

40TH ANNIVERSARY SEASON

BAINBRIDGE
SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

WESLEY SCHULZ, MUSIC DIRECTOR AND CONDUCTOR

presents

**Tchaikovsky's
Fifth Symphony**

also featuring Sarah Mattox, mezzo soprano

Works by COPLAND • BERLIOZ • TCHAIKOVSKY



November 10 & 11
Saturday @ 7:30 p.m. &
Sunday @ 3:00 p.m.

Pre-concert chats:
Saturday @ 6:45 p.m. &
Sunday @ 2:15 p.m.

**Celebrating 40 years
of symphonic music
on Bainbridge Island!**



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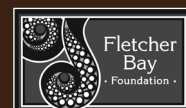


Photo: Stewart Daniels

Bainbridge Symphony Orchestra

Wesley Schulz, MUSIC DIRECTOR & CONDUCTOR

FIRST VIOLIN

Pat Strange, *Concertmaster*
Justine Jeanotte
Meta Newlin
Alan Francescutti
Lea Fetterman
Blanche Wynn
Sandy Ulsh

SECOND VIOLIN

George Sale, *principal*
Kathie Peron-Matthews
Kirsten Branson-Meyer
Jue Pu
Ingrid Ryan
Clara Hanson
Molly Suhr
DeeAnn Sisley

VIOLA

Jenny Weaver, *principal*
Len Hembd
Jon Graber
Len Bonifaci *

CELLO

Pricilla Jones, *principal*
Barbara Deppe
Leeanna Glasby
Pam Harlan
Peggy Thurston
David Durfee
Sandy Kienholz
Stephanie Schmidt

BASS

Janet Marie, *principal*

FLUTE

Lisa Hirayama, *principal*
Alicia Edgar
Jared LeClerc

PICCOLO

Alicia Edgar

OBOE

Amy Duerr-Day, *principal*
Anna Marx

CLARINET

Patricia Beasley, *principal*
Howard O'Brien

BASSOON

Julie Dickson
Jill Jones

FRENCH HORN

Amy Robertson, *principal*
Richard Davis
Jeff Jensen
David Baines

TRUMPET

Terry Nickels, *principal*
Paul Shepherd

TROMBONE

Paul Meehan
Jean Black
Richard Heine, *bass trombone*

TUBA

Jas Linford

TIMPANI

Susan Tolley, *principal*

PERCUSSION

Art Whitson, *principal*

PERCUSSION, CONTINUED

Scott Lindquist
Nick Tolley

HARP

Jennifer Burlingame

PIANO/CELESTA

James Quitslund

GENERAL MANAGER

Jenny Weaver

PERSONNEL MANAGERS

Lisa Hirayama
Patricia Beasley

STAGE MANAGER

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Kathie Peron-Matthews

* In memoriam

BAINBRIDGE CHORALE
presents

A Medieval Feast of Music

Conducted by **Michael A. Miller, Jr.**
with brass ensemble, organ & piano accompaniment

Sat., Dec. 15 • 7:30 pm
Family Concert at 3:00 pm
AND
Sun., Dec. 16 • 3:00 pm
Rolling Bay Presbyterian Church
Bainbridge Island

Tickets/Info: www.bainbridgechorale.org or call 780-2467

BCF
Bainbridge Community Foundation
ONE CALL FOR ALL
Rotary Club of Bainbridge Island
Sea Caves Restaurant

Bainbridge Symphony Orchestra presents

Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony

Wesley Schulz, Music Director & Conductor

Sarah Mattox, mezzo soprano

An Outdoor Overture

Aaron Copland (1900-1990)

Les nuits d'été, op. 7

Hector Berlioz (1803-1869)

Villanelle • Le spectre de la rose • Sur les lagunes

Absence • Au Cimetiere • L'Île inconnue

Sarah Mattox, mezzo soprano

~ Intermission ~

Symphony No. 5 in E minor, op 64

Piotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky (1840-1893)

Andante; Allegro con anima • Andante cantabile, con alcuna licenza

Valse: Allegro moderato • Finale: Andante maestoso; Allegro vivace

Our Supporters

Bainbridge Performing Arts (BPA) gratefully acknowledges the many individuals and businesses whose support was vital to this performance, including the **Rotary Club of Bainbridge Island** for their generous donation of the celesta that makes its BSO debut in this concert. Bainbridge Symphony Orchestra (BSO) Corporate Sponsor is **Kitsap Bank**, and the BSO is sponsored, in part, by the **Fletcher Bay Foundation**, **Bainbridge Island Parks Foundation**, and **Kitsap Community Foundation**. BPA Season Sponsors are **Ace Hardware** and **Town & Country Markets**. BPA is supported, in part, by **One Call for All**.



