

The University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill Department of Music presents

# 2023 Pleyel Piano Concert

Saturday, April 15<sup>th</sup> at 3pm | Person Recital Hall

Nocturne in C sharp minor, Op. 27 No. 1

Frédéric Chopin (1810 – 1849)

Camilla Fratta, *piano*

Villanelle

Cécile Chaminade (1857 – 1944)

L'Amour Captif

Julia Holoman, *mezzo soprano*

Monet Jowers, *piano*

From Petite Suite, L. 65

Claude Debussy (1862 – 1918)

I. En Bateau

IV. Ballet

Camilla Fratta and Benjamin Yang, *piano*

Nocturne in E minor, Op. 72 No. 1

Frédéric Chopin (1810 – 1849)

Kenneth Fischer, *piano*

La Bella Cubana

José White Lafitte (1835 – 1918)

Frances Norton and Henry Woodburn, *violin*

Monet Jowers, *piano*

C'est L'extase Langoureuse

Claude Debussy (1862 – 1918)

Il pleure dans mons coeur

Claire Helms, *mezzo soprano*

Coco Chang, *piano*

From Douze vales et finale

Marie Jaell (1846 – 1925)

VIII.

IX.

Teddy Robie and Mimi Solomon, *piano*

Clair de lune, Op. 46 No. 2

Gabriel Fauré (1845 – 1924)

Hai Luli

Pauline Viardot (1821 – 1910)

Jeanne Fischer, *soprano*

Mimi Solomon, *piano*

Sonata in g minor for cello and piano, Op. 65

Frédéric Chopin (1810 – 1849)

I. Allegro Moderato

David Kim, *cello*

David Niu, *piano*

## Translations

### 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!

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!

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!

Sans contrainte et sans remords  
Enivrez-vous de jeunesse:  
La tristesse est pour les morts,  
Pour les vivants l'allégresse,  
Enivrez-vous de jeunesse!

### L'amour Captif (Chaminade)

Mignonne, à l'amour j'ai lié les ailes;  
Il ne pourra plus prendre son essor  
Ni quitter jamais nos deux coeurs fidèles.  
D'un noeud souple et fin de vos cheveux  
d'or,  
Mignonne, à l'amour j'ai lié les ailes!

Chère, de l'amour si capricieux  
J'ai dompté pourtant le désir volage:  
Il suit toute loi que dictent vos yeux,  
Et j'ai mis enfin l'amour en servage,  
Ô chère! l'amour, si capricieux!

Ma mie, à l'amour j'ai lié les ailes.  
Laissez par pitié ses lèvres en feu  
Effleurer parfois vos lèvres rebelles,  
A ce doux captif souriez un peu;  
Ma mie, à l'amour j'ai lié les ailes!

### (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!

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!

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!

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

### (Love Held Captive – trans. Heng Kreft)

Sweetheart, I have tied Love's wings;  
he will no longer be able to fly  
or leave our two faithful hearts;  
with a soft, delicate knot made from your  
golden hair,  
Sweetheart, I have tied Love's wings!

Dearest! Love, so capricious  
I have tamed his changeable desires;  
he follows every law that your eyes decree,  
and finally, I have made Love a slave,  
oh dearest! Love, so capricious!

My beloved, I have tied Love's wings.  
Out of pity let his fiery lips  
brush your rebellious lips now and then,  
and smile a little on this gentle captive;  
my beloved, I have tied Love's wings.

**C'est L'extase Langoureuse (Debussy)**

C'est l'extase langoureuse,  
C'est la fatigue amoureuse,  
C'est tous les frissons des bois  
Parmi l'étreinte des brises,  
C'est, vers les ramures grises,  
Le chœur des petites voix.

Ô le frêle et frais murmure!  
Cela gazouille et susurre,  
Cela ressemble au cri doux  
Que l'herbe agitée expire ...  
Tu dirais, sous l'eau qui vire,  
Le roulis sourd des cailloux.

Cette âme qui se lamente  
En cette plainte dormante  
C'est la nôtre, n'est-ce pas?  
La mienne, dis, et la tienne,  
Dont s'exhale l'humble antienne  
Par ce tiède soir, tout bas?

**Il Pleure Dans Mon Coeur (Debussy)**

Il pleure dans mon cœur  
Comme il pleut sur la ville;  
Quelle est cette langueur  
Qui pénètre mon cœur?

Ô bruit doux de la pluie  
Par terre et sur les toits!  
Pour un cœur qui s'ennuie  
Ô le bruit de la pluie!

Il pleure sans raison  
Dans ce cœur qui s'écoëure.  
Quoi! nulle trahison? ...  
Ce deuil est sans raison.

C'est bien la pire peine  
De ne savoir pourquoi  
Sans amour et sans haine,  
Mon cœur a tant de peine.

**(It is Languorous Rapture – trans. Richard Stokes)**

It is languorous rapture,  
It is amorous fatigue,  
It is all the tremors of the forest  
In the breezes' embrace,  
It is, around the grey branches,  
The choir of tiny voices.

O the delicate, fresh murmuring!  
The warbling and whispering,  
It is like the soft cry  
The ruffled grass gives out ...  
You might take it for the muffled sound  
Of pebbles in the swirling stream.

This soul which grieves  
In this subdued lament,  
It is ours, is it not?  
Mine, and yours too,  
Breathing out our humble hymn  
On this warm evening, soft and low?

**(Tears Fall in my Heart – trans. Richard Stokes)**

Tears fall in my heart  
As rain falls on the town;  
What is this torpor  
Pervading my heart?

