



Fantastique! The Life and Loves of Hector Berlioz

Tuesday 13th and Wednesday 14th July, 7.30pm

fortyfivedownstairs (with Livestream)

Written by Karen Van Spall and Lucy Esdaile

Performers:

Melanie Hillman - Marie Recio

Coady Green, piano

Karen Van Spall, mezzo soprano

Adam Miller, baritone

Setting: *Present day. Marie returns to share a bit about her life with Hector Berlioz*

Programme:

L'Origine de la harpe by Hector Berlioz



Text by Thomas Gounet after Thomas Moore's *Irish Melodies*

La mort d'Ophélie by Hector Berlioz

Text by Ernest Legouvé after William Shakespeare's *Hamlet*

L'idée fixe – Andante amoroso d'après une mélodie de Berlioz, S395 by Franz Liszt after Berlioz' *Symphonie Fantastique*

Le coucher du Soleil by Hector Berlioz

Text by Thomas Gounet after Thomas Moore's *Irish Melodies*

Du bist wie enie Blume by Franz Liszt

Text by Heinrich Heine

Absence by Hector Berlioz from *Les nuits d'été* Text by Théophile Gautier

Widmung by Robert Schumann

Text by Friedrich Rückert

Villanelle by Hector Berlioz from *Les nuits d'été* Text by Théophile Gautier

Le spectre de la rose by Hector Berlioz from *Les nuits d'été* Text by Théophile Gautier



Les Deux Grenadiers by Richard Wagner

Text by Heinrich Heine

L'Inconnue by Hector Berlioz from *Les nuits d'été*

Text by Théophile Gautier



Additional background notes to our story

Hector Berlioz (1803-1869)

Louis-Hector Berlioz was born in the commune of La Côte-Saint-André in the département of Isère, in south-eastern France. It was expected that he would follow in his father's footsteps and become a physician, but his passion was always music composition. Although completing his medical degree in Paris in the mid-1820s, he never practised as a doctor but instead enrolled at the Paris Conservatoire to obtain more formal music tuition. To prove his talent to his sceptical family, he spent several years attempting to win the Musical Composition category of the Prix de Rome (France's premiere arts competition). In 1830, on his fourth attempt, he was finally successful. It is said that he was finishing off his winning entry to the sound of gunfire as the July Revolution erupted on the streets of Paris.

Throughout the whole of Berlioz' life, the political situation in France (and much of Europe) was unstable. The Napoleonic wars, during which time most of continental Europe was under French influence, was followed by the Bourbon restoration (1814-1830) and then the July Revolution of 1830. The July Monarchy (1830-1848) was a period of constant turmoil and in-fighting between conservative and republican factions and finally erupted in the 1848 Revolution. This inspired



democratic revolts against authoritarian regimes in other countries throughout continental Europe. It was against this backdrop that Berlioz and his friends and contemporaries created, cavorted, and copulated. That they lived on the edge and their personal lives were somewhat unconventional, even by contemporary standards, speaks to the tumultuous period in which they lived. One can only speculate as to what the creative output of Berlioz, Liszt, Chopin, Meyerbeer and all their other friends may have been had they lived in more sedate times.

Marie Recio (1814-1862)

Berlioz second wife, Marie-Geneviève Martin, was born in Châtenay-Malabry on the outskirts of Paris, the daughter of a French army colonel and his Spanish mistress. The period into which she was born was one of relative peace after 20 years of war.

The revolutionary and Napoleonic wars had led to a significant shift in French society, economics and way of thinking. In this new environment, women were enabled to move up through the ranks and, while the first 'step' may have been predicated on securing employment, beyond that was the expectation to make a career of 'marrying well'. Intelligent and shrewd, Marie understood her position and the importance of creating her own opportunities for success. In this she was supported by a mother who well understood the situation having done similar herself.



Marie didn't suffer from any illusions regarding the quality of her voice – she was aware that her voice was reasonably good, but not great, and she did not particularly enjoy being on stage. Music performance was initially a necessity to earn a living and gain an introduction to the society where she may find a husband. Subsequently, it became her 'business' in terms of supporting and promoting her lover (and then husband).

