

CARLA BRUNI

NO PROMISES

PIANO - VOCAL - GUITAR





(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)

THOSE DANCING DAYS ARE GONE

(FROM POEM BY WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS - MUSIC BY CARLA BRUNI)



Ternaire ³

CAPO 2

Come, Curse let me sing in - to your
 as you may I sing it

ear, — through; — Those danc - ing days are gone, All that silk and sa - tin
 What mat - ter if the knave That the most could plea - sure

gear, — you, — Crouch u - pon a stone, — Wrap - ping that foul bo - dy
 The child - ren that he gave, — Are some - where sleep - ing like a



Vocals : **Carla Bruni** | Guitars : **Louis Bertignac**
 Drums : **Hervé Koster** | Harmonica : **Charles Pasi**

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7

A^bm 2fr. D^b7 7fr. G^b E^b7 2fr.

up top In as foul a rag; 1. 2. 1 car - ry the sun in a gold - en
Un - der a mar - ble flag?

9

A^bm 2fr. D^b7 2fr. G^b E^b7 2fr.

cup. The moon in a sil - ver bag. I car - ry the sun in a gold - en

11

A^bm 2fr. D^b7 2fr. G^b 1.





cup. The moon in a sil - ver bag.

13

G^b 2. G^b B^b7 4fr.

bag. Come, let me sing in - to your ear;

THOSE DANCING DAYS ARE GONE

15  B  Db7  Gb  Bb

I thought it out this ve - ry day. Noon u - pon the clock, All that silk and sa - tin gear;



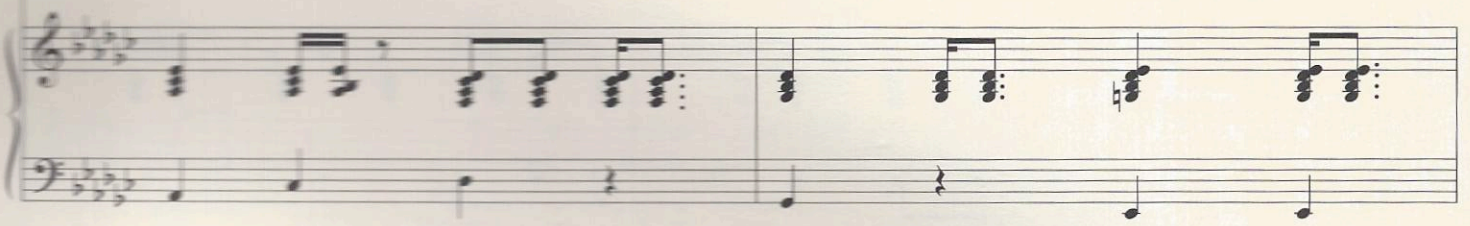
17  B  Db7  Eb7





A man may put pre-tence a - way Who leans u - pon a stick, May sing, and sing un - til he



19  Abm  Db7  Gb  Eb7

drop. Whe-ther to maid or hag; I car - ry the sun in a gold - en



21  Abm  Db7  Gb  Eb7

cup, The moon in a sil - ver bag. I car - ry the sun in a gold - en



23

A^bm 2fr. D^b7 2fr. G^b E^b7 2fr.

cup, The moon in a sil - ver bag. Mm Yeah

À partir de la 2^e fois passage orchestre

25

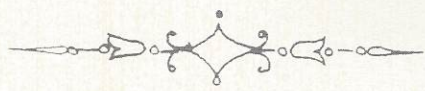
A^bm 2fr. D^b7 2fr. G^b 1. - 9. E^b7 2fr.

Mm Mm

27

A^bm 2fr. D^b7 2fr. G^b 10.

Mm



THOSE DANCING DAYS ARE GONE

(FROM POEM BY WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS)

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.

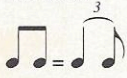


BEFORE THE WORLD WAS MADE

(FROM POEM BY WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS - MUSIC BY CARLA BRUNI)

CAPO 1

Ternaire



À partir de la 3^e fois passage orchestre



E^b(add⁹)



E^b7(9)



G^b

(3. Mm) 2. 1. If I make the lash - es dark And the
 What if I look u - pon a man As though on



G^bM⁷



A



A^b



D^b

6 eyes my be more lo-ved, bright And the lips more
 And my blood be cold the



E^b(add⁹)



E^b7(9)



G^b



A^b

11 scar - let, Or ask if all un - be
 while And my heart moved?

Vocals : **Carla Bruni** | Guitars, ebow, drums, organ, strings : **Louis Bertignac**
 Bass : **Cyril Denis** | Cymbals : **Paco Sery**

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16

A^b B^bm F F⁷

right From mir - ror af - ter mir - ror,
Why should he think me cru - el

21

G^b A^b D^b F

No va - ni - ty's dis - played I'm
Or that he is be - trayed? I'd

26

F⁷ B^bm G^b D^b A^b

look - ing _____ for the face _____ I had was Be - fore the world was
have him _____ love the thing _____ that was Be - fore the world was

31

B^bm F F⁷ B^bm

made. I'm look - ing _____ for the face _____ I
made. I'd have him _____ love the thing _____ that

BEFORE THE WORLD WAS MADE

36

G^b D^b A^b D^b

had was Be - fore the world was made.
Be - fore the world was made.

41

G^b/D^b D^b 3 G^b/D^b

Mm (2.) Mm

46

G^b Da Capo 3- G^b/D^b G^bM⁷/D^b D^b E^bm⁷


52

E^bm⁷(⁹) D^b/F G^b G^bM⁷/A^b D^b

rit.


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.

LADY WEeping AT THE CROSSROADS

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

CAPO 3

Ternaire

1. La - dy, weep - ing at the cross-roads
2. Bribe the birds then on the bran - ches,

Would you meet your love
Bribe them to be dumb,
In the twi - light with his
Stare the hot sun out of

grey-hounds,
hea - ven
And the hawk on his glove? Mm

Vocals, classical guitar : **Carla Bruni** | Bass, brushes, organ, congas, guitars : **Louis Bertignac**
Drums : **Paco Sery**

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10
 That the night — may come. Star - less are the nights of tra -

13
 - vel Bleak the win - ter — wind; — Run with ter - ror all be - fore — you And re - gret be - hind —

16
 — Run un - til you hear the o - cean's E - ver - last - ing — cry; — Deep though it may — be and

19 *D.S. al Coda*
 bit - ter You must drink it — dry. — Drink it dry. —

LADY WEeping AT THE CROSSROADS

The musical score is for the song 'Lady Weeping at the Crossroads'. It features a guitar part at the top with four chord diagrams: A^b, A^bm, A^bm⁶, and E^b. The guitar part consists of a single line with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats. The piano accompaniment is in the lower staves, with a treble and bass clef. The piano part includes a 'Coda' section marked with a circled cross symbol. A 'Rall.' (Ritardando) marking is placed above the piano part, with a dashed line indicating the tempo change. The score ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

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.

