



Margaret Mary Kalagher Paques (18 octobre 1934 - 13 juin 2021)

## Musique pour Margaret / Music for Margaret

Le 17 juillet 2022 à 21 heures

July 17, 2022 at 9 o'clock pm

L'Atelier de la main d'or

Paris, France

Christopher A. Leach, ténor

The Dallas Opera

Mary Dibbern, piano

The Dallas Opera

Jean Libermann, violoncelle

Conservatoire de Gaillon

Luce Zurita, flûte

Conservatoires de Saint-Etienne et de Meyzieu

Clarisse Bertucci, piano

CRI — Vernon

## Programme et / and Textes

## I.

CAMILLE SAINT-SAËNS (1835-1931)

Romance, opus 36

GABRIEL FAURÉ (1845-1924)

Après un rêve

Sicilienne

NOTRE AMI MARGARET / OUR FRIEND MARGARET

de / by Mary Dibbern

Traduction et lecture par / translated and read by

Dominique Greussay et / and Lesley Wright

Margaret Paques a dit un jour: "Je ne raconte jamais ma vie, j'écoute la vie des autres." Margaret était l'amitié personnifiée. Elle a créé une maison qui était un havre de joie et de paix pour tous. On était les bienvenus à sa table pour un café, un simple verre, un repas ou une fête.

Ceux qui ont eu le privilège d'avoir passé du temps avec Margaret dans sa belle maison ancienne de Vernon, n'auront de cesse de la décrire, chacun à sa manière. Autant de souvenirs riches de sa présence. Parler de la maison de Margaret, c'est aussi partir à sa rencontre. Un lieu d'élégance sans artifices, où l'on pouvait découvrir ça et là ses achats coups de coeur, telle cette table joliment décorée d'un plateau ancien peut-être acquis peu de temps auparavant, chez un antiquaire de la région, ou tout simplement redécouvert dans sa vieille grange et nettoyé pour en révéler l'éclat du passé.

Et les livres bien sûr, choisis et chéris comme des amis. Les romans policiers et les récits de voyage trouvaient bonne place dans la chambre d'amis, les livres d'histoire étaient rangés près du piano avec les programmes de tous les concerts et opéras auxquels elle avait assistés. Des livres de poésie pouvaient surprendre plus d'un lecteur curieux. Des lithographies de mappemondes soigneusement encadrées, ornaient les murs, tout comme sa riche collection d'œuvres d'art, créées pour la plupart par ses amis. Des meubles qu'on aurait pu qualifier à tort d'éclectiques, ornaient chaque pièce. Au fil des années, Margaret a meublé cette maison avec son regard affûté et le goût exquis qu'on lui connaît, elle y a collectionné avec gourmandise des objets qui lui faisaient plaisir. Tous ses amis, sa famille bénéficiaient de son hospitalité chaleureuse dans un cadre privilégié. En hiver, nous allumions la cheminée et savourions dans son petit salon, le traditionnel verre de porto du soir.

Tous les étés elle ouvrait sa maison pour un concert où musiciens et mélomanes se retrouvaient, séduits par ce moment de partage. Les notes qui s'échappaient de l'antique piano Pleyel au rez-de-

chaussée se répandaient dans les étages jusque dans son beau jardin. Qu'il s'agisse de piano, de chant, de flûte, de violoncelle ou de violon, la musique célébrait sa belle hospitalité.

Nous avons l'habitude de toujours nous réunir autour de sa grande table de cuisine... l'endroit où joies et peines étaient partagées, où petits et grands problèmes étaient résolus et où nous nous sentions écouté et compris par cette femme élégante et pleine de sagesse.

Le concert de cet après-midi rend hommage à Margaret, à l'amour qu'elle portait à ses amis, à la musique, à la littérature et la conversation. Le programme comprend quelques-unes de ses œuvres préférées déjà jouées à Vernon : des miniatures françaises du 19<sup>e</sup> siècle de Gabriel Fauré et Camille Saint-Saëns jusqu'au trio brillant pour flûte, violoncelle et piano de Louise Farrenc avec en contraste la miniature concise de Cécile Chaminade pour flûte.

