

Les
FAURISTES
& Friends'



FRENCH MUSIC FESTIVAL 2025

Blandine de Raulin

conducting

LES FAURISTES



Julien Balajas



FAURÉ EN TOUTES LETTRES

Fri 28th November - 7.45 pm
French Protestant Church Soho
W1D 3QD

lecture-concert

FAURÉ EN TOUTES LETTRES

Ecrit par Julien Balajas et Blandine de Raulin

Lecteurs : Julien Balajas, Blandine de Raulin, Nathalie Barleaza

Chœur : Les Fauristes

Soprano : Elise Lefay

Quatuor : Diane Aidenbaum (violon 1), Laci Olah (violon 2), Meidi Chalal (alto),
Corentin Chassard (violoncelle)

Piano : Michael Rossi, Graeme Thewlis

PART 1

1. Elise Lefay & Graeme Thewlis
Gabriel Fauré (texte : Victor Hugo) - *Le Papillon et la Fleur*, Op. 1/1 (1861)
2. Les Fauristes & Michael Rossi
Camille Saint-Saëns – *Les Fleurs et les Arbres*, Op. 68/2 (1882)
3. String Quartet
Gabriel Fauré – *Berceuse*, Op. 16 (1878)
4. Les Fauristes & Michael Rossi
Gabriel Fauré (Texte : Armand Silvestre)– *Madrigal*, Op.35 (1883)
5. String Quartet
Gabriel Fauré – *Elégie*, Op. 24 (1883)
– *Après un Rêve*, Op. 7/1 (1877)
6. Les Fauristes & Michael Rossi
Camille Saint-Saëns (texte : Jean-Louis Croze)– *Romance du soir*, Op. 118
(1902)
7. String Quartet
Gabriel Fauré – *Pavane*, Op. 50 (1887)

INTERVAL – 10 mns

PART 2

1. String Quartet
Gabriel Fauré – *Berceuse from Dolly, Op. 56* (1894)
2. String Quartet
Gabriel Fauré – *Sicilienne, Op. 78* (1898)
3. Les Fauristes, Michael Rossi (organ) & Quartet
Gabriel Fauré – *Cantique de Jean Racine, Op. 11* (1865)
4. Les Fauristes & Graeme Thewlis
Gabriel Fauré (texte : Victor Hugo) – *Les Djinnns, Op. 12* (1875)
5. Elise Lefay & Graeme Thewlis
Gabriel Fauré (texte : Sully Prudhomme) – *Les Berceaux, Op. 23/1* (1879)
6. Les Fauristes, Michael Rossi (organ) & Quartet
Gabriel Fauré - *In Paradisum, Requiem Op. 48* (1887 – 93)



Fauré aged 18.

FULL TEXT ENGLISH TRANSLATION

MUSIC: Piano intro → *The Butterfly and the Flower*, Fauré

JULIEN

"What a mysterious discovery made by my friend Reynaldo Hahn: a handwritten copy of *The Butterfly and the Flower*! He did not tell me how or where he found it, but by sending it to me, he thought to awaken very old memories. Indeed, this was my very first melody, composed in the refectory of the Niedermeyer school, among the scents of cooking... and my very first interpreter was my teacher: Camille Saint-Saëns.

It is also, with regard to this first melody, that my name appears in Victor Hugo's correspondence, concerning the authorization required for it to be published. What a meeting of small and great figures, of small and great things! The immense poet occupied with his tiniest copyright rights..."*

MUSIC: → *The Butterfly and the Flower*, Fauré

BLANDINE

In October 1854, Gabriel Urbain Fauré left the Pyrenean Ariège and the family home at the age of 9 to enter the Niedermeyer school in Paris. A school of classical and religious music, it then trained church organists, choir directors, and chapel masters.

Fauré would later describe it in an interview:

JULIEN

"It was a boarding school where one learned both music and Latin. I stayed there for many years; life and discipline were very harsh, and the food quite meager, but how delightful it was; and we made music there!"

BLANDINE

Several leading musicians would be his teachers, including Camille Saint-Saëns, with whom he would develop long lasting friendship of 60 years.

Letter from Gabriel Fauré to Camille Saint-Saëns

JULIEN

Tarbes, October 12, 1862

I have just received your kind letter and I thank you with all my heart.

I will probably leave Friday and arrive Saturday evening in Paris. On Sunday, I will come wake you at 11. And to give the Vespers, I will fetch the son of Lafforest and Morgand, and we will spend the rest of the day together if you wish.

Today, I played the mass and the Vespers on an organ worse than the worst organ you have ever seen: I played the most infamous swings that the finest brain could imagine.

All my relatives send you a thousand compliments, and to me – so as to urge you to return to us next year – a thousand recommendations (which they would not need to make). Namely: to be for you the best of pupils at school, and the best of friends outside of it (with respect, of course).

You left behind a luminous ray that many people are still dazzled by.

Farewell, your most devoted,
Gabriel Fauré



Camille Saint-Saens (1890)

MUSIC: → Les Fleurs et les Arbres, Op. 68/2, Saint-Saëns

BLANDINE

At age 20, Fauré left the Niedermeyer school, after having obtained a 2nd prize in harmony, a 1st prize in piano, and a 1st grand prize in composition (for a youthful work now considered a classic: the *Cantique de Jean Racine*, which you will hear later this evening).

Gustave Lefèvre, the school's director, found him a position as organist at Saint-Sauveur church in Rennes, a post he would hold from January 1866.

Of his life in Rennes, Fauré would later write this almost Balzacian chronicle, evoking the somewhat stifling atmosphere of the provinces at the end of the Second Empire:

JULIEN

"I had friends there, brilliant professors, fresh out of the École Normale. We lived communally, and they were anything but dull! It was in 1866, 67, 68, 69! The rector of the Academy was named Malagutti, Corsican by origin no doubt. Mlle Malagutti, a pretty brunette, kind, possessed a very pleasant voice, a mezzo a little deep and expressive. With the baritone M. de Lannoy, she charmed the salons of Rennes. And I, reproached in certain very Rennais salons for playing only severe music, had invented a brilliant Fantaisie whose theme was 'Nothing is sacred for a sapper!' and it caught on!"

BLANDINE

Despite this, Fauré's life was somewhat dull; freed from the strict discipline of the Niedermeyer school, he gave in a little to his natural tendency toward nonchalance:

JULIEN

"I thought of nothing, having a mediocre opinion of myself, a great indifference to everything (except for beautiful things and remarkable minds). I had not the shadow of ambition. What a type I was!

