

The use of cameras or recording equipment during the performance is not allowed. Please be sure that cell phones, pagers, and other electronic devices are turned off.

Please note that late entry or reentry of the West Building after 6:30 pm is not permitted.

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National Gallery of Art
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Washington, DC

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COVER: Félicien Rops, *Gaspard de la Nuit* (detail), 1868,
National Gallery of Art, Washington, Rosenwald Collection



The Sixty-eighth Season of
The William Nelson Cromwell
and F. Lammot Belin
Concerts

National Gallery of Art
2,735th Concert

Poulenc Trio

Vladimir Lande, *oboist*

Bryan Young, *bassoonist*

Irina Kaplan Lande, *pianist*

with

Hyunah Yu, *soprano*

September 27, 2009

Sunday Evening, 6:30 pm

West Building, West Garden Court

Admission free

Program

Performed without intermission

Henri Duparc (1848–1933)

Extase (Jean Lahor) (1884)

Soupir (Sully Prudhomme) (1869)

Chanson triste (Jean Lahor) (1868)

Vincent d'Indy (1851–1931)

Trio, op. 29 (1887)

Chant Elégiaque

Finale

Gabriel Fauré (1845–1924)

Clair de lune (Paul Verlaine) (1887)

Le Secret (Armand Silvestre) (1881)

Après un rêve (Romain Bussine) (1877)

Les Roses d'Ispahan (Leconte de Lisle) (1884)

Emmanuel Chabrier (1841–1894)

L'Invitation au voyage (Charles Baudelaire) (1870)

The Musicians

POULENC TRIO

The Poulenc Trio is comprised of three gifted virtuosi—oboist Vladimir Lande, bassoonist Bryan Young, and pianist Irina Kaplan Lande. The unusual combination of their respective instruments introduces audiences to a unique palate of sonorities. One of a select few professional wind trios, the Poulenc Trio is committed to expanding the repertoire through the transcription of old masterpieces and the creation of new works. Quoting a recent review in *The Washington Post*: “[The Poulenc Trio] does its namesake proud... an intriguing and beautifully played program... convincing elegance, near effortless lightness and grace.” A profile for Russian television called the ensemble “virtuosos of classical and contemporary chamber music.” The Trio also garnered positive attention in recent full-length profiles in *Chamber Music Magazine* and *The Double Reed Journal*.

The Trio was recently featured at Italy's Ravello Festival, where it premiered new works by Italian composer Gaetano Panariello and Russian-American composer Igor Raykhelson. In recent seasons the ensemble has appeared with violinist Hilary Hahn and has toured the Caribbean Islands, Russia, and the United States.

The Poulenc Trio maintains a special relationship with museums, continuing a project it initiated in 2004, “Music at the Museum.” In addition to two previous concerts at the National Gallery, the Trio has created and presented special program for the Hermitage State Museum in Saint Petersburg, Russia; the Walters Museum in Baltimore, Maryland; and the Jean Voorhees Zimmerli Art Museum in New Brunswick, New Jersey. This innovative series, which links musical and historical themes to current exhibitions, features the Trio in performances with guest artists, local celebrities, and expert lecturers. Guest artists have included clarinetist Alexander Fiterstein, the Jacques Thibaud Trio, and the National Gallery of Art String Quartet. Further information about the Poulenc Trio is available at www.poulenctrio.com.

HYUNAH YU

Soprano Hyunah Yu holds bachelor and master of music degrees and an artist diploma from the Peabody Conservatory of the Johns Hopkins University. She was a prize winner in the 1999 Naumburg International Competition, a finalist in the Dutch International Vocal Competition, and a finalist in the Concert Artists Guild International Competition. In 2003 Yu won the Borletti-Buitoni Trust Award, having been nominated by the eminent pianist Mitsuko Uchida. Since 2000 Yu has been a regular performer at the Marlboro Music Festival, and a frequent recitalist, chamber musician, and soloist with the Aspen Music Festival, the Boston Baroque, the Bournemouth Symphony, Concerto Köln, the Milwaukee Symphony, Musicians from Marlboro, the Orchestra of the West Deutsche Rundfunk, the Philadelphia Chamber Music Society, the Rotterdam Philharmonic, the Salzburg Camerata, the Seattle Symphony, the Seoul Philharmonic Orchestra, and the Vancouver Recital Society. In 2006 Yu sang the title role in Mozart's *Zaide* in New York, Vienna, and London under the direction of Peter Sellars and Louis Langree. She has recorded two solo recitals in the United Kingdom for BBC Radio. In 2007 EMI released her debut disc of Mozart and Bach arias. Yu also received a degree in molecular biology from the University of Texas at Austin.

