(4/8) THOSE DANCING DAYS ARE GONE
(FROM POEM BY WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS
MUSIC BY CARLA BRUNI)

(10/13) BEFORE THE WORLD WAS MADE
(FROM POEM BY WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS
MUSIC BY CARLA BRUNI)

(14/16) LADY WEEPING AT THE CROSSROADS
(FROM POEM BY WYSTAN HUGH AUDEN
MUSIC BY CARLA BRUNI)

(18/21) I FELT MY LIFE WITH BOTH MY HANDS
(FROM POEM BY EMILY DICKINSON PUBLIC DOMAIN
MUSIC BY CARLA BRUNI)

(22/26) PROMISES LIKE PIE-CRUST
(FROM POEM BY CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI
PUBLIC DOMAIN - MUSIC BY CARLA BRUNI)

(28/31) AUTUMN
(FROM POEM BY WALTER DE LA MARE
MUSIC BY CARLA BRUNI)

(32/35) IF YOU WERE COMING IN THE FALL
(FROM POEM BY EMILY DICKINSON PUBLIC DOMAIN
MUSIC BY CARLA BRUNI)

(36/39) I WENT TO HEAVEN
(FROM POEM BY EMILY DICKINSON PUBLIC DOMAIN
MUSIC BY CARLA BRUNI)

(40/43) AFTERNOON
(FROM POEM BY DOROTHY PARKER
MUSIC BY CARLA BRUNI)

(44/47) BALLADE AT THIRTY-FIVE
(FROM POEM BY DOROTHY PARKER
MUSIC BY CARLA BRUNI)

(48/51) AT LAST THE SECRET IS OUT
(FROM POEM BY WYSTAN HUGH AUDEN
MUSIC BY CARLA BRUNI)
COME, Curse let me sing into your
Those dancing days are gone, All that silk and satin
Through,
What matter if the knave. That the most could assurance
Crouch upon a stone, Are somewhere sleeping body a
Children that he gave,
up
top
In as foul - a rag?

1. I carry the sun in a gold-en

cup.
The moon in a sil-ver bag.

2. I carry the sun in a gold-en

cup.
The moon in a sil-ver bag.

Come, let me sing in - to your ear;
I thought it out this very day. Noon upon the clock, All that silk and satin gear;

A man may put pretence away. Who leans upon a stick, May sing, and sing until he drop.

Whether to maid or hag, I carry the sun in a golden cup,

The moon in a silver bag. I carry the sun in a golden cup,
A\minor

dc, The moon in a sil-ver

d a g. Mm

Yeah

À partir de la 3e fois passage orchestre

A\minor

Mm

Mm

A\minor

Mm

G\flat

G\flat

G\flat

G\flat
COME, LET ME SING INTO YOUR EAR;
THOSE DANCING DAYS ARE GONE,
ALL THAT SILK AND SATIN GEAR;
CROUCH UPON A STONE,
WRAPPING THAT FOUL BODY UP
IN AS FOUL A RAG;
I CARRY THE SUN IN A GOLDEN CUP,
THE MOON IN A SILVER BAG.

CURSE AS YOU MAY I SING IT THROUGH;
WHAT MATTER IF THE KNAVE
THAT THE MOST COULD PLEASURE YOU,
THE CHILDREN THAT HE GAVE,
ARE SOMEWHERE SLEEPING LIKE A TOP
UNDER A MARBLE FLAG?
I CARRY THE SUN IN A GOLDEN CUP,
THE MOON IN A SILVER BAG.

I THOUGHT IT OUT THIS VERY DAY.
NOON UPON THE CLOCK,
A MAN MAY PUT PRETENCE AWAY
WHO LEANS UPON A STICK,
MAY SING, AND SING UNTIL HE DROP,
WHETHER TO MAID OR HAG;
I CARRY THE SUN IN A GOLDEN CUP,
THE MOON IN A SILVER BAG.
BEFORE THE WORLD WAS MADE
(FROM POEM BY WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS - MUSIC BY CARLA BRUNI)

Ternaire
D> A partir de la 3e fois passage orchestre
E+(add9) E7(9) Gb
(3. Mm)

1. If I make the lashes dark
2. What if I look upon a man
As though And the on

Gb

eyes my be more bright
And the lips blood more be cold the

A

more

A>

be

loved,

Db

scar - let,

Or ask And my all heart un - be moved?

