

75th Concert Celebration!
Soirée for Music Lovers
János Négyesy and Friends



Saturday, April 28, 2012, 8 p.m.
Conrad Prebys Concert Hall
UC San Diego Department of Music

Soirée for Music Lovers - 75th Concert Celebration

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8 pm

Johann Christian Bach (1735-1782)
Flute Quartet in D Major, Op.20, No.2
Allegro – Andante – Allegro assai

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)
Five Love Song Waltzes for piano four hands

Ottorino Respighi (1879-1936)
Il Tramonto for mezzo-soprano and string quartet

intermission

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)
Piano Quartet No. 2 in G minor, Op.45
Allegro molto moderato – Allegro molto
Adagio non troppo – Allegro molto

Claude Fan – piano
Mariya Kaganskaya – mezzo-soprano
Jennifer Kiang – piano
Cecilia Kim – cello
Julie Matsuda – violin
Todd Moellenberg – piano
János Négyesy – violin
Päivikki Nykter – viola
Alex Tsiatas – flute

Champagne reception to follow

The Sunset

by Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792-1822)

There late was One within whose subtle being,
As light and wind within some delicate cloud
That fades amid the blue noon's burning sky,
Genius and death contended. None may know
The sweetness of the joy which made his breath
Fail, like the trances of the summer air,
When, with the lady of his love, who then
First knew the unreserve of mingled being,
He walked along the pathway of a field
Which to the east a hoar wood shadowed o'er,
But to the west was open to the sky.

There now the sun had sunk, but lines of gold
Hung on the ashen clouds, and on the points
Of the far level grass and nodding flowers
And the old dandelion's hoary beard,
And, mingled with the shades of twilight, lay
On the brown massy woods - and in the east
The broad and burning moon lingeringly rose
Between the black trunks of the crowded trees,
While the faint stars were gathering overhead.
"Is it not strange, Isabel," said the youth,
"I never saw the sun? We will walk here
To-morrow; thou shalt look on it with me."

That night the youth and lady mingled lay
In love and sleep - but when the morning came
The lady found her lover dead and cold.

Let none believe that God in mercy gave
That stroke. The lady died not, nor grew wild,
But year by year lived on - in truth I think
Her gentleness and patience and sad smiles,
And that she did not die, but lived to tend
Her aged father, were a kind of madness,
If madness 'tis to be unlike the world.
For but to see her were to read the tale
Woven by some subtlest bard, to make hard hearts
Dissolve away in wisdom-working grief;
Her eyes were black and lustreless and wan:
Her eyelashes were worn away with tears,
Her lips and cheeks were like things dead - so pale;
Her hands were thin, and through their wandering veins
And weak articulations might be seen
Day's ruddy light. The tomb of thy dead self
Which one vexed ghost inhabits, night and day,
Is all, lost child, that now remains of thee!

“Inheritor of more than earth can give,
Passionless calm and silence unproved,
Where the dead find, oh, not sleep! but rest,
And are the uncomplaining things they seem,
Or live, a drop in the deep sea of Love;
Oh, that like thine, mine epitaph were - Peace!”

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