

the soprano who loved silence
a poet who longed for song

for Dame Felicity Lott
'est-ce, la poésie
qui émeut mon Cœur
ou est-ce la musique
la plus éloquente'

38

DUETTO.

(The two voice parts must be made very prominent.)

1.

i live very much
in the present
love silence

pp

more and more
the spoken word
more and
more

Um Mit - ter - nacht

silence

2.

in my room
at my desk
in silence

don't want to
write I want to
Sing you can
sing most
anything

you can hear
rain against
the glass

summer words sometimes spill along and over the edge

or none come
but then the
songs begin

notes teeming
in lyrics
from a romantic past

*Dites, la jeune belle
Ou voulez-vous aller?*

knowing
both as one
until that day

the split
as forbidden
a/nother/s past thrust in

843

3. *a voice she* *On ne la connaît guère*
used to know *pays des amours*
so well
before she pushed
it back
singing
with birds
down
the throat of dark
nightingale
still
at midnight
moonlight
you will sing
sing
still
schei
den
lan
guish;
sing
night
through
schau - ert's
im Her - zens - grun - de.
pp
tout y parlerait
à l'ame en secret

Die Nacht be - de - cket die Run - de,
nur von den Ber - gen noch rau - schet der Wald, und mich
schau - ert's im Her - zens - grun - de.

p *rit.* *Im tempo* *p* *rit.* *Im tempo*

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(refrain: 2 voices/lines)

PPP

1. Here in this room quiet as grass
2. Rêvons c'est

1 the words are coming in
2 l'heure o bien aimée

1 take over the page and creep into

1 the darkest space then

1 dust the corners of light

1 someone is breathing the glass
2 chaque branche une voix

1 is cold
2 o bien aimée

p

and now
words write themselves across skies

music
hides

exquisite
this gap
e/scapes

rit. a tempo

Die Luft ging
The breeze stray'd

in light
leaves
notes

shape in wind
these songs like flowers
are blessings

die Fel - der; die Aeh - ren wog - ten sacht;
the mead - ows, And stirr'd the wav - ing corn;

the writer's tessitura
flower blue as flax

es rausch - ten leis' die Wäl - der; so stern - klar
'Mid rus - ting for - est shad - ows The stars shone

lyric &
thyme a
rhyme pattern

glissando swell over fields

diminuendo of grass
rit.

war - die Nacht. Und mei - ne See - le
mild - ly on. My soul - ne with out - le spread

rit.

[Refrain pp 2 voices]

Here in this room's music quiet as space
C'est l'heure la lune blanche

the words are coming in outside
luit dans

feather grass silvering before the fade into
le bois l'étang reflète

earth Ah! a moon - full entering
la lune blanche

our room of light
luit profond miroir

one of us crying the mirrors fold
où le vent pleure

Frühlingsnacht

(Spring Night)

Op. 39, No. 12

Robert Schumann

5.

**Do come in
music-room's large
white walls**

**always
open door
that circle of light**

**oh golden oil
from a lamp and out there
night-scents**

**stocks
filtering
through**

**corner's in shadow
yes voice
mine**

**for ever goes
round and round inside
ringing**

**the room
acoustic
excellent my head**

**sifts
voices
opens**

**resonant
rings gold round
the room**

6.

**i am an i an
/other i
inside tells me**

**they say my power
world's lieder
repertoire**

**at my feet
i can they say
cajole them all
poetess enchanteresse**

Ziemlich rasch: leidenschaftlich
(Allegro moderato, appassionato)

p

Ue - ber'm Gar - ten durch die
O'er the gar den's scent ed

du ring an meinem
finger

das be - deu - tet Früh - lings -
Spring re - turns with fair - est

un - ten fängt's schon an zu
Fresh ly bloom - ing at our

rit.

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siren
i
apparently dispel
sweetest the power of song

Intermezzo

from "Liederkreis"

Op. 39, No. 2

Robert Schumann

7.