-Lucy Esdaile

Our Team



Lucy Esdaile is a failed viola player with qualifications in engineering and finance who once travelled the world managing technology projects for a large mining company. More recently, she remembered that managing

the university orchestra, keeping her opera friends organised and reading music history had been a lot more fun and joined The Parlour to rediscover her creative passion and use her skills for love, not money. Writing and production involvement with The Parlour includes Grainger at Home, Reminiscence: Liszt and Love, She and He - My Life with Chopin and Wagner in Paris.



Melanie Hillman continues to forge a professional and diverse presence across the theatre arts. Following early training as a dancer, including appearances with the Queensland Ballet Company, she subsequently studied singing at the Australian National University and enjoyed appearances with the Canberra City Opera and the Tasmanian Symphony Orchestra. In addition to her Bachelor degree in Music, Melanie gained a Bachelor of Musical Theatre from WAAPA in 2000. Credits during this time include Summer Rain, Merrily We Roll Along, and The Mystery of Edwin Drood. As a cabaret performer she wrote and performed Perfect Relationships at His Majesty's Theatre, Perth. She has developed and toured children's theatre First Stage and Alice in Wonderland, and is a founding member of Concrete Cloud Theatre Company. Her television credits include Offspring, House Husbands, Killing Time and Neighbours and films include Traveller, Ransom's Bride and Giant Leap Project. In 2012 Melanie worked as assistant director to Nadia Tass for The Production Company's Promises, Promises, and in 2014 she directed the new Australian musical Essence of Passion. She is Co-Artistic Director of Watch This and along with performing and directing, Melanie teaches vocal and theatre skills at schools and Monash University.



Karen Van Spall graduated from the Victorian College of the Arts with a Bachelor of Arts in Music, University of Melbourne with a Bachelor of Music Performance (Honours) and has a Master of Arts (Arts Management) from RMIT. She performed regularly as a guest artist of Opera Australia, soloist for Victorian Opera and various orchestras. Roles for Opera Australia's national touring company include Suzuki, Kate Pinkerton, Mercedes and Carmen (understudy). Other roles include; Dorabella, Second Lady and Third Lady (Magic Flute), Mother and Secretary (The Consul), Dryade (Ariadne auf Naxos) Floßhilde (Rheingold), Slave (Salome), Lola (Cavallaria Rusticana), Mercury (Thespis) Marianne (Le Chatte). She created the role of "Therese Rein" (Rain). Australian premieres include Offred's Mother in The Handmaid's Tale and Estelle in The Puddle of Youth. Karen performed in "Wagner in Paris" for Opera Australia's "Melbourne Ring Festival". She is an experienced recitalist and has performed widely as soloist in sacred concert and orchestral works. Karen enjoys creating engaging musical experiences for audiences as a singer, writer or producer and occasionally all three. In 2015 she formed "The Parlour" with Adam Miller as a vehicle to explore the potential of Art Song as a theatrical, agile and evolving genre.



Adam Miller graduated with Distinction and a DipRAM from the Opera Programme at London's Royal Academy of Music. Before moving to London, he was a Young Artist at Opera Queensland and then continued his language and vocal

studies in Milan, Italy. He has performed a number of operatic roles, including Germont (*La traviata*), Dr Falke (*Die Fledermaus*), Escamillo (*Carmen*), Figaro (*Il Barbiere di Siviglia*), Papageno (*Die Zauberflöte*), Enrico (*Lucia di Lammermoor*) and Marcello (*La bohème*), working with companies such as Scottish Opera, Opera Australia, English Touring Opera, Opera Queensland, UK Opera, OzOpera and Melbourne's own CitiOpera. When not singing operatic roles, he has had an equally distinguished career on the concert platform, having performed countless oratorios and concerts around Europe and Australia. With *The Parlour*, Adam has performed as a principal artist in shows including *Wagner in Paris*, *Reminiscence: Liszt and Love*, *She and He: My Life with Chopin* and *Grainger at Home*. Recently, Adam was featured on Henry Choo's operatic album, *Bright Poet*.