It was Saint-Saëns who, through his continuous encouragement, kept me from stagnating. He urged me to work and obliged me to send him, as I went along, my first attempts."

BLANDINE

In 1870, Fauré enlisted in the army and took part in the fighting to lift the siege of Paris during the Franco-Prussian War. During the Paris Commune, he stayed in Rambouillet and Switzerland. He returned to Paris in October 1871 and held the choir organ at Saint-Sulpice.

The young musician's Parisian consecration came in 1872, thanks to Saint-Saëns, who introduced him into the most important musical salon in the capital, that of the famous singer Pauline Viardot.

It was also at this time that he met Camille Clerc (a wealthy property administrator) and his wife, who would be his spiritual family and financial supporters for about ten years.

Camille Clerc would also prove an astute adviser during Fauré's negotiations with music publishers.

JULIEN

My dear Gabriel, here is the letter I received. Let me know your decision and the reply I should send them.

Breitkopf & Härtel to Monsieur Camille Clerc

Leipzig, November 1, 1876

Sir,

We have made it our duty to carefully examine the Sonata by Monsieur Fauré, which you kindly sent us. The sonata in question is without doubt a remarkable work and we like it very much, but the name of Mr. Fauré

is not known in Germany, and the market is overflowing with works of this kind, though often inferior to the present one.

And here lies one of the misfortunes of the publisher: he must weigh whether the work he is about to publish can cover the costs of printing. For this reason, it is not possible for us to print this sonata—unless Monsieur Fauré renounces his fees.

It is not our usual practice to haggle in order to acquire a work, but since you have a keen interest in your friend's composition, we thought it right to present you with the only possibility of publication in Germany. Not knowing whether you wish to take advantage of it, we shall keep the manuscript until we receive your reply. As for the other points in your letter, We greet you with esteem and devotion.

Breitkopf & Härtel

Tarbes, November 5, 1876

Dear Monsieur Clerc,

I thank you a million times for having carried out so well, and above all with such heart, an undertaking whose result I consider excellent.

Yes, I joyfully accept the proposal to be published without fees, in order to have the honour of appearing in the most glorious of catalogues.

Do you not think, however, that I owe it to Saint-Saëns, if not to consult him, at least to inform him—through your intermediary, if you see him?

His objections would have to be very serious and very conclusive to make me change my mind, and nothing suggests they will be. But I believe I owe my teacher and friend this mark of deference.

I think that if you have not told me your opinion, it is out of fear of influencing me. Therefore I ask you, when you see Saint-Saëns, and if you judge as I do that this step is appropriate, to send my agreement to Leipzig.

I have much to do to live up to the opinion you have of me and to the friendship you show me. My parents are so grateful to you that they very much wish to meet you, so they may tell you themselves.

On the 15th, I shall be in Paris. If my Quartet is not finished, it will at least be very far advanced.

So, until soon. Once again, thank you, and please accept anew, for Madame Clerc and for yourself, the assurance of my deep affection and gratitude.

Gabriel Fauré.

Madame Viardot, to whom I had spoken of our undertaking, was convinced that the Germans would not wish to help make young French composers known.

It is therefore a success that they have agreed, for in the end, the costs of a 60-page sonata are considerable. I do not forget, however, that the desire of these gentlemen to please you must have influenced them considerably.

MUSIC: Berceuse Op.16, Fauré

BLANDINE

From his introduction in 1872 to the salons of Pauline Viardot, Fauré fell in love with her daughter Marianne, though he never confessed his passion...

In Madame Clerc, Fauré found a precious friend, and although she was only five years his elder, she was almost a second mother. To her, after several years, he would confide what he dared reveal to no one else.

Gabriel Fauré to Madame Clerc.

JULIEN

Friday, June 8, 1877

Madame,

Last Sunday, I went to Bougival, where I was very warmly received. Yet I returned very sad. Mademoiselle Marianne was physically much changed—so pale, so thin. That evening, I was... more timid than ever. The next day, she spoke of her indecision to her sister and brother-in-law; adding that she herself could not explain them. But that she suffered greatly from them; and that she suspected I must suffer greatly myself. It was then agreed: I would return to Bougival the following Wednesday... and that we would be led astray in the woods.

Thus, we would have the opportunity to show each other our courage. Mlle Marianne defeated me that day, and my timidity... once again played its tricks.

I was certainly not very eloquent, but it was necessary that she hear from my own lips what had only been told to her by others. And from her side, what touching revelations, what moving discoveries I made! Mlle Marianne, however, asked me once more not to press her for an answer, to be brave. She hopes, she said, that she will say Yes. But she wants that YES to be a true Yes, from the depths of her heart, for all her life. And she does not yet feel enough calm to fully understand herself.

I beg you, think once more of your most grateful and respectful friend,

Gabriel Fauré.

BLANDINE

In July 1877, Fauré was appointed *maître de chapelle*—that is, choirmaster—at the church of La Madeleine. And happiness never comes alone: his engagement to Marianne was announced on July 15! Fauré was then 32 years old.

Gabriel Fauré to Charles Gounod.

JULIEN

Paris, July 29, 1877

Dear Master,

I was to leave it to Madame Viardot to inform you of the great happiness that has come to me; but what it is mine to tell you is:

- that you are, in great part, the craftsman of this happiness;
- that in giving me marks of encouragement and sympathy, you confirmed the opinion that Mr. and Mrs. Viardot were kind enough to have of me and of my future;
- that in facilitating my access to the position I now hold at La Madeleine, you helped me to smooth over material difficulties which prudent parents had to take into consideration.

I express here all my gratitude for the good you have done me. And I thank you for having given me thus reasons... to love you as warmly as I admire you.

I beg you, dear Master, always to believe in my most respectful and sincerely devoted sentiments.

Gabriel Fauré.

BLANDINE

Gabriel Fauré to Madame Clerc

JULIEN

August 15, 1877

Dear Madame,

I thank you for the trouble you and Mr. Clerc have taken; and I hope that Madame Viardot will find, before leaving, the time to thank you herself.

The doctor has finally suggested that Marianne be taken to Houlgate, convinced that the good sea air will restore her usual liveliness.

As for me, I shall surprise you... I am leaving for Cauterets Les Bains!

The state of my throat requires it, and the doctor was so categorical that, however much it costs me, I must undergo a treatment of 21 days... 21 days that will seem like 21 centuries! I am threatened with losing the little voice I have left, and my duties at La Madeleine do not allow me to let the illness worsen.

