; and for such a beautiful fate,
Many would have given their lives; for my tomb is on
your breast,
And on the alabaster where I lie, a poet with a kiss
Has written: Here lies a rose that every king will envy.

On the lagoons

My dearest love is dead: I shall weep forevermore;
To the tomb she takes with her my soul and all my love.
Without waiting for me she has returned to Heaven;
The angel who took her away did not wish to take me.
How bitter is my fate!
Alas! to set sail loveless across the sea!
The pure white being lies in her coffin.
How everything in nature seems to mourn!
The forsaken dove weeps, dreaming of its absent mate;
My soul weeps and feels itself adrift.
How bitter is my fate!
Alas! to set sail loveless across the sea!
Above me, the immense night is spread like a shroud;
I sing my song which heaven alone can hear.
Ah! how beautiful she was, and how I loved her!
I shall never love a woman as I loved her.
How bitter is my fate!
Alas! to set sail loveless across the sea!

The unknowable isle

Tell me, pretty maid, where would you go?
The sail is billowing, the breeze about to blow!
The oar is of ivory, the pennant of silk,
The rudder of fine gold; for ballast an orange,
For sail an angel's wing, for cabin boy a seraph.
Tell me, pretty maid, where would you go?
The sail is billowing, the breeze about to blow!
Perhaps the Baltic, or the Pacific
Or the Isle of Java? Or else to Norway,
To pluck the snow flower or the flower of Angsoka?
Tell me, pretty maid, where would you go?
Take me, said the pretty maid, to the shore
Where love endures forever. That shore, my dear,
Is hardly known in the realm of love.
Where would you go? The breeze is about to blow!

L'invitation au voyage

Music: Henri Duparc; text: Charles Baudelaire

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 journey

My child, my sister, think how sweet
To journey there and live together!
To love as we please, to love and die
In the land that is like you!
The watery suns of those hazy skies
Hold for my spirit the same mysterious charms
As your treacherous eyes
Shining through their tears.
There, nothing but order and beauty dwell,
Abundance, calm, and sensuous delight.

See on those canals those vessels sleeping,
Vessels with a restless soul;
To satisfy your slightest desire
They come from the ends of the earth.
The setting suns clothe the fields,
Canals and all the town with hyacinth and gold;
The world falls asleep in a warm light.
There, nothing but order and beauty dwell,
Abundance, calm, and sensuous delight.

Extase

Music: Henri Duparc; text: Jean Lahor

Sur un lys pâle mon cœur dort
D'un sommeil doux comme la mort...
Mort exquise, mort parfumée
Du souffle de la bien-aimée...
Sur ton sein pâle mon cœur dort
D'un sommeil doux comme la mort

Rapture

Against a pale lily my heart sleeps
A sleep as sweet as death...
An exquisite death, a death perfumed
With the breath of the beloved...
Against your pale breast my heart sleeps
A sleep as sweet as death.

Phidylé

Music: Henri Duparc; text: Leconte de Lisle

L'herbe est molle au sommeil sous les frais peupliers,
Aux pentes des sources moussues,
Qui, dans les prés en fleur germant par mille issues,
Se perdent sous les noirs halliers.
Repose, ô Phidylé! Midi sur les feuillages
Rayonne, et t'invite au sommeil.
Par le trèfle et le thym, seules, en plein soleil,
Chantent les abeilles volages.

Un chaud parfum circule au détour des sentiers,
La rouge fleur des blés s'incline,
Et les oiseaux, rasant de l'aile la colline,
Cherchent l'ombre des églantiers.
Mais, quand l'Astre, incliné sur sa courbe éclatante,
Verra ses ardeurs s'apaiser,
Que ton plus beau sourire et ton meilleur baiser
Me récompensent de l'attente!

Phidylé

The grass is soft for sleep beneath the cool poplars
On the banks of the mossy springs
That flow in flowering meadows from a
thousand sources, vanishing beneath dark thickets.
Rest, O Phidylé! Noon on the leaves
Is gleaming, inviting you to sleep.
By the clover and thyme, alone, in the bright sun,
The fickle bees are humming.

A warm fragrance floats about the winding paths,
The red flowers of the cornfield droop;
And the birds, skimming the hill with their wings,
Seek the shade of the eglantine.
But when the sun, low on its dazzling curve,
Sees its brilliance wane,
Let your loveliest smile and finest kiss
Reward me to for my waiting!