La musique vocale interprétée aujourd'hui nous éclaire sur sa fascination pour les créations des femmes compositrices. Des sélections avaient déjà été faites en vue d'un concert chez elle, avec des œuvres de Amy Beach, Mary Howe, Madeleine Dring, Ricky Ian Gordon, Jules Massenet, Reynaldo Hahn ou Claude-Michel Schönberg. Nous n'avions jamais imaginé qu'un jour il n'y aurait plus jamais de concert dans sa belle maison de Vernon et même maintenant, nous refusons l'idée que le concert d'aujourd'hui puisse être, bel et bien, le dernier.

À présent l'héritage de Margaret se perpétue chez tous ceux qui parmi vous, aiment à se réunir entre amis pour quelques heures de musique ou de conversation, dans un salon, devant un piano, dans un beau jardin ou autour d'une bonne table. Et c'est dans ces moments là que nous partageons ce précieux cadeau qu'elle nous a toujours offert : son amitié.

### Our Friend Margaret

Margaret Paques once said: "I never talk about my life, I listen to the lives of others." And indeed, Margaret was the essence of friendship. To this end, she created a home that was a haven of joy and peace for all who entered. All were welcome at her table for a cup of coffee, a glass of spirits, a simple meal, or a joyous celebration.

Those of us privileged to have spent time with Margaret in her beautiful old house in Vernon can try to describe it in many ways, none of which would adequately reproduce the experience. But in fact, to describe Margaret's house is to also describe the woman herself. A place of unpretentious elegance, where every corner contained a well-loved table, perhaps holding an ancient tray recently acquired from the local antique dealer, or rediscovered in her old barn and polished up to reveal the atmosphere of its former splendor.

And so many books, selected and cared for as if they, also, were her friends. There were murder mysteries and travelogues in the guest bedroom — history books carefully organized behind the piano along with the programs of every concert and opera that she had attended. Volumes of poetry, happy surprises for an avid reader, were carefully placed throughout the house. Carefully-framed maps adorned the walls alongside her huge collection of original art, mostly created for her by friends. Furniture that can only be described as “eclectic” adorned each room. Margaret’s infallibly exquisite taste resulted in a house furnished over the many years that she joyfully collected objects that gave her pleasure. And into that exquisite place, she welcomed friends and family with the unfettered radiance of her hospitality.

In the winters, we lit a fire and savored the traditional evening glass of port in her intimate living room. In those summers when she opened her house for a concert, musicians and music lovers united, beckoned by Margaret’s joyous welcome. Whether from the old Pleyel piano, a flute, cello or violin, or a human voice, lilting music flowed from the center of her house through its upper stories and out into her vast garden. All of this music echoed Margaret’s own radiance and boundless hospitality.

And always, we gathered around Margaret’s vast kitchen table....the place to share joy and sorrow, to solve problems big and small, to listen to her sweet voice, and to be heard and understood by this profoundly elegant and wise woman.

This afternoon’s concert is a tribute to Margaret’s love of friends, music, literature and conversation. It includes some favorites played in her house...from nineteenth century French miniatures by Gabriel Fauré and Camille Saint-Saëns to Louise Farrenc’s sparkling trio for flute, cello and piano — such a contrast with Cécile Chaminade’s miniature for flute solo.

The vocal music performed today highlights her fascination for the creations of women composers, and includes selections we had planned for the next house concert—by Amy Beach, Mary Howe, Madeleine Dring, Ricky Ian Gordon, Massenet, Reynaldo Hahn and Claude-Michel Schönberg. Just as we never imagined that one day there would be a final concert at her house in Vernon, we hesitate to think that today’s could possibly be the last.

Margaret’s legacy lives on for any of you who gather friends for music or conversation in a living room, around a piano, in a vast garden, or around a welcoming kitchen table. And it is in those moments that we will continue to share this precious gift that Margaret gave us: her friendship.