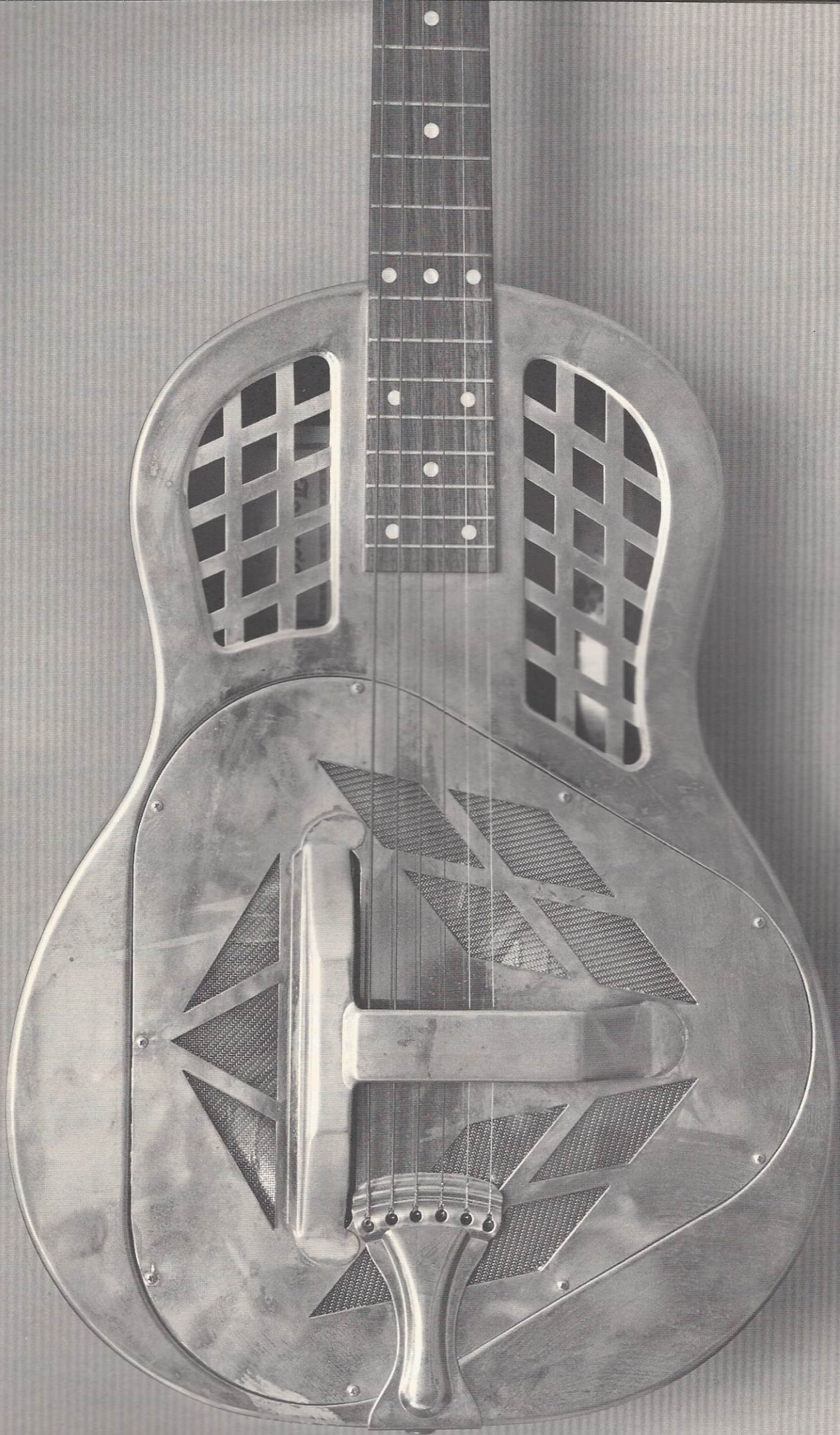
WEAR OUT PATIENCE IN THE LOWEST
 DUNGEONS OF THE SEA,
 SEARCHING THROUGH THE STRANDED SHIPWRECKS
 FOR THE GOLDEN KEY.

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)



5fr. A 5fr. D 5fr. A 5fr. D



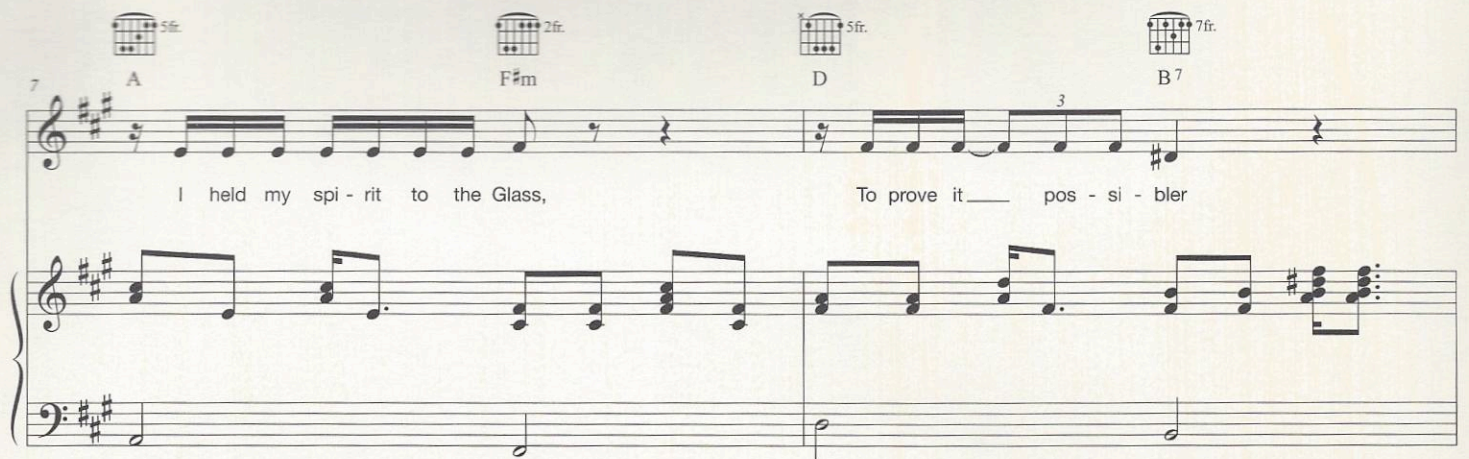
5fr. A 2fr. F#m 5fr. D 7fr. B

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



5fr. A 2fr. F#m 5fr. D 7fr. B7

7 I held my spi - rit 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**

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9

E A C# F#m

1. 2. I turned my Be - ing round and round And paused at eve - ry pound

1^{re} fois basses tenues

11

D A E F#m

To ask the Own - er's name For doubt, that I should know the Sound.