This concert is dedicated to **Leonard Bonifaci**, violist and founding member of the Bainbridge Symphony Orchestra.

Music Director & Conductor Wesley Schulz



Photo: Ben Aqua

Conductor **Wesley Schulz** has been lauded by musicians for his “intensity and emotion” in performances and for his “approachable and inspiring” leadership. Whether in regards to new music, opera, or ballet, Schulz’s “passion for music...is contagious.”

Schulz is Music Director and Conductor of the Bainbridge Symphony Orchestra, the Bainbridge Island Youth Orchestras and the Everett Youth Symphony Orchestras. He also serves as Assistant Conductor of the Britt Classical Festival in Jacksonville, Oregon. Schulz was formerly an Assistant Conductor of the Austin Symphony Orchestra and a Teaching Assistant at the University of Texas at Austin. At UT Schulz conducted Mozart’s *Bastien und Bastien* with the Butler Opera Center, premiered new works by student composers with the New Music Ensemble, and served as Music Director of the University Orchestra. Under Schulz’s direction the University Orchestra grew from thirty-eight musicians to over eighty all the while improving in artistic quality and musicianship.

A fan of the chamber orchestra repertory and collaborative work, in 2007 Schulz founded the Texas Chamber Group presenting chamber sized orchestral works as well as special concert events on a biannual basis to the Austin community. One such program, the *Rite of Spring* Project, drew a standing room only crowd in witness of a discussion panel, dancers and pianists as well as a full orchestra performance of the ballet score. This performance of *Rite of Spring* earned Schulz and the ensemble the 2010 American Prize in Orchestral Performance. One judge commented “astonishingly good and...extremely impressive in almost every detail.”

A believer in community engagement, Schulz has appeared in a multiplicity of musical events in the city of Austin, Texas. In addition to having led benefit concerts for social causes, Schulz has appeared as guest conductor with the Austin Chamber Music Center; most recently in their screening of the film *Der Golum* accompanied by a live chamber ensemble. Additionally, Schulz was asked to guest conduct the International Clarinet Associations’ Showcase Concert at ClarinetFest 2010. Held in Austin’s world-class Bass Concert Hall, Schulz lead clarinet virtuosos José Franch-Ballester, Sergio Bosi, Philippe Cuper, and Alan Kay in works by Busoni, Copland, Gabucci, Rossini and Spohr.

As a guest conductor Schulz has appeared with the Northwest Mahler Festival, the Bloomington Symphony Orchestra, Oregon East Symphony, Powder River Symphony, and the San-Francisco All-City Honors String Orchestra among others.

Schulz has participated in a variety of masterclasses and conductor training programs including the Pierre Monteux School, the Eastman Summer Conducting Institute, and workshops sponsored by the Conductor’s Guild. He has worked with Gustov Meier, Thomas Wilkins, Mark Gibson, Michael Jinbo, Kirk Trevor, Bridget-Michaele Reischl, and Neil Varon among others. His primary mentors include Gerhardt Zimmermann and Peter Bay.

Schulz graduated magna cum laude with Bachelor degrees in Percussion Performance and Music Education from Ball State University and Doctorate and Masters degrees in Orchestral

Conducting from the University of Texas at Austin. When not on the podium, Schulz can be seen hitting the pavement in preparation for his next marathon.