E+(add9) E7(9) Gb

Vocals : Carla Bruni I Guitars, ebow, drums, organ, strings : Louis Bertignac
Bass : Cyril Denis I Cymbals : Paco Sery
© 2006 by TEDREMA
Tous droits réservés pour tous pays - All rights reserved
BEFORE THE WORLD WAS MADE
(FROM POEM BY WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS)

IF I MAKE THE LASHES DARK
AND THE EYES MORE BRIGHT
AND THE LIPS MORE SCARLET,
OR ASK IF ALL BE RIGHT
FROM MIRROR AFTER MIRROR,
NO VANITY’S DISPLAYED
I’M LOOKING FOR THE FACE I HAD
BEFORE THE WORLD WAS MADE.

WHAT IF I LOOK UPON A MAN
AS THOUGH ON MY BELOVED,
AND MY BLOOD BE COLD THE WHILE
AND MY HEART UNMOVED?

WHY SHOULD HE THINK ME CRUEL
OR THAT HE IS BETRAYED?
I’D HAVE HIM LOVE THE THING THAT WAS
BEFORE THE WORLD WAS MADE.
A♭7.. A♭m A♭m7♭5 E♭
D m7♭(5) G7
That the night may come.
Star-less are the nights of tra-

Cm Fm B♭ E♭
vel
 Bleak the win-ter wind;
 Run with ter-ror all be-fore you
 And re-gret be-hind_

D m7♭(5) G♭7 Cm Fm B♭
Run un-til you hear the o-cen's
 Ever-last-ing cry;
 Deep though it may be and

E♭ G7 B♭7
bitter You must drink it dry.
Drink it dry
LADY WEEPING AT THE CROSSROADS
(FROM POEM BY WYSTAN HUGH AUDEN)

LADY, WEEPING AT THE CROSSROADS
WOULD YOU MEET YOUR LOVE
IN THE TWILIGHT WITH HIS GREYHOUNDS,
AND THE HAWK ON HIS GLOVE?

BRIBE THE BIRDS THEN ON THE BRANCHES,
BRIBE THEM TO BE DUMB,
STARE THE HOT SUN OUT OF HEAVEN
THAT THE NIGHT MAY COME.

STARLESS ARE THE NIGHTS OF TRAVEL,
BLEAK THE WINTER WIND;
RUN WITH TERROR ALL BEFORE YOU
AND REGRET BEHIND.

RUN UNTIL YOU HEAR THE OCEAN’S
EVERLASTING CRY;
DEEP THOUGH IT MAY BE AND BITTER
YOU MUST DRINK IT DRY.

WEAR OUT PATIENCE IN THE LOWEST
DUNGEONS OF THE SEA,
SEARCHING THROUGH THE STRANDED SHIPWRECKS
FOR THE GOLDEN KEY.

PUSH ONTO THE WORLD’S END, PAY THE
DREAD GUARD WITH A KISS;
CROSS THE ROTTEN BRIDGE THAT TOTTERS
OVER THE ABYSS.

THERE STANDS THE DESERTED CASTLE
READY TO EXPLORE;
ENTER, CLIMB THE MARBLE STAIRCASE
OPEN THE LOCKED DOOR.

CROSS THE SILENT EMPTY BALLROOM,
DOUBT AND DANGER PAST;
BLOW THE COBWEBS FROM THE MIRROR
SEE YOURSELF AT LAST.

PUT YOUR HAND BEHIND THE WAINSCOT,
YOU HAVE DONE YOUR PART;
FIND THE PENKNIFE THERE AND PLUNGE IT
INTO YOUR FALSE HEART.
I FELT MY LIFE WITH BOTH MY HANDS
(FROM POEM BY EMILY DICKINSON PUBLIC DOMAIN - MUSIC BY CARLA BRUNI)

I felt my life with both my hands
To see if it was there

I held my spirit to the Glass,
To prove it pos- si- bler

Vocals: Carla Bruni | Guitars, keyboards: Louis Bertignac
Bass: Cyril Denis | Drums: Hervé Koster | Hi-hat: Paco Sery

© 2006 by TEOREMA
Tous droits réservés pour tous pays - All rights reserved
1. I turned my__Be--ing round and round__ And paused at every pound

To ask the Owner's name For doubt, that I should know the Sound__

Loco ________

Sound. Mm Mm Mm
I FELT MY LIFE WITH
1. I judged my features jared my hair
2. I told myself, "Take Courage, Friend."
That was a former time

and waited if they twinkled back
But we might learn to like the Heaven,
Conviction might, of Old Home!

I felt my life with both my hands
To see if it was there

Coda

23
I FELT MY LIFE WITH BOTH MY HANDS
(FROM POEM BY EMILY DICKINSON)

I FELT MY LIFE WITH BOTH MY HANDS
TO SEE IF IT WAS THERE -
I HELD MY SPIRIT TO THE GLASS,
TO PROVE IT POSSIBLER -

I TURNED MY BEING ROUND AND ROUND
AND PAUSED AT EVERY POUND
TO ASK THE OWNER'S NAME -
FOR DOUBT, THAT I SHOULD KNOW THE SOUND.