Coady Green is acknowledged as a major talent on the international concert circuit, having been described as “a virtuoso pianist with sensitivity, intelligence and charm”, (Musical Opinion, London). In 2005, Coady relocated London after winning almost all the most prestigious awards and prizes that Australia had to offer including a Winston Churchill Fellowship and numerous awards from the Australia Council of the Arts. He frequently performed at major UK venues and established a prominent teaching career at Goldsmiths College and the Royal College of Music. He was twice the recipient of a Geoffrey Parsons International Prize (2008, 2012). He established the International Liszt Society Piano Prize in London and is regularly on competition juries in Australia and abroad. He regularly performs in major concert venues and at festivals throughout Europe, Asia, Africa, Australia and America and is a frequent guest lecturer. His ensemble Duo Eclottico with saxophonist Justin Kenealy is the most active classical saxophone and piano duo in Australia. He is currently preparing the 2022 release of the premiere recording of the complete Anton Rubinstein piano etudes and preludes for British label Toccata Classics. In addition to this, Coady teaches and lectures at the Melbourne Conservatorium of Music, The University of Melbourne.



With countless thanks to some very special friends of *The Parlour* who inspired and enabled this production.

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Smith.



Fantastique! The Life and Loves of Hector Berlioz - Translations

L'Origine de la harpe

On croit que cette Harpe, que je réveille maintenant pour toi
Était autrefois une sirène qui chantait sous la mer
Et qui souvent le soir traversait les eaux claires
Pour rencontrer sur le vert rivage un jeune homme
qu'elle aimait..

Mais elle l'aima en vain, et il l'abandonna en pleurs,
Et toute la nuit elle mouilla de ses larmes ses blondes
tresses,
Jusqu'à ce que le ciel vît avec pitié un amour si vrai, si
brûlant
Et changeât en une douce Harpe le corps de cette fille de
la mer.
Pourtant son joli sein rose, pourtant ses joues souriaient
encore,
Tandis que sa beauté marine irradiait avec grâce
Et que ses cheveux dénoués tombant sur son bras blanc
Étaient changés en des cordes claires, émettant de
charmantes mélodies.

Ainsi cette douce Harpe est-elle reconnue depuis si
longtemps
Pour mêler langage de l'amour et tristes accords du
chagrin;
Jusqu'à ce que tu les sépares et apprennes à la tendre
chanson,
Après de toi à parler d'amour, et au loin du chagrin

La mort d'Ophélie

Après d'un torrent, Ophélie Cueillait,
tout en suivant le bord,
Dans sa douce et tendre folie,
Des pervenches, des boutons d'or,
Des iris aux couleurs d'opale,
Et de ces fleurs d'un rose pâle,
Qu'on appelle des doigts de mort.
Puis élevant sur ses mains blanches
Les riants trésors du matin,
Elle les suspendait aux branches,
Aux branches d'un saule voisin.
Mais, trop faible, le rameau plie,
Se brise, et la pauvre Ophélie
Tombe, sa guirlande à la main.

The origin of the harp (From *Irish Melodies* 1808 by Thomas Moore)

'Tis believed that this Harp, which I wake now for thee
Was a Siren of old, who sung under the sea;
And who often, at eve, through the bright waters roved,
To meet, on the green shore, a youth whom she loved.

But she loved him in vain, for he left her to weep,
And in tears, all the night, her gold tresses to steep,
Till heaven look'd with pity on true-love so warm,
And changed to this soft Harp the sea-maiden's form.

Still her bosom rose fair — still her cheeks smiled the
same -
While her sea-beauties gracefully form'd the light
And her hair, as, let loose, o'er her white arm it fell,
Was changed to bright chords uttering melody's spell.

Hence it came, that this soft Harp so long hath been
known
To mingle love's language with sorrow's sad tone;
Till thou didst divide them, and teach the fond lay
To speak love when I'm near thee, and grief when away.

