2022 Pleyel Piano Concert
Presented by the UNC Department of Music
Saturday, April 2nd at 2:00 pm | Person Recital Hall

Fantaisie in F Minor, Op. 49
David Green, piano
Frédéric Chopin (1810-1849)

Hai luli
Pauline Viardot (1821-1910)

Villanelle
Kennedy Miller, soprano
Monet Jowers, piano
Cécile Chaminade (1857-1944)

Cancion de la Infanta and Na kholmakh Gruzii
Jeanne Fischer, soprano
Mimi Solomon, piano
Pauline Viardot (1821-1910)

Ma Mère l’Oye, M. 60
I. Pavane de la Belle au bois dormant
Evangelina Dong and Ben Dod, piano
Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)

Dolly Suite, Op. 56
I. Berceuse
Ben Dod and Caroline Polito, piano
Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

Three Romances for Violin and Piano, Op. 22
I. Andante molto
Michael Lee, violin
David Green, piano
Clara Schumann (1819-1896)

Trio for Violin, Horn, and Piano in E-Flat Major, Op. 40
I. Andante
Siana Wong, violin
Monet Jowers, natural horn
Esil Empig, piano
Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

Le colibri, Op. 2 No. 7
Ernest Chausson (1855-1899)

Alleluia
Julia Holoman, mezzo-soprano
Kyle Finley, piano
Cécile Chaminade (1857-1944)
Ballade No. 4 in F Minor, Op. 52

David Niu, piano

Frédéric Chopin (1810-1849)

UNC’s 1843 Pleyel

The Pleyel piano was owned by the Pleyel family until it was purchased by Col Owen Hill Kenan in 1920 for his residence in Paris at 44 Rue du Bac. It was reputed to have been played by Chopin when he was a young man and a favorite of the Pleyel family. The Pleyel was the piano of choice of Chopin during his active career as a composer and pianist. Mr. Frank H. Kenan purchased the piano from Col Kenan’s estate and gave it to his son Tom who gifted it to the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. It has been carefully restored by John Foy. The piano was built in 1843.

-Thomas S. Kenan, III

Translations

**Hai luli (Viardot, text by Xavier de Maistre)**

(Trans. Richard Stokes)

Je suis triste, je m’inquiète,
I am sad, I am anxious,
Je ne sais plus que devenir.
I no longer know what's to become of me.
Mon bon ami devait venir,
My lover was to have come,
Et je l’attends ici seulette.
And I wait for him here alone.
Hai luli, hai luli,
Hai luli, hai luli,
Où donc peut être mon ami?
How sad it is without my lover!

Je m’assiéds pour filer ma laine,
I sit down to spin my wool,
Le fil se casse dans ma main :
The thread snaps in my hand:
Allons ! je fîlerai demain,
Well then! I shall spin tomorrow,
Aujourd’hui je suis trop en peine.
Today I am too upset.
Hai luli, hai luli,
Hai luli, hai luli,
Qu’il fait triste sans mon ami!
Where can my lover be?

Si jamais il devient volage
Ah! If it’s true that he's unfaithful,
S’il doit un jour m’abandonner,
And will one day abandon me,
Le village n’a qu’à brûler
Then let the village burn
Et moi-même avec le village!
And me too along with the village!
Hai luli, hai luli,
Hai luli, hai luli,
À quoi bon vivre sans ami?
What point is there in living without a lover?

**Villanelle (Chaminade, text by Édouard Guinand)**

(Trans. Sooah Park)

Le blé superbe est rentré,
The splendid wheat has been gathered in,
Fête aux champs, fête au village.
There are celebrations in the fields and the village,
Chaque fillette, au corsage,
Every girl is wearing
Porte un bleuet azuré,
A blue cornflower in her bodice,
Fête aux champs, fête au village!
There are celebrations in the fields and the village!

Les jeunes gens danseront
The young people will dance this evening,
Ce soir, dans la grande allée:
In the long avenue:
Et sous la nuit étoilée,
And beneath the starry night sky,
Que de mains se chercheront
How hands will seek one another out this evening,
Ce soir, dans la grande allée!
In the long avenue!

Ce soir, dansez jusqu’au jour,
This evening, dance until day,
Aux gais sons de vos musettes!
To the merry sounds of your accordion!
Jeunes garçons et fillettes,
Young boys and girls,
Chantez vos refrains d’amour,
Sing your songs of love,
Aux gais sons de vos musettes!
To the merry sounds of your accordion!
Sans contrainte et sans remords
Enivrez-vous de jeunesse,
La tristesse est pour les morts,
Pour les vivants l'allégresse,
Enivrez-vous de jeunesse!

Without constraint and without remorse,
Become drunk with youth,
Gloominess is for the dead,
Happiness for the living,
Become drunk with youth!

**Canción de la Infanta (Viardot, anon. text)**

Hablando estaba la reina
En su palacio real
Con la infanta de Castilla,
Princesa de Portugal.
Ay! que malas penas!
Ay! que fuerte mal!
Allí vino un caballero
Con grandes lloros llorar:
Nuevas te traigo, señora,
Dolorosas de contar,
Ay! que malas penas!
Ay! que fuerte mal!
Ay, no son de reyno extraño,
De aquí son, de Portugal.
Vuestro príncipe, señora,
Vuestro príncipe real
Ay! que malas penas!
Ay! que fuerte mal!
Allí está el Rey su padre,
Que quiere desesperar.
Lloran todas las mujeres
Casadas y por casar.
Ay! que malas penas!
Ay! que fuerte mal!

