

David Felberg solo violin
Megan Holland, Ana Maria Quintero, Carla Kountoupes,
Donna Mulkern, Natalie Frantz, Lorenzo Gallegos violin
Karl Winkler, Allie Norris, Erin Rolan viola
Amy Huzjak, Ian Brody, Lisa Donald cello
Sam Brown bass
Luke Gullickson harpsichord

July 31, 2022

#684

chatter music worth talking about SUNDAY

Megan Baldrige Spoken Word

Megan Baldrige is a local poet who likes to write about politics, gardening, dogs and knitting. Today she will be reading about Albuquerque gardening and dogs gone awry. She always feels better after a little chattering kvetching; she hopes you will, as well.

The Four Seasons (1723)

Antonio Vivaldi (1678–1741)

- I Spring
- II Summer
- III Autumn
- IV Winter

Celebration of Silence :: Two Minutes

“Last Spring” from Two Elegiac Melodies Op. 34 (1880)

Edvard Grieg (1843–1907)

Today's performance, sponsored by Dr. Jamie Felberg, is in memory of David Chavez, devoted musician, music lover, and dear friend to so many in the community.

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at SITE Santa Fe

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912 3rd Street NW, Abq

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chatter SUNDAY

Sun, Aug 7 at 10:30am at 912 3rd St NW

Works by **Coleman** and **Farrenc**

Performed by **Tatum, Peña, Shields, Ukens, Onieal** and **Gordon**

Rowie Shebala Spoken Word

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The Four Seasons (1723)

Antonio Vivaldi (1678–1741)

La Primavera (Spring)

Opus 8, No. 1, in E Major

I. *Allegro*—

Festive Spring has arrived,
The birds salute it with their happy song.
And the brooks, caressed by little Zephyrs,
Flow with a sweet murmur.
The sky is covered with a black mantle,
And thunder, and lightning, announce a storm.
When they are silent, the birds
Return to sing their lovely song.

II. *Largo e pianissimo sempre*—

And in the meadow, rich with flowers,
To the sweet murmur of leaves and plants,
The goatherd sleeps, with his faithful dog at his side.

III. *Danza pastorale. Allegro*—

To the festive sound of pastoral bagpipes,
Dance nymphs and shepherds,
At Spring's brilliant appearance.

L'Estate (Summer)

Opus 8, No. 2, in G minor

I. *Allegro non molto*—

Under the heat of the burning summer sun,
Languish man and flock; the pine is parched.
The cuckoo finds its voice, and suddenly,
The turtledove and goldfinch sing.
A gentle breeze blows,
But suddenly, the north wind appears.
The shepherd weeps because, overhead,
Lies the fierce storm, and his destiny.

II. *Adagio; Presto*—

His tired limbs are deprived of rest
By his fear of lightning and fierce thunder,
And by furious swarms of flies and hornets.

III. *Presto*—

Alas, how just are his fears,
Thunder and lightning fill the Heavens, and the hail
Slices the tops of the corn and other grain.

L'Autunno (Autumn)

Opus 8, No. 3, in F Major

I. *Allegro*—

The peasants celebrate with dance and song,
The joy of a rich harvest.
And, full of Bacchus's liquor,
They finish their celebration with sleep.

II. *Adagio molto*—

Each peasant ceases his dance and song.
The mild air gives pleasure,
And the season invites many
To enjoy a sweet slumber.

III. *Allegro*—

The hunters, at the break of dawn, go to the hunt.
With horns, guns, and dogs they are off,
The beast flees, and they follow its trail.
Already fearful and exhausted by the great noise,
Of guns and dogs, and wounded,
The exhausted beast tries to flee, but dies.

L'Inverno (Winter)

Opus 8, No. 4, in F minor

I. *Allegro non molto*—

Frozen and trembling in the icy snow,
In the severe blast of the horrible wind,
As we run, we constantly stamp our feet,
And our teeth chatter in the cold.

II. *Largo*—

To spend happy and quiet days near the fire,
While, outside, the rain soaks hundreds.

III. *Allegro*—

We walk on the ice with slow steps,
And tread carefully, for fear of falling.
Symphony, If we go quickly, we slip and fall to the ground.
Again we run on the ice,
Until it cracks and opens.
We hear, from closed doors,
Sirocco, Boreas, and all the winds in battle.
This is winter, but it brings joy.