But how it annoys me, my God! When shall I be married?!

Believe me, I regret that no spring is to be found at Le Havre! For I would gladly have spent near you the time when I must be separated from my adorable fiancée.

But the Faculty has spoken today! And all the Viardots, in chorus, asked me to do what it prescribed so pitilessly—if not for myself, at least to please Marianne, who wants me to speak like everyone else.

The ink of Cauterets had better be ready!

I shall leave Saturday evening, and arrive Monday at Cauterets, from where I will write to you immediately to send you my address.

Yours truly and forever grateful,

Gabriel Fauré.

BLANDINE

Pauline Viardot to Gabriel Fauré

NATHALIE:

Houlgate, August 24, 1877

I do hope that by now you have received at least two letters, which will have proved to you, my dear Fauré, that you are thought of here very, very, very much, as Jeanne says while plucking the daisy.

The sea air has had its effect. Marianne is beginning to regain healthy color, and no longer suffers from those pale spells of weakness that distressed us.

We spend our days on the beach, both on, near, and under the water. Turgenev arranged some boat rides for Marianne, which delighted her. He left this morning, which will deprive Marianne of that pleasure, and Claudie of her shrimp fishing. – But Georges will arrive the day after tomorrow, and all these pleasures will resume with even greater joy in his company. As for me, I shall return to Les Frênes on Monday.

As for you, my dear child (you do allow me, don't you, to give you this sweet name?), take care of yourself conscientiously, thoroughly, inside and out, and come back to us healthy, cheerful, happy. Make it so that we have seen for the first and last time a gloomy, dark, unhappy face... and without reason! Remember that we all love you in the family, that you are already ours, and that when people love each other, the emotions of one react upon the others, and a single sad face destroys the joy of all the rest... but as you say, it was a gust of madness that has passed never to return. Let us never speak of it again.



Pauline Viardot

Gounod will be one of Marianne's witnesses; he accepted with tenderness. All these cures, all these absences will put us behind schedule – What can we do! As the Russians say. You will write to me at Les Frênes, won't you? So I say farewell from here, to say soon hello from there.

Pauline Viardot.

Marianne will write to you tomorrow.

Gabriel Fauré to Marianne Viardot

Cauterets, Monday evening, September 3, 1877

A thousand thanks, dear Marianne, for your letter, where you so affectionately regret not receiving regularly two of mine each day.

It has not always been possible for me to write to you in the morning, even just a few lines, but I shall try not to fail again, since you assure me that it pleases you.

Have I already told you... how many ceremonies... accompany my repeated readings of yours? I learn them by heart!

Certainly, I regret the Fête des Loges; and the memories, already four years old! – that I would have been so happy to recall with you.

When you wish me to speak of the past, I shall have to go back beyond that time. For at the moment of our airy idyll, the present was already beginning.

Already, my heart was filled with you! And the motion of our swing cradled a dream... that I dared not confess to myself!

Four years have passed since then; four years of happiness lost for me.

We shall try to make them up, shall we not? ...

My sister spoke to me last night, guess of what? Of a cook! A maid and accomplished cook, who was in her service. She lives in Paris, and wishes to leave the house where she serves. I shall tell you more details about this Joséphine, whom we can easily question upon our return.

This afternoon... I saw something pass by, and I seized it by the hair... it might have resembled a romance for violin. But I pulled too hard! A false braid remained in my hands! If the "something" in question comes to claim it tomorrow, whoever it may be, I shall apprehend it, and bring it to you at Bougival.

As for my piano piece, I know it less and less. One would think the heat of the thermal waters makes me dull. Despite that, I am content. And, beyond the hope of the benefits this cure may bring me, I have the far greater hope of having pleased you, by obeying you.

I leave Cauterets Friday at noon – my conscience purer than my voice, it is true – to be in Paris Sunday. Oh joy, oh happiness, oh ecstasy!

While your head is bent over my letter, I feel such a desire to kiss you on the neck! But, that "makes you cold"! Do you remember?

Farewell, I shall kiss you when you are asleep!

Gabriel.

MUSIC: Madrigal Op.35, Fauré

BLANDINE

Gabriel Fauré to Madame Clerc

JULIEN

Paris, Monday evening, September 17, 1877

My dear Madame,

Mr. Clerc, who kindly came to see me, told me that you will soon return among us, and that thus... the rue de Monceau will once again have a reason to exist. I cannot tell you with what joy I received this good news.

In Paris, I awaited the return of our bathers, who at Cabourg gathered a fine store of health. Mlle Marianne has returned with cheeks well bronzed by the ocean shore, from where she often sent fond memories to the lighthouses of St-Adresse! These ladies are still at Bougival, from where the cold will soon drive them away.

This afternoon, together with her brother Paul, I let them hear a romance for piano and violin, born at Cauterets. It goes like this: (Two Faurists carry the placard with the diagram).

That is to say: with an outline that recalls the crests of the mountains!

At the first hearing, I obtained a success of clenched teeth. At the second hearing, a little light dawned. And at the third: the limpid brook running through the green meadow served as a term of comparison! What a pity one cannot always begin with the third hearing!

I hope to see you again very soon; your most grateful and affectionate,

Gabriel Fauré.

BLANDINE

The engagement of Gabriel and Marianne was, alas, short lived...

Letter from Gabriel Fauré to his friend and colleague: Romain Bussine

JULIEN

Paris, November 6, 1877

My dear friend,

I come to ask you, as a favour... to say nothing until you are directly informed. Above all, I beg you... not to accuse the unfortunate child who is guilty only... of having been afraid of me; while all my thoughts were directed toward a single aim: to make her happier, as she was the most beloved!

It is a dreadful mistake, which could have led her to doubt all that my tenderness would have had of respect for her peace, for her independence!

She may have thought that I was suspicious and touchy, when I was only anxious not to see her feel keenly enough the sentiments I believed I had inspired in her!

You see, my dear friend, this horrible collapse of my happiness is more the result of a frightful misunderstanding than of calculations which are not, I swear to you, in the character of this truly good creature... whom I shall find it so hard not to see again!

What sad days are reserved for me! And how much I need to rely on the affection of those who, like you and your companion, are kind enough also to love me. How much to be pitied I am!

I therefore hope in your good friendship and press your hand warmly, with all my heart.

Gabriel Fauré

MUSIC: *Élégie Op.24 + Après un rêve Op.7, Fauré*

BLANDINE

As the years passed, after a long period of depression, the wound healed. Fauré could look toward the future and focus on his career as a musician.