Oh! What terrible pain!
Oh! What awful woe!
"He has fallen from a horse,
He wants to give his soul to God.
If you want to see him alive,
You must not delay"
Oh! What terrible pain!
Oh! What awful woe!
There is the King, his father,
Who is in despair.
All the women are crying,
both the married and the unmarried.
Oh! What terrible pain!
Oh! What awful woe!

**Na kholmakh Gruzii (Viardot, text by Alexander Pushkin)**

Na kholmakh Gruzii lezhit nochnaja mgla;
Shumit Aragva predo mnoju.
Mne grustno i legko; pechal' moja svetla;
Pechal' moja polna toboju,
I serdce vnov' gorit i b'jotsja ottogo,
Chto ne ljubit' ono ne mozhet.

Georgia's hills are clad in the darkness of night;
The Aragva roars before me.
I am sad, yet also calm; my sorrow is radiant;
My sorrow is filled with the thought of you,
My heart burns again and beats because
It cannot live without loving.

**Le Colibri (Chausson, text by Leconte de Lisle)**

Le vert colibri, le roi des collines,
Voyant la rosée et le soleil clair
Luire dans son nid tissé d'herbes fines,
Corme lm frais rayon s'échappe dans l'air.
Il se hâte et vole aux sources voisines,
Ou les bambous font le bruit de la mer,
Ou l'aoka rouge aux odeurs divines
S'ouvre et porte au cœur un humide éclair.
Vers la fleur dorée il descend, se pose,
Et boit tant d'amour dans la coupe rose
Qu'il meurt, ne sachant s'il l'a pu tarir.

The green humming-bird, the king of the hills,
On seeing the dew and gleaming sun
Shine in his nest of fine woven grass,
Darts into the air like a shaft of light.
He hurries and flies to the nearby springs
Where the bamboos sound like the sea,
Where the red hibiscus with its heavenly scent
Unveils the glint of dew at its heart.
He descends, and settles on the golden flower,
Drinks so much love from the rosy cup
That he dies, not knowing if he'd drunk it dry.
We begin with Chopin's Fantasie in F minor, Op. 49 (1841), a work inspired by the spirit of improvisation presenting the great Polish composer at his most darkly enchanting. The piece is built around a somber descending piano figure, reminiscent of a march, and though punctuated frequently with major-key flights of fancy, the music ultimately returns to the shadows each time. The following works, Hai Luli (Pauline Viardot, 1880) and Villanelle (Cecile Chaminade, 1894), are shorter "salon" pieces, lighter music composed for less formal performance situations. In Viardot and Chaminade's time, they, like most women, were typically restricted to this avenue of composition, despite their obvious skill. Their abilities shine through in these contrasting pieces, the former a lament for a girl waiting desperately for her lover's return and the latter a jubilant celebration of harvest season. Two more short works by Viardot are next: Cancion de la Infanta (1886) and Na kholmakh Gruzii (1862-1863). The former is a song of mourning for the death of a prince and the latter is about the sorrow of a lover separated from their beloved.

Continuing on with the program, we are presented with a pair of classic piano duets in Ma Mère l'Oye - Pavane de la Belle au bois dormant (Ravel, 1910) and Dolly Suite - Berceuse (Fauré, 1864). Both pieces were originally written for children dear to the composers' hearts—children of good friends in Ravel's case and the daughter of a lover in Fauré's. They have a soft, lullaby-like feel, shot through with streaks of darkness. The Andante molto (Clara Schumann, 1854), the first of the composer and pianist's Three Romances for Violin and Piano, is a short yet highly expressive piece. Lush and pensive, its striking violin lines are anchored by a subtle, textured piano part, speaking to Clara Schumann's frequently understated skill with the pen as well as at the keyboard. The Trio for Violin, Horn, and Piano in E-Flat Major (Brahms, 1865), written shortly after the death of the composer's mother, is full of ringing melancholy, and this first movement is no exception. The unusual format of the ensemble presents a darkly compelling sound world, and this piece would set the standard for future horn trio works.

The next two pieces are both lovelorn vocal works, written close to the turn of the 20th century. Le Colibri (Chausson, 1882) uses the imagery of a hummingbird perishing after gorging itself on nectar as a metaphor for the narrator's desperation for their beloved's kiss, while Alleluia (Chaminade, 1901), a musical setting of a poem by Paul Mariéton, celebrates the wondrous feeling of falling in love in the springtime. We close the program with the Ballade no. 4 in F minor (Chopin, 1842). Undoubtedly one of the illustrious composer's greatest, most expressive works, it weaves a tale of pure emotion through its peaks and valleys, shifting from ambiguous melancholy to striking jubilation to gentle peace as it goes. Like much of Chopin's oeuvre, this piece is firmly at home in the ethereal wash of the Pleyel, and its poignant beauty matches that of the instrument note-for-note.

- Pranav Chintalapudi

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