13

D A E

To ask the Own - er's name For doubt, that I should know the

Loco -----

15

A D A D

Sound. Mm Mm Mm

3^e fois al Coda

17

A F#m D B

1. I judged my fea - tures jarred my hair I pushed my dim - ples by, — time
 2. I told my - self, "Take Cou - rage, Friend — That was a for - mer

19

A F#m D B D.S.

and wait - ed If they twink - led back Con - vic - tion might, of me.
 But we might learn to like the Hea - ven, As well as our Old Home!"

21

A D A D

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

Coda

23

A D A D

25

A D A D A

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)

The musical score is written in treble and bass clefs with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a common time signature (C). It consists of three systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line and chords in the right hand. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

System 1: Chords: E, E7, A, Am. Lyrics: Pro - mise me no pro - mi - ses, So will I not pro-mise you; You, so warm, may once have been War - mer to-wards an - o - ther one;

1^{re} fois accords tenus

1^{re} fois basses tenues

System 2: Chords: E, E7, A, Am. Lyrics: Keep we both our li - ber - ties, Ne - ver false and ne - ver true; I, so cold, our may once have seen Sun - light, once have felt the sun;

System 3: Chords: G# (4fr.), C#m (4fr.), A. Lyrics: Let us hold the die un - cast, Free to come as free to go: For Who shall show us if it was Thus in - deed in time of old? For

Loco

Vocals : Carla Bruni

Guitars, harpsichord, mellotron, brushes, percussions : Louis Bertignac | Bass : Cyril Denis

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7

E B7sus4 E B7sus4 E E7/Bb

I can - not know your past, And of mine what can you know?
 Fades the i - mage from the glass And the for - tune is not told.

Loco ---

10

A/C# Am/C E E7/Bb 3^e fois al Coda 1. A/C# Am/C

1. 2. Mm Mm Mm Mm

13

2. A/C# Am/C G# C#m B E

Mm If you pro - mised, you might grieve For lost li - ber - ty a - gain;

16

G# C#m B E G#

If I pro - mised, I be - lieve — I should fret to break the chain. Let us be the friends — we were, —



C#m



A



E



B7sus4



E



B7sus4

19

No - thing more but no - thing less; Ma - ny thrive on fru - gal fare Who would pe - rish of ex -



E



E7/B



A/C#



Am/C



E



E7/B



A/C#



Am/C

22

- cess. Mm Pro - mise me no pro - mi - ses, Mm D.S. al Coda



A/C#



Am/C



G#



C#m

26

Mm If you pro - mised, you might grieve For No - thing
be the friends we were,

Coda



B



E



G#








C#m

28

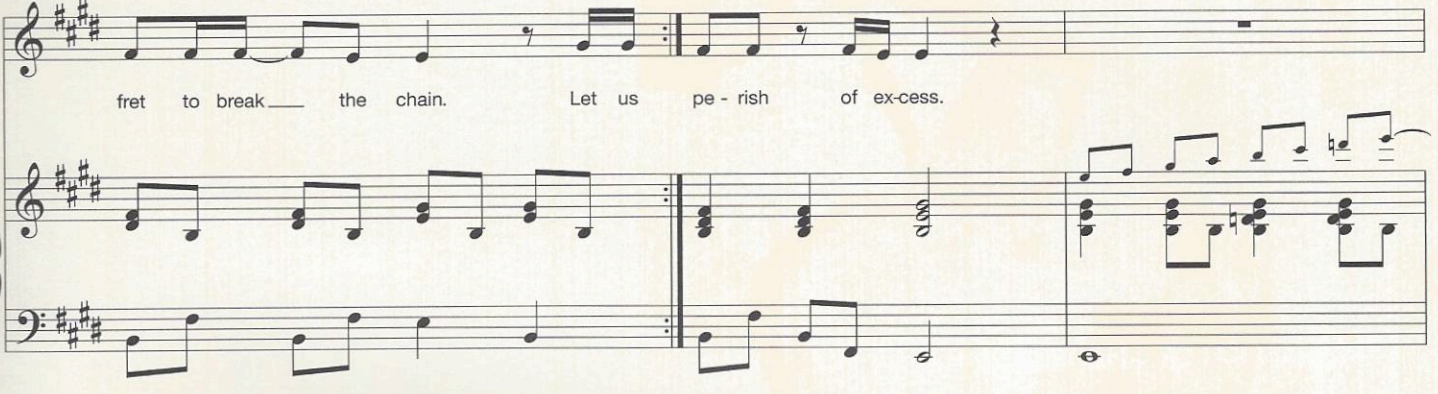
lost li - ber - ty a - gain, If I pro - mised, I be - lieve I should
more no - thing less; Ma - ny thrive on fru - gal fare Who would

30







1.  2fr. B  E

2.  2fr. B  E  E7

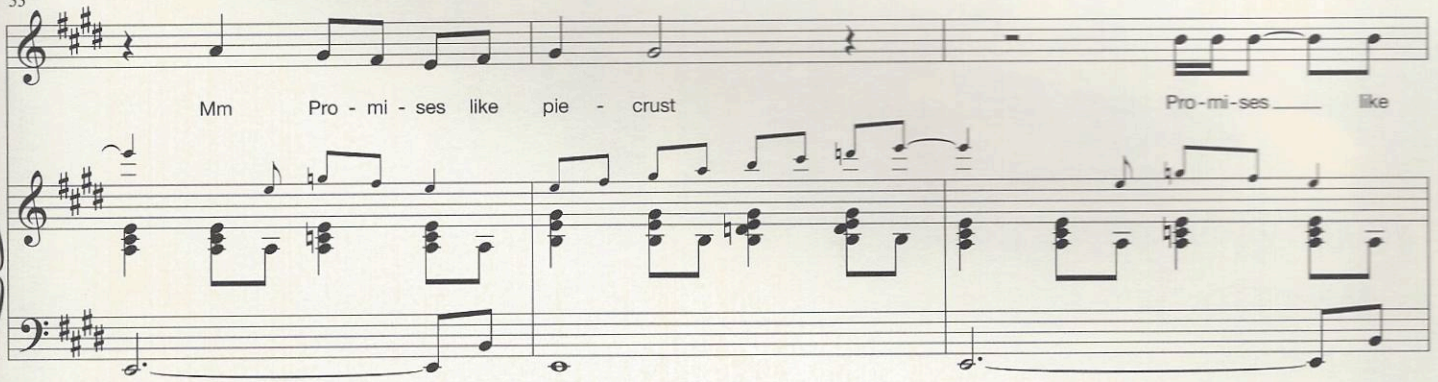
fret to break — the chain. Let us pe - ris - h of ex - cess.