Gabriel Fauré to Madame Clerc

JULIEN

Munich, September 23, 1881

Dear Madame,

The week before my departure for Germany, Durand, the most charming of publishers, gave me some good advice regarding the impromptu I had submitted to him.

He assured me that it is not by writing music like that that I will make myself known to the "real" public, the public that buys! Enlightened by this advice, I shut myself up at home and composed for him: *Les Pages de la Reine*, a dance tune in the style of Louis XIII.

Passing through Switzerland, I left my niece at Brunnen the day before yesterday. I shall go to meet her again next Tuesday, after the performance of *Die Meistersinger* by the great Wagner.

Mr. and Mrs. Baugnies, for their part, awaited me at Lindau; and since that moment, we have not left each other. It must be said that they are very good traveling companions: accommodating to everything; they dine in the breweries and drink beer in stoneware mugs, in the German fashion!

Mme Baugnie immediately won over Hermann Levi, the conductor of the theatre. She gets from him whatever she wants. If only she could obtain that Mr. Nachbaur sing in tune, all would be for the best!

We attended an excellent performance of *Lohengrin*, cast as follows:

Elsa – Mme Wekerlin; Ortrude – Mme Wogel; Friedrich – Reichmann; and Lohengrin... Nachbaur (alas!).

The first act charmed me! The second moved me even more! But the third, from the end of the duet onwards... seemed interminable and greatly wearied me! The orchestra, however, behaved as always, that is to say: wonderfully!

Please tell André Messager... that we miss him greatly, and accept, I beg you, the expression of my deep and most grateful affection.

Gabriel Fauré.

BLANDINE

Through Madame Baugnies, one of her friends (who, besides appreciating beer, also hosted a Parisian salon), Fauré met Marie Frémiet, the shy daughter of the renowned sculptor Emmanuel Frémiet.

Despite the nine years that separated them, they married in 1883.

JULIEN

Paris, March 27, 1883

Dear Madame,

We are now married before men, and tomorrow we shall be married before God!

I want you to be the first to have the news of this event, which fills me with such deep and gentle joy!

My dear Marie wishes to tell you how close you are to us. It is almost more than kinship that your boundless kindness has established between us—and I say “us” because my beloved Marie has already understood you, and devoted all her affection and devotion to you.

Since we are deprived of the happiness of going to embrace you... we shall at least think of you, and of him whose place remains so cruelly empty! The thought of your late husband has constantly accompanied me, I assure you. I have always associated his memory with all that has happened to me that was so happy.

To conclude, what can I say except that God has blessed me by giving me the woman that Marie is. You will judge her more fully soon, and you will love her, I am sure.

I speak of her very soberly, but what my heart feels is both solid and delightful.

Please offer all my respects to your dear mother, and allow me, Madame, on the occasion of this great day, to embrace you with all my heart, as well as your children.

Gabriel Fauré

BLANDINE

In August 1885, while his wife was undergoing treatment at a spa near Montluçon, in Auvergne, Fauré took part in the Festival of French Music organized as part of the Exposition Universelle, held that year in Belgium.

JULIEN

Antwerp, August 1, 1885

My dearest Mimi,

Your touching letter moved me deeply!

I am not surprised that your heart and soul contain so many delightful, tender, and elevated things! You make me smile when you speak of my feelings, of my sensitivity. Are you not at least my equal, if not my superior?

I thank you most warmly for your trust, and I beg you to measure what my life would be if I did not have you.

Therefore, how much must you do to reassure me, to take minute and constant care of your health! When you try to evade the advice and counsel given to you on this subject, you do not merely sadden me—you hurt me terribly. I beg you, think of this at every moment, think that you and I are one, forever.

Here, things, already troubled yesterday when I wrote to you, are even more so today. There is, in short, such disorder, such ineptitude, such carelessness, that I am only half surprised at what is happening: No rehearsal this morning!

There is not, in the whole city, a single hall available for rehearsal. One finds a thousand scattered wills, and not a single one to bring order. There is a German element, stubborn and underhanded, that wants to make the French Festival fail—and so far, it is succeeding.

Yesterday, I heard a program of Berlioz's works performed in a kiosk, in the open air, before an audience of strollers! And since the Concert Hall is occupied by a floral exhibition, it is under such conditions that they offer me to perform my symphony! I absolutely refuse.

Such disappointments constantly occur in a composer's career, so Saint-Saëns tells me! And he has seen far worse. In any case, our Saint-Saëns is going to make a fuss, and perhaps we shall be able to rehearse tomorrow, Sunday!

What annoyances, when I would be so much better near you and our dear child!

I adore you and embrace you both with all my heart.

MUSIC: *Les Fauristes* > *Romance du soir Op.118, Saint-Saëns*

Countess Greffulhe (1895)



BLANDINE

In 1886, he met the Countess Greffulhe, a central figure in Parisian society, combining wealth, intelligence, and beauty. From then on, she gave him active support. Indeed, her princely lifestyle allowed her to be a patron in the fields of the visual arts and music.

She had his works performed, regularly invited him to holiday in Dieppe, and introduced him to Wagner's music. Fauré dedicated his Pavane to her.

JULIEN

Paris, November 23, 1889

Madame,

So you have not received my letter? What could have happened to it? I have opened an investigation into the depths of all my pockets, through all the papers cluttering my desk... I nearly blamed the post office!—the only administration that is impeccable!

Unfortunately, I have, in my past, some distressing memories!

One day, after buying a postage stamp, I threw into the letterbox the change I had just been given, and put the letter... in my waistcoat pocket! After that, don't you agree? All the most extravagant suppositions must be admitted.

Will you be coming to Paris soon, Madame? My question is very self-interested!

First, I plan, after Christmas, to let you hear at La Madeleine the *Kyrie* of your protégé, Mr. Perreau. We shall tell the Curé that this work, by an unknown author, was discovered in the excavations at Herculaneum! But before drawing you to the church, I should like to lead you a little to the Devil!—to the Odéon! The première of *Shylock*, the new comedy by my friend Edmond Haraucourt, will take place on December 8, I would be most happy if you could attend.

For the first three performances, I shall have a small backstage orchestra that is fairly decent. But from the fourth performance onward, the economical customs of the Odéon administration appear: they dismiss the few good musicians of the orchestra and recruit, to replace them, all the cripples, all the invalids, all the pensioners of the Luxembourg quarter. Then, a charivari horizon opens before us!

