

# 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)

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)**

Je suis triste, je m'inquiète,  
Je ne sais plus que devenir.  
Mon bon ami devait venir,  
Et je l'attends ici seulette.  
Hai luli, hai luli,  
Où donc peut être mon ami?

**(Trans. Richard Stokes)**

I am sad, I am anxious,  
I no longer know what's to become of me.  
My lover was to have come,  
And I wait for him here alone.  
Hai luli, hai luli,  
How sad it is without my lover!

Je m'assieds pour filer ma laine,  
Le fil se casse dans ma main :  
Allons ! je filerai demain,  
Aujourd'hui je suis trop en peine.  
Hai luli, hai luli,  
Qu'il fait triste sans mon ami!

I sit down to spin my wool,  
The thread snaps in my hand:  
Well then! I shall spin tomorrow,  
Today I am too upset.  
Hai luli, hai luli,  
Where can my lover be?

Si jamais il devient volage  
S'il doit un jour m'abandonner,  
Le village n'a qu'à brûler  
Et moi-même avec le village!  
Hai luli, hai luli,  
À quoi bon vivre sans ami?

Ah! If it's true that he's unfaithful,  
And will one day abandon me,  
Then let the village burn  
And me too along with the village!  
Hai luli, hai luli,  
What point is there in living without a lover?

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

Le blé superbe est rentré,  
Fête aux champs, fête au village.  
Chaque fillette, au corsage,  
Porte un bleuet azuré,  
Fête aux champs, fête au village!

**(Harvest Song - trans. Sooah Park)**

The splendid wheat has been gathered in,  
There are celebrations in the fields and the village,  
Every girl is wearing  
A blue cornflower in her bodice,  
There are celebrations in the fields and the village!

Les jeunes gens danseront  
Ce soir, dans la grande allée:  
Et sous la nuit étoilée,  
Que de mains se chercheront  
Ce soir, dans la grande allée!

The young people will dance this evening,  
In the long avenue:  
And beneath the starry night sky,  
How hands will seek one another out this evening,  
In the long avenue!

Ce soir, dansez jusqu'au jour,  
Aux gais sons de vos musettes!  
Jeunes garçons et fillettes,  
Chantez vos refrains d'amour,  
Aux gais sons de vos musettes!

This evening, dance until day,  
To the merry sounds of your accordion!  
Young boys and girls,  
Sing your songs of love,  
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!

***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 estraño,  
De aquí son, de Portugal.  
Vuestro príncipe, señora,  
Vuestro príncipe real  
Ay! que malas penas!  
Ay! que fuerte mal!  
Es caído de un caballo,  
El alma quiere a Dios dar.  
Si le queredes ver vivo,  
No queredes detardar.  
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!

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

Na kholmah Gruzii lezhit nochnaja mglá;  
Shumit Aragva predo mnoju.  
Mne grustno i legko; pechal' moja svetla;  
Pechal' moja polna toboju,  
Toboj, toboj odnoj... Unyn'ja moego  
Nichto ne muchit, ne trevozhit,  
I serdce vnov' gorit i b'jotsja ottogo,  
Chto ne ljubit' ono ne mozhet.

***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.

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

***(Song of the infanta - trans. Lorena Paz Nieto)***

The queen was speaking  
In her Royal Palace.  
With the Infanta of Castile,  
the Princess of Portugal.  
Oh! What terrible pain!  
Oh! What awful woe!  
There came a knight  
With great tears in his eyes:  
"News I bring you, my lady,  
So painful to tell"  
Oh! What terrible pain!  
Oh! What awful woe!  
"Oh, it is not from a far off kingdom,  
It's from here, from Portugal.  
Your prince, my lady,  
Your royal prince"  
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!

***(On Georgia's Hills - trans. Philip Ross Bullock)***

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,  
Of you, of you alone... Nothing torments  
My sadness, nothing disturbs it,  
And my heart burns again and beats because  
It cannot live without loving.

***(The Hummingbird - trans. Richard Stokes)***

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.

Sur ta lèvre pure, o ma bien-aimée,  
Telle aussi mon âme eut voulu mourir,  
Du premier baiser qui l'a parfumée.

**Alleluia (Chaminade, text by Paul Mariéton)**

J'avais douté de votre amour  
Et de ma constance elle-même,  
Mais voici qu'avec le retour  
Du joyeux printemps, je vous aime!  
Le printemps, qui rit dans mon cœur  
Comme un soleil dans une eau pure,  
M'a rendu mon passé vainqueur  
Et son ivresse à la nature.  
Je vous aime, enfant, aimez-moi;  
C'est le printemps qui nous convie!  
Ne sentez-vous pas que la foi  
Qui nous revient, nous rend la vie?  
Alleluia pour les beaux jours  
Du printemps et de l'allégresse!  
Mignonne, en gardant vos amours,  
Vous garderez votre jeunesse!

On your pure lips, O my beloved,  
My own soul too would sooner have died  
From that first kiss which scented it!

**(Trans. Caroline Polito)**

I had doubted your love  
And my own constancy,  
But now, with the return  
Of joyful spring, I love you!  
Spring, which laughs in my heart  
Like sunshine in pure water,  
Has restored my past glory  
And its intoxication to nature.  
I love you, child, love me;  
It is spring that invites us!  
Don't you feel that the faith  
That returns to us, gives us life?  
Alleluia for the beautiful days  
Of spring and joy!  
Sweetheart, by keeping your love,  
You will keep your youth!

.....  
**Program Notes**

We begin with **Chopin's Fantasia 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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