

*Soirée for Music Lovers
János Négyesy and Friends*



*April 10, 2011, 8 p.m.
Conrad Prebys Concert Hall
UC San Diego Department of Music*

Chanson Perpétuelle

Bois frissonnants, ciel étoilé
Mon bien-aimé s'en est allé
Emportant mon coeur désolé.

Vents, que vos plaintives rumeurs,
Que vos chants, rossignols charmeurs,
Aillent lui dire que je meurs.
Le premier soir qu'il vint ici,
Mon âme fut à sa merci;
De fierté je n'eus plus souci.

Mes regards étaient pleins d'aveux.
Il me prit dans ses bras nerveux
Et me baisa près des cheveux.

J'en eus un grand frémissement.
Et puis je ne sais comment
Il est devenu mon amant.

Je lui disais: "Tu m'aimeras
Aussi longtemps que tu pourras."
Je ne dormais bien qu'en ses bras.

Mais lui, sentant son coeur éteint,
S'en est allé l'autre matin
Sans moi, dans un pays lointain.

Puisque je n'ai plus mon ami,
Je mourrai dans l'étang, parmi
Les fleurs sous le flot endormi.

Sur le bord arrivée, au vent
Je dirai son nom, en rêvant
Que là je l'attendis souvent.

Et comme en un linceul doré,
Dans mes cheveux défaits, au gré
Du vent je m'abandonnerai.

Les bonheurs passés verseront
Leur douce lueur sur mon front,
Et les joncs verts m'enlaceront.

Et mon sein croira, frémissant
Sous l'enlacement caressant,
Subir l'étreinte de l'absent.

Text by Charles Cros (1842-1888)

Trembling trees, starry sky

Trembling trees, starry
My beloved has gone away
Bearing with him my desolate heart.

Winds, let your plaintive noises
Let your songs, charming nightingales,
Tell him that I die.
The first night he came here,
My soul was at his mercy;
I no longer cared about my pride.

My glances were full of promise.
He took me into his trembling arms
And kissed me near the hair.

I felt a great quivering.
And then, I don't know how
He became my lover.

I said to him: "You will love me
As long as you are able."
I never slept as well as in his arms.

But he, feeling his heart fade,
Left the other day
Without me, for a foreign land.

Since I no longer have my friend,
I will die in this pool, among
The flowers under the sleeping current.

Arriving on the shoreline,
I will speak his name to the wind,
In a dream that I await him there.

And like in a gilded shroud
With hair tousled at the wind's whim,
I will let myself go.

The happy hours of the past
will glimmer on my face,
And the green reeds will entrap me.

And my breast, shuddering under the caress
of their entwinement,
will believe it submits to the embrace
of the one who left.

Translation by Theresa Andrasz-Sokol

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This Soirée is dedicated to Will Ogdon in honor of his 90th birthday.

Will Ogdon: A Little Suite and an Encore Tango (2008)

Night Song – Quiet Midnight – Morning Bells – Tango

G.P. Telemann (1681-1767): Sonata for three violins and basso continuo
in B flat Major

Adagio – Allegro – Grave – Allegro

Ernest Chausson (1855-1899): Chanson Perpétuelle, Op. 37

for soprano, string quartet and piano (1898)

Claude Debussy (1862-1918): Trio for flute, viola and harp (1915)

Pastorale – Interlude – Final

-Intermission-

W.A. Mozart (1756-1791): Piano Quartet in G minor, KV 478 (1785)

Allegro – Andante – Rondo

Performers:

Cathy Blickenstaff, flute

Isabelle Fanchiu, harpsichord and piano

Cecilia Kim, cello

Julie Matsuda, violin

János Négyesy, violin

Päivikki Nykter, violin and viola

Laura Vaughan, harp

Jennifer Wu, soprano

Reception to follow