Langsam
but past is passed
i'm here now
watching this early sun

its pool of light
& sound
a golden ring

will last I'll laze and
listen
away the day what!

oh so much
has happened

i have one voice only upon the page past's always shadowing
100 lives

at least
why think it's
gone

too much to dwell
upon
& more

8.

poet hums her fix
Schubert echoes

when I stand on the highest rock I look down into the deep valley and sing distantly from the deep valley the echo rises up
in the shower

the further my voice carries the more clearly it echoes back to me from below
my love lives so far from me so I yearn for her [who is] over there

but
words
drown

9.

muted its
sound half-
hearted now I shall prepare to go on a journey

she'll look-up
some
synonyms

10. but then there's
the words
a thankless task
hours
and
hours

11. the inner map
of musical
landscape

living in its exquisite line
that slight
misfit

hidden mote
of sound
you just can't
match

though you may have perfect
pitch & achieved a state
of equipoise

it's a
fall
from
the cliff

12. oh so often
now i like
just to listen

there's green finches
music
in my garden

twofold silence was the song of love

Refrain two voices

here in this space quiet as rain

a voice escapes that
la silhouette

window ajar and words
du saule noir

words move in breathe along the oil-light
rêvons

trail overwhitening page
l'heure rêvons c'est l'heure exquise

we are as one
we are as one

13. a poet you are taught
must find
her one single

Joseph Op. 39, No. 7 Robert Schumann

Sehr langsam *P*

voice
it must
sing

Ich kann wohl manch - mal sin - gen, als ob ich fröh - lich
sehr gebunden

14. aagh! & the
vocal exercises
aagh Mon Dieu

15. we just have to
keep up
to date
reading
in the sun
in bed
the *Forward*
and *Young* ones
our heart's content

doch heim-lich Thrä - nen drin - gen, da wird das Herz mir

the *Forward*
and *Young* ones
our heart's content

- & maybe draft
the odd sonnet or
a haiku
or two

frei, Es las - sen Nach - ti - gal - len, spielt drau-ssen

16. ours hours
and
hours

17. and once you've
breathed the words along and onto paper and page
they've
gone

- no part of you
after you let them
run away

to breathe
& create a life
of their own
Früh - lings - luft, der Schn - sucht Lied er - schal - len aus ih - res Ker - kers

so much for
your one true
voice

18. can we ever meet? bees when they build their cells
do not let themselves
be watched

19. still waters running deep schen al - le Her - zen, und Al - les ist er -
how they
brood
your voice/s project
reflect/s
the sound-scape
here
inside
voices quiver
let me out out out Kei - ner fühlt die Schmer - zen, im Lied das tie - fe

20. you wouldn't
always like
my sound world your curiosity
is a betrayal
if the rich honeycombes are
brought out then
you shall taste them

21. someone hands her
a sheet notated
song Leid.
sight reading
fingers
itch
to play
she wants
so much to

sing
hum mmmmm

22. there's another voice
whispering
a new

poetic line i
have to stop
& set it down
then stop and think
untangle
multilayered its meaning

23. next recital's
tomorrow
Interpretation time

24. yes i'm in
part now the
zone
i'm in my song

25. in the garden next
morning quiet
it's just
breathing
and a caterpillar slithering
along its home of grass

26. this poet's
oneofus
lives a quiet
life



voices breathe
inside each
singing

a motif
coloratura
of silver

melodic
thread
in recompense

27. and in the depths
soul's azure
a fan of flax

28. others of course
pick up their poetry
in the street

metric the beat
at their feet
some find nouns

how they run to meet them
a verb jumps
on the bus

before them
metaphors call
everywhere they look

clever ones can
lure a felicitous
turn

of phrase
in a stream of verbosity
churning from an acquaintance's mouth

29. they are the lucky ones
living a life w/rites
its found poem

30. once you turn
inside
to the hidden

silver mirror

you have to look
at what went on before
it's all in the pupa of your eyes

bluest hollow
of dream
where white the horses

once free stampede
Don't look away!
things didn't always happen

the way you wanted them to
some left undone
or abandoned

for another day
that never
ever came

others took you over
you lost you in yourself
in

an/other
who took you in
where you had no more to lose

31. but i stayed

32. i was always here
to meet you
when you arrived

33. all those years later

34. now & when all that
matters is this eternal
moment of now

35. you & I

{f only | were a bird | should fly over the sea

there's a moment in the middle of the night
three seconds past twenty three minutes past three
you and me
precisely
in our singing sleep
heart in poetry
reach for the silver thread in moon's gape
& weave amongst the flax-azure over the field
your dress is the colour of Cornish seas
just before night your midnight blue
shawl edge-stitched grey its hieroglyph
a sigil of flaxen love
we didn't know we could not know how we would meet
like Nereids in a blue sea where the world is not
the other's almost the virtual shadow where
your blue is almost silhouetting black

36. who are you?