33

 A/E  Am/E  E  E7  A/E  Am/E

Mm Pro - mi - ses like pie - crust Pro - mi - ses — like



36

 E  E7  A/E  Am/E  E

pie - crust. *rall.*




PROMISES LIKE PIE-CRUST

(FROM POEM BY CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI)

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.



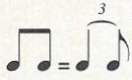
AUTUMN

(FROM POEM BY WALTER DE LA MARE - MUSIC BY CARLA BRUNI)



Ternaire

CAPO 3



B^b



D⁷



G^m



E^b

There is a wind where the rose was;



B^b



D⁷



G^m




E^b



B^b

Cold rain where sweet grass was; And clouds like



D⁷



G^m



E^b



B^b



D⁷

sheep Stream o' er the steep Grey skies where the



Vocals : **Carla Bruni** | Guitars, piano, brushes, percussions, keyboards : **Louis Bertignac**
Harmonica : **Charles Pasi** | Piano : **Pierre Demarty** | Counterbass : **Antoine Massoni**

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16

G m E \flat B \flat D 7 G m

lark _____ was. Where the lark was. Mm Mm _____

21

E \flat B \flat D 7 G m E \flat

Mm Mm _____ Mm _____ Mm _____ Mm

26

B \flat D 7 G m E \flat B \flat

2^e fois lire un demi-ton plus haut (en B)

1. Nought _____ gold where your hair was; Nought _____

31

D 7 G m E \flat B \flat D 7

warm where your hand was; But phan-tom, _____ for - lorn,

36 Gm Eb Bb D7 Gm

Be-neath the thorn, Your ghost where your face was.

41 Eb Bb D7 Gm Eb

where your face was. Mm

46 Bb D7 Gm Eb Bb

(4.) wind
2^e fois passage orchestre

51 D7 Gm Eb Bb D7

where the rose was. There is a wind where the

56

Gm

1. 3. E \flat

2. E \flat

D.S.

4. E \flat

B \flat

rose _____

(4.) There is a was.

The musical score consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in G minor and features a melodic line with lyrics. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and arpeggiated figures. Chord diagrams are provided for Gm, E \flat (first and third fingerings), E \flat (second fingering), and B \flat . A 'D.S.' (Da Capo) marking is present.

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)

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a vocal line with lyrics and two piano accompaniment staves. The score is divided into three systems. The first system (measures 1-3) includes guitar chords G and G7, and piano markings '5e fois passage orchestre' and '1re fois basses tenues'. The second system (measures 4-6) includes guitar chords C and D, and a '6e fois al Coda' marking. The third system (measures 7-9) includes guitar chords G7 and C, and piano markings 'Mm' and 'Loco'. The lyrics are: '1. If you were com - ing in the fall, I'd brush the sum - mer by With half a smile - (2.) see you in a year, I'd wind the months in balls And put them each - and half a spurn, As house wives do a fly, in se - parate draw - ers, Un - til their time be - falls'. The score concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.


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






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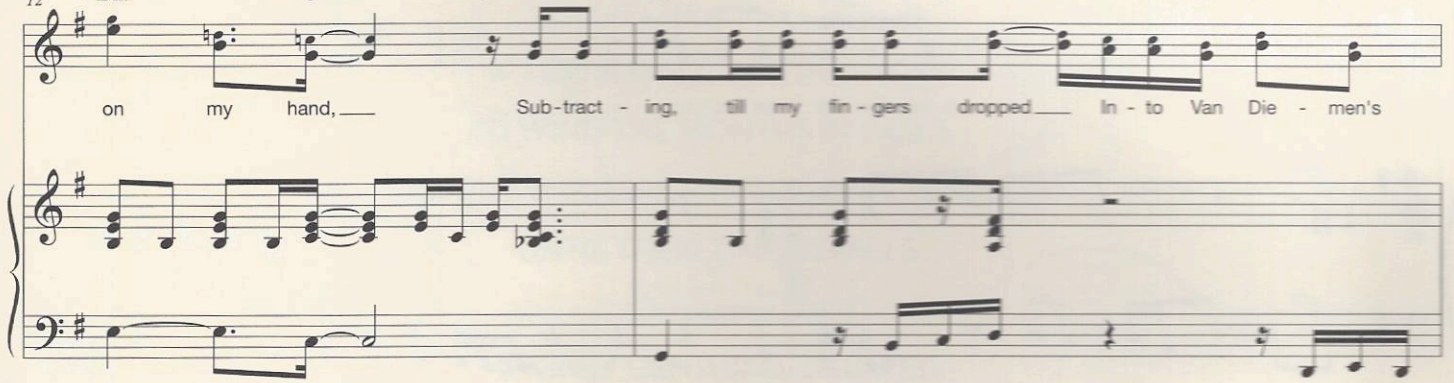
10  2. 3. 5.  2fr. **Refrain**  2fr.

1. 2. 3. If on - ly cen - tu - ries de - layed, I'd count them



12     






on my hand, Sub-tract - ing, till my fin - gers dropped In - to Van Die - men's




14   2fr.  2fr.

land. If cer-tain, when this life was out, That yours and



16     

mine should be, I'd toss it yon - der like a rind, And taste e -



IF YOU WERE COMING IN FALL

18   

1. G G7 C

-ter - ni - ty.



