

pour voix et piano

AUBOIS DORMANT

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(2021 - 22)

ARON FRANK

Program Note

Au Bois Dormant (Sleeping Woods) is a composition for voice and piano, inspired by Paul Valéry's poem of the same name. Living in Paris during the first half of the 20th century, Valéry was a part of a circle of writers and philosophers, including symbolist poet Stéphane Mallarmé. A prominent figure in French society, above all else he was a thinker, a poet and philosopher whose intellectual pursuits are reflected in the contemplative and profound nature of his work. In my composition, I sought to support the reflective tone of Au Bois Dormant through the use of an impressionistic, "French-sounding" harmonic language, which draws influence from Ravel, Debussy, and Messiaen. As the poem is written in four stanzas or strophes, I conceived the piece in four distinct sections, all connected in one continuous movement. Each of the four sections is imbued with a slightly different musical quality, delineated by subtle shifts in timbre and rhythm.

Overall, an ambience is created which supports and intensifies the meaning of the text. At the opening, a Princess is found sleeping in a castle; a serene setting which evokes a tranquil and dreamlike state. I imagined "setting the scene" with my music, through the use of a sparse and pure-sounding musical texture. In addition, key musical elements or motifs are introduced from the very outset. As the piece continues, more fluid movement and modernist elements are introduced in the piano part, as the words "Ni, sur la forêt vague, un vent fondu de flutes" are sung during the climax. In the end, the piece comes to a quiet and reflective close, "Laisse, longue, l'écho rendormir la diane," which decays and draws us into the Princess' eternal sleep.

Au Bois Dormant (1920)

Paul VAI ÉRY

La princesse, dans un palais de rose pure, Sous les murmures, sous la mobile ombre dort, Et de corail ébauche une parole obscure Quand les oiseaux perdus mordent ses bagues d'or.

Elle n'écoute ni les gouttes, dans leurs chutes, Tinter d'un siècle vide au lointain le trésor, Ni, sur la forêt vague, un vent fondu de flutes Déchirer la rumeur d'une phrase de cor.

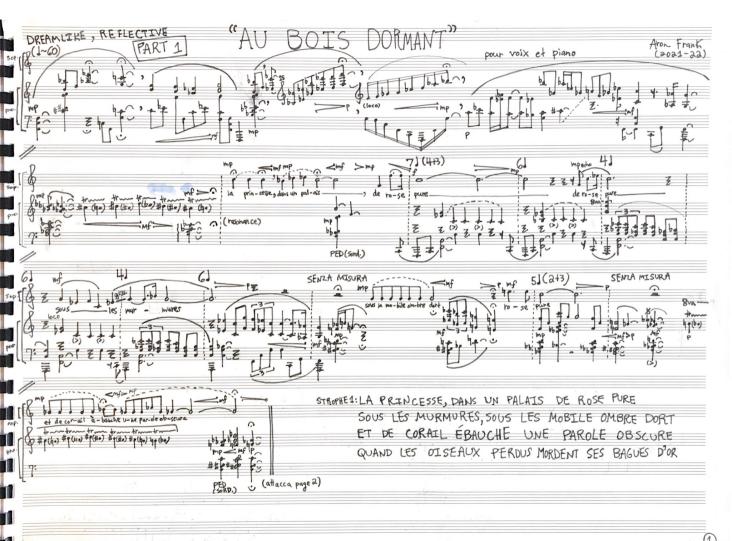
Laisse, longue, l'écho rendormir la diane, Ô toujours plus égale à la molle liane Qui se balance et bat tes yeux ensevelis.

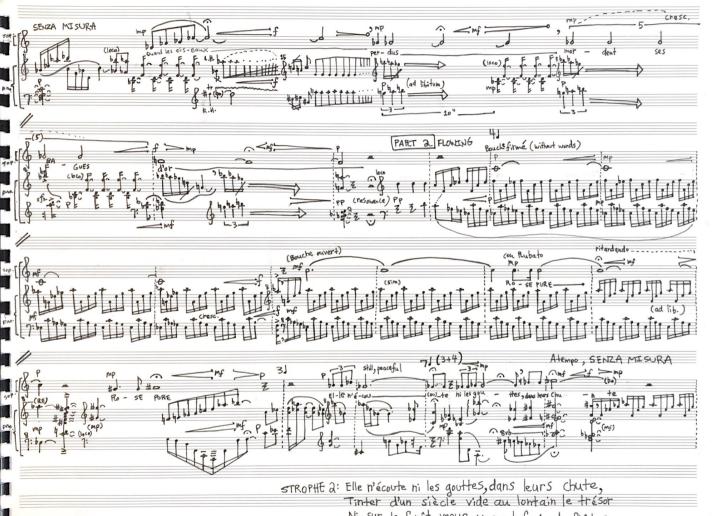
Si proche de ta joue et si lente la rose Ne va pas dissiper ce délice de plis Secrètement sensible au rayon qui s'y pose. The princess, in a palace of pure rose, Under the murmurs, under the mobile shade sleeps, And from coral outlines an obscure word When the lost birds bite her golden rings.