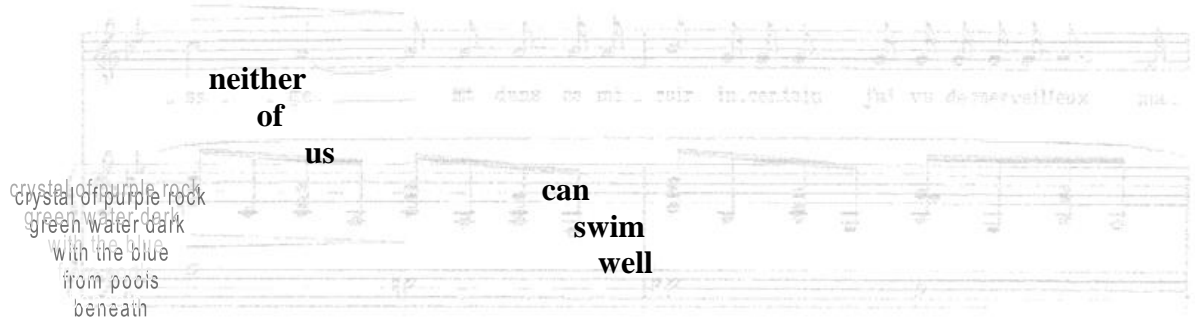
37. you know

O Thetis O Sea Mother
i prayed as he clutched my throat
let me remember
let me remember
this star in the night

**Thetis
she said**

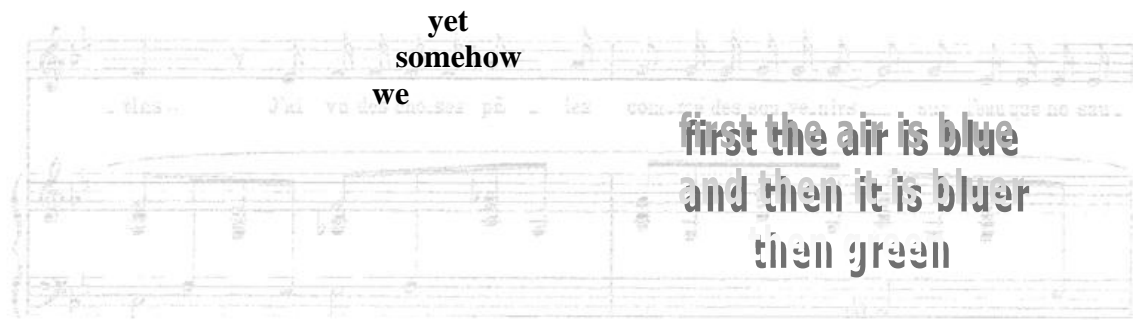
*My soul is an enchanted boat,
which, like a sleeping swan, doth float
upon the silver waves of thy sweet singing;
and thine doth like an angel sit
beside a helm conducting it ...*

revons c'est l'heure

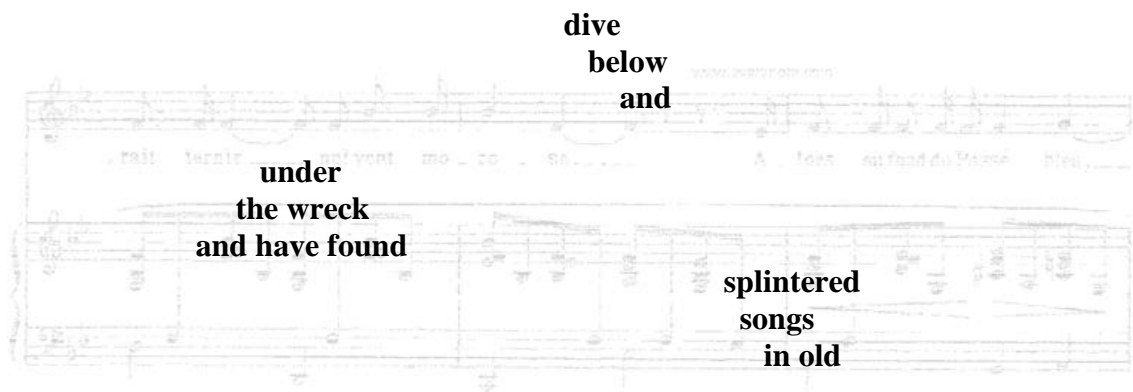


neither
of
us
can
swim
well

crystal of purple rock
green water dark
with the blue
from pools
beneath



yet
somehow
we
first the air is blue
and then it is bluer
then green



dive
below
and
under
the wreck
and have found
splintered
songs
in old



bones
and
amongst
on the paved parapet
you will step
carefully
from amber stones
to onyx
flotsam
once
earthen