- I JUDGED MY FEATURES - JARRED MY HAIR -
I PUSHED MY DIMPLES BY, AND WAITED -
IF THEY - TWINKLED BACK -
CONVICTION MIGHT, OF ME.

- I TOLD MYSELF, "TAKE COURAGE, FRIEND -
THAT - WAS A FORMER TIME -
BUT WE MIGHT LEARN TO LIKE THE HEAVEN,
AS WELL AS OUR OLD HOME !"
PROMISES LIKE PIE-CRUST

(From poem by Christina Georgina Rossetti Public Domain - Music by Carla Bruni)

Vocals: Carla Bruni
Guitars, harpsichord, mellotron, brushes, percussions: Louis Bertignac | Bass: Cyril Denis
© 2006 by TEOREMA
Tous droits réservés pour tous pays - All rights reserved

22
E  B7sus4  E  B7sus4  E  E7/Bb

I cannot know from your past,
And of the mine what is not told.

A/C#  Am/C  E  E7/Bb  A/C#  Am/C

if you promised, you might grieve For lost liberty again;

G#  C#m  B  E  G#
C#m  A  E  B7sus4  E  B7sus4
No-thing more but no-thing less; Many thrive on frugal fare Who would perish of ex-
E  E7/B  A/C#  Am/C  E  E7/B  A/C#  Am/C
—cess. Mm Promise me no promises, Mm D.S. al Coda
26. A/C#  Am/C  G#  C#m
Mm If you promised, the friends we might we grieve were, For No-thing
Coda
28. B  E  G#  C#m
lost more liberty again, If I promised, on frugal fare I should
lost more liberty again; If I promised, on frugal fare I should
To break the chain. Let us perish of excess.

Mmm Promises like pie crust
Promises like pie crust.
PROMISE ME NO PROMISES,
SO WILL I NOT PROMISE YOU;
KEEP WE BOTH OUR LIBERTIES,
NEVER FALSE AND NEVER TRUE;
LET US HOLD THE DIE UNCAST,
FREE TO COME AS FREE TO GO;
FOR I CANNOT KNOW YOUR PAST,
AND OF MINE WHAT CAN YOU KNOW?

YOU, SO WARM, MAY ONCE HAVE BEEN
WARMER TOWARDS ANOTHER ONE;
I, SO COLD, MAY ONCE HAVE SEEN
SUNLIGHT, ONCE HAVE FELT THE SUN;
WHO SHALL SHOW US IF IT WAS
THUS INDEED IN TIME OF OLD?
FADES THE IMAGE FROM THE GLASS
AND THE FORTUNE IS NOT TOLD.

IF YOU PROMISED, YOU MIGHT GRIEVE
FOR LOST LIBERTY AGAIN;
IF I PROMISED, I BELIEVE
I SHOULD FRET TO BREAK THE CHAIN.
LET US BE THE FRIENDS WE WERE,
NOTHING MORE BUT NOTHING LESS;
MANY THRIVE ON FRUGAL FARE
WHO WOULD PERISH OF EXCESS.
There is a wind where the rose was;

Cold rain where sweet grass was; And clouds like

sheep Stream o'er the steep Grey skies where the
lark was. Where the lark was. Mm

Mm Mm

27

Mm Mm

Mm

Mm

Mm

Mm Mm

26

B♭ D7 Gm E♭ B♭ B♭

1. Nought gold where your hair was;

Nought

28

29
36  Gm  E♭  B♭  D7  Gm  
Be-neath the thorn,  Your ghost  where your face was.

41  E♭  B♭  D7  Gm  E♭  
where your face was.  Mmm  

46  B♭  D7  Gm  E♭  B♭  
(4.) wind  2e fois passage orchestre

51  D7  Gm  E♭  B♭  D7  
where the rose was.  There is a wind  where the
AUTUMN
(FROM POEM BY WALTER DE LA MARE)

THERE IS A WIND WHERE THE ROSE WAS;
COLD RAIN WHERE SWEET GRASS WAS;
AND CLOUDS LIKE SHEEP
STREAM O'ER THE STEEP
GREY SKIES WHERE THE LARK WAS.

NOUGHT GOLD WHERE YOUR HAIR WAS;
NOUGHT WARM WHERE YOUR HAND WAS;
BUT PHANTOM, FORLORN,
BENEATH THE THORN,
YOUR GHOST WHERE YOUR FACE WAS.

