

Musical Arts
CONCERT SERIES 2015-2016

UNIVERSITY OF SOUTH ALABAMA DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC
LAIDLAW PERFORMING ARTS CENTER RECITAL HALL

DUO FACULTY PIANO RECITAL

Jasmin Arakawa

Robert Holm

Three Andalusian Dances (1922)

Ritmo

Sentimiento

Gracia (El Vito)

Manuel Infante

(1883-1958)

Fantasy (Suite no. 1), op. 5 (1893)

Barcarole

A Night for Love

Tears

Russian Easter

Sergei Rachmaninoff

(1873-1943)

España (Rhapsody) (1883)

Emmanuel Chabrier (1841-1894)

edited by Richard Simm

The Fortieth Concert of Academic Year 2015-2016

Monday, January 25, 2016

7:30 p.m.

I. Barcarolle (poem by Mikhail Lermontov)

*At dusk the chill wave laps gently
Beneath the gondola's slow oar.
That song again and again, the twang of the guitar...
In the distance the old barcarolle was heard,
now melancholy, now happy...
The gondola glides through the water, and time glides over the surge of love;
The water will grow smooth again and passion will rise no more.*

II. The Night ... The Love ("Parisina" by Lord Byron)

*It is the hour when from the boughs
The nightingale's high note is heard;
It is the hour when lovers' vows
Seem sweet in every whisper'd word;
And gentle winds, and waters near,
Make music to the lonely ear.
She listens — but not for the nightingale —
Though her ear expects as soft a tale.
There glides a step through the foliage thick,
And her cheek grows pale — and her heart beats quick.
There whispers a voice through the rustling leaves,
And her blush returns, and her bosom heaves:
A moment more — and they shall meet —
'Tis past — her lover's at her feet.
And heedless as the dead are they
Of aught around, above, beneath;
As if all else had passed away,
They only for each other breathe;
Their very sighs are full of joy
So deep, that did it not decay,
That happy madness would destroy
The hearts which feel its fiery sway.*

III. Tears (poem by Fyodor Tyutchev)

*Tears, human tears
You flow both early and late —
You flow unknown, you flow unseen
Inexhaustible, innumerable —
You flow like torrents of rain
In the depths of an autumn night.*

IV. Easter (poem by Alexei Khomyakov)

*Across the earth a mighty bell is ringing
Until all the booming air rocks like the sea
As silver thunders sing forth the tidings
Exulting in that holy victory...*