The death of Ophelia (After Shakespeare)

Beside a stream, Ophelia picked,
along the water's edge,
In her sweet and tender madness,
Periwinkles, buttercups,
Irises the colour of opals,
And those pale pink orchids
Called dead men's fingers.
Then, lifting in her white hands
The laughing treasures of the morning,
She hung them on the branches,
The branches of a nearby willow tree.
But, too fragile, the bough bends,
Breaks, and poor Ophelia
Falls, her garland in her hand.

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Quelques instants sa robe enflée
La tint encor sur le courant,
Et comme une voile gonflée,
Elle flottait toujours chantant,
Chantant quelque vieille ballade,
Chantant ainsi qu'une naïade
Née au milieu de ce torrent.
Mais cette étrange mélodie
Passa, rapide comme un son.
Par les flots la robe alourdie
Bientôt dans l'abîme profond;
Entraîna la pauvre insensée,
Laissant à peine commencée
Sa mélodieuse chanson.

Le coucher du Soleil

Que j'aime cette heure rêveuse,
Où l'horizon devient vermeil,
Où dans la mer silencieuse
Se plongent les feux du soleil!

Alors dans mon âme ravie
Se bercent les doux souvenirs;
Alors vers l'astre de ma vie,
Du soir s'envolent les soupirs.

En voyant l'écharpe brillante,
Qui de ses lumineux réseaux
Couvre la plaine scintillante,
Et fait disparaître les eaux,

Vers ces régions radieuses
Je voudrais prendre mon essor.
N'est-il pas des îles heureuses
Que dérobent ces voiles d'or?

Du bist wie enie Blume (Heinrich Heine)

Du bist wie eine Blume,
So hold und schön und rein;
Ich schau' dich an, und Wehmut
Schleicht mir ins Herz hinein.
Mir ist, als ob ich die Hände
Aufs Haupt dir legen sollt',
Betend, daß Gott dich erhalte
So rein und schön und hold.

For a moment, her dress, spread wide,
Still bore her on the water,
And like an unfurled sail
She floated, still singing,
Singing some ancient ballad,
Singing like a water-sprite
Born amidst the waves.
But this strange melody died,
quick as a snatch of sound.
Her dress, heavy with water,
Soon into the depths
Dragged the poor mad girl,
Leaving her melody
Hardly begun.

How Dear to me the hour (Thomas Moore)

How dear to me the hour when daylight dies,
And sunbeams melt along the silent sea,

For then sweet dreams of other days arise,
And memory breathes her vesper sigh to thee.

And, as I watch the line of light, that plays
Along the smooth wave toward the burning west,

I long to tread that golden path of rays,
And think 'twould lead to some bright isle of rest.

You are like a flower,
So sweet and beautiful and pure;
I look at you, and sadness
Steals into my heart.
I feel as if I should with my hands
lay them on your head,
Praying that God will keep you
So pure and beautiful and true.

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Absence (Théophile Gautier)

Reviens, reviens, me bien-aimée;
Comme une fleur loin 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!
Ô sort amer! ô dure absence!
Ô grands désirs inapaisés!

Reviens, reviens, ma bien-aimée.
Comme une fleur loin du soleil,
La fleur de ma vie est fermée
Loin de ton sourire vermeil!

D'ici là-bas, que de campagnes,
Que de villes et de hameaux,
Que de vallons et de montagnes,
À lasser le pied des chevaux.

Reviens, reviens, ma bien-aimée.
Comme une fleur loin du soleil,
La fleur de ma vie est fermée
Loin de ton sourire vermeil!

Widmung (Friedrich Rückert)

Du meine Seele, du mein Herz,
Du meine Wonn', o du mein Schmerz,
Du meine Welt, in der ich lebe,
Mein Himmel du, darein ich schwebe,
O du mein Grab, in das hinab
Ich ewig meinen Kummer gab!
Du bist die Ruh, du bist der Frieden,
Du bist vom Himmel mir beschieden.
Dass du mich liebst, macht mich mir wert,
Dein Blick hat mich vor mir verklärt,
Du hebst mich liebend über mich,
Mein guter Geist, mein bess'res Ich!