## II.

## MADELEINE DRING (1923-1977)

## Blow, blow thou winter wind (Shakespeare)

Blow, blow thou winter wind	<i>(Souffle, souffle vent d'hiver;)</i>
Thou art not so unkind.	<i>(Tu n'es pas si cruel)</i>
As man's ingratitude.	<i>(Que l'ingratitude de l'homme.)</i>
Thy tooth is not so keen	<i>(Ta dent n'est pas si pénétrante)</i>
Because thou art not seen	<i>(Car tu es invisible)</i>
Although thy breath be rude.	<i>(Quoique ton souffle soit rude.)</i>
Heigh-ho! Sing heigh-ho unto the green holly,	<i>(Hé! ho! chante ; hé ! ho ! dans le houx vert;)</i>
Most friendship is feigning	<i>(La plupart des amis sont des hypocrites)</i>
Most loving mere folly	<i>(Et la plupart des amants des fous)</i>
Then, heigh-ho the holly	<i>(Allons ho ! hé ! le houx!)</i>
This life is most jolly.	<i>(Cette vie est joviale.)</i>
Freeze, freeze thou bitter sky	<i>(Gèle, gèle, ciel rigoureux,)</i>
Thou dost not bite so nigh	<i>(Ta morsure est moins cruelle)</i>
As benefits forgot	<i>(Que celle d'un bienfait oublié.)</i>
Though thou the waters warp	<i>(Quoique tu enchaînes les eaux,)</i>
Thy sting is not so sharp	<i>(Ton aiguillon n'est pas si acéré)</i>
As friend remembered not	<i>(Que celui de l'oubli d'un ami.)</i>
Heigh-ho! Sing heigh-ho unto the green holly,	<i>(Hé! ho! chante ; hé ! ho ! dans le houx vert;)</i>
Most friendship is feigning	<i>(La plupart des amis sont des hypocrites)</i>
Most loving mere folly	<i>(Et la plupart des amants des fous)</i>
Then, heigh-ho the holly	<i>(Allons ho ! hé ! le houx!)</i>
This life is most jolly.	<i>(Cette vie est joviale.)</i>

## Music, when soft voices die (Shelley)

Music, when soft voices die	<i>(La musique, quand les douces voix meurent,)</i>
Vibrates in the memory	<i>(Résonne dans le souvenir,)</i>
Odours, when sweet violets sicken	<i>(Les parfums, quand les douces violettes se fanent,)</i>
Live within the sense they quicken	<i>(Vivent dans les sens qu'elles ont excités.)</i>
Rose leaves, when the rose is dead	<i>(Les pétales de la rose, quand la rose est morte,)</i>
Are heap'd for the beloved's bed;	<i>(Sont amoncelées sur le lit du bien-aimé ;)</i>
And so thy thoughts, when thou are gone	<i>(Et ainsi ont fait mes pensées quand tu es parti,)</i>
Love itself will slumber on.	<i>(L'amour lui-même doit s'endormir.)</i>



REYNALDO HAHN (1874-1947)

L'heure exquise (The exquisite moment) (Verlaine)

<i>La lune blanche</i>	(The white moon)
<i>Luit dans les bois;</i>	(Gleams in the woods)
<i>De chaque branche</i>	(From each branch)
<i>Part une voix</i>	(Comes a voice)
<i>Sous la ramée...</i>	(From beneath the leaves...)
<i>Ô bien aimée.</i>	(O my beloved.)
<i>L'étang reflète,</i>	(The pond reflects.)
<i>Profond miroir,</i>	(Dark mirror)
<i>La silhouette</i>	(The silhouette)
<i>Du saule noir</i>	(Of the black willow)
<i>Où le vent pleure...</i>	(Where the wind sobs...)
<i>Rêvons, c'est l'heure.</i>	(Dream on, it is time.)
<i>Un vaste et tendre</i>	(A vast and sweet)
<i>Apaisement</i>	(Consolation)
<i>Semble descendre</i>	(Seems to come down)
<i>Du firmament</i>	(From the heavens)
<i>Que l'astre irise...</i>	(Where the starlight glows...)
<i>C'est l'heure exquise.</i>	(It is the exquisite moment.)

MY FRIEND MARGARET

by Jean Libermann

CECILE CHAMINADE (1857-1944)

Pièce romantique pour flûte solo

MARGARET — A TRIBUTE FROM AN OLD FRIEND

by Bipin Desai

Lecture par Paula Taquet Woolfolk

In the late 1960s, I had just moved to Montreal after finishing graduate work in the USA. I started working at CAE Industries in Saint-Laurent, Quebec, where I met Henri Paques. We were working on the same project, and I started giving Henri a ride back to Montreal to save him switching buses to get to his home in Outremont. Gradually, I decided to go the extra mile and take him home. Naturally, he started inviting me in to meet his wife Margaret and their children. Like me, the Paques had recently moved to Montreal and we got on well.