She listens neither to the drops, in their falls, Tinkling of an empty century in the distance the treasure, Nor, on the vague forest, a melting wind of flutes Tearing the rumor of a horn phrase.

Let, long, the echo put the diane to sleep, O always more equal to the soft vine Which sways and beats your buried eyes.

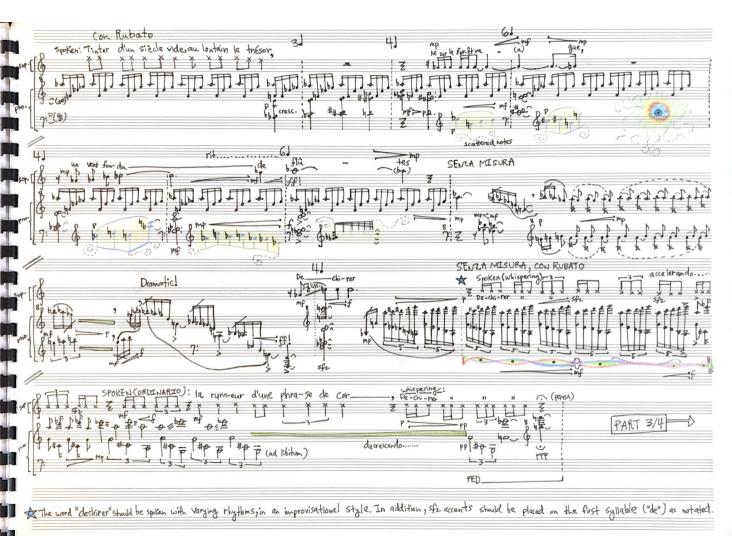
So close to your cheek and so slow the rose Will not dissipate this delight of folds, Secretly sensitive to the ray that rest on it.



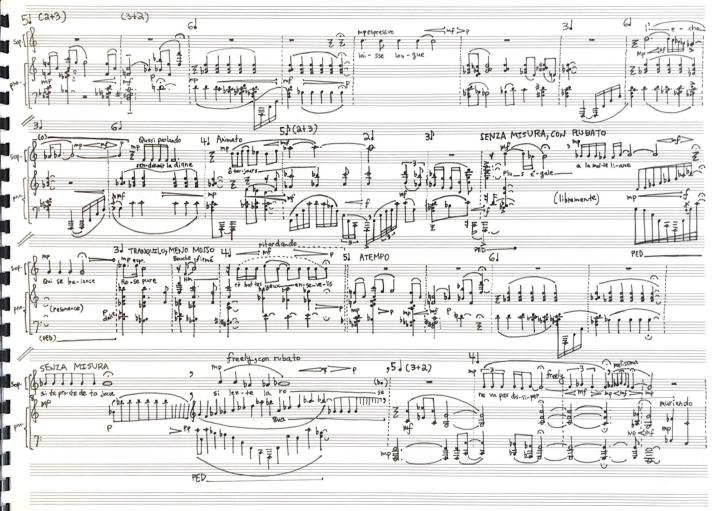


D'Addario ARCHIVES Ni, sur la forêt vague, un vent fondu de flûtes, Déchirer la rumeur d'une phrase de cor

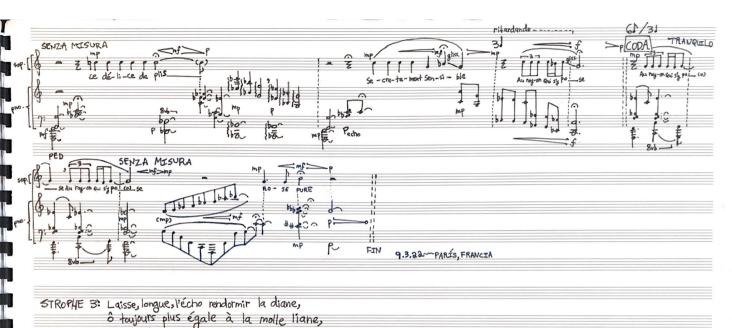
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D'Addario ARCHIVES



D'Addario ARCHIVES



Qui se balance et bat tes yeux ensevelis

strophe 4: si proche de ta joue et si lente la rose

Ne va pas dissiper ce délice de plis

secrètement sensible au rayon qui sy pose