Villanelle (Théophile Gautier)

Quand viendra la saison nouvelle,
Quand auront disparu les froids,
Tous les deux nous irons, ma belle,
Pour cueillir le muguet aux bois;

Come back, come back, my beloved;
Like a flower far away from the sun,
The flower of my life is closed
Far from your golden smile!

Between our hearts there is such distance!
Such a gulf between our kisses!
O bitter fate! O harsh absence!
O great unfulfilled desires!

Come back, come back, my beloved.
Like a flower away from the sun,
The flower of my life is closed
Far from your golden smile!

Until then, so many open plains,
So many towns and hamlets,
So many valleys and mountains,
To tire the horses' feet.

Come back, come back, my beloved.
Like a flower away from the sun,
The flower of my life is closed
Far from your golden smile!

Dedication

You my soul, you my heart,
You my bliss, o you my pain,
You my world in which I live,
My heaven you, to which I ascend,
O you my grave, down into which
I gave my sorrow forever!
You are rest, you are peace,
You are from heaven, bestowed on me.
That you love me makes me worthy
Your glance has transfigured me in my own eyes
You raise me above myself lovingly,
My guardian angel, my better self!

When the new season comes,
When the frosts are gone,
Both of us will go, my beautiful,
To pick lily of the valley in the woods;

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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,
Faisons fuir le lapin caché,
Et le daim au miroir des sources
Admirant son grand bois penché;
Puis, chez nous, tout heureux, tout aises,
En paniers enlaçant nos doigts,
Revenons rapportant des fraises
Des bois!

Le spectre de la rose (Théophile Gautier)

Soulève ta paupière close
Qu'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 le fête étoilée
Tu me promenais tout le soir.

Ô toi, qui de ma mort fus cause,
Sans que tu puisses le chasser,
Toutes les nuits mon spectre rose
À ton chevet viendra danser.

Mais ne crains rien, je ne réclame
Ni messe 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

Under our feet the pearly dew scatters
That we see in the morning light trembling,
We will go and listen to the blackbirds'
song!
Spring has come, my beauty;
This is the month of blessed lovers,
And the bird, preening its wing,
Recites poetry on the edge of the nest.
Oh! Sit on this mossy bank,
To talk about our beautiful love,
And tell me in your sweet voice:
Always!
Far, far away, we stray from our path,
Starling the hidden rabbit,
And the deer mirrored in the springs
Admiring his large lowered antlers;
Then, home with us, serene, and at ease,
In baskets, our fingers entwined,
We'll bring back wild strawberries!

The Ghost of the Rose

Lift your closed eyelids
Touched by a virginal dream;
I am the specter of a rose
That yesterday you wore to the ball.
You plucked me still sparkling
With silvery tears from the watering can,
And at that glittering party
You paraded me all night.

O you, who caused my death,
Without you being able to chase it away,
Every night my rosy ghost,
At your bedside, will come to dance.

But do not be afraid, I ask for
Neither Mass nor De profundis;
This light perfume is my soul,
And I come from Paradise.

My fate was worthy of envy:
And to have such a beautiful destiny,
Many would have given his life,
Because on your breast I have my tomb,
And on the alabaster where I rest
A poet with a kiss

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Écrivit: Ci-gît une rose
Que tous les rois vont jalouser.

Wrote: Here lies a rose
That all kings will envy.

Les Deux Grenadiers (Heinrich Heine)

The Two Grenadiers

Longtemps captifs chez le Russe lointain,
Deux grenadiers retournaient vers la France;
Déjà leurs pieds touchent le sol german;
Mais on leur dit: Pour vous plus d'espérance;

Longtime captives in the distant Russia,
Two grenadiers were returning to France;
As their feet touch German ground
They are told: For you there is no hope;

L'Europe a triomphé, vos braves ont vécu!
C'en est fait de la France, et de la grande armée!
Et rendant son épée,
L'Empereur est captif et vaincu!

"Europe has triumphed, your brave survived!
But it is done in France, and her great army!
In surrendering his sword the
Emperor is captive and defeated!"

