CHAMPS HILL
RECORDS

Loeffler, Durufle, Pierné

PIERNÉ **SONATA DA CAMERA**

LOEFFLER **TWO RHAPSODIES**
FIVE SONGS

DURUFLÉ **PRÉLUDE, RÉCITATIF ET VARIATIONS**
(world première recording)

London Conchord Ensemble
William Dazeley

PIERNÉ: SONATA DA CAMERA, OP. 48 for flute, 'cello & piano

1	Prélude	*4.50*
2	Sarabande	*4.59*
3	Finale	*3.54*

LOEFFLER: TWO RHAPSODIES for oboe, viola & piano

4	L'étang	*9.25*
5	La cornemuse	*11.54*

LOEFFLER: FIVE SONGS for voice, viola & piano

6	Rêverie en sourdine	*4.30*
7	Le rossignol	*3.29*
8	Harmonie du soir	*3.34*
9	La lune blanche	*1.24*
10	La chanson des Ingénues	*2.24*
11	**DURUFLÉ: PRÉLUDE, RÉCITATIF ET VARIATIONS, Op. 3 for flute, viola & piano**	*11.58*

Produced by Andrew Keener (tracks 1 - 5, 11) and Mark Brown (tracks 6 - 10)
Engineered by Phil Rowlands (tracks 1 - 5, 11) and Julian Millard (tracks 6 - 10)
Recorded in the Music Room, Champs Hill, West Sussex, 28th & 29th September 2001 (tracks 4, 5, 11), 21st February 2002 (tracks 6 - 10) and 26th February 2002 (tracks 1 - 3)

LONDON**CONCHORD**ENSEMBLE

The London Conchord Ensemble is a flexible ensemble of internationally-recognised young soloists, chamber musicians and principals from the BBC Symphony Orchestra, the Royal Opera House Orchestra and Scottish Chamber Orchestra. Based in London, the ensemble explores both the traditional and contemporary repertoire of chamber music written for combinations of strings, wind and piano.

Following their critically-acclaimed début at the Wigmore Hall in October 2000, the ensemble has continued to perform extensively throughout the UK, Europe and North America. Highlights of recent seasons include performances at Schleswig Holstein Musik Festival, Düsseldorf Tonhalle, Amsterdam Concertgebouw, Palais des Beaux Arts, Niedersachsen Musik Festival and tours of Ireland, France and America. The ensemble enjoys regular collaborations with guest vocalists and recent concerts at Windsor Festival, Newbury Festival, Winchester Festival and Chelsea Festival have included Dame Felicity Lott, Sue Bickley, Andrew Kennedy, James Gilchrist and Katherine Broderick. Conchord is ensemble-in-residence at Champs Hill.

Conchord has received wide critical acclaim for their recordings of Poulenc, George Crumb, Thuille and Bach on the Sanctuary Classics/ASV, Black Box, Quartz and Champs Hill record labels and regularly appears on BBC Radio 3 and Classic FM.

"The ensemble clicks perfectly, the playing seemingly effortless and a regard for precision never stifling the musicians' natural feeling for life and breath."

BBC Music Magazine

WILLIAM DAZELEY

William Dazeley studied at Cambridge and the Guildhall School of Music.

Operatic credits include Count Cherubin, Guglielmo *Così fan tutte*, Anthony *Sweeney Todd*, Mercutio *Roméo et Juliette*, Figaro *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* (ROH); The Count *Le nozze di Figaro* and title role *Owen Wingrave* (Glyndebourne Touring Opera); Figaro *Barbiere* (Deutsche Staatsoper Berlin); title role *Don Giovanni* (Deutsche Oper Berlin), *Dr Faust* (Salzburg Festival and Châtelet/Nagano) and Scherasmin *Oberon* (Theatre du Châtelet/John Eliot Gardiner), the Count *Figaro* (Pittsburgh Opera), Zurga *The Pearl Fishers* (San Francisco Opera), Ferryman *Curlew River* (Edinburgh Festival), Papageno *The Magic Flute* (ENO), the Count *Le Nozze di Figaro* (WNO), Maximilian *Candide* (Teatro di San Carlo, Naples), Marcello *La Bohème* and Yeletsky *Pique Dame* (ROH) and the world premières of Jesus in Harrison Birtwistle's *The Last Supper* (Deutsche Staatsoper Berlin/Barenboim and Glyndebourne) and Hosokawa's Hanjo (Aix en Provence Festival and Theatre de la Monnaie, Brussels).