SAD WINDS WHERE YOUR VOICE WAS;
TEARS, TEARS WHERE MY HEART WAS;
AND EVER WITH ME,
CHILD, EVER WITH ME,
SILENCE WHERE HOPE WAS.
IF YOU WERE COMING IN THE FALL
(FROM POEM BY EMILY DICKINSON PUBLIC DOMAIN - MUSIC BY CARLA BRUNI)

1. If you were coming in the fall, I'd brush the months by balls. With half a smile,

2. If I could

Vocals, vocal percussions: Carla Bruni | Guitars, piano, keyboards: Louis Bertignac
Bass: Cyrill Denis | Drums: Hervé Koster | Percussions: Paco Sery

© 2005 by TEOREMA
Tous droits réservés pour tous pays - All rights reserved
1. 2. 3. If only centuries delayed, I'd count them on my hand,
Subtracting, till my fingers dropped into Van Diemen's land.

If certain, when this life was out, That yours and mine should be,
I'd toss it yonder like a rind, And taste e -
IF YOU WERE COMING

G    G7     C

ter-ni-ty.

D

D.S.  G

3. But now, all ter-ni-ty.

D.S. al Coda

(4.6) If you were

G  C/G    G

coda

fly.
IF YOU WERE COMING IN THE FALL
(FROM POEM BY EMILY DICKINSON)

IF YOU WERE COMING IN THE FALL,
I'D BRUSH THE SUMMER BY
WITH HALF A SMILE AND HALF A SPURN,
AS HOUSEWIVES DO A FLY.

IF I COULD SEE YOU IN A YEAR,
I'D WIND THE MONTHS IN BALLS -
AND PUT THEM EACH IN SEPARATE DRAWERS,
UNTIL THEIR TIME BEFALS.

IF ONLY CENTURIES DELAYED,
I'D COUNT THEM ON MY HAND,
SUBTRACTING, TILL MY FINGERS DROPPED
INTO VAN DIEMEN'S LAND.

IF CERTAIN, WHEN THIS LIFE WAS OUT,
THAT YOURS AND MINE SHOULD BE,
I'D TOSS IT YONDER LIKE A RIND,
AND TASTE ETERNITY.

BUT NOW, ALL IGNORANT OF THE LENGTH
OF TIME'S UNCERTAIN WING,
IT GOADS ME, LIKE THE GOBLIN BEE,
THAT WILL NOT STATE ITS STING.
I WENT TO HEAVEN,
T WAS A SMALL TOWN,
LIT WITH A RUBY,
LATHED WITH DOWN,
STILLER THAN THE FIELDS
AT THE FULL DEW,
BEAUTIFUL AS PICTURES
NO MAN DREW.
PEOPLE LIKE THE MOTH,
OF MECHLIN, FRAMES,
DUTIES OF GOSSAMER,
AND EIDER NAMES.
ALMOST CONTENTED
I COULD BE
MONG SUCH UNIQUE
SOCIETY
When I'm old, and com-fort-ed, And done with this de-sire, With

Memory to share my bed When I'm old, and com-fort-ed, And

done with this de-sire, And Peace to share my fi-re, I'll

Vocals, vocal percussions: Carla Bruni | Guitars, percussions, brushes, keyboards: Louis Bertignac
Counterbass: Antoine Massoni

Thanks to the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People for Authorizing this use of Dorothy Parker's work
© 2006 by TEOREMA

Tous droits réservés pour tous pays - All rights reserved
comb my hair in scalloped bands

Beneath my launed cap, And

watch my cool and fragile hands

Lie light upon my lap. And I

1. will have a sprinkled gown

1. With lace to kiss my throat;

2. will have a sprinkled gown

draw my curtain to the town,

And hum a purring note.

(2.) When I'm
I'll forget the way of tears, And rock, and stir my tea. But

Oh, I wish those blessed years Were further than they be! And I

Coda
AFTERNOON
(from poem by Dorothy Parker)

WHEN I AM OLD, AND COMFORTED,

AND DONE WITH THIS DESIRE,

WITH MEMORY TO SHARE MY BED

AND PEACE TO SHARE MY FIRE,

I'LL COMB MY HAIR IN SCALLOPED BANDS

BENEATH MY LAUNDERED CAP,

AND WATCH MY COOL AND FRAGILE HANDS

LIE LIGHT UPON MY LAP.

AND I WILL HAVE A SPRIGGED GOWN

WITH LACE TO KISS MY THROAT;

I'LL DRAW MY CURTAIN TO THE TOWN,

AND HUM A PURRING NOTE.

AND I'LL FORGET THE WAY OF TEARS,

AND ROCK, AND STIR MY TEA.