Ils ont frémi; chacun d'eux sent tomber
des pleurs brûlants sur sa mâle figure.
"Je suis bien mal" ... dit l'un, "je vois couler
des flots de sang de ma vieille blessure!"

They shuddered; each feels
burning tears on his manly face.
"I feel ill" ... says one,
"I see flowing rivers of blood from my old wound! "

"Tout est fini," dit l'autre, "ô, je voudrais mourir!
Mais au pays mes fils m'attendent, et leur mère,
qui mourrait de misère!
J'entends leur voix plaintive; il faut vivre et souffrir!"

"All is over," said the other, "oh, I want to die!
But my sons are at home waiting for me, and their
mother, who would die of misery!
I hear their plaintive voices; he must live and
suffer! "

"Femmes, enfants, que m'importe!
Mon coeur par un seul voeu tient encore à la terre.
Ils mendieront s'ils ont faim,

"Women, children, what do I care!
My heart by a single vow is still bound to my
country.

L'Empereur, il est captif, mon Empereur! ...

Let them beg if they are hungry,
the Emperor, he is captive, my Emperor! ...

Ô frère, écoute-moi, ... je meurs! Aux rives que j'aimais,
rends du moins mon cadavre, et du fer de ta lance,
au soldat de la France
creuse un funèbre lit sous le soleil français!

O brother, listen to me ... I am dying!
To the banks that I loved,
give at least my body, and with your French
soldier's steel dig me a grave under the French
sun!

Fixe à mon sein glacé par le trépas
la croix d'honneur que mon sang a gagnée;
dans le cercueil couche-moi l'arme au bras,
mets sous ma main la garde d'une épée;

Place on my breast iced by death
the cross of honour that my blood has garnered;
in the coffin lay my weapons,
put in my hand the hilt of my sword;

de là je prêterai l'oreille au moindre bruit,
jusqu'au jour, où, tonnant sur la terre ébranlée,
l'écho de la mêlée
m'appellera du fond de l'éternelle nuit!

from there I will listen for the slightest sound,
until the day when, thunder shakes the earth
The echo of a battle
Will call me from the depths of eternal night!

Peut-être bien qu'en ce choc meurtrier,
sous la mitraille et les feux de la bombe,

Perhaps in this deadly fray,
under fire and bomb blasts,

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mon Empereur poussera son coursier
vers le gazon qui couvrira ma tombe.

Alors je sortirai du cercueil, tout armé;
et sous les plis sacrés du drapeau tricolore,
j'irai défendre encore
la France et l'Empereur, l'Empereur bien aimé."

L'Inconnue (Théophile Gautier)

Dites, le jeune belle,
Où voulez-vous aller?
La voile ouvre 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, le jeune belle,
Où voulez-vous aller?
La voile ouvre son aile,
La brise va souffler!

Est-ce dans la Baltique
Dans la mer Pacifique,
Dans l'île de Java?
Ou bien est-ce en Norvège,
Cueillir la fleur de neige
Ou la fleur d'Angsoka?

Dites, le jeune belle,
Où voulez-vous aller?

Menez-moi, dit la belle,
À 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.

my Emperor will push his steed
to the grass that will cover my grave.

I will rise from the coffin, armed;
and wrapped in the sacred folds of the Tricolor,
I will again defend
France and the Emperor, my beloved Emperor!"

The unknown Isle

Tell me, my young beauty,
Where would you like to go?
The sail unfurls its wing,
The breeze will blow!

The oar is ivory,
The flag of silk,
The rudder of fine gold;
I have an orange for ballast,
For a sail, an angel's wing,
My cabin-boy is a seraph.

Tell me, my young beauty,
Where would you like to go?
The sail unfurls its wing,
The breeze will blow!

Is it in the Baltic?
In the Pacific Ocean?
In the island of Java?
Or is it in Norway,
To pick the snow flower
Or the flower of Japan?

Tell me, my young beauty
Where do you want to go?

Take me, said the beauty,
To the shore of faithfulness
Where love lasts forever.
- That shore, my dear,
Is hardly known
In the land of love.

Where do you want to go?
The breeze will blow.