Mezzo-Soprano Sarah Mattox

Ms. Sarah Mattox has appeared in principal roles with many companies nationally, including Seattle Opera, Cincinnati Opera, Palm Beach Opera, Chicago Opera Theatre, Lyric Opera Cleveland, Eugene Opera, Tacoma Opera and many others. Favorite roles include Rosina in *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, Hansel in *Hansel and Gretel*, Dorabella in *Così fan Tutte*, Suzuki in *Madama Butterfly*, and the title roles in *Cendrillon* and *Carmen*. She received special acclaim for her debut as Feodor in Seattle Opera’s *Boris Godunov*. The Seattle Times said “...it was newcomer Sarah Elouise Mattox, in the ‘pants role’ of Boris’ son Feodor, who raised eyebrows all over the Opera House with her believable, lifelike acting and her well-schooled voice.” In Cleveland, the Beacon Journal called her “...a rich-toned mezzo-soprano who came to life as Dorabella.” Also at home on the concert stage, Ms. Mattox has made several appearances at Benaroya Hall with the Seattle Symphony. She has also been a soloist with the Northwest Sinfonietta, Cascade Festival of Music, Seattle Baroque Orchestra, Eugene Concert Choir and many others. April 2010 marked her fourth appearance as a concert soloist at Carnegie Hall in New York.

Ms. Mattox is also a founding member and composer for TangleTown Trio, a group specializing in accessible new music in a chamber setting, as well as classical crossover music. Their first album, *Song Nouveau*, has been broadcast internationally to critical acclaim, and is lauded for its “...original music, captivating stories, and virtuosic performances.” TangleTown Trio has premiered works written or adapted for them by composers Thomas Pasatieri, Bern Herbolzheimer, Christophe Chagnard and Mark Olivieri.

Mattox’s 2012-13 season includes appearances with Seattle Opera, Vashon Opera, the Governor’s Chamber Music Series, and the Distinguished Artists Concert Series in New York. For a complete schedule, please visit www.sarahmattox.com.

Program Notes

By Wesley Schulz, unless otherwise noted

An Outdoor Overture

By Aaron Copland

Born November 14, 1900 in Brooklyn;
died December 2, 1990 in North Tarrytown, NY

Program note by Aaron Copland

“An Outdoor Overture” was composed especially for the 1938 mid-winter concert given by the school orchestra of the High School of Music and Art in New York City. The first performances took place in the school Auditorium on December 16 and 17, 1938 under the direction of Alexander Richter.

The Overture owes its existence to the persuasive powers of Mr. Richter, head of the music department at the school. Mr. Richter explained to me that my work was to be the opening gun in a long-term campaign that the High School of Music and Art planned to undertake with the slogan “American music for American Youth.” I determined to interrupt the orchestration of my ballet “Billy the Kid” and to write the work Mr. Richter wanted for his students.

As it turned out the composition was an overture, about nine and a half minutes long...optimistic in tone. When Mr. Richter first heard

me play it from the piano sketch he pointed out that it had an open-air quality. Together we hit upon the title: “An Outdoor Overture.”

Les nuits d’été (Summer Nights), op. 7

By Hector Berlioz

Born December 11, 1803 in La Cote-Saint-Andre, Isere; died March 8, 1869 in Paris

Special note: see Text & Translations beginning on Page 6.

The title of this incredible collection of songs, *Les nuits d’été*, or Summer Nights, with poems by Théophile Gautier may elicit thoughts from the modern listener pertaining to starry nights, cool breezes and chilled lemonade enjoyed on the front porch. But alas, this is not a collection of songs celebrating the joys of summer but to the contrary, it wallows in feelings of loss and despair over a beloved. Little is known about the genesis of this work. Scholars believe it was written between 1840 and 1841 and that the songs may have been written individually and only later threaded together into the present collection of six songs. The result, nonetheless, is a cycle united by the power of love but pierced through with sadness, death and anguish over its loss.