Concert appearances include the title role in Schumann's *Szenen aus Goethes Faust* (CBSO); Schumann *Requiem for Mignon* (Monteverdi Orchesta/John Eliot Gardiner); Mahler *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* (Royal Flanders Philharmonic/Herreweghe and in Porto); Corigliano *Dylan Thomas Trilogy* (BBC Symphony/Slatkin); *Christmas Oratorio* (Berlin Philharmonic); the world première of songs by Harrison Birtwistle (BBC Proms/Dohnanyi), Mahmoud in John Adams' *The Death of Klinghoffer* (BBC Symphony Orchestra), *Das Paradies und die Peri* (San Francisco Symphony), *Das Klagende Lied* (RTE National Symphony Orchestra), *Carmina Burana* (Orchestre du Capitole Toulouse), *War Requiem* (Aspen Festival), *L'Enfance du Christ* (LSO), Brahms *Requiem* (Monteverdi Choir/Sir John Eliot Gardiner), *Das knaben Wunderhorn* (Orquestra Nacional do Porto), and *L'Enfance du Christ* (Mozarteum Orchester Salzburg/Ivor Bolton). In recital he has appeared at the Wigmore Hall, Purcell Room, St George's Bristol, and Châtelet, and is regularly invited to sing at the Cheltenham, Aix en Provence and Saintes Festivals.

Recent engagements include a Gershwin double bill and Posa *Don Carlos* (Opera North) and *Carmina Burana* (BBC Symphony Orchestra and Sydney Symphony Orchestra), title role in *Eugene Onegin* (New Zealand Opera), *The Brothers* (Bochumer Symphoniker), *L'Enfance du Christ* (Bayerische Rundfunk Munich) and *Carmina Burana* (Opera North), Eisenstein *Die Fledermaus* (The Bolshoi, Moscow), Marcello *La Bohème* (Hamburg State Opera), and Father *Hansel und Gretel* (Glyndebourne). Future engagements include Danilo *The Merry Widow* (Opera North).

This might look like a recital of French chamber music, but appearances can be deceptive. The music of Charles Martin Loeffler *(1861-1935)* sounds eminently French, and he consistently claimed to have been born in Mulhouse in Alsace. This is repeated by most music encyclopedias, but that doesn't make it true. Loeffler was German, born near Berlin to Berliner parents, and turned against Germany when his father, a man of Republican ideals, was imprisoned and tortured by the Prussian authorities on a charge of espionage. The family moved around frequently, but in 1873 he returned to Berlin to study with Joseph Joachim and Woldemar Bargiel (Clara Schumann's brother-in-law), later transferring to Paris as a pupil of Massart and Guiraud (the teacher of Debussy) at the Conservatoire. After some years playing in French orchestras he journeyed to the USA and in 1882 joined the newly-founded Boston Symphony Orchestra; he shared the first desk with successive leaders until he retired from it in 1903 to concentrate on composition.

During his years with the BSO Loeffler often appeared as a concerto soloist and introduced works of his own. Greatly admired in Boston society, he was one of the most sophisticated musical minds of his time. His friends included Eugene Ysaÿe, John Singer Sargent (who painted his portrait), Fauré and Busoni (both of whom dedicated works to him) - and George Gershwin, whose music Loeffler adored. His own works cover a wide range, and he wrote more than he published, spending many years perfecting and revising. His stylistic orientation is strongly redolent of his French contemporaries Franck, Chausson and Debussy, with a Russian sense of instrumental colour: he was a magnificent orchestrator. But he was also forward-looking - in later life he became fascinated by jazz and wrote works in jazz style.

As a song-writer, Loeffler responded especially to French poetry. In 1893-4 he set seven poems by Verlaine and two by Baudelaire for the combination of voice, viola and piano. He published four of them a decade later as his Quatre Poèmes, Op. 5 - but the others remained unpublished until 1988, and it is these latter five which are recorded here. From the sumptuous waltz of *Harmonie du Soir* to the delicate intermezzo of *La lune blanche* and the witty ironies of *La chanson des ingénues*, these songs traverse Loeffler's expressive range. The viola is no mere accompanying instrument: the songs are more like duets, and the viola's plangent tones, exquisitely calculated, (note the nightingale's song in harmonics in *Le Rossignol*) add further dimensions to the poems' 'decadent' and piercingly-evocative imagery.

