

**ATLANTIC STRING QUARTET**  
and  
**STUDENTS OF THE SCHOOL OF MUSIC**

**STREICHTRIO IN C MINOR, Opus 9, No. 3**

Ludwig van Beethoven  
(1770-1827)

*Allegro con spirito*  
*Adagio con espressione*  
*Scherzo - Allegro molto e vivace*  
*Finale - Presto*

**Mark Latham, violin**  
**Laura Wilcox-Root, viola**  
**Dale Root, cello**

**LA BONNE CHANSON, Opus 61**

Gabriel Fauré  
(1845-1924)

IV. *J'allais par des chemins perfides*  
VIII. *N'est-ce pas?*  
IX. *L'hiver a cessé*

**Carolyn Reid, soprano**  
**Michelle Sullivan, piano**  
**Atlantic String Quartet**

Intermission

**KLAVIER - QUARTETT, KV. 493 IN C MINOR**

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart  
(1756-1791)

*Allegro*  
*Larghetto*  
*Allegretto*

**Pamela Knight, piano**  
and members of  
**The Atlantic String Quartet**

## TRANSLATIONS

### LA BONNE CHANSON

Gabriel Faure

#### J'allais par des chemins perfides

I was travelling treacherous roads,  
Anguishingly unsure  
Your dear hands were my guides.

So pale on the distant horizon  
Glowed a faint hope of dawn  
Your gaze was the morning.

No sound, unless his footfall sounding,  
Encouraged the traveller.  
Your voice told me, "Walk on."

My fearful heart, my somber heart  
Cried, alone, along the sad course;  
Love, delicious conqueror,

Has re-united us in joy.

#### N'est-ce pas?

Will we not? - Go cheerfully and gently, along  
The humble way Hope shows us, smiling,  
Little caring whether we are ignored or seen.

Alone within love as though in a black wood,  
Our two hearts exhaling their peaceful tenderness,  
Will be two nightingales who sing in the evening.

Without concern for what our Fate has  
In store, we will march with like pace,  
And hand in hand, with the child-like souls

Of those who love without alloy, will we not?

Without concern for what our Fate has  
In store, we will march with like pace,  
And hand in hand, with the child-like souls

Of those who love without alloy, will we not?

#### L'hiver a cessé

Winter is ended; the light is warm  
And dances from earth to brilliant sky.  
The saddest of hearts must yield  
To the immense joy abroad in the air.

For a year I have had spring in my soul  
And the green returning of sweet springtime,  
As one flame surrounds another,  
Caps my perfect bliss with perfect bliss.

The blue sky extends, exalts and crowns  
The immutable azure where my love laughs.  
The season is lovely, and my fortune is good  
And all my hopes at last have their turn

Let summer come! Let come again  
Autumn and winter! And each season  
Will be for me delightful, o Thou  
Whom this fantasy and this mind honors!

*This programme is presented with the financial assistance of the Canada Council.*