The first and last songs have the most optimistic tone of the cycle, but even they have undercurrents of unrest. *Villanelle* sings of the onset of spring and the joy it will bring to a pair of lovers. Under this, however, lie harmonic tensions that make one question whether the word “Toujours!” (forever) is to be understood with feelings of hope or grief. In *Le spectre de la rose* a young girl’s dreams are haunted by the ghost of a rose she wore to her first ball. While at times playful, the music in general is clearly moving toward a more somber aura. The two songs in the middle of the cycle are of tragic intensity. *Sur les lagunes*, according to musicologist David Cairns, uses a rocking motive between two pitches a half step apart to depict motion at sea. Cairns suggests this mimics the calm of a boat at sea but also the obsessive grief of a lover who must set out on a journey alone. This song ends without resolve: the final chord is a barren open fifth with a dominant root; no resolution is brought to our distraught sailor and his love. *Absence*, the fourth song depicts the separation between living lovers (an important distinction). Listen for the wails of anguish over the pain of being apart. A ghost haunts *Le spectre de la rose*, like the second song. In this setting the poet is in a graveyard listening to a dove sitting in a yew tree lamenting the dead beneath his feet. In the final song *L’île inconnue*, again set at sea, an optimistic view seemingly returns. But the song ends softly bringing the song cycle to a close with text that sets up an illusion: there is an island where one loves forever but it is always just over the horizon, just out of reach. Yet this island and its immortal love will always be sought after leaving our poet discontented and most likely, alone.

Symphony No. 5 in E minor, op. 64

By Piotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky

Born May 7, 1840 in north Votkinsk, Russia; died November 6, 1893 in St. Petersburg

Prior to beginning work on his Fifth Symphony Tchaikovsky toured tirelessly all across Europe. His fame had finally spread beyond Russia and he made visits to Berlin, Paris, London, Prague and smaller cities in between. Tchaikovsky conducted concerts, met with royalty and shook hands with higher society.

He met Brahms (whom he was cold to at first but gradually warmed up to especially when they shared beer), Gounod, Grieg, Mahler and Dvorak. But all of the touring made him weary and he was anxious to start composing again. With all his travels it had been nearly a year since he had composed a major composition. Additionally, eleven years had passed since his Fourth Symphony so it was on May 21, 1888 that he set about sketching his newest symphony, the Fifth.

Although Tchaikovsky publically denied any sort of programmatic element to the Fifth Symphony in his extant sketches, there does exist the following:

“Introduction. Total submission before Fate – or, what is the same thing, the inscrutable design of Providence.

Allegro. 1. Murmurs, doubts, laments. Reproaches against...XXX. 2. Shall I cast myself into the embrace of faith?

A wonderful programme, if only it can be fulfilled.”

David Brown, a prominent Tchaikovsky scholar, notes that the opening phrase of the work appears to be a quotation from Glinka’s opera *A Life for the Tsar*. In the opera this phrase is set to the words ‘Do not turn to sorrow,’ and in Tchaikovsky’s symphony can be heard as the hope theme. However, just after this phrase, in the third measure follows a six-note stepwise-descending phrase that is reminiscent, according to Brown, of the six-note Fate theme in Tchaikovsky’s own opera *Eugene Onegin*. These two phrases permeate Tchaikovsky’s Fifth Symphony.

The first movement is skillfully crafted and contains the usual three themes (common in Tchaikovsky though typically in Western symphonies only two themes are employed). The second movement, *Andante cantabile, con alcuna licenza*, is a passionate outpouring on the feelings of love. This single movement contains so many expressive markings and notes of advice to the performer that no two performances can ever be the same. Indeed in Tchaikovsky’s sketches the second melody for oboe is aligned with the words ‘O que je t’aime! O mon amie!’ or ‘O how I love you! Oh my friend.’ There is no question that this movement is deeply personal. Note the two startling interruptions, however, of the Fate theme in this music. The third movement, a waltz, reminds the listener that Tchaikovsky was at heart a ballet composer. The opening measures present the Fate theme, but now in disguise: the six-note descending phrase has been reformulated so as to sound carefree and untroubled. At the very end of the movement listen for the Hope theme reappearing alongside the waltz so subtly as to seem negligible. The finale begins with the Hope theme but now clearly set in a major key unlike its first movement debut. The movement unfolds in the usual sonata form and at the coda engages in a blustery if not downright overblown celebration. The major key is trumpeted so loudly that critics have lodged complaints of brashness on behalf of Tchaikovsky. Nonetheless, this exciting and bustling finale brings to a close a brilliant example of Tchaikovsky’s compositional genius.

