



SCHOOL OF MUSIC

Presents

**Ashley Chua, Collaborative Piano**

*with*

**Qizheng Wu, Voice**

**Abby Losos, Flute**

**Joao Perez, Violin**

Monday, April 7, 2025

8:30 pm

PepsiCo Recital Hall

**Program**

Chansons de Don Quichotte

I. Chanson du départ de Don Quichotte

II. Chanson à Dulcinée

III. Chanson du Duc

IV. Chanson de la mort

Jacques Ibert

(1890-1962)

Phidylé

Henri Duparc

(1848-1933)

Sonate pour flûte et piano, FP 164

I. Allegro malinconico

II. Cantilena: Assez lent

III. Presto giocoso

Francis Poulenc

(1899-1965)

*Intermission*

Sonata for Violin and Piano in A Major

I. Allegretto ben moderato

II. Allegro

III. Ben moderato: Recitativo-Fantasia

IV. Allegretto poco mosso

César Franck

(1878-1947)

This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for a Master of Music in Collaborative Piano. Ms. Chua is a student of Dr. Michael Bukhman. The use of recording equipment or taking photographs is prohibited. Please silence all electronic devices including watches, pagers, and phones.

## Jacques Ibert (1890-1962)

### *Chansons de Don Quichotte*

Frequently referred to as “eclectic” by peers and reviewers, Jacques Ibert had indiscriminately embraced a panoply of musical styles, refusing to align himself with any one branch of compositional thought. The result is an impressively varied compositional catalog comprising of operas, ballets, and music for plays and film. *Don Quichotte* was one such work meant for film – written for director Georg Wilhelm Pabst and renowned Russian bass Feodor Chaliapin – initially scored for chamber or orchestra setting but eventually reworked for piano and voice.

Images of scenes surrounding a castle “enriched with marble and porphyry” lies at the core of this first movement, *Chanson du départ de Don Quichotte* (Song of the departure). The piano remains sparse underneath a recitative-like vocal texture evocative of ancient songs, and an unreachable faraway world where “No knight, however adventurous he may be, without being such, can enter the place” (“*Nul chevalier, tant soit aventureux, Sans être tel ne peut gagner la place*”).

*Chanson à Dulcinée* (Song for Dulcinea) is an almost chirpy love song, with a trudging bass ostinato pattern that conveys the dread of endlessly stretching time, as “A day lasts a whole year” (“*Un an me dure la journée*”) in the absence of the narrator’s cherished Dulcinea. As he yearns for her, he sees fragments and remnants of her being in the everyday – in the fountain, at dawn, in the scent of jasmine in the wind. The piano ceases its relentless procession into a more tranquil sway, like a cradle that cuddles the memory of his beloved.

The praises sung of a “Lady of my dreams”, by a Duke enraptured and lovestruck forms the basis of this third movement, *Chanson du Duc* (Song of the Duke). The tempo here is flexible, with the greatest degree of rubato fluctuations conveying the dramatic nature of the jubilant triumphs and trials the Duke underwent in a bid to win over his lady, and his earnestness and dedication towards the idea of her.

*Chanson de la mort* (Song of death) marks the finale of this set. A morbid habanera plods along. Sancho, the ostensible servant of Don Quixote, is being comforted over his master’s death. The tenor laments the sorrow and “strange destiny of poor Don Quixote” (“*Tel est l’étrange sort du pauvre Don Quichotte*”), while the piano’s slow dance rhythms are interspersed with bursts of guitar-like strumming figures. A brief postlude is granted to the piano while the voice fades away, before the despondent movement concludes with a hopeful major chord to symbolise the passing of Don Quichotte.

**Chansons de Don Quichotte**  
**Ibert (1933)**

**Chanson du départ**

Ce château neuf, ce nouvel édifice  
Tout enrichi de marbre et de porphyre,  
Qu'amour bâtit château de son empire,  
Où tout le ciel a mis son artifice,  
Est un rempart, un fort contre vice,  
Où la vertueuse maîtresse se retire,  
Que l'œil regarde, et que l'esprit admire,  
Forçant les cœurs à lui faire service.  
C'est un château, fait de telle sorte  
Que nul ne peut approcher de la porte  
Si des grands Rois il n'a sauvé sa race,  
Victorieux, vaillant et amoureux.  
Nul chevalier, tant soit aventureux,  
Sans être tel ne peut gagner la place.