Les feuilles mortes

Music: Joseph Kosma; text: Jacques Prévert

Oh, je voudrais tant que tu te souviennes,
Des jours heureux quand nous étions amis,
Dans ce temps là, la vie était plus belle,
Et le soleil plus brûlant qu'aujourd'hui.
Les feuilles mortes se ramassent à la pelle,
Tu vois je n'ai pas oublié.
Les feuilles mortes se ramassent à la pelle,
Les souvenirs et les regrets aussi,
Et le vent du Nord les emporte
Dans la nuit froide de l'oubli
Tu vois, je n'ai pas oublié
La chanson que tu me chantais

C'est une chanson qui nous ressemble
Toi tu m'aimais, moi je t'aimais
Nous vivions tous les deux ensemble
Toi qui m'aimais, moi qui t'aimais

Mais la vie sépare ceux qui s'aiment
Tout doucement, sans faire de bruit
Et la mer efface sur le sable
Les pas des amants désunis

Mais la vie sépare ceux qui s'aiment...

The Dead Leaves

Oh I would like you so much to remember
The joyful days when we were friends.
At that time, life was more beautiful
And the sun burned more than it does today.
Fallen leaves can be picked up by the shovelful.
You see, I have not forgotten.
Fallen leaves can be picked up by the shovelful,
So can memories and regrets.
And the north wind takes them
Into the cold night of forgetfulness
You see, I haven't forgotten
The song that you sang to me.

This is a song which resembles us.
You, you loving me, me loving you,
And we lived happily together,
You who loved me, I who loved you.

But life separates those who love each other
All softly, without making noise
And the sea erases on the sand
The steps of separated lovers.

But life separates those who love each other...

Douce France

Music and text: Charles Trenet

Il revient à ma mémoire
Des souvenirs familiers:
Je revois ma blouse noire
Lorsque j'étais écolier;
Sur le chemin de l'école
Je chantais à pleine voix
Des romances sans paroles,
Vieilles chansons d'autrefois.

Douce France,
Cher pays de mon enfance,
Bercée de tendre insouciance,
Je t'ai gardée dans mon cœur.
Mon village, au clocher, aux maisons sages,
Où les enfants de mon âge
Ont partagé mon bonheur.
Oui je t'aime
Et je te donne ce poème,
Oui je t'aime
Dans la joie ou la douleur.
Douce France,
Cher pays de mon enfance,
Bercée de tendre insouciance,
Je t'ai gardée dans mon cœur.

Oui je t'aime...

Sweet France

There come back to my recollection
Familiar memories.
I see once again the black jacket
I wore when I was a schoolboy
On the path to the school
I sang aloud
Wordless ballads,
Old songs of yesteryear.

Sweet France
Dear country of my childhood
Cradled in tender carefreeness
I have kept you in my heart!
My village with the bell tower and with noble houses
Where children of my age
Have shared my joy
Yes, I love you
And I give you this poem
Yes, I love you
In good times and in bad
Sweet France
Dear country of my childhood
Cradled in tender carefreeness
I have kept you in my heart.

Yes, I love you...

Quand on n'a que l'amour

Music and text: Jacques Brel

Quand on n'a que l'amour
À s'offrir en partage
Au jour du grand voyage
Qu'est notre grand amour

Quand on n'a que l'amour
Mon amour toi et moi
Pour qu'éclatent de joie
Chaque heure et chaque jour

Quand on n'a que l'amour
Pour vivre nos promesses
Sans nulle autre richesse
Que d'y croire toujours

Quand on n'a que l'amour
Pour meubler de merveilles
Et couvrir de soleil
La laideur des faubourgs

Quand on n'a que l'amour
Pour unique raison
Pour unique chanson
Et unique secours

Quand on n'a que l'amour
Pour habiller matin
Pauvres et malandrins
De manteaux de velours

Quand on n'a que l'amour
À offrir en prière
Pour les maux de la terre
En simple troubadour

Quand on n'a que l'amour
À offrir à ceux-là
Dont l'unique combat
Est de chercher le jour

Quand on n'a que l'amour
Pour tracer un chemin
Et forcer le destin
À chaque carrefour

Quand on n'a que l'amour
Pour parler aux canons
Et rien qu'une chanson
Pour convaincre un tambour

Alors sans avoir rien
Que la force d'aimer
Nous aurons dans nos mains
Amis le monde entier

When love is all we have

When love is all we have
To share with each other
On the day of the great journey
That is our great love

When love is all we have
My love, you and me,
So that they burst with joy
Every hour and every day.

When love is all we have
To live our promises
Without any other wealth
Than to believe in it always

When love is all we have
To furnish with wonders
And cover with sunlight
The ugliness of the suburbs

When love is all we have
As an only reason
As an only song
And an only relief

When love is all we have
To provide in the morning
The poor and the scoundrels
With velvet coats

When love is all we have
To offer as prayer
For the evils on earth
Like a simple troubadour

When love is all we have
To offer those
Whose only battle
Is to seek the day

When love is all we have
To show the way
And change the course of fate
At every crossword

When love is all we have
To talk to the cannons
And just a song
To convince a drum

Then, having nothing
But the strength to love
We will hold in our hands,
My friend, the whole world.

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