A thousand thanks again, Madame, and a million apologies for this unfortunate letter which I shall one day find again in a Wagner score!

Your most grateful and most respectfully devoted,

Gabriel Fauré

BLANDINE

The Countess Greffulhe and Madame Clerc were not the only great friends and patrons of Fauré. Indeed, Princess de Polignac (Winnie by her first name) also played an important role in the composer's life.

She was none other than the daughter of the wealthy businessman Isaac Singer—SINGER, inventor of the sewing machines that bear his name!

Fauré was the first of her musician friends. She commissioned him to undertake a brief lyrical work for which Paul Verlaine was to write the libretto—a project that proved to be rather laborious...

Gabriel Fauré to Princess de Polignac

JULIEN

January 18, 1891

Dear Princess,

Verlaine has been found! And here is his address: Saint Antoine Hospital, Bichat ward, bed no. 5! Isn't it pitiful?

His friends were counting on the cold to bring him back to the refuge of the unfortunate, and they all agree that this miserable circumstance will serve us wonderfully! For it is in the hospital that his imagination awakens best.

Unfortunately, these same friends express serious worries about the state of his faculties, which they judge very grave!

It seems that... the torch now gives only faint glimmers, and those glimmers... illuminate rather sad things! His mind, after a delightful incursion into mysticism, from which was born the admirable piece to the Virgin Mary, has now fallen back into the madness of the unmentionable, and his latest productions... would make a hussar blush!



Winnaretta 'Winnie' Singer
(a.k.a Princesse de Polignac)

I hope that, in your honor, he will rebound toward the sublime! In any case, he has agreed to work on our project. He has even begun (without wishing to say what he was doing). I shall keep you informed of what happens, minute by minute.

Do not let yourself be caught again by colds, do not scorn drafts. And do not linger too long in England. Finally, have the kindness, as soon as you have time, to give me your news. Here, your friends are well, but Fridays without you... go badly! Speaking of you among ourselves is only an insufficient consolation.

January 30

Dear Princess,

I have seen Verlaine! Twice! For yesterday, I returned to his sad Saint Antoine hospital. What a singular, strange, incomprehensible character! How can a human creature, so wonderfully gifted, take pleasure in this perpetual back-and-forth... between the tavern and the hospice!

Where does he find the philosophy to accept, to find it all natural, to live...

- in that insipid odour of sickness and remedies, bed by bed, with random companions who must be of little resource to him for conversation.
- in the nauseating uncleanliness of his sheets and linen.
- under the harsh regulation that allows him to receive friendly visits only twice a week! That forbids him a lamp or a candle and keeps him in the flickering of a night-light from dusk until dawn! What long nights!

As for what concerns us (and me so keenly), he had promised me, at my first visit, to begin work immediately: but yesterday, he had still done nothing, nor decided what he would do.

I brought him 100 francs, hoping that would set him going! He seemed very pleased and asked me to send him some books by Dickens, in English, which I shall do.

April 7

Dear Princess,

I had hoped to give you news of Verlaine, serious news, and each day it was a new disappointment. Ah! that café François 1er! Verlaine was always there. And always, he had just left when I arrived. I am convinced he was hiding from me, having nothing to tell me about our projects.

At last, this morning, I received a note: he announces... that he has begun!

He awaits me Thursday evening: we shall see. If the news is true, I will let you know at once.

Naturally, he speaks again today of his extreme distress: I shall bring him 100 francs Thursday; but it is good to be sure of a beginning of execution.

April 30

Dear Princess,

Verlaine drives me to despair: he does nothing! He always promises for tomorrow, and tomorrow for the next day! Time passes and I see not the slightest sign that could make me hope it will ever come to an end.

Nothing. Nothing comes!

One day, he told me he had decided what subject he would treat. You can imagine how enticed I was! And then it turned out to be only to rework the little play *Les uns et les autres* (which you know), and give it another ending! I confess the feast seemed meager! That is not the fantasy you wished for, is it?

In *Les uns et les autres*, the four characters quarrel, exchange, and then reconcile. In the new version he proposed: they were also to quarrel, to exchange... but not to reconcile! And he found that very amusing!

I do not hide from you, painful as it is to say, that this man, so extraordinarily gifted, now seems to me incapable of effort, of sustained work, such as a somewhat considerable piece would require.

Nothing is anything to him, nothing affects him... provided he has something to drink! To give him more money... would serve only to quench his thirst for a few days!

However, if you wish it, I would continue my siege. Tell me what you want me to do.
You cannot imagine how eager I am to be able to work... with the feeling that it is for you, truly for you, that I work.

Your most devoted and most grateful,

Gabriel Fauré

["Monsieur! It comes from Monsieur Verlaine!"]

Paris, June 2

My dear Monsieur Fauré,

I have the pleasure of announcing to you that I have found the idea for our piece!

It would be in the comic vein and entitled: *Oh, my beautiful hospital!*

I hope to have the advantage of seeing you soon and of submitting to you the first fragments of this operetta, which will preserve all the respect due to our two talents and to good society, which, we hope, will applaud.

Yours entirely,
Paul Verlaine.



MUSIC: Berceuse from Dolly Op.56, Fauré

BLANDINE

In 1896, Fauré was appointed chief organist at La Madeleine and succeeded Jules Massenet as professor of composition at the Paris Conservatoire. His financial situation improved and his reputation as a composer became firmly established.

From 1900 onwards, and for several years, Saint-Saëns and Fauré worked together, taking part each summer in a brand-new Festival at Béziers, initiated and produced by Fernand Castelbon, patron and vineyard owner...

Letters from Gabriel Fauré to his wife Marie

JULIEN

Béziers, August 6, 1900

My dear little Marie,

I was very happy to receive your letter and to learn that Philippe's cold is over.

I arrived at Béziers station at 1 a.m., where Castelbon was waiting for me—completely drunk! He kept me until 3 a.m., explaining a thousand things, six or eight times over, holding me by the arm so that I might understand better!! It was very touching, but very tiresome!

At last I went to bed, but today I have a fine migraine.

I heard the women's chorus rehearse this morning. They are numerous and strong. I think it will go well. This evening I shall have the men's chorus. I am told they are excellent.

Marcel Jambon, our illustrious decorator, whom I had begged—before he began the model—to place the stage as low as possible, raised it by two meters!! It is a disaster! I ordered that it be lowered by 1.5 meters.