**Chanson à Dulcinée**

Un an me dure la journée  
Si je ne vois ma Dulcinée.

Mais, Amour a peint son visage,  
Afin d'adoucir ma langueur,  
Dans la fontaine et le nuage,  
Dans chaque aurore et chaque fleur.

Un an me dure la journée  
Si je ne vois ma Dulcinée.

Toujours proche et toujours lointaine,  
Étoile de mes longs chemins.  
Le vent m'apporte son haleine  
Quand il passe sur les jasmins.

**Song of the departure**

This new castle, this new edifice  
all adorned with marble and porphyry,  
this castle, built by love from its empire,  
upon which all of heaven has used its skill,  
is a rampart, a fortress against evil  
where the virtuous mistress retires,  
that the eye observes and the spirit  
admires,  
bringing hearts to servitude.  
It is a castle, built in such a way  
that none can approach the portal  
if he has not saved his lineage from the  
great Kings,  
victorious, brave and amorous.  
No knight, however adventurous he may  
be,  
without being such, can enter the place.

**Song for Dulcinea**

A day lasts a whole year  
if I do not see my Dulcinea.

But, so as to sweeten my languor,  
Love has painted her face,  
in the fountain and the sky,  
in each dawn and each flower.

A day lasts a whole year  
if I do not see my Dulcinea.

Ever close and ever far,  
star of my long paths.  
The wind carries her breath to me  
when it blows across the jasmine.

### **Chanson du Duc**

Je veux chanter ici la Dame de mes songes  
Qui m'exalte au dessus de ce siècle de boue  
Son cœur de diamant est vierge de mensonges  
La rose s'obscurcit au regard de sa joue

Pour Elle, j'ai tenté les hautes aventures  
Mon bras a délivré la princesse en servage  
J'ai vaincu l'Enchanteur, confondu les parjures  
Et ployé l'univers à lui rendre hommage.

Dame par qui je vais, seul dessus cette terre,  
Qui ne soit prisonnier de la fausse apparence  
Je soutiens contre tout Chevalier téméraire  
Votre éclat non pareil et votre précellence.

### **Chanson de la mort**

Ne pleure pas Sancho, ne pleure pas, mon bon.  
Ton maître n'est pas mort.  
Il n'est pas loin de toi.  
Il vit dans une île heureuse  
Où tout est pur et sans mensonges.  
Dans l'île enfin trouvée où tu viendras un jour.  
Dans l'île désirée, O mon ami Sancho!  
Les livres sont brûlés et font un tas de cendres.  
Si tous les livres m'ont tué  
Il suffit d'un pour que je vie  
Fantôme dans la vie, et réel dans la mort.  
Tel est l'étrange sort du pauvre Don Quichotte.

### **Song of the Duke**

I want to sing here of the Lady of my dreams,  
who raises me above this century of mud.  
Her heart of diamond is untarnished by lies.  
The rose pales at the sight of her cheek.

For Her, I have attempted lofty adventures.  
My arm has delivered the princess in servitude.  
I have conquered the Enchanter,  
confounded the perjurers  
and bent the universe to offer her homage.

Lady for whom I, who alone is not a prisoner  
of the false appearance, go over this earth,  
I proclaim, against any rash Knight,  
your unequalled splendour and your excellence.

### **Song of death**

Do not cry Sancho, do not cry, good friend.  
Your master is not dead.  
He is not far from you.  
He lives on a happy isle  
where all is pure and free of lies.  
On the isle at last discovered where you will come one day.  
On the desired isle, o my good friend Sancho!  
The books are burned and make a heap of ash.  
If all the books have killed me  
just one is enough for me to live on,  
a ghost in life and real in death.  
Such is the strange destiny of poor Don Quixote.

## Henri Duparc (1848 – 1933)

### *Phidylé*

French composer Henri Duparc was best known for his art songs, many of which were lost during a moment of crisis, wherein he destroyed a great deal of his own compositions. Perhaps owing to the combination of his deteriorating mental state and steadfast religious beliefs, many of these songs are set to morose and morbid themes, as in *Lamento* and *Le manoir de Rosemonde*, art songs written around the same time as *Phidylé*. His time as a student of César Franck shines through his use of expressive chromaticism to highlight and emphasize text, alongside a harmonic language infused with influences of Fauré.