The *Deux Rhapsodies* for oboe, viola and piano also started life as songs. In 1898 he wrote three settings of poems by the French symbolist Maurice Rollinat for voice, clarinet, viola and piano. He may have intended to perform them with the Boston Symphony's clarinetist Léon Pourtau, but shortly afterwards Pourtau was drowned on a trans-Atlantic crossing. Loeffler put the songs away, but re-used their material in 1901. The third of them was recomposed as an orchestral tone-poem, while the other two were rewritten as the *Deux Rhapsodies*, dedicated to Pourtau's memory. Rollinat's poems, printed in the score, are full of grisly imagery: 'The Pond' with its hobgoblins and consumptively croaking toads, is a sinister place; 'The Bagpipe', once played in the depth of the woods by a mysterious piper now dead, is a symbol of fear. These dark undertones may be detected in Loeffler's pieces, but as only one aspect of an exquisite, atmospheric impressionism – though the toads and the bagpipe are clearly audible in brilliant effects of scoring.

Gabriel Pierné (1863-1937) was born in Metz, not far from Loeffler's claimed birthplace in Alsace. They were contemporaries at the Paris Conservatoire, and long afterwards Loeffler recommended Pierné for the conductorship of the Boston Symphony (which he declined). Pierné became one of the most influential modern musicians in Paris, largely through his conducting: associated with the Colonne Concerts from 1903 to 1934, he introduced many masterpieces to the world and was one of the principal conductors for Diaghilev's Ballets Russes, conducting the world première of Stravinsky's *Firebird*.

Pierné made his greatest mark as a composer in the 1890s but continued to write copiously throughout his career, synthesizing many tendencies of the French music

of his time, Pierné's *Sonata da Camera* for flute, cello and piano is a comparatively late work, from 1927. Like Loeffler's Rhapsodies, it is partly a memorial composition, inscribed to the memory of the flautist Louis Fleury who died in 1925. There is also an American connection here, for the *Sonata da Camera* was commissioned by Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge, the great American patroness of chamber music (who also championed Loeffler). And Pierné prefixed to his score, in French, some lines from Virgil's *Fifth Eclogue* (Loeffler's orchestral work, *A Pagan Poem*, is based on the *Eighth Eclogue*). Pierné's chosen lines read (in the English of E.V Rieu): 'Mopsus, well met. We are experts, you and I – you with the light reed-pipe, and I at song. Why not sit down together here where the hazels mingle with the elms?'.

In its pellucid textures and underlying elegiac feeling even in its liveliest moments, Pierné's *Sonata da Camera* has much in common with the Sonata for flute, viola and harp of his friend Debussy. The flute and cello (who perhaps stand for Virgil's shepherds) often have the field to themselves, with only the lightest of piano accompaniments, as at the beginning of the Prélude, which starts as a lively, neo-classical *fugato* but has the shape of a full sonata form, with a more songful second subject introduced by the cello. The movement is full of deft counterpoint and discreet touches of polytonality. The neo-baroque feeling continues with the central *Sarabande*, which Pierné bases on a gravely beautiful theme announced by muted cello. The *finale* is the busiest movement, a kind of gigue begun once more by flute and cello unaccompanied. Its central development is a kind of country dance in 5/8 time before a joyous return of the gigue and a sudden, mysteriously-vanishing *coda*.

Maurice Duruflé (1902-1986) was best known as a great organist and a composer of organ and choral works. Born in Louviers, he moved to Paris in 1919 and became assistant to another notable organist-composer, Charles Tournemire, at the church of Sante Clotilde (where Pierné had also been organist). During the 1920s he studied at the Paris Conservatoire, where his composition teacher was Dukas; he carried off most of the important prizes. As an organist he built up an international reputation – he also taught organ at the Conservatoire, and was professor of harmony there from 1943 to 1969. His most celebrated work is the *Requiem* for chorus and orchestra (1947) which reveals him as a successor to Fauré in modern application of Gregorian modal harmony; but he also had aspirations to a more exotic and dynamic modernism, as in the three orchestral Dances of 1932 in the vein of Ravel and Roussel. Even earlier than these is the *Prélude, récitatif et variations* for flute, viola and piano.