Berlioz “Les nuits d’été” Text & Translations

1. Villanelle

Quand viendra la saison nouvelle,
Quand auront disparu les froids,
Tous les deux nous irons, ma belle,
Pour cueillir le muguet aux bois.
Sous nos pieds égrenant les perles
Que l’on voit au matin trembler.
Nous irons écouter les merles siffler.
Le printemps est venu, ma belle,
C’est le mois des amants béni;
Et l’oiseau satinant son aile,
Dit ses vers au rebord du nid.
Oh! Viens donc, sur ce banc de mousse
Pour parler de nos beaux amours,
Et dis-moi de ta voix si douce,
Toujours!
Loin, bien loin, égarant nos courses,
Faisant fuir le lapin caché,
Et le daim, au miroir des sources
Admirant son grand bois penché;
Puis chez nous, tout heureux, tout aisés,
En paniers enlaçant nos doigts,
Revenons, rapportant des fraises des bois.

II Le spectre de la rose

Soulève ta paupière close
Q’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 la fête étoilée,
Tu me promenais tout le soir.
O toi qui de ma mort fu cause,
Sans que tu puisses le chasser,
toute les nuits mon spectre rose
A ton chevet viendra danser.
Mais ne crains rien, je ne réclame
Ne messis 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
Écrivit: “Ci-git une rose,
Que tous les rois vont jalouser.”

III 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,

Villanelle

When the new season has come,
when the cold has disappeared,
together we will go, my lovely one,
to gather lilies-of the valley in the woods.
Beneath our feet picking the pearls
that one sees trembling in the morning.
We will go to hear the blackbirds whistle.
Spring has come, my lovely one,
this is the month blessed by lovers;
and the bird, smoothing its wing,
speaks its verses from the rim of its nest.
Oh! Come here, onto this mossy bank
to speak of our beautiful love,
and say to me, in your sweet voice,
Forever!
Far, very far, wandering from our path,
setting to flight the hidden rabbit,
and the buck, in the mirror of the spring
admiring its great twisted antlers;
then home, all happy and at ease,
lacing our fingers together like baskets,
we’ll return, carrying wild strawberries.

The ghost of the rose

Lift your closed eyelids,
touched by a virginal dream!
I am the ghost of a rose
which you wore last night at the ball.
You took me, still pearled
with silver tears from the watering can,
and, throughout the star-filled festival
you carried me all the evening.
Oh you who were the cause of my death,
without your being able to chase it away,
every night my rose-colored ghost
will dance by your pillow.
But fear nothing; I claim
neither mass nor requiem.
This light perfume is my soul,
and I have come from paradise.
My destiny is worthy of envy
and to have a fate so beautiful
more than one might have given his life;
since your bosom is my tomb,
And upon the alabaster where I rest
a poet has written with a kiss:
“Here lies a rose
which all kings might envy.”

On the lagoons

My beautiful friend is dead;
I will weep forever.
Into the tomb she has carried
my soul and my heart.
To heaven, without waiting for me,

Berlioz “Les nuits d’été” Text & Translations

Elle se 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!
La blanche creature
Est couchée au cercueil;
Comme dans la nature
Tout me parait en deuil!
La colombe oubliée
Pleure et songe a l’absent.
Mon âme pleure et sent
Qu’elle est déparillée!
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!

IV l’Absence

Reviens, reviens, ma belle aimée!
Comme une fleur lon du soleil,
La fleur de ma vie est fermée
Loin de ton sourire vermeil!
Entre nos cœurs quelle distance!
Tant d’espace entre nos baisers!
O sort amer! ô dure absence!
O grands désirs inapaisés!
Reviens, reviens...
D’ici làbas que de campagnes,
Que de villes et de hameaux,
Que de vallons et de montagnes,
A lasser le pied des chevaux!
Reviens, reviens...

