

10-20-1997

Faculty Recital: Read Gainsford, piano

Read Gainsford

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*“It is
my plan
to build
a school
of music
second
to none.”*

—William
Grant Egbert
(1867–1928)
Founder,
Ithaca
Conservatory
of Music

SCHOOL OF MUSIC

ITHACA

FACULTY RECITAL

Read Gainsford, piano

Chaconne in D Minor
from *Sonata No. 4 in D Minor for Violin, S. 1004*
Johann Sebastian Bach
(1685-1750)
transcribed by Ferruccio Busoni
(1866-1924)

Gaspard de la Nuit (1908)
Ondine
Le Gibet
Scarbo
Maurice Ravel
(1875-1937)

INTERMISSION

Sonata Op. 1 (1908)
Alban Berg
(1885-1935)

Sonata in A Minor, Wq.57/2
(Kenner und Liebhaber III, 2)
Carl Philipp Emanuel Bach
(1714-1788)
Allegro
Andante
Allegro di molto

Etude-Tableau in C Minor, op. 33, No. 3
Oriental Fantasy: Islamey (1865)
Sergei Rachmaninoff
(1873-1943)
Mili Balakirev
(1837-1910)

Ford Hall Auditorium
Monday, October 20, 1997
8:15 p.m.

Gaspard de la nuit

Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)

Trois poèmes pour piano, d'après Aloysius Bertrand.

I. ONDINE

*.....I thought I heard a vague harmony bewitching my
sleep. And near me spread a murmur like the
broken songs of a sad and tender voice.*

Ch. Brugnot --The two Genii.

“Listen! Listen! It is I, Undine, brushing with these drops of water the resonant diamond panes of your window lit by the bleak rays of the moon; and here, in a dress of moiré is the lady of the chateau, gazing from her balcony at the beautiful starry night and the beautiful slumbering lake.

“Each wave is a water sprite swimming in the current, each current is a path that winds toward my palace, and my palace is built of water, in the depths of the lake, within the triangle formed by fire, earth and air.

“Listen! Listen! My father is beating the gurgling water with a branch of green alder, and my sisters are caressing the cool islands of grasses, water-lilies and gladioli with their arms of foam, or laughing at the frail, bearded willow who is angling .”

After murmuring her song, she begged me to take her ring on my finger, to become the husband of an undine, and to go with her to her palace, to be the king of the lakes.

And when I told her that I loved a human, she became sulky and spiteful. She shed a few tears, let out a peal of laughter, and vanished in showers that ran white down my blue window-panes.

II. THE GIBBET

What do I see moving around that gibbet?

FAUST.

Ah! what I am hearing - is it the icy night-wind yelping, or the hanged man sighing on the forked gallows?

Could it be some cricket, who chirps crouched in the moss and sterile ivy with which the wood, out of pity, covers itself?

Could it be some fly hunting its prey, sounding its horn around those ears that are deaf to the fanfare of death's trumpet?

Could it be some beetle plucking in its uneven flight a bloody hair from his bald head?

Or could it be some spider embroidering some muslin as a tie for that strangled neck?

It is the bell ringing by the walls of a city below the horizon, and the carcass of a hanged man, reddened by the setting sun.

III. SCARBO

*He looked under the bed, in the fireplace, in the chest:- no-one.
He could not understand how he had got in, or how he had escaped.*

HOFFMAN.- - Night tales.

Oh, how often I have heard him - Scarbo - when the moon shines at midnight like a silver shield on an azure banner sprinkled with golden bees!

How often I have heard his laughter boom out of the shadows of my alcove, and his nails grating on the silk of my bed curtains!

How often I have seen him descend from the ceiling, pirouette on one foot, and roll about the room like a spindle that has fallen from a sorcerer's distaff!

And if I thought he had vanished? --The dwarf would grow between the moon and me, like the spire of a gothic cathedral, with a small golden bell swinging from his pointed cap!

But soon his body would turn blue, translucent like the wax of a taper, and his face would become as pale as the wax on the candle's end -- and suddenly he would be extinguished.