Composed in 1928, this is once again a memorial, to the great music publisher Jacques Durand (who died in that year, shortly after publishing Pierné's Sonata). The Prélude in this case, marked 'Lent et triste', begins with heavy, grief-stricken harmonies on the piano. The cello enters with an elegiac theme but it is some time – after and ominous seven-note 'fate-motif' in piano and cello – before the flute is heard, with a contrastingly pastoral melody. The music rises to a passionate pesante climax and subsides, via a piano *cadenza*, to the *Récitatif*, in which flute and cello propose different versions of an expressive new melody.

This presages the theme of the Variations, which follow without a break. Stated by the flute, the theme is in the nature of a calm Gregorian chant. There are four numbered variations, the second being an *Allegretto scherzando* and the third an *Andante*, with various references back to the earlier movements. After the sprightly fourth variation, a long epilogue begins with a recall of music from the Prélude, including the 'fate motif'. Elements from both *Prélude* and *Récitatif* are woven together and developed with remarkable contrapuntal mastery, the pastoral element becoming a vigorous dance and leading at last to a singing (chanté) and joyous apotheosis.

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RÊVERIE EN SOURDINE (MUTED REVERIE)

Calmes dans le demi-jour
Que les branches hautes font,
Pénétrons bien notre amour
De ce silence profund

Fondons nos âmes, nos coeurs
Et nos sens extasiés,
Parmi les vagues langueurs
Des pins et des arbousiers.

Ferme tes yeux à demi,
Croise tes bras sur ton sein,
Et de ton Coeur endormi
Chasse à jamais tout dessein.

Lasissons-nous persuader
Au soufflé berceur et doux
Qui vient à tes pieds rider
Les ondes de gazon roux.

Et quand, solennel, le soir
Des chênes noirs tombera,
Voix de notre désespoir,
Le rossignol chantera.

Calm in the twilight
Made by the high branches,
Let us imbue our love
With this deep silence.

Let us dissolve our souls, our hearts
And our enraptured senses,
Among the vague langours
Of the pines and the arbutus.

Half close your eyes,
Cross your arms on your breast,
And from your sleeping heart
Drive away forever all design.

Let us be persuaded
In the breath of wind soothing and soft
That comes to your feet to ruffle
The waves of russet grass.

And when the evening, solemn,
Falls from the black oaks,
Voice of our despair,
The nightingale will sing.

Paul Verlaine, Fêtes galantes (1879)

LE ROSSIGNOL (THE NIGHTINGALE)

Comme un vol criard d'oiseaux
en émoi,
Tous mes souvenirs s'abbattent sur moi,
S'abbattent parmi le feullage jaune
De mon Coeur mirant son tronc plié d'aune
Au tain violet de l'eau des
Regrets
Qui mélancoliquement coule auprès,
S'abbattent, et puis la
Rumeur mauvaise
Qu'une brise moite en montant apaise,
S'éteint par degrées dans l'arbre, si bien
Qu'au bout d'un instant on n'entends
Plus rien.
Plus rien que la voix celebrant
L'Absente,
Plus rien que la voix –
ô si languissante! –
De l'oiseau qui fut mon Premier Amour,
Et qui chante encore comme au premier jour;
Et, dans la splendeur triste d'une lune
Se levant blafarde et solennelle, une
Nuit mélancolique et lourde d'été,
Pleine de silence et d'obscurité,
Berce sur l'azur qu'un vent
Doux effleure
L'arbre qui frissonne et l'oisseau
Qui pleure.

Like a screeching flock of birds
In a commotion,
All my memories tumble down on me,
Tumble down among the yellow foliage
Of my heart reflecting its bent alder trunk
In the violet silvering of the water of
Regrets
Which melancholically flows nearby,
Tumble down, and then the
Unpleasant clamour
Which a moist breeze appeases while rising,
Dies out by degrees in the tree, so well
That an instant later one hears
Nothing more,
Nothing more than the voice extolling the
Absent one,
Nothing more than the voice –
Oh so languid! –
Of the bird who was my First Love,
And who still sings as on the first day;
And, in the sad splendour of a moon
Rising pale and solemn, a
Melancholy and sultry summer night
Full of silence and darkness,
Rocks in the azure against which a soft
Breeze brushes
The tree that quivers and the bird
that weeps.

Paul Verlaine, Poèmes saturniens

HARMONIE DU SOIR (EVENING HARMONY)

Voice venir les temps où vibrant sur sa tige,
Chaque fleur s'évapore ainsi qu'un encensoir;
Les sons et les parfums tournent dans l'air du soir;
Valse mélancolique et langoureux vertige!