Program Notes

The art of the late nineteenth century largely connotes impressionism, paintings of café-concerts and the open air that invoke the entertainments of city life and the pleasures of the landscape. A less familiar side to the story exists, one in a realm of sober contemplation and *recherché*. These sometimes enigmatic and often melancholy subjects explore an altogether different dimension of aesthetic experience and appreciation. In this discreet world of individual collecting, prints, drawings, and small sculpture were kept aside in portfolios or stored away in cabinets for more purposeful, private study, much like taking a book from the shelf for quiet enjoyment.

The Darker Side of Light: Arts of Privacy 1850–1900, the exhibition currently on view in the National Gallery's prints and drawings galleries, includes more than a hundred works in the Gallery's extensive collections that reflect this late-Romantic sensibility. Such an encounter with art was a private affair that often encouraged the investigation of highly suggestive, sometimes disturbing subject matter. These complex states of mind and symptoms of deep social tension surfaced in opium dreams, obsessions over a lover, despairing contemplations of suicide, and abject meditations on violence and death. By no means restricted to the visual arts, this somber aesthetic found voice in poetry, prose, theater, and, not least, music. This milieu attracted the talents of academically trained artists, realists, impressionists, and especially symbolists. Much like their musical counterparts, symbolist artists in particular sought to dissolve any simple equation between the experience of art and the empirical world.

Composers, too, responded to the various moods of symbolism, especially in their chamber music. The most famous music of Gabriel Fauré, César Franck, and Henri Duparc, for example, is characterized by balance, pleasant sonorities, and flowing lines, but these composers also explored the darker side of musical expression. One thinks of the contemplative *Andante* from Fauré's *String Quartet*, op. 121, the enigmatic *Scherzo* from Franck's *String Quartet in D Major*, or such Duparc songs as *Chanson triste* (Sad Song), *La Vie antérieure* (The Former Life), and *Soupir* (Sigh).

Among the poets represented in Hyunah Yu's selection of songs for this concert, Charles Baudelaire may be considered the father of the symbolist movement in Europe. Stimulated by the writings of Edgar Allan Poe, which he translated into French, Baudelaire articulated the idea of synaesthesia, or the correspondence of all sensations and creative activities—"Les parfums, les couleurs et les sons se répondent" (Scents, colors, and sounds respond to one another) (*Curiosités esthétiques*, 1868). Later symbolist poets Mallarmé and Rimbaud were deeply affected by Baudelaire's poetry and his opinions on synaesthesia, as were the other poets represented in this evening's program and composers Debussy, Duparc, and Fauré.

In terms of his place in the pantheon of French composers and his political and social views, Vincent d'Indy might be seen as a foil for the other composers and the poets whose works appear in this program, who were iconoclastic and liberal-minded, and in some cases downright libertine. Among D'Indy's many compositions for voice, only one uses a text by a symbolist poet—*L'amour et le crâne* (Love and the Cranium, 1884). D'Indy's career as a composer advanced rapidly in the 1880s, due in part to the skill that he showed in crafting chamber works such as the *Trio*, op. 29. In 1885 he was appointed to the secretariat of the Société Nationale Musicale. From that position of influence he was frequently called upon to pass judgment on the work of other composers, and he proved generous in his encouragement of composers younger and more daring than himself. He gave valuable favorable review to new compositions by Emanuel Chabrier, Claude Debussy, and Paul Dukas, among others. In his later years, however, D'Indy became more entrenched as an advocate of conservatism in music, scorning the innovations of such composers as Arthur Honegger, Francis Poulenc, Arnold Schoenberg, and Edgar Varèse.

Program notes by Stephen Ackert

Next Week at the National Gallery of Art

ArcoVoce

Music by Merula, Monteverdi, and other composers

Presented in honor of
An Antiquity of Imagination:
Tullio Lombardo and
Venetian High Renaissance Sculpture

October 4, 2009
Sunday Evening, 6:30 pm
West Building, West Garden Court

Texts and Translations
Poulenc Trio with Hyunah Yu, soprano
September 27, 2009

Extase

Jean Lahor (1840–1909)

Sur un lys pâle mon coeur dort
D'un sommeil doux comme la mort
Mort exquise, mort parfumée
Du souffle de la bien aimée
Sur ton sein pâle mon coeur dort
D'un sommeil doux comme la mort

Soupir

René-François Sully Prudhomme
(1839–1907)

Ne jamais la voir ni l'entendre,
Ne jamais tout haut la nommer,
Mais, fidèle, toujours l'attendre,
Toujours l'aimer!

Ouvrir les bras, et, las d'attendre,
Sur la néant les refermer!
Mais encor, toujours les lui tendre
Toujours l'aimer!

Ah! ne pouvoir que les lui tendre

Et dans les pleurs se consumer,
Mais ces pleurs toujours les répandre,
Toujours l'aimer!