21  

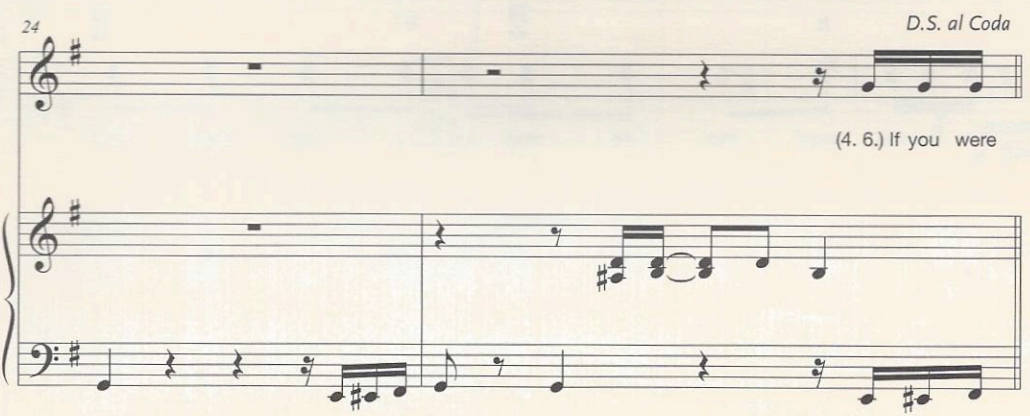
D D.S. G 2. 3.

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



24 *D.S. al Coda*

(4. 6.) If you were



26   

G C/G G

fly.

Coda 



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 BEFALLS.

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

(FROM POEM BY EMILY DICKINSON)

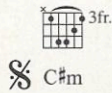
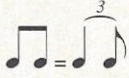
I WENT TO HEAVEN,
T WAS A SMALL TOWN,
LIT WITH A RUBY,
LATHED WITH DOWN.
STILLER THAN THE FIELDS
AT THE FULL DEW,
BEAUTIFUL AS PICTURES
NO MAN DREW.
PEOPLE LIKE THE MOTH,
OF MECHLIN, FRAMES,
DUTIES OF GOSSAMER,
AND EIDER NAMES.
ALMOST CONTENTED
I COULD BE
MONG SUCH UNIQUE
SOCIETY

AFTERNOON

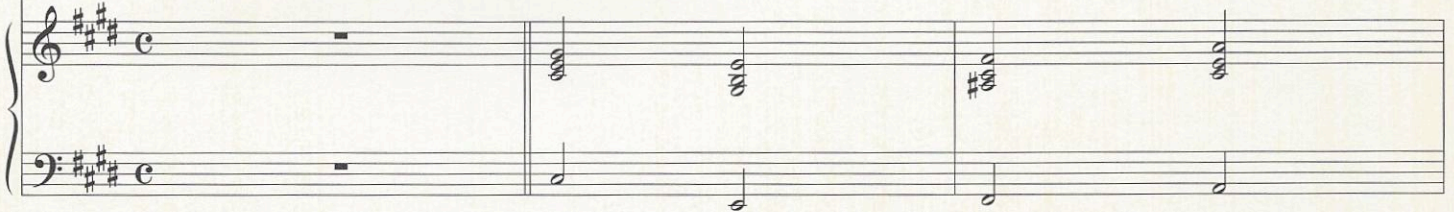
(FROM POEM BY DOROTHY PARKER - MUSIC BY CARLA BRUNI)



Ternaire



When I'm old, and com - for - ted, And done with this de - si - re, With



Me - mo - ry to share my bed When I'm old, and com - for - ted, And



done with this de - si - re, And Peace to share my fi - re, I'll
(2. With)



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

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C#m

E

F#

A

C#m

G#

10 *2^e fois passage orchestre*

comb my hair in scal- loped bands Be - neath my laun - dered cap, And



C#m

E

F#

A

C#m

G#7

C#m

2^e fois al Coda

14 watch my cool and fra - gile hands Lie light u - pon my lap. And I



B

E

G#

C#m

18 1. will have a sprig - ged gown gown 1. 2. With lace to kiss my throat; I'll

2. will have a spirg - ged gown



B

E

G#

G#7

22 draw my cur - tain to the town, And hum a pur - ring note. *1^{re} fois suivre*

(2.) When I'm

2^e fois D.S.
And
(2.) When I'm



C#m



E



F#



A



C#m



G#

26

I'll for-get the way of tears, And rock, and stir my tea. But



C#m



E



F#



A



C#m



G#



C#m

30

oh, I wish those blessed years Were fur-ther than they be! And I



C#m



G#7



C#m

34

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.

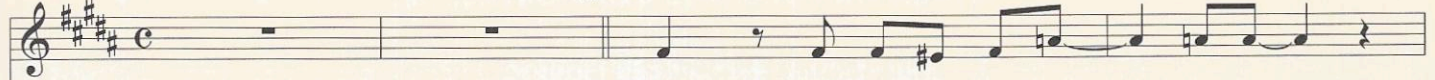
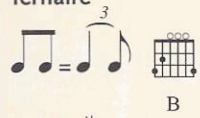
AND I'LL FORGET THE WAY OF TEARS,
AND ROCK, AND STIR MY TEA.
BUT OH, I WISH THOSE BLESSED YEARS
WERE FURTHER THAN THEY BE !

BALLADE AT THIRTY-FIVE

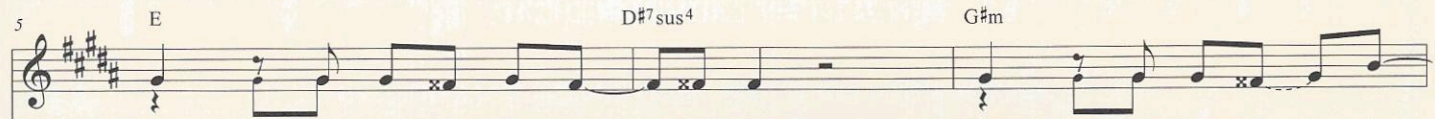
(FROM POEM BY DOROTHY PARKER - MUSIC BY CARLA BRUNI)

Ternaire

CAPO 4



1. This, no song of an in gé - nue, ___
2. Decked in gar - ments of sa - ble hue, ___



This, no bal - lade of in - no cence; ___
Daubed with ash - es of my riad Lents, ___
This, the rhyme of a la - bou -



- quets dy who - rue ___
Fol - lowed e - ver her na - tural bents. ___
Walk I e - ver in pe - ni - tence. ___



Vocals, vocal percussions : **Carla Bruni** | Guitars, percussions, brushes, keyboards, flute, tuba : **Louis Bertignac**

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11 *5^e fois passage orchestre*

B B7 E

1. This, a so - lo of sa - pi - ence, This, a chan - tey of so -
 2. Oft I roam, as my heart re - pents, Through God's a - cre of me -

14 *5^e fois al Coda*

D#7sus4 G#m E

- phis - try, This, the sum of ex - pe - ri - ments
 - mo - ry, Mark - ing stones, in my re - ve - rence

17





C#m F#7/A# B B7

1. 2. I loved them un - til they _____ loved me. I loved them un - til they _____ loved me.