The time is at hand when vibrating on its stem,
Each flower evaporates just as a censer;
The sounds and the perfumes revolve in the evening air;
Melancholy waltz and languorous vertigo!

Chaque fleur s'évapore ainsi qu'un encensoir;
Le violon frémit comme un Coeur qu'on afflige;
Valse mélancolique et langoureux vertige!
Le ciel est triste et beau comme un grande, reposoir.

Each Flower evaporates just as a censer;
The violin trembles like an afflicted heart;
Melancholy waltz and languorous vertigo!
The sky is sad and beautiful like a great wayside-alter.

Le violon frémit comme un coeur qu'on afflige,
Un coeur tendre, qui hait le néant vaste et noir!
Le ciel est triste et beau comme un grande, reposoir;
Le soleil s'est noyé dans son sang qui se fige.

The violin trembles like an afflicted heart,
A tender heart, which hates the vast and black emptiness!
The sky is sad and beautiful like a great wayside-alter;
The sun has drowned in its congealing blood.

Un Coeur tender, qui hait le néant vaste et noir,
Du passé lumineux recueille tout vestige!
Le soleil s'est noyé dans son sang qui se fige…
Ton souvenir en moi luit comme un ostensoir!

A tender heart, which hates the vast and black emptiness,
Collects all trace of the luminous past!
The sun has drowned in its congealing blood…
Your memory shines within me like a monstrance!

Charles Baudelaire, Les fleurs du mal (1857)

LA LUNE BLANCHE (THE WHITE MOON)

Sous la ramée…
Part une voix
De chaque branche
Luit dans les bois;
La lune blanche

The white moon
Shines in the woods;
From each branch
A voice comes out
Under the boughs…

O bien-aimée.

O beloved.

L'etang reflète,
Profond miroir,
La silhouette
Du saule noir
Où le vent pleure…

The pond reflects,
Deep mirror,
The silhouette
Of the black willow
Where the wind weeps…

Révons, c'est l'heure.

Let us dream, it is the hour.

Un vaste et tender
Apaisement
Semble descendre
Du firmament
Que l'astre irise…

A vast and tender
Appeasement
Seems to descend
From the sky
Which the star makes iridescent…

C'est l'heure exquise.

It is the exquisite hour.

Paul Verlaine, La bonne chanson (1870)

LA CHANSON DES INGÉNUES (THE SONG OF THE INGENUES)

Nous sommes les Ingénues
Aux bandeaux plats, à l'oiel bleu,
Qui vivons, Presque inconnues,
Dans les romans qu'on lit peu.

We are the Ingenues
With flat headbands, with blue eyes,
Who live, almost unknown,
In novels that are seldom read.

Nous allons entrelacées,
Et le jour n'est pas plus pur
Que le fond de nos pensées,
Et nos rêves sont d'azure;

Et nous courons par les prés
Et rions et babillons
Des aubes jusqu'aux vesprées,
Et chassons aux papillons;

Et des chapeux de bergères
Défendent notre fraîcheur,
Et nos robes – si légères –
Sont d'une extreme blancheur;

Les Richelieux, les Caussades
Et les chavaliers Faublas
Nous prodiguent les oeillades,
Les saluts et les "hélas!"

Mais en vain, et leurs mimiques
Se viennent casser le nez
Devant les plis ironiques
De nos jupons détournés;

Et notre candeur se raille
Des imaginations
De ces raseurs de muraille,
Bien que parfois nous sentions

Battre nos coeurs sous nos mantes
Á des pensers clandestins,
En nous sachent les amantes
Futures des libertins.

We go arms interwined,
And the day is no purer
Than the depths of our thoughts,
And our dreams are of azure;

And we run by the meadows
And laugh and babble
From dawn to dusk,
And chase butterflies;

And shepherdess bonnets
Protect our freshness,
And our dresses – so light –
Are extremely white;

The Richelieus, the Caussades
And the knights Faublas
Lavish on us glances,
Greetings, and "alases!"

But in vain, and their mimicry
Falls flat on its face
Before the ironical pleats
Of our averted skirts;

And our naiveté mocks
The imaginations
Of these wall razers,
Although at times we feel

Our hearts beat beneath our mantles
At secret thoughts,
Knowing ourselves the future
Lovers of libertines.

Paul Verlaine, Poèmes saturniens

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