



W SCHOOL OF MUSIC
UNIVERSITY of WASHINGTON

Compact disc

F 37

2015

10-23

Effable and Ineffable:

**Gabriel Faure and the Limits of Criticism
Recital**

The Intimate Faure

Friday, October 23, 2015

7:30 pm - Brechemin Auditorium

CD1 - 17,264

PROGRAM

- 1 *remarks, S. Rumph* Kahan
- 2 **Ballade, Op. 19** (1879)..... 13:59 Sylvia ~~Kahan~~ piano solo
Laure Struber, piano accompaniment
- 3 **Marceau de lecture** (1898)..... 6:21 Donna Shin, flute
Fantaisie, Op. 79 Roy Howat, piano
- 4 **Nocturne No. 7 in C# minor, Op. 74** (1899)..... 8:02 David Korevaar, piano
- 5 **Piano Trio in D minor, Op. 120** (1923)..... 21:03 Laure Struber, piano
 I. *Allegro, ma non troppo* Allion Salvador, violin
 II. *Andantino* Sonja Myklebust, cello
 III. *Allegro vivo*

CD2 - 17,265

INTERMISSION

- 1 **Cinq melodies "de Venise," Op. 58** (1891)..... 14:29 Alexandra Picard, soprano
Mandoline Sylvia Kahan, piano
En sourdine
Green
À Clymène
C'est l'extase langoureuse
 -Paul Verlaine
- 2 + *remarks*
- 3 + *Cello Sonata No 2 - Slow mvt.* - 7:07
- 5 **Pavane, Op. 50** (1887) (arr. Roy Howat)..... Donna Shin, flute
 4 - *remarks* 4:13 Roy Howat, piano
Alexandra Picard, soprano
Stephen Rumph, tenor
- 6 **Barcarolle No. 8 in Db Major, Op. 96** (1902)..... 3:08 David Korevaar, piano
- 7 **Souvenirs De Bayreuth** (1888?)..... 8:23 Roy Howat, piano
(Fantasy in the form of a Quadrille on Sylvia Kahan, piano
Favorite Themes from R. Wagner's Tetralogy) David Korevaar, piano
Laure Struber, piano

SONG TRANSLATIONS

Mandolin

The singers of serenades
and the beautiful listeners
exchange insipid remarks
beneath the singing branches.

Here is Tircis and here is Aminte,
and here is the inevitable Clitandre,
and here is Damis who, for many a
cruel lady, composes many tender verses.

Their short silk jackets,
their long rained dresses,
their elegance, their joy
and their soft blue shadows.

Whirl around in the ecstasy
of a pink and grey moon,
and the mandolin chatters
Amidst the flutterings of the breeze.

Muted

Peaceful in the half-light
that the high branches cast,
let us imbue our love
with this deep silence.

Let us mingle our souls, our hearts
and our enraptured senses,
amidst the vague languors
of the pines and the arbutus.

Half close your eyes,
fold your arms on your breast,

and from your sleeping heart
banish all purpose forever.

Let us be enticed
by the gentle rocking breath
which comes to your feet, to ripple
The waves of russet grasses.

And when, solemnly, the evening
falls from the black oaks,
voice of our despair
The nightingale will sing.

SONG TRANSLATIONS

Green

Here are fruits, flowers, leaves and branches,
and here too is my heart, which beats for you
alone.

Do not tear it with your two white hands,
and may the humble gift be sweet to your so
lovely eyes.

I arrive still all covered in dew
which the morning wind comes to freeze to my
brow.

Suffer my weariness rested at your feet,
to dream of the dear moments which will
soothe it.


On your young breast let my head to roll
still echoing with your last kisses;
let it grow calm again from the good storm,
and let me sleep a while, since you are resting.

To Chymene

Mystical barcarolles,
romances without words
dearest, sine your eyes,
color of the heavens,

Since your voice, strange
vision which disturbs
and blurs the horizon
of my reason,

Since the hardly discernible aroma
of your swan-like pallor



and since the candor
of your scent,

Ah, so that all your being,
penetrating music,
nimbus of dead angels
sounds and perfumes.

Has on charitable rhythms
by these relationships
induced b subtle heart,
so let it be!

Paul Verlaine (1844-1896)

SONG TRANSLATIONS

Pavane

It's Lindor! It's Tircis! and all our vanquishers!
It's Myrtil! It's Lydia! The queens of our hearts!
How they provoke us! How they are always so proud!
How they dare to control our destinies and our days!

Pay attention! Observe the beat!

O the mortal injury! The cadence is slower!
The fall more certain! We shall beat back their cackles!
We will soon be their stooges!
They are so ugly! Such darling little faces!
They are so foolish! (Such coquettish airs!)

And it's always the same, and so it shall always be!
We love them! We hate them! We speak ill of their loves!
Farewell, Myrtil! Egle! Chloe! mocking demons!
So it is farewell and good day to the tyrants of our hearts!
And good day!

Robert de Montesquiou (1855-1921)



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