jugs
our
mothers
used

once
those who wish to study women creators in the art of music have had to search for & collect scattered texts

upon
a
time

39

we -
beneath
neural forests

*Why - do they shut me out of Heaven
Did I sing - too loud?*

of seas
heard again
those

*Pass, as the mottled night
Leaves what it
cannot save*

scraps of
Songs
foremothers

sang in-lilting

waves only to glide along the tranquil sea
of sound

we'd forgotten
lost

in cranial folds

40

sea-horses
of memory
cantering

frozen on
waves
of glass

scrimp
starfish
light

as we
pass
descend
through
shoals of

*Beautiful, my delight,
pass as we pass the wave*

the solemn hour of midnight
breathes sweetly everywhere

come back to me my swallow

sing too loud

*why do they shut me out of
heaven*

there flew across the waters cold

*and still
Grandmother think not i forget*

because i sing too loud

*a bird whose wings were
dark blue*

midnight breathe

the whole white world is ours

and leave me not forlorn

not i forget

the lake lay low below the hill

*Sea-foam
and corals Oh, I'll
climb the great pasture rocks
and dream me mermaid in the sun's
gold flood*



swallow-fish
&
dab &
brill

reminisce
for us
Only

*the best
will do*

41

*What
of Clara?*

green ear
-shells
crenalted

echo and
call

150 years

*ago
you
know you*

*know
you know
not*

*long ago
She
shared*

*Lieder with him
Robert &
what about
Fanny*

*Where are
Her songs &
who is left
can recollect*

there's a long neglected
lieder repertoire by women
composers like Clara
Schumann – either the
compositions were ignored
through all the women's life
or soon forgotten after her
death - but of course that
can't happen now in the
C21 – can it?

Schumann gave
Clara the
*Frauenliebe und
Leben* cycle just
before their
marriage - in
these songs the
woman bends
herself to her
husband's will

Fanny Mendelssohn Hensel, composed over 200 lieder
but only 2 collections were published in her lifetime –
you may in the C21, be lucky enough to hear them once
or twice in your lifetime & some are available on the
www – her brother, the well-known composer, said “I
cannot persuade her to publish anything because it is
against my views and convictions. Fanny as I know her
possesses neither the inclination nor calling for
authorship. She is too much of a woman for that, as is
proper & lovely.”

the poet Marianne von Willemer
wrote the words to *Suleika* 1&2;
the lyrics were adapted from the
oriental *West-Ostlicher Divan*;
when Goethe's WOD was
published her lyrics appeared
under his name & it was many
years before her authorship was
acknowledged; even Schubert
believed the words were by
Goethe.

*& sing
them (What of
Alma? – Coronna?)
& recall
Marianne's
lyrical power?*

42

**& lyre
fish tickle
our toes**

**with kisses
wisps
of words**

**they
coax
from far**

**on far
under
drowned pine-woods**

**- there Lorelei
rehearse
their fate -**

**beneath
deeper far
under waters**

Schroder wrote
"I have had to
overcome much
hesitation before
I made the
decision to
publish a
collection of
short poems that
I have provided
with melodies. A
feeling towards
propriety &
morality is
stamped upon
our sex."