Gradually, I started helping Henri with his home improvement projects and stayed for dinner. Margaret was a perfect hostess and was always ready to include not only me, but my friends, for dinner: we were included in the family. This is how she met some of my friends including Crystal,

Stu and Samir. Stu and Samir were also colleagues from CAE so we had lots of common things to discuss during those dinners at Margaret's. Of course we all were in the kitchen helping Margaret, with me as the curry king. We would occasionally play either Crystal's favorite Leonard Cohen record or some classical music during these evenings. I recall her caring kindness as she included my friends as part of the family. She was also one of the first persons that I knew who wanted to help a single mother by remodeling part of her new home in Outremont as an apartment for this single mother.

Margret moved to France with her family in the mid-1970s, and I started a family and we lost touch. This connection was renewed a few years ago by Crystal who called me out of the blue from France while visiting Margaret. Since that time, we had been in touch using Zoom and phones, especially as Covid was rampant and one dared not travel. It was quite a shock to learn of her hospitalization and death last year.

As I understand, Margaret's spirit of sharing and giving had continued with concerts hosted at her home in Vernon. I am looking forward to attending virtually this concert in her honor. I will always remember and cherish Margaret— her friendship, sharing spirit, and kindness.

Thank you, Margaret.

### III.

LOUISE FARRENC (1804-1875)

Trio pour flûte, violoncelle et piano, op. 45

I. Allegro deciso - Più moderato et espressivo

II. Andante

III. Scherzo. Vivace - Poco più sostenuto

IV. Presto

### MEMORIES OF MARGARET

by Crystal Alison Leslie

Lecture par Lorna Lennon

I met Margaret in Montreal in 1969, a few months after arriving in Canada from the UK. It was a cold early winter, and I was living in a small cramped apartment close to McGill University in the very English part of Montreal. My friend Bipin, who still lives in Montreal, worked in the same company as Margaret's husband Henri. Besides Bipin I knew few other people, so was delighted when Bipin offered to introduce me to Margaret and Henri. So one Saturday Bipin drove me to their



large house in Outremont, in the French part of Montreal. It had a much more European feel to it than the McGill area and seemed exotic to me.

That day Margaret showed me round the house from top to bottom and I met all 3 children, including the youngest Antoine who popped up from a card board box in the basement. I still remember that the house had the most lovely staircase with a finely-carved banister rail with a figurine at its end. Margaret, as I was later to learn, had a great eye for architectural detail and she just loved that bannister rail. She gave me a brief talk on its history which she had carefully researched. I was very impressed.

Margaret and Henri were a very friendly pair and asked me to come back which I did frequently and with an increasing number of friends over the next 3 years. Henri helped a lot with cooking, as cooking was never Margaret's favorite activity. However this never deterred either of them from entertaining crowds of us with great meals celebrating birthdays, Christmas and Easter. We were all young and single then, and we much enjoyed the family atmosphere.

Over the years I came to realize how unique Margaret was and how hard it really is now to describe her. She was most certainly clever, a well-read and very well-informed lady, with a quirky sense of humor. She was great observer of life but always somewhat self-deprecating. Personal appearance was very important to her. As my mother would say, she was always beautifully "turned out" with a great eye for style and color. She became even more elegant as she aged while I regretfully went in the opposite direction, but she never criticized.

I moved to the USA in 1972, and a few years later the Paques family moved to France. I saw her less often but somehow through the decades we managed to keep in contact. Her youngest sister Mary came to visit me in Cambridge MA with her two children, and Margaret came another year. Some summers we met in London, and once she came with Antoine to visit me in Boot in the English Lake District. She came once or twice to our family cottage in Essex. There we had a grand old time exploring the ancient local churches and the Elizabethan wool towns of the area, about which she was very knowledgeable.