Ah, the soft sound of rain  
On the ground and roofs!  
For a listless heart,  
Ah, the sound of the rain!

Tears fall without reason  
In this disheartened heart.  
What! Was there no treason? ...  
This grief's without reason.

And the worst pain of all  
Must be not to know why  
Without love and without hate  
My heart feels such pain.

**Clair de lune, Op. 46 No. 2 (Fauré)**

Votre âme est un paysage choisi  
Que vont charmant masques et bergamasques  
Jouant du luth et dansant et quasi  
Tristes sous leurs déguisements fantasques.

Tout en chantant sur le mode mineur  
L'amour vainqueur et la vie opportune,  
Ils n'ont pas l'air de croire à leur bonheur  
Et leur chanson se mêle au clair de lune,

Au calme clair de lune triste et beau,  
Qui fait rêver les oiseaux dans les arbres  
Et sangloter d'extase les jets d'eau,  
Les grands jets d'eau sveltes parmi les marbres.

**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?

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!

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?

**(Moonlight – trans. Richard Stokes)**

Your soul is a chosen landscape  
Bewitched by masquers and bergamaskers,  
Playing the lute and dancing and almost  
Sad beneath their fanciful disguises.

Singing as they go in a minor key  
Of conquering love and life's favours,  
They do not seem to believe in their fortune  
And their song mingles with the light of the moon,

The calm light of the moon, sad and fair,  
That sets the birds dreaming in the trees  
And the fountains sobbing in their rapture,  
Tall and svelte amid marble statues.

**(Hai Luli - 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!

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?

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?

## 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*

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### Program Notes

UNC's 2023 Pleyel Concert takes us on a journey through the atmosphere and colors of a 19th-century evening in Paris. What better way to get into this mood than with Chopin's **Nocturne Op. 27 No. 1 in C-Sharp Minor**? In this nocturne, the night is a changeable, dramatic time. The piece begins with quiet melancholy and foreboding, but the middle section is intense, passionate, and even triumphant. As performed on UNC's 1843 Pleyel by undergraduate music student Camilla Fratta, this Chopin nocturne carries us from dusk to dawn in just a few minutes. Chopin's next nocturne on the program, the **Op. 72 No. 1 in E minor**, offers a different, moodier take on night music. This nocturne was the composer's first foray into a genre which he later came to largely define. In a time before ubiquitous lighting, the night held a certain mystery in the 19th century. Gabriel Fauré's setting of Paul Verlaine's poem **Clair de Lune** (Moonlight) creates an atmosphere of darkness, nostalgia and almost dreamlike mystery.

Another key feature of the 2023 program is our desire to highlight the works of talented and underrepresented 19th century female composers from France. Female composers were extremely involved in the Parisian musical scene of the 19th century, with Pauline Viardot serving as a prime example. Viardot was close friends with Chopin, with the two sharing a love for Italian opera and the bel canto style of singing. Chopin's nocturnes drew inspiration from this source, as did Viardot's works like **Hai Luli**. Aside from her compositions, Viardot was a celebrated singer, pianist and a staple of the salon scene in Paris. Chopin, Liszt, Robert and Clara Schumann, and Berlioz, among many other artists, musicians and writers all attended her salon concerts. Indeed, in a time of significant gender bias, the salon was often a space in which female composers could put their talent on display. **L'Amour Captif** and **Villanelle** by Cecille Chaminade are two evocative songs by a composer famous for her salon music. **L'Amour Captif** expresses the sentiments of a woman hoping to tie down her beloved while **Villanelle** is a celebration of the traditions of harvest season.

Although Marie Jaëll was a 19th century French concert pianist best known for her power, intensity, and virtuosity, in her **Doze Valses, VIII and IX**, we hear her compositional foray into salon music. These two waltzes are composed for four hands, a genre popular in the salon setting. The genre was so popular that nearly every French composer of the period completed at least one work for four hands. Claude Debussy's **En Bateau** and **Ballet** from his **Petite Suite, L. 65**, are among his most popular works; these pieces for four hands create a lovely atmosphere of nostalgia.

Even as he looked longingly to the past in his **Petite Suite**, Debussy was also experimenting with the future of composition. His songs from the 1880s – **C'est l'extase langoureuse** and **Il pleure dans mon coeur** from the **Ariettes Oubliées** – use poetry by Paul Verlaine as a departure point for exploring airy new sounds and textures as well as dreamy harmonies. Sounds from other parts of the world were also expanding the horizons of musicians and audiences in 19th century France. Jose White Lafitte (also known as Joseph White) was a highly celebrated virtuoso violinist from Cuba who made his career in Paris in the 19th century. While Lafitte was best known as a brilliant performer and pedagogue, he composed a handful of pieces, many of which were virtuoso vehicles that he himself performed. His **La Bella Cubana** for two violins and piano melds beautiful melodic lines with dance rhythms from his homeland of Cuba.

UNC's 2023 Pleyel Concert ends just where it began, with Chopin. Perhaps the name most synonymous with Pleyel, it's fitting that the Polish composer bookends both sides of our concert this afternoon as we enjoy the final display of this historic piano. The closing piece is the first movement of Chopin's **Sonata in G minor for Cello and Piano, Op. 65**, a riveting dance between the two instruments. Composing this piece on a Pleyel allowed Chopin to experiment with a complex interplay between these instruments. As Chopin is quoted, "When I feel in good form and strong enough to find my own sound, I need a Pleyel piano." This sonata was one of the last of his life, but one of his first in chamber music. It stands as a reminder of what could have been had Chopin not passed away at age 39 in 1849.

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