In C18/19 Maria Paradis,
Josephine Lang, Corona
Schroder, Annetto Droste-
Hulshoff, Luise Reichardt
and Emilie Zumsteeg
composed 100s of lieder
many equal to the best
written by the male
composers of that era

Droste-Hulshoff was a
famous C19 German
poet but her many
musical works are
hardly known – none of
her lieder were
published

Gustav Mahler
told Alma, his
wife to be, that
she must stop
composing &
look after their
home – before he
had even seen
any of her pieces

43

*Sappho – what
of Nossis Erinna
Anyte and*

*Sulpicia?
After the
Fall
from the
Cliff what
then?
those*

Singers

were poets
& Poets

had the
Gift of
Song

remembering
& gathering
together

seams of a
past was -
it is said - part

of Her
intrinsic
art how

on the vase
wreaths of
violets

in hair
silvered glints
& plectrum

poised
at the lyre
her mouth

shaping phrases
now scattered in
air

vocals fold
a coral sea-
fan

that tessitura
no one
will ever
again hear
her heart-

friends sit

Nothing is sweeter than love
and all delicious things are
second to it yeh even honey
I spit out of my mouth I spit
out of my mouth

I Hermes stand here by the windy
orchard in the cross ways nigh the
grey
sea-shore

Nightingale, herald of
Spring
with a voice of longing

I spoke to you Aphrodite
a dream

stars, the loveliest

Neither
nor the

Now she stands out
among Lydian women
as after sunset
the rose-fingered
moon
exceeds all star light

The M
life with
I shall not be

And I say to you someone
will remember us in time to
come

un autre rond,

in a circle - Cleis
asleep the grove

fresh with incense
honey-clover
the white rose -

intent

Listen!
you may thrill

as they frisson
the silver-moon song
of memory

echo
the farewell lullaby
returned to

her to entrust to
their own loving
future

46 one day
she failing
laid her lyre

on chamomile
no scribe
bothered

to write
her words
or transcribe
a single tune

47 few phrases
remained
in synapsed

minds not one
in 50 years
could recall a line of melody

& Erinna wrote

her poem has no voice that will reach and be heard by others and the poet does not know who will read her written record

epigrams

only to be read

on the page

Her/

story

was to be

forever

memorized

chronological

in recall

48

by now

we have re-

surfaced are

afloat again

a coral raft

our inimitable

version of

pea-green

boat

49

deep-sea choruses

lift

and sustain us

call & chortle

up through

layers of amber

parapet itself

streaked with

silver and

light sea-

butterflies

wisp

flit

in& out of
blue green
melodic water

cascading
oceanic its
laughter

anda backing -
abalone-comb
percussion of

rickety
umbrella shells
sponge riffs

alongside sea-
cucumbers and
green-sea
anemones

50

we are
in a state of
melismatic bliss

bopping on
the waves
brimming

i look
at you
you at

me
in you
in

me knowing
at last
Why

we have met
two together
We can be
lyric the

Song of poetry

51

**a feast of
sea-urchins
scoffing**

**pull alongside
quip cut
in Upon your**

**circle of earth you
have choice
your own**

**celebrity singing-
wanabees Didos Duffys
Leonas**

**could go
on
ad infinitum –**

**till like one in slumber bound
borne to the ocean I float down, around
into a sea profound of ever-
spreading sound**

**oh how
the Songs live on
her time has come**

**words
music
her own
to Own**

52

**a sea-horse
chips in
two-part with**

**that fenola snail
you're wrong
wrong**

**there's no
not not
no not**

a song

**that Pizzazz
&trolley-dash
no**

**Poem
nor
Song**

**not no
not
the Song**

**it's retro-doo
wop
doo-wop**

**soul
bop-techno
rap**

**and pop-
wop –
What?**

**these may-flies
dip &
zip**

**silver
reflecting
lakes**

**short&sweet
agreed
that gift**

**no thread of
wisdom
no**

**journey
to the inner**

**and we sail on, away, afar
without a course, without a star,
but by the instinct of sweet music driven
till through Elysian garden islets
by thee most beautiful of pilots**

the boat of my desire is guided

art – its very

heart

no lyrical
line

nor

linnet's
threnody

Whoa! whoa!

Wheee!

we're
landing

this hard earth

a bump
& You

i
can't

believe

you have
gone
returned

to your role

- Muse
to the Man

& iam

again
alone

the dream

also gone
lost&

passed to the
past

with its Midnight Song

Pâle songeur qu'un Dieu poursuit, Repose-toi, ferme ton livre. .. Un flot d'astres frissonne