I visited her several times in Vernon through the years. She treasured her beautiful and graceful house there. It was a sort of ongoing archeological dig, and I would monitor its progress every few years. She uncovered an old well in her living room, and various floor tiles from different eras of the house were slowly and carefully excavated. Painting the stone walls was a slow process with many possible attempts. No decision was ever made lightly by Margaret, and this was especially true of the house. Beautiful objects were very carefully arranged and put in just the right spot so you could never imagine them being in any other place.

She loved to go back to the UK and was constantly planning her next Chunnel trips. Her English relatives, especially the younger ones, were often in residence. She was a polite and gracious hostess who still did not cook much. Even so, food was always chosen carefully; buying the right cheese could take up the best part of an afternoon.

During Covid we talked by phone most weeks. She was a loyal friend to me in times of trouble, a great listener, warm and caring but never intrusive. She was a thinker with firm political opinions and could get very indignant about the injustices of this world.

I will not forget this restrained and gifted woman. She died suddenly and seemingly with acceptance. When I phoned her in the hospital I tried to encourage her by suggesting she could be treated but she replied very firmly: "There is no hope Crystal. No. Hope." It was to be our last phone call. Margaret died as she lived — with style, grace and fortitude. It was my privilege to have known her. I loved her, and I shall always miss her.

#### IV.

RICKY IAN GORDON (1956-)

Will there really be a morning? (Emily Dickinson)

Will there really be a Morning?	<i>(Y aura-t-il vraiment un "Matin" ?)</i>
Is there such a thing as Day?	<i>(Existe-t-il vraiment le "Jour" ?)</i>
Could I see it from the mountains,	<i>(Pourrais-je le voir depuis les montagnes)</i>
If I were as tall as they?	<i>(Si j'étais aussi grande qu'elles ?)</i>
Has it feet like Water Lilies?	<i>(A-t-il des pieds comme des Nénuphars ?)</i>
Has it feathers like a Bird?	<i>(A-t-il des plumes comme un Oiseau ?)</i>
Does it come from famous places	<i>(L'a-t-on apporté depuis des pays renommés)</i>
Of which I have never heard?	<i>(Dont je n'ai jamais entendu parler ?)</i>
Oh, some Scholar! Oh, some Sailor!	<i>(Oh, quelque Érudit ! Oh, quelque Marin !)</i>
Oh, some Wise Man from the skies!	<i>(Oh, quelque Homme Sage venu des cieux !)</i>
Please to tell this little Pilgrim	<i>(S'il vous plaît, dites à ce petit Pèlerin)</i>
Where the place called Morning lies!	<i>(Où l'endroit nommé "Matin" se trouve !)</i>

## MARY HOWE

## Lullaby for a Forester's Child (Berceuse pour l'enfant forestier) (Frances Frost)

Cradled in a high wind	<i>(Bercé par un grand vent)</i>
Nestled in a low wind	<i>(Niché dans un vent faible)</i>
Sleep.	<i>(Dormir.)</i>
Riding in the green boughs	<i>(Chevauchant dans les branches vertes)</i>
Swinging in the sweet bough	<i>(Se balancer dans les branches doux)</i>
Dream.	<i>(Rêver.)</i>
Shadow above this bed	<i>(L'ombre au-dessus de ce lit)</i>
Stars above this head	<i>(Des étoiles au-dessus de cette tête)</i>
Keep watch.	<i>(Prends garde.)</i>
Let hemlock branch	<i>(Laissez la branche de pruche)</i>
Hush the avalanche of Stream	<i>(Faites taire l'avalanche de la Source)</i>
And make of falling water	<i>(Et faire de l'eau coulante)</i>
A song of sleepy laughter.	<i>(La chanson du sommeil riant.)</i>
Child, child.	<i>(Enfant, enfant.)</i>
Spruce and fir and pine	<i>(Epicéa et sapin et pin)</i>
Murmur: you are mine.	<i>(Murmurent: tu es à moi.)</i>
Deep cradled in a low wind,	<i>(Bercé par un faible vent)</i>
Curled down in a slow wind,	<i>(Enroulé dans un vent lent,)</i>
Sleep.	<i>(Dormir.)</i>