BUT OH, I WISH THOSE BLESSED YEARS

WERE FURTHER THAN THEY BE!
BALLADE AT THIRTY-FIVE  
(FROM POEM BY DOROTHY PARKER - MUSIC BY CARLA BRUNI)

Vocals, vocal percussions: Carla Bruni  |  Guitars, percussions, brushes, keyboards, flute, tuba: Louis Bertignac  
Thanks to the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People for Authorizing this use of Dorothy Parker's work  
© 2006 by TEOREMA  
Tous droits réservés pour tous pays - All rights reserved
1. This, a so - lo of sa - pi - ence. This, a chan - ley of so - phis - try.

2. Oft I roam, as my heart repents. Through God's a - cre of mo - rty. This, the sum of ex - pe - ri - ments

1.2. I loved them un - til they loved me. I loved them un - til they loved me.

E D7 sus4 G7m E  

I loved them un - til they loved me. Mm Mm
Pictures pass me in

long review

Marching columns of events

I was tender, and

often true;

Ever a prey to coincidence

Coda
BALLADE AT THIRTY-FIVE
(FROM POEM BY DOROTHY PARKER)

THIS, NO SONG OF AN INGÉNUE,
THIS, NO BALLAD OF INNOCENCE;
THIS, THE RHYME OF A LADY WHO
FOLLOWED EVER HER NATURAL BENTS.
THIS, A SOLO OF SAPIENCE,
THIS, A CHANTEY OF SOPHISTRY,
THIS, THE SUM OF EXPERIMENTS.
I LOVED THEM UNTIL THEY LOVED ME.

DECKED IN GARMENTS OF SABLE HUE,
DAUBED WITH ASHES OF MYRIAD LENTS,
WEARING SHOWER BOUQUETS OF RUE,
WALK I EVER IN PENITENCE.
OFT I ROAM, AS MY HEART REPENTS,
THROUGH GOD'S ACRE OF MEMORY,
MARKING STONES, IN MY REVERENCE,
"I LOVED THEM UNTIL THEY LOVED ME".

PICTURES PASS ME IN LONG REVIEW-
marching columns of dead events.
I WAS TENDER AND, OFTEN TRUE;
EVER A PREY TO COINCIDENCE.
ALWAYS KNEW I THE CONSEQUENCE;
ALWAYS SAW WHAT THE END WOULD BE.
WE'RE AS NATURE HAS MADE US- HENCE
I LOVED THEM UNTIL THEY LOVED ME.

PRINCES, NEVER I'D GIVE OFFENSE,
WON'T YOU THINK OF ME TENDERLY?
HERE'S MY STRENGTH AND MY WEAKNESS, GENTS-
I LOVED THEM UNTIL THEY LOVED ME.
AT LAST THE SECRET IS OUT

(FROM POEM BY WYSTAN HUGH AUDEN - MUSIC BY CARLA BRUNI)

Ternaire

1. 3.

2.

At last the secret is out.

3.

Under the look of fatigue, as it always must

4.

come in the end.

5.

The death

Vocals: Carla Bruni | Guitars, cello, bass, sitar, percussions, tabla, mellotron: Louis Bertignac

Cello: Laurence Allalah

Used by permission of Curtis Brown Ltd © 1945 by Wystan Hugh Auden all rights reserved

© 2006 by TEOREMA

Tous droits réservés pour tous pays - All rights reserved
li - al - ways an - cient sto - ry, is ripe to tell the story.

in - ti - mate friend:

tea - cups and in the voice sud-den - ly square sing - ing, the high tongue has its de - si - re; Still wa - ters

run deep, my scent of the el - der bush - es, there’s ne - ver the sporting smoke in with - out the fire. The be - hind the cro - quiet
corpses in the reservoir,
behind the ghost handshake,
on the links,
behind the