Afterword

Soprano is intended for page – possibly for performance. Traditionally the lied, as art form, balances in equal proportions, words and music. However, in its preferred presentation the lied prioritizes the sounded performance: the words implicitly come (a close) second to the music. Another of the conventional characteristics of the classical lied has been its typical and intrinsic bonding of male-derived words and music. Yes of course there are women poets represented in the repertoire, and there are female composers who have - and are still - writing classical song/s. Yet songs written and composed by women are (at least for the amateur) not easy to find (in recordings or as sheet music). Contemporary classical singers are performing some lied by women writers or composers – but these are apparently few and far between when compared to the songs of the classical and male canon. It seems that classical song has not yet caught up with the prevailing poetry culture, where women poets are being published more and more. How this contrasts with the world of pop-culture, where female song-writers are ubiquitous - indeed are given the privileged status of ‘Princess/es of Pop’. Whilst I was doing bits of research for this project I found many poems by men (with music also by men); quite a lot of poems by – mostly, but not all famous women poets - (with, usually, music by men); a handful of poems by women (with music also by women); a couple of songs by one woman (words and music both by the same artist). Most interesting - found just as I was completing the piece - (because of the composer’s links with Devon, my home county), Maud Valérie White, whose song ‘My soul is an enchanted boat’ according to several sources (including Grove’s) was and is ‘one of the best in our language’. Why then had I not heard of her before? Why can I not easily obtain a recording of the song - or even of the sheet music? How many other equally gifted female composers were (and still are) relegated to the musical margins?

One of the several threads of this poetry-project came from the female poet’s point of view – to try an exploratory *written lied*, in which the words are supposed to take precedence; as ‘poem on the page’ the piece is displayed, whilst the ‘music’ is imagined or heard inwardly by the inner musico-poetic ear. After the piece was completed I came across the theories of Garrett Stewart re the *phonotext* – exploring the ways that the ‘sounds’ of the silent text are perceived by the body of the silent reader: he or she becomes a sounding board for the poem’s language (see *Reading Voices; Literature and the Phonotext*). These ideas re reading and sound resonate with what I wanted to explore here. The project began with a snippet - a couple of lines spoken by Dame Felicity Lott during her Radio 4 Desert Island Discs session: ‘*I love silence ... more and more*’. The main lines of the poem - (the vertical trail on the left) are mine – plus some of the fragments and also the English words of the ‘refrain’; I have cited all quotes by others. Music is from various sources and the poetic/song lyrics are also adapted from a variety of song-like places (see below). There is a thread of narrative, but the piece is intended to present a multiplicity of allusive voices.

Notes

Page

1. *soundtrack*: Mendelssohn, Book 3, Op. 38, page 1, *Song without Words*, (*Duetto*); motif 1: Mahler, *Um Mitternacht*, No. 5, 5 *Rückert-Lieder*.
2. *soundtrack*: Schumann/Eichendorff, *Im Walde*, Op. 39, No.11, *Liederkreis*; motif 1, ‘on ne le connaît’, words from *Où vous voulez aller?*, words from Gautier, (song, Gounod); motif 2: from Mahler, *Um Mitternacht* No. 5, 5 *Rückert-Lieder*; motif : ‘tout y parlerait’, words from Baudelaire, *L’Invitation au voyage*.
3. italics for voice2, words adapted from Verlaine, *La lune blanche*, from *La bonne Chanson*: music-motif: from Massenet, *Rêvons*, *C’est l’heure*.
4. *soundtrack*: Schumann, *Mondnacht*, Op. 39, No 5, *Liederkreis*; word-motif from Wolf, *Quand tu chantes* (song, Gounod).
5. voice2, words from Verlaine, *La lune blanche*; music-motifs: from Massenet, *Rêvons*.
6. *soundtrack*: Schumann, *Frühlingsnacht*, Op. 39, No 12, *Liederkreis*; motif: words from *Du Ring an meinem Finger*, (Adelbert von Chamisso), in Schumann, *Frauenliebe und Leben* op. 42.
7. *soundtrack*: Schumann, *Intermezzo*, Op. 39, No. 2, *Liederkreis*; motif (*when I stand ...*): words taken from *Shepherd on the Rock* (words by Wilhelm Müller and Helmina von Chezy), Schubert.