21






E D#7sus4 G#m E

I loved them un - til they _____ loved me. Mm _____ Mm

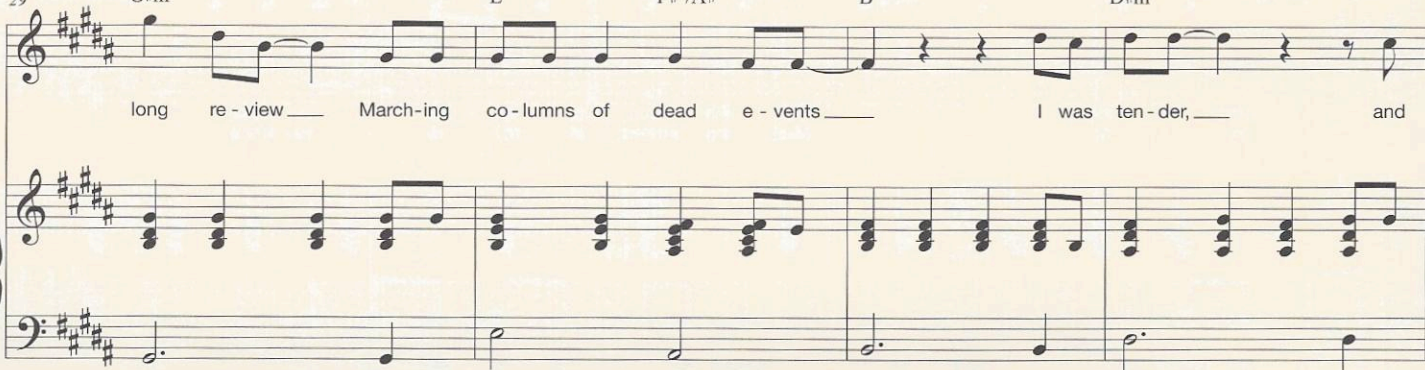
25  C#m  F#7/A# 1. 3. 4. *1^{re} fois D.S.*  F#7 2.  D#m



Mm Mm Pic-tures pass me in



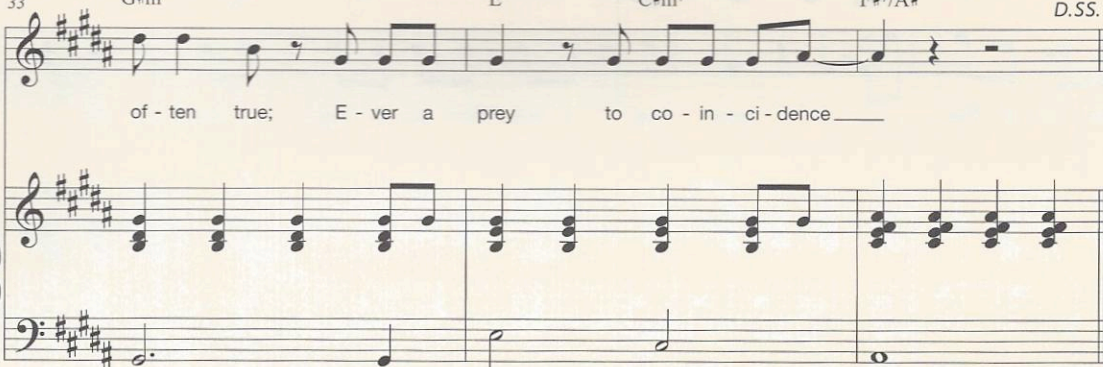
29  G#m  E  F#7/A#  B  D#m

long re-view March-ing co-lumns of dead e-vents I was ten-der, and



33  G#m  E  C#m7  F#7/A# *D.S.*

of-ten true; E-ver a prey to co-in-ci-dence



36  C#m7  E/G#  F#7/A#  B

Coda 



BALLADE AT THIRTY-FIVE

(FROM POEM BY DOROTHY PARKER)

THIS, NO SONG OF AN INGÉNUÉ,
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 3

CAPO 1

G^b6/9

D^b(add⁹)

A^b

1. 3.

(drinks)

2. 4.

A^b

G^b6/9

D^b(add⁹)

A^b

At last ³ the se - cret of is out, as it al - ways must
 Un - der the look of fa - tigue, the at - tack of mi -

A^b

G^b6/9

D^b(add⁹)

A^b

come in the end, The de -
 -graine and the sigh There is



Vocals : Carla Bruni | Guitars, ebow, bass, sitar, percussions, tablas, mellotron : Louis Bertignac
 Cello : Laurence Allalah

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14

G^b6/9 D^b(add⁹) A^b

li - - - ci - - - cious sto - - - ry, is there is ripe - - - to than tell to the
 al - - - ways an - - - o - - - ther sto - - - ry, there is more than meets the

18

G^b6/9 D^b(add⁹) A^b

in - - - ti - - - mate friend; For O - - - ver the
 eye. clear

22

Cm(add¹¹) D^b E^b(add⁹) A^b

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

26

Cm(add¹¹) D^b E^b(add⁹) A^b

run deep, my dear, there's ne - ver smoke prints in with - o - ut fire. be - hind the
 scent of the el - der bush - es, the sport - ing prints in the hall, The cro - quet

30 Cm(add11) 2fr. Db Eb(add9) Ab

corpse in the re - ser - voir, be - hind the ghost shake, on the links, Be - hind the
 mat - ches in in sum - mer, _____ the the hand cough, the the

34 Cm(add11) 2fr. Db 3^e fois al Coda Eb(add9) 1. Da Capo Bb7(9) 2. D.S. al Coda

la - dy who dan - ces and the man who mad - ly kiss There is
 kiss, _____ the the kiss, the the ly kiss There is