Lady
who dances
and the man
who madly
kiss
There is

1.2.5. At last the secret is
out
out
AT LAST THE SECRET IS OUT
(FROM POEM BY WYSTAN HUGH AUDEN)

AT LAST THE SECRET IS OUT, AS IT ALWAYS MUST COME IN THE END,
THE DELICIOUS STORY IS RIPE TO TELL TO THE INTIMATE FRIEND;
OVER THE TEA-CUPS AND IN THE SQUARE THE TONGUE HAS ITS DESIRE;
STILL WATERS RUN DEEP, MY DEAR, THERE'S NEVER SMOKE WITHOUT FIRE.
BEHIND THE CORPSE IN THE RESERVOIR, BEHIND THE GHOST ON THE LINKS,
BEHIND THE LADY WHO DANCES AND THE MAN WHO MADLY DRINKS,
UNDER THE LOOK OF FATIGUE, THE ATTACK OF MIGRAINE AND THE SIGH
THERE IS ALWAYS ANOTHER STORY, THERE IS MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE.
FOR THE CLEAR VOICE SUDDENLY SINGING, HIGH UP ON THE CONVENT WALL,
THE SCENT OF THE ELDER BUSHES, THE SPORTING PRINTS IN THE HALL,
THE CROQUET MATCHES IN SUMMER, THE HANDSHAKE, THE COUGH, THE KISS,
THERE IS ALWAYS A WICKED SECRET, A PRIVATE REASON FOR THIS.
ABOUT THE POETS
DOROTHY PARKER (1893 - 1967)
LA VIE DE L'AMÉRICAINE DOROTHY PARKER RESSEMBLE À CELLE DE SES PERSONNAGES, GAGNANT SA VIE COMME PROFESSEUR DE DANSE. ELLE FAIT SON ENTRÉE EN LITTÉRATURE GRÂCE À UN POÈME SÉLECTIONNÉ PAR LE DIRECTEUR DE VANITY FAIR. ELLE DEVIENT CRITIQUE, JOURNALISTE, COLLABORE À VOGUE, AU NEW YORKER OU À ESQUIRE, CONSIDÉRÉE COMME L'UNE DES AUTEURS LES PLUS BRILLANTS DES ANNÉES FOLLES, ELLE EST ADORÉE POUR SON TALENT ET REDOUTÉE POUR SON HUMOUR CORROSIF (SES AMIS LA SURNOMMENT « THE WIT »). AUTEUR DE RECUEILS DE NOUVELLES, DE PIÈCES DE THÉÂTRE, DE SCÉNARIOS, DE POÈMES, ELLE FUT POURSUIVIE PAR LA COMMISSION DES ACTIVITÉS ANTI-AMÉRICAINES DANS LES ANNÉES 1950. À SA MORT, ELLE LÉGUVA SES BIENS AU MOUVEMENT DU PASTEUR MARTIN LUTHER KING.

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS (1865 - 1939)
BIEN QUELLE SOIT PROFONDÉMENT ENRACINÉE DANS LES MYTHES, LES LÉGENDES, LES CONTES DE FÉES, ET LES DIEUX DE LA TRADITION GAÉLIQUE, NI L'ŒUVRE NI LA VIE DE CE POÈTE IRLANDESAIT, NÉ À DUBLIN EN 1865, NE FURENT POUR AUTANT SÉPARÉES DES ÉVÉNEMENTS HISTORIQUES ET POLITIQUES DONT IL FUT CONTEMPORAIN. INFLUENCÉ PAR LES POÈTES FIN DE SIÈCLE, LES SYMBOLISTES, IL LES ENRICHIT D'UNE SIGNIFICATION PLUS INTIME, ANCRÉE AU PLUS PROFONDE DE SON EXISTENCE. ARDENT DÉFENSEUR DE LA LITTÉRATURE GAÉLIQUE, YEATS A LARGEMENT CONTRIBUÉ À SON RENOUVEAU EN FONDANT « LA SOCIÉTÉ LITTÉRAIRE IRLANDESAIT », L' ABBEY THEATRE. SI SON PRIX NOBEL DE LITTÉRATURE VINT COURONNER SON ŒUVRE DRAMATIQUE EN 1923, IL EST AUJOURD'HUI RECONNU COMME L'UN DES PLUS GRANDS POÈTES DU XXE SIÈCLE.

WALTER DE LA MARE (1873 - 1956)
NÉ À CHARLTON, DANS LE KENT (ENGLAND), WALTER DE LA MARE EST LE DESCENDANT D'UNE VIEILLE FAMILLE HUGUENOTE. APRÈS DES ÉTUDES À LA ST-Paul's SCHOOL DE LONDRES, IL TRAVAILLE POUR LE STANDARD OIL COMPANY TOUS EN ÉCRIVANT ET PUBLIANT SES PREMIERS TEXTES. IL RÉCIT À PATRIS DE 1908 UNE PENSION SUR LA LISTE CIVILE DU ROI QUI LUI PERMET DE CONSACRER LE RESTE DE SA VIE À L'ÉCRITURE. AUTEUR PROLifique, IL A Écrit AUSSI BIEN POUR LES ADULTES QUE POUR LES ENFANTS. MAIS SES POÈMES, CONTES ET ROMANS SONT IRRIGUÉS PAR LES MÊMES THÈMES : RÊVE, SOUVENIR, ABSENCE, LE CARACTÈRE ÉPHÉMÈRE DE TOUTE CHOSE... SON UNIVERS FORtement EMPREINT DE SURNATUREL ET DE FOLKLORE FAIT DE LUI UN PRÉCURSEUR DU RÉALISME MAGIQUE.