V Au Cimetière (Claire de lune)

Connaissez-vous la blanche tombe,
Où flotte avec un son plaintif
L’ombre d’un if?
Sur l’if une pâle colombe
Triste et seule au soleil couchant,
Chante son chant:
Un air maladivement tendre,
A la fois charmant et fatal,
Qui vous fait mal
E qu’on voudrait toujours entendre;
Un air comme en soupire aux ciex
L’ange amoureux.
On dirait que l’âme éveillée

she has returned;
the angel who led her
did not want to take me.
How bitter is my fate!
Ah! To go to sea without love!
The fair creature
is lying in her coffin;
how everything in nature
seems to me to be in mourning!
The forsaken dove
weeps and dreams of the absent one.
My soul weeps and feels
that it has lost its partner!
How bitter is my fate!
Ah! To go to sea without love!
Over me the immense night
spreads itself like a shroud.
I sing my romance
which only heaven hears:
Ah! How beautiful she was
and how I loved her!
I will never love
another woman as much as I loved her...
How bitter is my fate!
Ah! To go to sea without love!

Absence

Return, return, my beloved!
Like a flower far from the sun,
the flower of my life is closed
far from your brilliant smile!
Between our hearts what distance!
What space between our kisses!
O bitter fate! O hard absence!
O great, unappeasable desires!
Return, return...
Between here and there what fields,
what cities and towns,
what valleys and mountains
to weary the feet of the horses!
Return, return...

At the cemetery (Moonlight)

Do you know the white tomb,
where floats, with a plaintive sound,
the shadow of a yew-tree?
On the yew a pale dove,
sad and alone in the sunset,
sings its song:
A melody morbidly tender,
at once charming and deadly,
which will do you harm
and which one wishes to listen to forever;
a melody like the sighing in heaven
of an angel in love.
One might say that an awakened soul

Berlioz “Les nuits d’été” Text & Translations

Pleure sous terre à l’unisson
De la chanson,
Et du malheur d’être oubliée
Se plaint dans un roucoulement
Bien doucement.
Sur les ailes de la musique
On sent lentement revenir
Un souvenir.
Une ombre, une forme angélique
Passe dans un rayon tremblant
En voile blanc.
Les belles de nuit* demiclose
Jettent leur parfum faible et doux
Autour de vous,
Et la fantôme aux molles poses
Murmure en vous tendant les bras:
Tu reviendras!
Oh! Jamais plus, près de la tombe,
Je n’irai, quand descend le soir
Au manteau noir,
Ecouter la pâle colombe
Chanter sur la pointe de l’if
Son chant plaintif.

VI L’Ile inconnue

Dites, la jeune belle,
Où voulez-vous aller?
La voile enfle 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...
Est-ce dans la Baltique?
Dans la mer Pacifique?
Dans l’île de Java?
Où bien est-ce en Norvège,
Cuillir la fleur de neige,
Ou la fleur a’Angsoka?
Dites, dites, où voulez-vous aller?
Menez moi, dit la belle,
A 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.

weeps beneath the earth together
with the song,
and, in sorrow at having been forgotten,
laments by cooing
very sweetly.
On the wings of the music
one slowly feels returning
a memory.
A shadow, an angelic form
passes in a ray of trembling light,
veiled in white.
The half-closed Marvels of Peru*
spread their delicate and sweet perfume
about you,
and the ghost, standing limply,
murmurs, holding her arms out to you:
“You will return!”
Oh! Never again will I go near the tomb
when evening falls
in its black robe,
to listen to the pale dove
singing, on the branch of the yew-tree,
its plaintive song.

The unknown island

Tell me, pretty young girl,
where do you wish to go?
The sail spreads its wing,
the breeze is beginning to blow.
The oar is of ivory,
the flag of silk,
the rudder of pure gold;
for ballast I have an orange,
for sail the wing of an angel,
for cabin-boy, a seraph.
Tell me...
Is it to the Baltic sea?
To the Pacific ocean?
To the island of Java?
Or is it rather to Norway,
to gather snow-flowers,
or the flowers of Angsoka?
Tell me, tell me, where do you want to go?
“Take me,” says the pretty one,
“to the faithful shore
where people love forever!”
That shore, my dear,
is almost unknown
in the country of love.
Where do you want to go?
The breeze is beginning to blow.

Author: Théophile Gautier

Translation: Marion Leeds Carroll