39 Eb(add9) Gb6/9 3^e et 4^e fois passage orchestre Db(add9) 5^e fois rit.

1. 2. 5. At last the se - cret is

Coda

42 Ab 1. 4. Ab 5.

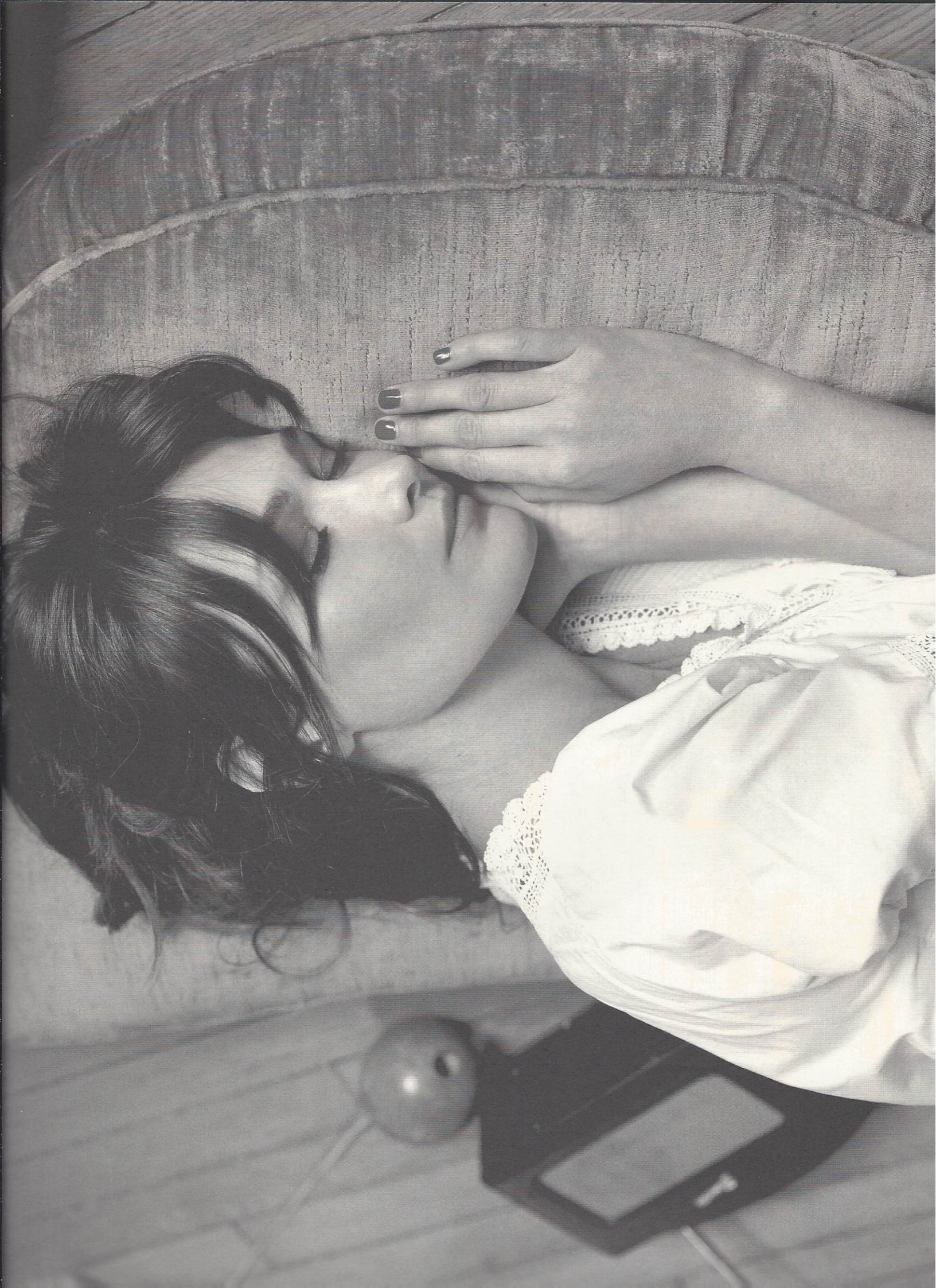
out out



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'AMÉRICAINNE 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'UN DES AUTEURS LES PLUS BRILLANTS DES ANNÉES FOLLES, ELLE EST ADMIRÉE 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 LÉGUA SES BIENS AU MOUVEMENT DU PASTEUR MARTIN LUTHER KING.

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS (1865 - 1939)

BIEN QU'ELLE 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 IRLANDAIS, 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 PROFOND DE SON EXISTENCE. ARDENT DÉFENSEUR DE LA LITTÉRATURE GAÉLIQUE, YEATS A LARGEMENT CONTRIBUÉ À SON RENOUVEAU EN FONDANT « LA SOCIÉTÉ LITTÉRAIRE IRLANDAISE », 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 XX^e SIÈCLE.

WALTER DE LA MARE (1873 - 1956)

NÉ À CHARLTON, DANS LE KENT (ANGLETERRE), 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 LA STANDARD OIL COMPANY TOUT EN ÉCRIVANT ET PUBLIANT SES PREMIERS TEXTES. IL REÇOIT À PATIR 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 QU'AYANT ENTIÈREMENT CONSACRÉ SON EXISTENCE À LA POÉSIE, EMILY DICKINSON NE FUT RECONNUE QU'APRÈS SA MORT. SON ŒUVRE, HORS DES CONVENTIONS DE SON TEMPS, NE FUT GUÈRE PUBLIÉE DE SON VIVANT. SEULE UNE ANNÉE AU COLLÈGE L'ÉLOIGNA DE SA VILLE NATALE, DE LA DEMEURE FAMILIALE ET DE LA PETITE COMMUNAUTÉ PURITAINE DE NOUVELLE-ANGLETERRE OÙ ELLE PASSA SA VIE. CE CHOIX DE RESTER À DISTANCE DU MONDE SE REFLÈTE DANS LA MISE À DISTANCE ET L'IRONIE QUI IMPRÈGNENT SA POÉSIE. SANS EMPÊCHER CEPENDANT UNE VIE INTÉRIEURE INTENSE QUE TRADUISENT SES POÈMES. LA FORCE DE L'ÉCRITURE D'EMILY DICKINSON SE RETROUVE DANS SA LANGUE - PRÉCISE, NOVATRICE - AUTANT QUE DANS SA FORME. FONDÉE SUR L'HYMNE - DANS UNE STROPHE, SEULS RIMENT DEUX VERS SUR QUATRE ET LES RIMES SONT SOUVENT IMPARFAITES -, SON RYTHME EST LIBRE, MUSICAL... LÀ RÉSIDE EN PARTIE L'EXTRÊME MODERNITÉ D'EMILY DICKINSON, ET LES QUALITÉS QUI FONT D'ELLES UN DES PLUS GRANDS POÈTES AMÉRICAINS.