A calm, chant-like opening inaugurates the piece, with the text narrating lush green scenery of soft grass and flowering mossy springs. As the momentum picks up in the piano's oscillating semiquavers, *Phidylé* is invited to rest (“*Repose, ô Phidylé!*”) amidst the enveloping beauty of nature. The climax of the music approaches as the text describes a warm and encompassing sunset – perhaps an allegory for the narrator's ending life – and his anticipation of meeting the one he had yearned for at last. Ripples in the piano previously used to depict the ‘noon on the leaves’ (*Midi sur les feuillages*) have now doubled their speed and intensity to portray the blossoming sun's rays into a “brilliance wane, low on its dazzling curve” (“*Mais, quand l'Astre, incliné sur sa courbe éclatante, Verra ses ardeurs s'apaiser*”); the singer's part ends at the peak of the climax, but in the piano the music takes its time to recede, much like the sunset's slow yet graceful disappearance into the horizon.

## Phidylé

L'herbe est molle au sommeil sous les frais  
peupliers,  
Aux pentes des sources moussues,  
Qui, dans les prés en fleur germant par  
mille issues,  
Se perdent sous les noirs halliers.

Repose, ô Phidylé! Midi sur les feuillages  
Rayonne, et t'invite au sommeil.  
Par le trèfle et le thym, seules, en plein  
soleil,  
Chantent les abeilles volages.

Un chaud parfum circule au détour des  
sentiers,  
La rouge fleur des blés s'incline,  
Et les oiseaux, rasant de l'aile la colline,  
Cherchent l'ombre des églantiers.

Mais, quand l'Astre, incliné sur sa courbe  
éclatante,  
Verra ses ardeurs s'apaiser,  
Que ton plus beau sourire et ton meilleur  
baiser  
Me récompensent de l'attente!

The grass is soft for sleep beneath the cool  
poplars  
On the banks of the mossy springs  
That flow in flowering meadows from a  
thousand sources,  
And vanish beneath dark thickets.

Rest, O Phidylé! Noon on the leaves  
Is gleaming, inviting you to sleep.  
By the clover and thyme, alone, in the  
bright sunlight,  
The fickle bees are humming.

A warm fragrance floats about the winding  
paths,  
The red flowers of the cornfield droop;  
And the birds, skimming the hillside with  
their wings,  
Seek the shade of the eglantine.

But when the sun, low on its dazzling  
curve,  
Sees its brilliance wane,  
Let your loveliest smile and finest kiss  
Reward me to for my waiting!

## Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)

*Sonate pour flûte et piano*, [FP 164](#)

The flute sonata, written in 1957 and around the same time as operas *Dialogues des Carmélites* (1957) and *La Voix humaine* (1959), reflects the departure of Poulenc's style from his trademark light-hearted and playful compositions into an era of solemn works that mark the nearing of his final years. His affinity and experience in working with singers throughout his life remains a dominant feature in these compositions; the choice to write for flute being attributed to the instrument's likenesses to the human voice. Sections of heartfelt lyricism juxtaposed with mischievous irony showcase the versatility of the flute, bringing about a near-instant success at its premiere and its enduring popularity amongst flute repertoire today.

"*Malinconico*" aptly depicts the first movement of the sonata: while the tempo marking "Allegro" suggests momentum, as with the droning motor-like semiquavers in the piano, the melancholic flute soars overhead – dipping and swerving but never settling, its wavering alternation of major and minor conveys a forlorn inner conflict which permeates this movement, even through moments of joyful lively respite. A lush middle section, with enveloping chords and persistent syncopated ostinato in the piano teases the listener with promises of grandeur, while the tonality generates agitation in its rapid travels through areas of tritone and chromatic mediant relations, yet this is all short-lived at the return of the opening material.

The first two bars of the second movement appears to be rather out of place – the piano and flute melody in unison, a wistful arc both previously unheard of and fails to return for the rest of the sonata. Those familiar with Poulenc's oeuvre however, might notice that this fragment remains remarkably similar to the opening of *C.*, the first work in *2 Poèmes de Louis Aragon* composed 14 years earlier. The poem in *C.* mourns France's desecrated state post-conflict in May of 1940; Poulenc's self-reference recalls an atmosphere of anguish and despair which sets the scene of this movement of the flute sonata. Fleeting moments of hope are scattered throughout the piece, with articulation a little more light-hearted and lifted in certain areas that are quickly dashed and deflated in favour of sorrow.

