

THE BRUNSWICK STRING QUARTET  
WITH STUDENT GUEST PERFORMERS

Sara Smith, flute  
Bruce Bonnell, horn  
Peter Green, piano

Carolyn Reid, soprano  
Benjamin Davenport, cello  
Michelle Sullivan, piano

Flute Quartet in D, K. 285

*Allegro*  
*Adagio*  
*Rondo*

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart  
(1756-1791)

Chanson Perpetuelle, Op. 37

Ernest Chausson  
(1855-1899)

Horn Quintet in E<sup>b</sup>, K. 407

*Allegro*  
*Andante*  
*Rondo-Allegro*

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

INTERMISSION

Cello Quintet in C, Op. 163

*Movement I - Allegro ma non troppo*

Franz Schubert  
(1797-1828)

Piano Quintet in F minor, Op. 34

*Movement I - Allegro non troppo*

Johannes Brahms  
(1833-1897)

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Violin Joseph Pach  
Violin Paul Campbell

Viola James Pataki  
Cello Paul Pulford

*This concert is the culmination of the Quartet's six-day Residency at Memorial University's School of Music, made possible through the assistance of the Atlantic Project Fund of the Canada Council*

## PROGRAMME NOTES

### CHANSON PERPETUELLE (Song Without an End)

Trembling woods, star-studded sky,  
My beloved has gone away,  
Carrying off my disconsolate heart.  
Winds, let your plaintive sounds,  
Let your songs, enchanting nightingales,  
Tell him that I am dying.  
The first evening he came here  
My soul was at his mercy;  
Of pride I knew no more.  
Every glance of mine was a confession.  
He took me into his strong arms  
And kissed me near my tresses --  
I felt a great thrill...  
And then, I do not recall how it happened,  
He had become my lover.  
I used to tell him: You will love me  
As long as you are able to.  
In his arms alone I slept well,  
But he, feeling his heart grow cold,  
Went away the other morning  
Without me to a far-off land.  
Because I have my lover no longer  
I shall die in the pond,  
Amidst the flowers, under the quiet currents.  
When I come to the shore, to the wind  
I shall speak his name dreamily,  
For there I waited for him often;  
And like in a golden shroud,  
My hair undone, to the mercy  
Of the wind I shall abandon myself.  
The happy moments of the past will shed  
Their gentle glimmer on my brow,  
And their green reeds will entwine me  
And my bosom will believe, trembling  
In the caressing embrace,  
That I am in the arms of my absent lover!