All those fellows follow only their own idea, their own plan, their own effect, and care little for the rest. There will be other difficulties, but I also find much goodwill and zeal. What tires me most is the perpetual company of Jambon. That terribly talkative joker never leaves me!

Béziers, August 8

My dear little Marie,

Last night I was finally free! Castelbon, struck by a severe migraine and an excess of little glasses, went to bed in the late afternoon, and I did not see him again until this morning.

I must admit, however, that he has qualities, tenacity, and fine ambitions. For it is indeed true that these Béziers performances, though imperfect, will give rise to works of a particular and noble order.

Today we shall have three rehearsals: one at 10 a.m., another at 5 p.m., and the third at 9 p.m. Apart from that, I have little to do yet, except to work on Saint-Saëns's pieces, at two pianos, for the concert on the 27th, between the two performances.

For Sunday, I have already been invited to play the organ. I shall accept, for the good organist who has trained my choruses so well. He truly deserves that I make the effort.

Béziers, August 23

My dear little Marie,

I am madly busy on all sides! This morning, Saint-Saëns kindly took one of my rehearsals because everything happens at once: groups of musicians, in little batches!

As for *Prometheus*, last night we had a first large rehearsal of the music alone, in the College hall. The effect was great. It will work!

Béziers, August 26

My dear little Marie,

Winnie and Mme Madison, the wife of my publisher in London, arrived last night. I barely saw them for a moment this morning, as I had to prepare for our first performance.

In the afternoon, the heavy, threatening weather of these past days overwhelmed us just as we were about to begin. A real deluge! And lightning struck the arena, at the very spot where Prometheus was to seize the fire!

Marcel was burned, but fortunately not seriously. What bad luck, this storm! The sets are torn apart and will have to be repaired all night and all tomorrow morning. It is disheartening!



Opera Prométhée in Béziers (1900)

Béziers, August 28

My dear little Marie,

Prometheus has finally premiered—and under a sunny sky.

Everything went wonderfully. At the curtain calls, I even had the right to an ovation: seven thousand people standing!

Castelbon, Marcel, the librettists, the stage director, the singers, the actors... everyone is delighted! And Saint-Saëns, more than anyone. He rejoices in my success more than if it were his own!

Forgive me for being so brief, I am already late for the banquet at Castelbon's: 32 people at table!

Kiss our dear little ones, who I hope will write to me soon.

Gabriel Fauré

Béziers, August 13, 1902

My dear little Marie,

I have just slept well in this large and beautiful golden-yellow room, which is now called only "Monsieur Fauré's room." It was ready to receive me, well arranged and full of flowers: one could not be more spoiled! Here, I have put myself at Saint-Saëns's disposal, who assured me that since everything was going well, we would let the others work and stroll together. He seems much more preoccupied with two little comedies of his that will be performed in Paris than with *Parysatis*.

The rehearsal of the choruses I attended last night did not seem irreproachable to me, far from it. Saint-Saëns, a little indisposed, did not attend (too much melon at lunch, it seems!).

Of course, I cannot yet say that I have an opinion on *Parysatis*. I know nothing of the drama except that it is by Mme Delafoy; that she is more ridiculous than ever and drives everyone mad with her staging demands, which naturally concern points that would otherwise go unnoticed. But the music will certainly have a fine and interesting color, judging from the little I have seen of the score.



Opera Parysatis in Béziers (1902)

On arriving I found a letter from you, and one from Philippe which made me laugh heartily. I kiss you a million times, and tenderly kiss the children and grandfather and grandmother.

Gabriel Fauré

Béziers, August 18

My dear little Marie,

Yesterday Saint-Saëns had a fine ovation. The weather, so dreadful in the morning, gradually cleared as the performance went on. The work was very successful. But it is evident that it met with some detractors. In any case, Saint-Saëns and Mme Delafoy, in trousers and a little jacket, embraced on the front of the stage, amid general joy.

The evening was admirable yesterday, with the moon! Saint-Saëns asks me to tell you that to look at it just now, one must make a diaphragm—a cardboard box, similar to the copper piece that closes the end of a telescope—and pierce it with a small hole. Without that, the aspect is too dazzling.

Imagine that he has just given me a lecture on Neptune's bands. We were both literally in our nightshirts, in the middle of my room. The sight of this dialogue reflected in the mirror of my wardrobe was most comical.

Tomorrow, I shall go to lunch by the sea; the publisher Durand has invited me, and I will not offend him. The afternoon will be very busy: inaugurations, ministerial banquets, etc., etc...

I think I shall leave Thursday at the latest, but perhaps I will spend half a day with friends in Carcassonne. I will tell you all about it tomorrow.

Take good care of yourself. I think of you often.

Kiss the little ones a million times,

Gabriel Fauré

Did you know that my brother-in-law is terribly deaf? It came on almost suddenly. It makes him sad. One must shout loudly into his ear to communicate with him. It frightens me!

I shall go to my doctor as soon as I return. I understand all the sadness of this infirmity which, for me, would be the worst of evils!

MUSIC: Sicilienne Op. 78, Fauré

BLANDINE

At the turn of the 20th century, Fauré's career continued to grow.

He became music critic at *Le Figaro* in 1903, the same year he had to face an almost total deafness.

And the post he had held since 1892 as inspector of provincial music conservatories began to weigh heavily on him...

Gabriel Fauré to his wife Marie

JULIEN

Lille, May 21, 1903

My dear little Marie,

I slept fairly well last night, except that I dreamed almost the whole time that I could not sleep!!! I have set off again for Lille, where I now am, about to go to dinner and then to bed as early as possible afterwards. Tomorrow, Friday, and the day after tomorrow, Saturday, I shall still be here; Sunday in Roubaix until Monday. Tuesday and Wednesday, Valenciennes; Thursday, Armentières; Friday and Saturday, St-Omer; and Saturday around half-past eleven at night: Paris!

These poor provinces, utterly lacking in interest, make my days anything but lively! It is so foolish, all that I must listen to under the guise of music. But all these good people overwhelm me with their kindness.

I am going to write to the various school directors for the continuation of my inspections. I hope, after this first journey, to have only three schools left to visit out of nine!

I kiss you a million times, thank you for your letter and hope for them often. Emmanuel and Philippe, I kiss you both very, very, very much!

Gabriel Fauré

BLANDINE

In 1905, the forced travels to around France came to an end, for he was promoted Director of the Paris Conservatoire, where he showed great authority.

His responsibilities at the Conservatoire and his loss of hearing led Fauré to greatly reduce his output, but his work crossed the Atlantic, notably thanks to a former pupil, the American composer and violinist Charles Martin Loeffler.