- 8 *soundtrack*: Schumann, Die Stille, Op. 39, No 4, *Liederkreis*; motif, 'when two-fold silence...', words from Rossetti, Silent Noon (song, Vaughan Williams).
- 9 music-motifs: from Massenet, Rêvons, C'est l'heure.
- 10 *soundtrack*: Schumann, Wehmut, Op. 39, No 9, *Liederkreis* (p1).
- 11 *soundtrack*: Schumann, Wehmut, Op. 39, No.9, *Liederkreis*; (p2); motifs: from Rückert, Blicke mir nicht in die Lieder (*Don't Look at my Songs*), in Mahler, *Rückert-Lieder*.
- 12 *soundtrack*: Duparc: L'Invitation au Voyage, (Baudelaire); motif: Mendelssohn.: Die Schwalbe Flieght, (Witches' Song).
- 13 *soundtrack*: Duparc: L'Invitation au Voyage; motif: Rückert: Ich bin der wel abhanden gekommen, (No. 4, Mahler, 5 *Rückert Lieder*).
- 14 *soundtrack*: Schumann, Waldesgesprach, Op. 39, No. 3, *Liederkreis*.
- 15 music-motifs: Schumann, Mondnacht, Op. 39, No. 5, *Liederkreis*; word-motifs: 'the night is romantic', from Lehar, Chanson de Vilya, in *The Merry Widow*; 'O Thetis' from H.D., (Hilda Doolittle) *Helen in Egypt*; 'if only I were a bird' from Schumann, Die Stille, Op.39, No. 4; 'My soul is an enchanted boat' from Shelley, (Asia from Act II scene V of Prometheus Unbound), in song by Maud Valérie White.
- 16 *soundtrack*: Fauré, Reflets dans l'eau, from *Mirages*, Op.113, poem by Baronne Renée de Brimont; word-motifs: 'crystal of purple rock' and 'on the paved parapet' from H.D., Thetis in *Collected Poems*; 'first the air is blue' from Adrienne Rich, *Diving into the Wreck*.
- 17 word-fragments: 'those who wish to study women creators ...' from Preface, Diane Jezic and Elizabeth Wood, *Women Composers; the Lost Tradition Found*; 'Beautiful my delight ... pass as the mottled night' from Louise Bogan, *Collected Poems 1923-53* (song, To be Sung on the Water, Samuel Barber); 'Why - do they shut me out ...' from Emily Dickinson, *Poems of Emily Dickinson* (song, Aaron Copland); 'the solemn hour of Midnight' from Emily Bronte, (song, Lothar Klein); 'the whole white world is ours', from H.D., 'White World' in *Collected Poems* (song, Libby Larsen); 'come back to me my swallow' from Mary Coleridge, *Poems*, 1907(part-song, Charles Stanford); 'Grandmother, think not I forget, from Willa Cather, *April Twilights*, 1903 (song, Garth Baxter); 'the lake lay low below the hill ... a bird whose wings ...' from Mary Coleridge, *Poems* (part-song Charles Stanford); 'Sea-foam and coral ...', from Adelaide Crapsey, *'Laurel and the Berkshires'*, in *Verse*, 1915 (song, in *Four Songs for a Young Lady*, Henry Clark); 'only to glide along the tranquil sea' from Amy Beach, words and music – (in Ecstasy, *Three Songs*, no.2, 1891).
- 18 *soundtrack*: Mendelssohn, Book 3 Op. 38, *Song without Words*, (Duetto); info. in text-boxes from various sources.
- 19 background poem: from Marianne Von Willemer, Suleika 1; info. in text-boxes from various sources.
- 20 *soundtrack*: Fauré, Reflets dans l'eau from *Mirages*, op.113, words, Renée de Brimont; text-fragments from poems by Sappho, Nossis and Anyte (various translations); poem in circle-box from Sappho, fragment 33 in *Poems and Fragments*.
- 21 *music motifs*: Fauré, Reflets dans l'eau from *Mirages*.
- 22 *soundtrack*: Duparc, L'Invitation au Voyage; music-motifs: Fauré Reflets dans l'eau; 'her poem has no voice', fragment adapted from Ellen Greene, *Women Poets in Ancient Greece and Rome*.
- 23 *soundtrack*: Duparc, L'Invitation au Voyage; words from Shelley 'my soul is an enchanted boat', in Prometheus Bound (song by Maud Valérie White).
- 24 *soundtrack*: Duparc L'Invitation au Voyage; words from Shelley 'my soul' (song by White).
- 26 *soundtrack*: Mendelssohn, Book 3, Op. 38, last page, (Duetto), *Song without Words*; end-fragment: from Théodore de Banville, La Nuit, (song, Chausson).

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