## AMY BEACH (1867-1944)

## Wind o' the Westland (Vent venu du Westland) (Dana Burnet)

Wind o' the Westland, blow, blow.	<i>(Vent du Westland, souffle, souffle.)</i>
Bring me the dreams of long ago,	<i>(Apportez-moi des rêves d'autrefois)</i>
Long, long ago.	<i>(Autrefois, autrefois.)</i>
There was a white house on the hill;	<i>(Il y avait une maison blanche sur la colline ;)</i>
Tell me, winds, does it stand there still?	<i>(Dis-moi, vents, est-ce qu'elle y reste toujours ?)</i>
For I was the lad at the windowsill,	<i>(Car j'étais le garçon au rebord de la fenêtre,)</i>
Long, long ago.	<i>(Autrefois, autrefois.)</i>
Wind o' the Westland, blow, blow,	<i>(Vent du Westland, souffle, souffle.)</i>
Bring me the loves of long ago,	<i>(Apportez-moi des amours d'autrefois)</i>
Long, long ago.	<i>(Autrefois, autrefois.)</i>
There was a garden blooming fair,	<i>(Il y avait une masse fleurs au jardin,)</i>
And an old, old lady walking there,	<i>(Et une si vieille dame y marchait,)</i>
And a little lad with tousled hair,	<i>(Et un petit garçon aux cheveux ébouriffés,)</i>
Long, long ago.	<i>(Autrefois, autrefois.)</i>
Wind o' the Westland, blow, blow.	<i>(Vent du Westland, souffle, souffle.)</i>
Bring me the dreams of long ago,	<i>(Apportez-moi des rêves d'autrefois)</i>
Long, long ago.	<i>(Autrefois, autrefois.)</i>
There was a shining path that lay	<i>(Il y avait un chemin brillant qui se trouvait)</i>
Over the edge of the golden day,	<i>(Au bord du jour doré,)</i>
And I was the lad who rode away	<i>(Et j'étais le garçon qui s'est parti à cheval)</i>
Long, long ago.	<i>(Autrefois, autrefois.)</i>

## MASSENET (1842-1912)

## En fermant les yeux (While closing my eyes)

*En fermant les yeux, je vois là-bas une humble retraite.*

(While closing my eyes, I see a simple cottage)

*Une maisonnette toute blanche au fond des bois!*

(A small, so white house hidden in the woods!)

*Sous ses tranquilles ombrages les clairs et joyeux ruisseaux,*

(Under the tranquil shade, the bright and joyous streams,)

*Où se mirent les feuillages, chantent avec les oiseaux!*

(That mirror the branches, sing along with the birds!)

*C'est le paradis! Oh, non! Tout est là triste et morose,*

(It is Paradise! But no! All there is sad and melancholy)

*Car il y manque une chose: Il y faut encore Manon!*

(For one thing is missing: that is — Manon!)

*Viens! Là sera notre vie, si tu le veux, ô Manon!*

(Come! Our life will be there, if you wish it, oh Manon!)

## CLAUDE-MICHEL SCHÖNBERG (1944-)

## Bring him home (Amène-le chez lui)

God on high, hear my prayer.

*(Dieu du ciel, Notre père)*

In my need You have always been there.

*(Je t'implore d'écouter ma prière.)*

He is young, he's afraid.

*(Il est jeune, il a peur.)*

Let him rest, heaven blessed.

*(Laisse le tranquille, béni du Ciel.)*

Bring him home.

*(Amène-le chez lui.)*

He's like the son I might have known

*(Il est le fils que j'aurais eu.)*

If God had granted me a son.

*(Si tu m'avais donné un fils.)*

The summers die one by one.

*(Les étés meurent, un à un.)*

How soon they fly on and on.

*(Vite, ils s'en vont.)*

And I am old and will be gone.

*(J'ai fait mon temps, et je m'en vais.)*

Bring him peace, bring him joy.

*(Donnes-lui la paix et la joie.)*

He is young, he is only a boy.

*(Il est jeune, c'est encore un enfant.)*

You can take, you can give.

*(Toi qui prend, Toi qui donnes.)*

Let him be, let him live.

*(Laisse le tranquille, laisse le vivre.)*

If I die, let me die, let him live.

*(Que je meure, mais qu'il vive.)*

Bring him home.

*(Amène-le chez lui.)*