WYSTAN HUGH AUDEN (1907 - 1973)

LE BRITANNIQUE WYSTAN HUGH AUDEN FUT TRÈS TÔT RECONNU COMME UN DES POÈTES MAJEURS DU XX^e SIÈCLE. SA MAÎTRISE DE LA VERSIFICATION, SA RIGUEUR INTELLECTUELLE ET SA CONSCIENCE SOCIALE, CONJUGUÉES À LA DIVERSITÉ ET LA VIRTUOSITÉ DE SON STYLE, EN FONT L'UNE DES PERSONNALITÉS EMBLÉMATIQUES DE LA POÉSIE CONTEMPORAINE. SON ŒUVRE REFLÈTE LES TRANSFORMATIONS DE SON ÉPOQUE. AMBULANCIER AUX CÔTÉS DES RÉPUBLICAINS DURANT LA GUERRE CIVILE ESPAGNOLE, IL PART EN CHINE AU MOMENT DE LA GUERRE SINO-JAPONAISE AVANT D'ÉMIGRER FINALEMENT AUX ÉTATS-UNIS EN 1939 (IL DEVIENT CITOYEN AMÉRICAIN EN 1946). SA POÉSIE, IMPRÉGNÉE DE MARXISME ET DE FREUDISME DURANT LES ANNÉES 1930, SE TEINTE PROGRESSIVEMENT DE SPIRITUALITÉ ET DE RELIGIOSITÉ. IL OBTIENT LE PRIX PULITZER POUR LA POÉSIE EN 1948. C'EST LE FILM « QUATRE MARIAGES ET UN ENTERREMENT » QUI LA RÉVÉLÉ AU PUBLIC FRANÇAIS EN 1994 GRÂCE À « FUNERAL BLUES » RÉCITÉ LORS DE LA CÉRÉMONIE FUNÈBRE, POÈME QU'AUDEN AVAIT ÉCRIT POUR SON COMPAGNON CHESTER KALLMAN.

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 ADOPTA TRÈS JEUNE UN MODE DE VIE ASCÉTIQUE ET UNE EXISTENCE TOUTE INTÉRIEURE. SES INTERROGATIONS SUR LE RÔLE DE LA FEMME RÉVÈLENT CEPENDANT UNE SENSIBILITÉ MODERNE, LA DIFFÉRENCIANT DES PRÉRAPHÉLITES AVEC LESQUELS ELLE ENTRETENAIT DE NOMBREUSES AFFINITÉS. SON LIVRE LE PLUS CONNU, « GOBLIN MARKET AND OTHER POEMS », PUBLIÉ EN 1862, FIT D'ELLE UN DES POÈTES MAJEURS DE L'ÉPOQUE VICTORIENNE, ÉCLIPSANT MÊME SON CÉLÈBRE FRÈRE, PEINTRE ET POÈTE, DANTE ROSSETTI.

DOROTHY PARKER (1893 - 1967)

THE LIFE OF AMERICAN DOROTHY PARKER RESEMBLES HER CHARACTERS. SHE PAVED HER WAY INTO THE WORLD OF LITERATURE WHILE EARNING A LIVING AS A DANCE TEACHER WHEN SUDDENLY THE DIRECTOR OF VANITY FAIR SELECTED ONE OF HER POEMS. SHE BECAME A CRITIC AND JOURNALIST WRITING FOR VOGUE, THE NEW YORKER AND ESQUIRE. CONSIDERED AS ONE OF THE MOST BRILLIANT AUTHORS OF THE RAGING 20S, AND EQUALLY ADMIRER FOR HER TALENT AS DREADED FOR HER CORROSIVE HUMOUR (HER FRIENDS CALLED HER « THE WIT »). SHE IS THE AUTHOR OF A COLLECTION OF NOVELS, THEATRE PIECES, SCREEN PLAYS AND POEMS - SHE WAS PURSUED BY THE COMMISSION OF ANTI AMERICAN ACTIVITIES IN THE 1950S. UPON HER DEATH SHE BEQUEATHED HER POSSESSIONS TO THE MARTIN LUTHER KING MOVEMENT.

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS (1865 - 1939)

EVEN THOUGH THE WORKS OF THIS IRISH POET, BORN IN DUBLIN IN 1865, ARE DEEPLY ROOTED IN THE LEGENDS, MYTHS AND FAIRY TALES OF THE TRADITIONAL GAELIC GODS, BOTH HIS WORKS AND HIS LIFE HAVE BEEN LARGELY SEPARATED FROM THE POLITICAL AND HISTORICAL EVENTS WHICH OCCURRED DURING HIS LIFETIME. INFLUENCED BY THE END OF CENTURY POETS, THE SYMBOLISTS, HE ENRICHES THEM WITH AN INTIMATE SIGNIFICANCE, ANCHORED DEEPLY INTO HIS EXISTENCE. A FERVENT DEFENDER OF GAELIC LITERATURE, YEATS LARGELY CONTRIBUTED TO IT'S RE-BIRTH BY FOUNDING « THE SOCIETY OF IRISH LITERATURE », « THE ABBEY THEATRE ». EVEN IF HIS NOBEL PRIZE OF LITERATURE CROWNS HIS THEATRE PIECE IN 1923, HE IS STILL KNOWN TODAY AS ONE OF THE GREATEST OPOETS OF THE 20TH CENTURY.

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 MAGICAL 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 IRONICALLY DISTANCES HER POETRY. THIS DID NOT PROHIBIT HOWEVER, AN INTENSE SPIRITUALITY, WHICH TRANSPIRES. THE STRENGTH OF EMILY DICKINSON'S WRITING LIES IN THE LANGUAGE - PRECISE, INNOVATIVE, AS WELL AS IN THE FORM. BASED ON A HYMN (IN A STROPHE 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 VERSIFICATION, 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)

DAUGHTER OF AN ITALIAN POLITICAL REFUGEE, THE ENGLISH POETESS, CHRISTINA ROSSETTI WAS MARKED BY SAD LOVE STORIES, DEATH AND THEOLOGICAL PREOCCUPATIONS. SHE CHOSE AN ASCETIC LIFE AT A VERY YOUNG AGE AND LIVED WITHIN HERSELF SPIRITUALLY. HER QUESTIONS ON THE ROLE OF WOMEN REVEAL A MODERN SENSITIVITY, WHICH DIFFERENTIATE HER FROM THE PRE-RAPHAELITICS WITH WHOM SHE HELD CLOSE TIES. HER MOST WELL KNOWN WORK, « GOBLIN MARKET AND OTHER POEMS », PUBLISHED IN 1862 MADE HER ONE OF THE MAJOR POETS OF THE VICTORIAN AGE, EVEN LEAVING ASIDE HER FAMOUS BROTHER, THE PAINTER AND POET, DANTE ROSSETTI.

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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

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