Ne jamais la voir ni l'entendre,
Ne jamais tout haut la nommer,
Mais d'un amour toujours plus tendre
Toujours l'aimer. Toujours!

Ecstasy

My heart sleeps on a pale bed
A sleep as sweet as death,
Exquisite death, death made fragrant
By the breath of the beloved;
My heart sleeps on a pale bed
A sleep as sweet as death.

Sigh

Never to see or hear him,
Never to name him aloud,
But, faithful, always to wait for him,
Always to love him!

To open my arms and, tired of waiting,
To close them on nothing,
But still always to extend them to him
Always to love him!

Ah! To be able only to stretch them out
to her,
And then to be consumed in tears,
But always to shed these tears,
Always to love him!

Never to see or hear him,
Never to name him aloud,
But with a love ever more tender,
Always to love him! Always!

Chanson triste

Lahor

Dans ton coeur dort un clair de lune,
Un doux clair de lune d'été,
Et pour fuir la vie importune,
Je me noierai dans ta clarté.

J'oublierai les douleurs passées,
Mon amour, quand tu berceras
Mon triste coeur et mes pensées
Dans le calme aimant de tes bras.

Tu prendras ma tête malade,
Oh! quelquefois, sur tes genoux,
Et lui diras une ballade
Qui semblera parler de nous;

Et dans tes yeux pleins de tristesse,
Dans tes yeux alors je boirai
Tant de baisers et de tendresse
Que peut-être je guérirai.

Clair de lune

Paul Verlaine (1844–1896)

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.

Mournful Song

Moonlight sleeps in your heart,
A gentle summer moonlight,
And to escape this troublesome life
I will drown myself in your brightness.

I will forget past sorrows,
My sweet, when you cradle
My sad heart and my thoughts
In the loving calm of your arms.

You will rest my poor head,
Ah! From time to time on your lap,
And recite a ballad
That will seem to speak of us;

Then from your eyes full of sorrow,
From your eyes I shall drink
So many kisses and so much tenderness
That perhaps I shall be healed.

Moonlight

Your soul is a chosen landscape
where charmed masqueraders and
revelers come and go,
playing the lute and dancing and almost
sad beneath their fanciful disguises!

Even while singing, in a minor key,
of victorious love and the good life,
they do not seem to believe in their own
happiness, and their song blends with the
moonlight,

the calm moonlight, sad and beautiful,
that sets the birds in the trees to
dreaming, and makes the fountains sob
with ecstasy;
the tall slender fountains among the
marble statues.

Le secret

Armand Silvestre (1837–1901)

Je veux que le matin l'ignore
Le nom que j'ai dit à la nuit,
Et qu'au vent de l'aube, sans bruit,
Comme un larme il s'évapore.

Je veux que le jour le proclame
L'amour qu'au matin j'ai caché,
Et sur mon coeur ouvert penché
Comme un grain d'encens il l'enflamme.

Je veux que le couchant l'oublie
Le secret que j'ai dit au jour,
Et l'emporte avec mon amour,
Aux plis de sa robe pâlie!

Après un rêve

Romain Bussine (1830–1899)

Dans un sommeil que charmaient ton
image
Je rêvais le bonheur, ardent mirage,
Tes yeux étaient plus doux, ta voix pure
et sonore,
Tu rayonnais comme un ciel éclairé par
l'aurore;

Tu m'appelais et je quittais la terre
Pour m'enfuir avec toi vers la lumière,
Les cieux pour nous entr'ouvraient leurs
nues,
Splendeurs inconnues, lueurs divines
entrevues,

Hélas! Hélas! triste réveil des songes
Je t'appelle, ô nuit, rends moi tes
mensonges,
Reviens, reviens radieuse,
Reviens ô nuit mystérieuse!

The Secret

I want the morning to ignore
the name that I told to the night;
may it evaporate in the wind at dawn,
silently, like a teardrop.

I want the day to proclaim
the love that I hid from the morning,
and to set it aflame over my open heart,
like a grain of incense.

I want the setting (sun) to forget
the secret that I told to the day,
and to carry it away with my love
in the folds of its pale robe!

After a Dream

In a sleep charmed by your image
I dreamt of happiness, passionate
mirage;
Your eyes were softer, your voice pure
and sonorous;
You shone as a sky lit by the dawn;

You called me and I left the earth
To escape with you toward the light,
The skies opened their clouds for us,
Their unknown splendors, their divine
glimpses,

Alas! Sad awakening from dreams;
I call you, O night, give me back your
falsehoods,
Return in radiance,
O mysterious night!