Fauré to Charles Martin Loeffler

JULIEN

Paris, July 11, 1905

Dear friend, have you arrived safely? Did you have a good journey? Are you happy? And have you heard of my appointment as Director of the Paris Conservatoire?

My appointment was signed on June 12, a month ago, and I had the great joy that it was received in an extraordinarily favorable and extraordinarily unanimous way; despite its somewhat revolutionary character, the conservatives of music applauded it as much as the most progressive.

Moreover, I was able to take advantage of the fact that they absolutely wanted to put me at the head of the Conservatoire to obtain a few benefits: first, not to live at the Conservatoire; second, to be relieved of the greater part of the administration (paperwork and the like!). My work will be purely artistic.

Naturally, my duties do not really begin until October. But with the entrance examinations, I shall be very busy until December.

I hope, however, to work well during the two months of vacation, and to advance toward the end of the Quintet. On that subject, is it well agreed with Mr. Schirmer, your publisher and friend?

And do you think I would be too indiscreet if I asked you to request him to make me an advance of 700 francs? If he were willing to send me a check to: Conservatoire, 15 rue du Faubourg Poissonnière, before August 1, it would help me to go spend the holidays by a Swiss lake.

But ask this only if you think you can do so. Above all, give me your news and believe that I remain very grateful for all you have done for me.

Your devoted friend,
Gabriel Fauré

BLANDINE

Gabriel Fauré to Adrien Bernheim, Inspector of Theatres at the Secretariat of Fine Arts

JULIEN

Park-Hotel, Hyères, April 14, 1912

Dear friend,

I am told that Mr. Klotz, our Minister of Finance, has shown himself hostile to a request for funds for the construction of the concert hall in the rue de Madrid.

I am more than distressed, and I cannot understand how someone interested in the Conservatoire, and interested in me as you are, could have failed to help us in this circumstance.

Everything that comes to us from the State or from Parliament, and the little support granted me by the Superior Councils, discourages me beyond anything I can say. As for our concert hall, it is lamentable that no one wishes to understand its urgent necessity.

Suppose that one moved the École Polytechnique, transported it to Montmartre, and left the physics and chemistry laboratories on the Montagne Sainte-Genève. You would have exactly our situation with regard to the rue de Madrid compared to the rue du Conservatoire.

The difficulty of obtaining accuracy and discipline outside the house makes the orchestra class so exhausting that Paul Dukas himself would not keep its direction a minute longer, were it not out of regard for me.

As for the more than threatening dislocation of the Société des Concerts, it depends solely on the maintenance of a status quo that ruins and demoralizes this association, famous throughout the world. But what does that matter to the parliamentarians?

I beg you, speak to Mr. Klotz! And speak to him as only you can, you who know the question.

I swear to you that of all this, and of everything else, I am overwhelmed—beyond my eyes, beyond my heart.

For more than ten years, politicians have done at the Conservatoire whatever they pleased, except good!

I count on you, dear friend, and I ask you to convey a thousand friendships to Madame Bernheim and to yourself.

Gabriel Fauré

Gabriel Fauré to his publisher Edgard Hammelle

National Conservatoire of Music and Declamation

Office of the Director, July 7, 1914

My dear Edgard,

I am writing to ask you to send me an advance of 500 francs on the orchestration of my new opera, *Pénélope*.

The first act is finished, and I would like to compensate the artist who is doing this work under my direction, before he leaves Paris for the holidays.

A thousand remembrances to your father.

Your devoted,

Gabriel Fauré

Ah! As for the *Cantique*, I am not in favour of changing the text. That would make it banal. Thank the abbé for his good intention, but my answer is no: Racine suffices, since it was Racine who inspired it.

MUSIC: *Cantique de Jean Racine Op. 11, Fauré*

BLANDINE

In 1914, Gabriel was 69 years old and his deafness was worsening. He was by then a recognized and celebrated composer, having written almost all of his works, notably his famous *Requiem*.

In July, while his wife was staying at her mother's country house in Prunay, near Reims, Gabriel decided to take a cure at the spa town of Ems... in Germany. He was therefore there when the war broke out, and his return to France via Switzerland turned into quite an ordeal!

Gabriel Fauré to his wife, Marie

JULIEN

Ems, Tuesday, July 28, 1914

My dear Marie,

Your telegram on Sunday reassured me about your health! But I am very eager to have more news of what you are doing. You must be as agitated as possible by the political incidents, which seem to me very serious. Here, one lives among people—the Germans—who are always serious, grave. So one cannot judge whether they are more grave and serious than usual, and whether the news troubles them.

I plan to leave next Wednesday, August 5; I shall arrive in Paris at midnight, and go to sleep at the Hôtel du Quai d'Orsay. I shall spend the day of the 6th in Paris, then leave in the evening to join Philippe at Cauterets. I hope to bring away from here three new little melodies. The rain inspires me! I kiss you with all my heart, as well as Grandmother.

Gabriel

Ems, Wednesday, July 29, 1914

My dear Marie,

Your telegram has reached me. Your alarm is making me anxious, whereas I thought there was nothing to do but wait for events to become clearer. In any case, I do not see how you would be better off at Prunay than in Paris.

If I perceived the slightest real anxiety here, I would immediately take the train to return to Paris—even if it meant passing through Switzerland, should the German frontier become impassable.

But I beg you, do not lose your head, and write to me more often.

I kiss you with all my heart.

Ems, Wednesday evening, July 29

My dear Marie,

I have decided to return early, so as not to leave you pining with your poor mother, and thus try to reassure you both a little.

Obviously, the situation is very serious. I fear that Germany may judge this moment opportune to halt outright the progress of the French and Russian artillery.

It is certain that the Germans dread a sudden move on our part, the day when France feels stronger—that is to say, in two or three years—and when we can rely on an ally equally stronger.

For today, I want only to tell you of my desire to meet again in Paris. I hope to leave on Sunday.

I kiss you very tenderly.

Geneva, Monday, August 3

My dear Marie,

Yesterday the telegraph was not working. Today I have just telegraphed you, asking you to telegraph me poste restante at Annemasse, Savoie. Indeed, it is through Annemasse that I shall try to return, once the trains have finished mobilization.

I have just endured three dreadful days; my luggage is blocked at Geneva station. I am staying at the Pension Sutterlin, rue de la Corraterie; but do not write there, for Switzerland no longer communicates.