EMILY DICKINSON (1830 - 1886)
BIEN QUAYANT ENTièrement CONSacrÉ SON EXISTENCE À LA POÉSIE, EMILY DICKINSON NE FUT RECONNU QU'APRÈS SA MORT. SON ŒUVRE, HORS DES CONVENTIONS DE SON TEMPS, NE FUT GUère PUBLIÉE DE SON VIVANT SEULE UNE ANNÉE AU COLLEGE D'OBERNAAL D'A VILLE NATALE, DE LA DEMEURE FAMILIALE ET DE LA PETITE COMMUNAUTÉ PURITANE DE NOUVELLE-ENGLAND OÙ ELLE PASSA SA VIE. CE CHOIX DE RESTER À DISTANCE DU MONDE SE REFÎTÈ LA MIS À DISTANCE ET L'IRONIE QUI IMPRÉgnENT SA POÉSIE. SANS EMPÊCHER CEPENDANT UNE VIE INTÉRIÈRE INTENSE QUE TRANSMISENT SES POÈMES. LA FORCE DE L'ÉCRITURE DE EMILY DICKINSON SE RETROUVE DANS SA LANGUE - PRÉCISE, NOVATRICE - AUTANT QUE DANS SA FORME. FONDÉE SUR L'HYMNE - DANS UNE STROPHÉ, SEULS RIMENT DEUX VERS SUR QUATRE ET LES RIMES SONT SOUVEN IMPARFAITES - ; SON RHYTHME EST LIBRE, MUSICAL... LÀ RÉSIDE EN PARTIE L'EXTREME MODERNITé D'EMILY DICKINSON, ET LES QUALITÉS QUI FONT D'ELLES UN DES PLUS GRANDS POÈTES AMÉRICAINS.

WYSTAN HUGH AUDEN (1907 - 1973)

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI (1830 - 1894)
FILLE D'UN RÉFUGIÉ POLITIQUE ITALIEN, LA POÉSIE DE L'ANGLAISE CHRISTINA ROSSETTI EST MARQUÉE PAR LES AMOURS MALHEUREUSES, LA MORT ET LES PRÉOCCUPATIONS THÉOLOGIQUES. ELLE ADOPTE TÔT TÔT UN MODE DE VIE ASCÉTIQUE ET UNE EXISTENCE TOUTE INTÉRIÈRE, SES INTERROGATIONS SUR LE RÔLE DE LA FEMME RÊVELENT CEPENDANT UNE SENSIBILITé MODERNE, LA DIFFÉRÉNCE DANS DES PRÉRAPHALÉTIQUES AVEC LESQUELS ELLE ENTRETIENAIT DE NOMBREUSES AFFINITÉS. SON ŒUVRE EST PUBLIÉE EN 1862, FIT D'ELLE UN DES POÈTES MAJEURS DE L'ÉPOQUE VICTORIENNE, ÉCRIPTANT MÊME SON CÉLÉBRE FRÈRE, PEINTRE ET POÈTE, DANTE ROSSETTI.
DOROTHY PARKER (1893 - 1967)

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS (1865 - 1939)

WALTER DE LA MARE (1873 - 1956)
BORN IN CHARLTON IN KENT, (ENGLAND), WALTER DE LA MARE DESCENDS FROM AN OLD HUGUENOT FAMILY. AFTER STUDYING AT THE ST-PAUL SCHOOL OF LONDON, HE WORKED FOR THE STANDARD OIL COMPANY WHILE PUBLISHING HIS FIRST WORKS. FROM 1908 AND ONWARD, HE RECEIVED A PENSION FROM THE KING'S CIVIL LIST, WHICH ALLOWED HIM TO DEVOTE THE REST OF HIS LIFE TO HIS WRITING. HE HAS WRITTEN FOR BOTH CHILDREN AND ADULTS. BUT HIS POETRY, TALES AND NOVELS ARE ALL NURTURED BY THE SAME THEMES : DREAMS, SOUVENIR, ABSENCE AND THE FLEETING CHARACTER OF ALL THINGS... HIS SUPERNATURAL AND OUTLANDISH UNIVERSE MAKES HIM A FORERUNNER OF MICAL REALISM.