Les roses d'Ispahan

Charles-Marie René Leconte de Lisle
(1818–1894)

Les roses d'Ispahan dans leur gaine de
mousse,
Le jasmins de Mossoul, les fleurs de
l'oranger,
Ont un parfum moins frais, une odeur moins
douce,
Ô blanche Leïlah! que ton souffle léger.

Ta lèvre est de corail et ton rire léger
Sonne mieux que l'eau vive
et d'une voix plus douce.
Mieux que le vent joyeux qui berce
l'oranger,
Mieux que l'oiseau qui chante
au bord d'un nid de mousse.

Mais le subtile odeur des roses dans leur
mousse,
La brise qui se joue autour de l'oranger
Et l'eau vive qui flue avec sa plainte douce
Ont un charme plus sûr que ton amour léger!

Ô Leïlah! depuis que de leur vol léger
Tous les baisers ont fui de ta lèvre si douce
Il n'est plus de parfum dans le pâle oranger,
Ni de céleste arôme aux roses dans leur
mousse.

L'oiseau, sur le duvet humide et sur la
mousse,
Ne chante plus parmi la rose et l'oranger;
L'eau vive des jardins n'a plus de chanson
douce.
L'aube ne dore plus le ciel pur et léger.

Oh! que ton jeune amour ce papillon léger
Revienne vers mon cœur d'une aile prompte
et douce.
Et qu'il parfume encor la fleur de l'oranger,
Les roses d'Ispahan dans leur gaine de
mousse.

The Roses of Isfahan

The roses of Isfahan in their sheath of moss,
the jasmines of Mosul, the orange blossoms,
have a fragrance less fresh, an aroma less
sweet,
O pale Leila, than your light breath!

Your lips are coral and your light laughter
has a softer and lovelier sound than rippling
water,
lovelier than the joyous breeze that rocks the
orange-tree,
lovelier than the bird that sings near its nest
of moss.

But the subtle fragrance of the roses in their
moss,
the breeze that plays around the orange-tree
and the spring-water flowing with its
plaintive murmur have a more certain charm
than your fickle love!
O Leila, ever since in their airy flight
all the kisses have fled from your lips so
sweet, there is no longer any fragrance from
the pale orange-tree, no heavenly aroma
from the roses in the moss.

The bird, in its nest of moist feathers and
moss,
sings no more among the roses and orange-
trees;
the springs in the gardens have lost their soft
song; and dawn no longer gilds the pure and
weightless sky.
Oh, if only your youthful love, that light
butterfly, would return to my heart on swift
and gentle wings,
and perfume once more the orange blossom
and the roses of Isfahan in their sheath of
moss.

L'Invitation au voyage
Charles Baudelaire (1821-1867)

Mon enfant, ma sœur,
Songe à la douceur
D'aller là-bas vivre ensemble,
Aimer à loisir,
Aimer et mourir
Au pays qui te ressemble.

Les soleils mouillés
De ces ciels brouillés
Pour mon esprit ont les charmes
Si mystérieux
De tes traîtres yeux,
Brillant à travers leurs larmes.

Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,
Luxe, calme et volupté.

Des meubles luisants,
Polis par les ans,
Décoreraient notre chambre,
Les plus rares fleurs
Mêlant leurs odeurs
Aux vagues senteurs de l'ambre
Les riches plafonds,
Les miroirs profonds,
La splendeur orientale
Tout y parlerait
À l'âme en secret
Sa douce langue natale.

Là, tout n'est qu'ordre

Vois sur ces canaux
Dormir ces vaisseaux
Dont l'humeur est vagabonde;
C'est pour assouvir
Ton moindre désir
Qu'ils viennent du bout du monde.

Les soleils couchants
Revêtent les champs,
Les canaux, la ville entière,
D'hyacinthe et d'or;
Le monde s'endort
Dans une chaude lumière!

Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,
Luxe, calme et volupté.

Invitation to the Voyage

My child, my sister,
think of the sweetness
of going down there to live together!
To love at leisure,
to love and to die
in a country that is the image of you!

The misty suns
of those changeable skies
have for my fancy the same
mysterious charm
as your fickle eyes
shining through their tears.

There, all is harmony and beauty,
luxury, calm and delight.

Glittering furniture,
polished by the ages,
will decorate our room;
The rarest of flowers,
their odors mingling
with the vague scents of amber,
the unlimited riches,
the profound mirrors,
the oriental splendor,
all speaking
to the soul in secret
in its sweet native tongue.

There, all is harmony....

See how those ships,
nomads by nature,
are slumbering in the canals.
To gratify
your every desire
they have come from the ends of the earth.

The setting suns
clothe the fields,
the canals, and the town
with hyacinthe and gold.
The world falls asleep
in a heated lantern!

There, all is harmony and beauty,
luxury, calm and delight.