A bright, sparkling final movement awaits the listener, with its quick tempo and festive nature that reminds one of bubbling, popping champagne. Dynamics and characters are ever-shifting, abruptly and briskly so; the flute and piano work together with short, sharp articulations, virtuosic and sweeping gestures through a wide range of register to give rise an almost schizophrenic delivery. A playful, down-to-earth movement, the sonata's finale showcases Poulenc's wit and musical humour to conclude the music.

## **César Franck (1822 – 1890)**

### *Sonata in A major for Violin and Piano*

Among the multitude of other works which emerged from Franck's hand at the end of his life, the violin sonata in A major is certainly the most well received. Overshadowing works like the Prelude, Chorale, and Fugue (1884), as well as the Symphonic Variations (1885), the tonally-ambiguous piece would emerge as a cornerstone of modern violin repertoire. Franck, notably, had fashioned the piece as a wedding present to Eugène Ysaÿe, who, then being only 28, had already gained renown as an accomplished soloist. Ysaÿe would proceed to perform the piece regularly throughout the rest of his solo career.

A substantial movement, it is strange that the first movement of this sonata is frequently overlooked and overshadowed by the reputation of the succeeding movement; a considerable pity as, despite its comparatively less virtuosic and calmer nature, this movement offers a range of vivid imagery that sets the scene for the rest of the sonata. Languid, swaying rhythms open the music – the slow tempo, sparse texture, and ambiguous tonality conjuring an image of a sweltering summer afternoon, where time trudges listlessly onwards. The initial resistance and languish gathers momentum, until finally a flow is found at the sweeping and sighing solo piano segments, the momentum carrying the music forward through turbulent left-hand ripples beneath a melancholic and yearning lyricism.

That the second movement of this sonata remains notorious amongst chamber repertoire for pianists is no surprise. An energetic and turbulent nature prevails, owing to relentless and persistent semiquavers in the piano, amongst which a clear line – not always at the top – demands careful voicing and curating. Representative of the rest of the sonata, the violin is often responsible for sweeping vocal-like contours which, positioned against the intensity of the piano, emphasises the melody's gliding over turmoil and duress. The second subject is marked by the violin's ascending pursuit in the upper registers, against the piano's bass descent towards the bottom of the keyboard. Vivid gestures emerge in the oblique and opposing direction of melody and counters, and the massive register traversed in spite of the thinning texture and calmer triplets invokes an enveloping sense of overwhelming vastness. A short reprieve is offered to the pianist during the development, with murmuring semiquavers in the violin part. A glistening take on the second subject theme appears in the piano, before plunging into an ominous dialogue preceding the recapitulation. A moment of calm before the storm marks the beginning of the end, and the music erupts into a fantastical climb into its explosive ending.

Following the dramatic prior movement is a "*Recitativo – Fantasia*," immediately evidencing a sense of timelessness is the improvisation-like opening. Franck's dense harmonic language reaches limits here, with intensely meandering and chromaticism rife in the violin lines, whilst the piano appears to take a supporting backrow for much of this introduction. A dream-like world soon emerges, the former drama and intensity morphing into a calm, rippling illusion. The violin's yearning and heartfelt melody soars skyward atop the ebb and flow of



the piano, both slowly but surely gathering into a stormy climax in F# minor, the relative of the sonata's overarching A major.

A pleasant and clearly diatonic melody opens the final movement of the sonata, a stark contrast from the dense chromaticism plaguing the earlier movements. The primary theme appears always in a cannon-like dialogue between the instruments, where, regardless of who begins, the other follows closely in their place. The intensity builds into a brilliant outburst of melodious octaves and bass-line leaps in the piano part, while the violin's luminous high register tails behind, soon after plunging into a development section peppered with cascading wave-like surges and ominous octaves. The climax of this middle section harkens back to the material of third movement, rebirthed into a woeful and thunderous character. In contrast to the previous pleasantries, its anguish broods and culminates into a radiant cascade of glittering energy before returning to the recapitulation. As the end approaches, a never-before heard dominant ostinato is introduced during the final restatement of the theme, hidden surreptitiously within the piano's middle texture, perhaps as a means to generate a sense of tension. A final display of canonic brilliance, this time with all the warmth and glory of the home key of A major, signals the nearing end of the sonata and closes with a dazzling ascent to the heavens.