EMILY DICKINSON (1830 - 1886)
ALTHOUGH SHE DEDICATED HER ENTIRE EXISTENCE TO POETRY, EMILY DICKINSON WAS ONLY ACCLAIMED AFTER HER DEATH. HER UNCONVENTIONAL WORKS WERE NEVER PUBLISHED DURING HER LIFETIME. SHE WAS ONLY AWAY FROM HER DWELLING IN HER HOMETOWN, PURITAN COMMUNITY OF NEW ENGLAND FOR ONE YEAR DURING WHICH SHE ATTENDED UNIVERSITY THE CHOICE TO LIVE AT A DISTANCE FROM THE WORLD IS REFLECTED IN THE WAY SHE IRRONICALLY DISTANCES HER POETRY. THIS DID NOT PROHIBIT HOWEVER, AN INTENSE SPIRITUALITY, WHICH TRANSPIRES. THE STRENGTH OF EMILY DICKINSONS WRITING LIES IN THE LANGUAGE - PRECISE, INNOVATIVE, AS WELL AS IN THE FORM. BASED ON A HYMN (IN A STROPHIE ONLY 2 VERSES OUT OF 4 RHYME AND THEY ARE OFTEN IMPERFECT), HER RHYMES ARE FREE AND MUSICAL... THIS UNDERLINES EMILY DICKINSON'S MODERN EXTREMISM AS WELL AS THE QUALITIES, WHICH MAKE HER ONE OF AMERICA'S GREATEST POETS.

WYSTAN HUGH AUDEN (1907 - 1973)
FROM BRITISH ORIGIN, WYSTAN HUGH AUDEN WAS RECOGNIZED VERY EARLY AS ONE OF THE 20TH CENTURY'S MAJOR POETS. HIS INTELLECTUAL RIGOUR, MASTERING OF VERIFICATION, AND SOCIAL CONSCIENCE, CONJUGATED WITH THE DIVERSITY AND VIRTUOSITY OF HIS STYLE, MAKE HIM ONE OF THE MOST EMBLEMATIC FIGURES IN CONTEMPORARY POETRY. His WORKS REFLECT THE TRANSFORMATIONS OF THE PERIOD. AN AMBULANCE WORKER ALONGSIDE REPUBLICANS DURING THE SPANISH CIVIL WAR, HE LEFT FOR CHINA AT THE TIME OF THE (SINO JAPANESE) WAR BEFORE IMMIGRATING TO THE UNITED STATES IN 1939 (HE BECAME AN AMERICAN CITIZEN IN 1946). HIS POETRY, ABSORBED BY MARXISM AND FREUDISM DURING THE 1930s, IS PROGRESSIVELY INFLUENCED BY SPIRITUALITY AND RELIGION. He received the PULITZER PRIZE FOR POETRY IN 1948. THE FILM, « FOUR WEDDINGS AND A FUNERAL » REVEALED HIM TO A LARGER AUDIENCE IN 1994 THANKS TO « FUNERAL BLUES » WHICH WAS RECITED AT THE FUNERAL CEREMONY, A POEM WHICH AUDEN HAD WRITTEN FOR HIS COMPANION, CHESTER KALLMAN.

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI (1830 - 1894)
Réalisé et produit par Patrick Moulou pour bookmakers (bookmakers@wanadoo.fr)
Photos : Barhat Sikka / Artwork sonbook : Art Mickaël d’après l’artwork du CD
Artwork original du CD : Les Associés Réunis (Gérard Lo Monaco) / Relevés musicaux : Pierre-Thomas Grau
Diagrammes guitare : Patrick Moulou / Conformation : Daniela Grubisic (Bookmakers)
– Un grand merci à Carla Bruni, Louis Bertignac, Gérard Lo Monaco et Ariane Grenet (Les Associés Réunis),
  Marcia Toledo, Sara-Jane Richardson (VMA), Boris Vedel (naïve) Pierre-Thomas Grau,
  Maryvonne, Thérèse, Michèle Eltab et Christian Lecoq (D.A. Administration) –

Avec l'aimable autorisation des éditions Teorema et de VMA.

Tous droits réservés pour tous pays pour toutes les œuvres contenues dans ce recueil.

OUVRAGE PROTÉGÉ - PHOTOCOPIE INTERDITE
Toute reproduction même partielle, constituerait une contrefaçon
(code de la propriété intellectuelle art. L335 - 2).
01. THOSE DANCING DAYS ARE GONE - 02. BEFORE THE WORLD WAS MADE - 03. LADY WEEPING AT THE CROSSROADS - 04. I FELT MY LIFE WITH BOTH MY HANDS - 05. PROMISES LIKE PIE-CRUST - 06. AUTUMN - 07. IF YOU WERE COMING IN THE FALL - 08. I WENT TO HEAVEN - 09. AFTERNOON - 10. BALLADE AT THIRTY-FIVE - 11. AT LAST THE SECRET IS OUT

WWW.CARLABRUNI.COM