I am distraught at being far from you. I kiss you all.

BLANDINE

Excerpt from the speech of René Viviani, President of the Conseil, during the parliamentary session of August 4, 1914, the day after Germany's declaration of war on France:

"In the war that begins, France will be heroically defended by all her sons, whose sacred union before the enemy nothing will break, and who today are fraternally assembled in the same indignation against the aggressor, and in the same patriotic faith. Lift up your hearts, and long live France!"

Pension Sutterlin, Geneva, Friday, August 7

My dear Marie,

A reservist friend is leaving for Paris and offers to take charge of a letter. I have made several attempts to communicate with you, but... I do not know if my various letters and telegrams have reached you. Here, they announce soon some departures for travelers without luggage; makeshift trains that will be crammed full, for there are here more than two thousand stranded Frenchmen. If events continue to unfold in Belgium, I would rather not risk immediately such an adventurous departure. For nothing will be certain, naturally. What I miss terribly is still having no news from you. In this pension where chance has brought me, I am as well as possible, except for this state of emotion and anxiety in which I have lived since last Friday, the day of my hasty departure from Ems, with all its incidents. In Geneva, as in almost all Switzerland, public spirit is excellent, and very warmly in our favor. The conversations in the street are extraordinary in this respect.

As for events, you can imagine with what fever I follow them. No French newspapers, naturally, but local papers very well informed, and all on our side.

All these contributions from Belgium, from England, and the neutrality of Italy, can prodigiously help us. May God grant it!

MUSIC: *Les Djinns Op.12 (Victor Hugo), Fauré*

BLANDINE

Fauré managed to return to Paris, alongside his wife. And while mobilizations intensified, he strove as best he could to keep the Conservatoire functioning.

Charles Koechlin, composer and former pupil of Fauré, too old to be mobilized, enlisted as a stretcher-bearer nurse at the Hermitage Hospital in Saint-Raphaël.

From Gabriel Fauré to Charles Koechlin

JULIEN

National Conservatoire of Music and Declamation

Office of the Director, February 15, 1915

My dear friend,

I have been occupied successively and without interruption by the entrance competitions—delayed by two months—and the quarterly examinations.

That is the reason for my delay in thanking you for your kind letters, which gave me such pleasure; I hope you will forgive me.

I quite understand that you remain at Saint-Raphaël, where you have useful occupations among our brave wounded. Here, we live, as you do there, in expectation. In confidence, too, but above all in nervous agitation! The variety of opinions, the information drawn from generally uncertain sources, all the rumors that circulate—good or bad—would end by discouraging even the most solid hopes.

As for music, the newspapers no doubt inform you of its manifestations, and you can judge whether they are dominated by circumstances! We have nevertheless had a small concert by my pupil Alfredo Casella, which was the occasion for two premières: an excellent Trio for piano, violin, and cello by Ravel, and a Suite of eight songs entitled *Le jardin clos*, which I recently composed on verses by a Belgian poet, Van Lerberghe (they may thereby plead their topicality).

You are among the rare artists whose opinion has real value for me; so I am eager for you to judge these short pages (not yet published, moreover).

When you return to Paris, let me know, I beg you.

Very affectionately,
Gabriel Fauré

BLANDINE

On November 11, 1918, the armistice was declared. The war was over. And France was tallying the thousands that died.

MUSIC: *Les Berceaux Op.23, Fauré*

BLANDINE

In 1920, at the age of 75, Gabriel made a great decision...

Gabriel Fauré to Camille Saint-Saëns

JULIEN

Veyrier-du-Lac, Haute-Savoie, July 30, 1920

My dear Camille,

I have resolved to give up the direction of the Conservatoire, and I regret that, in the haste, the newspapers deprived me of announcing this little event myself to my friends.

After a long life of constant subordination, I shall at last taste the sweetness of doing only what pleases me!

But since I am leaving the House, I can now confess to you how much I suffered from the feeling that you disapproved of my entering it, and how painful it was to me that you immediately broke the link that bound you somewhat to the Conservatoire by refusing to remain on the Superior Council.

Was there a misunderstanding? Or did you not wish to seem to weigh upon my intentions and my actions? You will tell me, I hope, and I cannot say enough how much I wish I was mistaken.

Give me your news, and you will give profound pleasure to your old pupil who loves you with all his heart.

Gabriel Fauré

I am working on a Quintet. And you, what are you doing?

[A letter from your friend Saint-Saëns]

JULIEN

July 31, 1920

My dear Gabriel,

You are completely mistaken. I left the High Council because it was enlarged, because they stuffed it with journalists, theatre directors, women... Because it was no longer composed only of competent people and was delivered over to all outside intrigues. I would have found myself with people I detest, and I no longer wished to be thrust into that rabble, whose composition you must often have regretted. There is no other reason.

The former Council was perfect; had it remained so, I would never have left it.

What am I doing? At the moment, I am reducing the figured basses of the old violin sonatas of Corelli, and of a Belgian named Kennis, a truly very interesting composer.

I have just leafed through a photo album and came across your portrait, when you were my pupil. We are both somewhat changed...

You cannot imagine how much I have worked on your *Valse-Caprice* in D-flat! I would have liked to include it in my concerts, but I have never been able to know it well enough. Lack of assiduity in my work, no doubt. When I am 90, perhaps then I shall know it by heart!

What joy to receive a letter from you! There are so many letters that bore me! Yours is an exception.

Take care of yourself and enjoy the good mountain air. Next week I shall go to Dieppe, to seek that of the sea.

Your old friend who embraces you,

Camille

BLANDINE

After sixty years of a long friendship, Camille Saint-Saëns passed away in December 1921.

His pupil and friend would join him three years later, carried off by pneumonia on November 4, 1924. Four days after his death, Gabriel Fauré was honoured with a national funeral at the church of La Madeleine, where his *Requiem* was performed.

JULIEN

“My *Requiem*... they have said that it does not express the terror of death; someone called it a lullaby of death. But that is how I feel death: as a happy deliverance, a longing for the happiness beyond, rather than as a painful passage.

They reproached Gounod’s music for inclining too much to human tenderness. But his nature predisposed him to feel thus: religious emotion takes that form in him. Must one not accept the nature of the artist? As for my *Requiem*, perhaps I too, instinctively, sought to depart from the conventional, after so many years accompanying funeral services at the organ! I was sick of it. I wanted to do something else.”

MUSIC: *In Paradisum (Requiem)*, Fauré



Fauré and his wife Marie Frémiet (1889)