

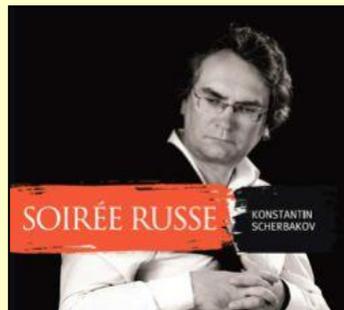


Schubert: Quartets, "Rosamunde,"
"Death and the Maiden"
Endellion String Quartet
Warner Classics

The London-based Endellion String Quartet celebrated their 30th anniversary in 2009 and are still going strong, exploring the world's great quartet literature with their customary gusto and beautiful, rich sound. Consisting, as they have since their beginning, of violinists Andrew Watkinson and Ralph de Souza, violist Garfield Jackson, and cellist David Waterman, they've given many great performances in the concert hall and on record in the past three decades. None are more distinguished than the Schubert pairing heard here.

These two late quartets are remarkable, and not just for their memorable nicknames. They represented a new departure for Franz Schubert. His earlier quartets tended to be dominated by the first violin with the other strings in a supporting role. Now we have better integrated works with more independent part writing, with each instrument getting a crack at Schubert's choice melodies, as motifs, harmonies, and textures recur in a way that ties the entire work together. In the process, each reveals its unique character and makes its presence felt as never before. And, just as significantly, both quartets are "about" death, in a way that opened a new chapter in the Romantic Era.

The A minor quartet, earlier of the two, has been forever known as the "Rosamunde," from its use in the slow movement of the graceful theme from the Entre'acte of the incidental music Schubert earlier wrote for a play of that name. As opposed to its original incarnation, the theme is used in a more complex manner here, with other material added for contrast. The essential mood, first set by the juddering accompaniment in the first violin that underlies the first 36 bars of the opening, is rather dark and unsettling for such melodic music. The clouds are not dissipated by the unusually intimate Minuet, possessig little of the charm and wit usually associated with the genre. Only in the finale do we get some relief from the generally overcast mood, though with its sudden stops and starts and uneven phrase lengths, it is extroverted without being especially light-hearted. Throughout this



Soiree Russe: Mussorgsky/Rachmaninoff/Prokofiev
Konstantin Scherbakov, piano
2Pianists Records

Over the years, I haven't paid much attention to Russian pianist Konstantin Scherbakov. On that the basis on the present live recital recorded in February 2011 in Endler Hall at Stellenbosch University, South Africa, I'd say I've missed a lot. This artist, who seems to have made a career playing challenging (and sometimes technically unplayable) Russian music, really gets to demonstrate his strengths in a program encompassing Mussorgsky's formidable Pictures at an Exhibition, a choice side order of Rachmaninoff, and the molten intensity of Prokofiev.

In *Pictures*, Scherbakov plays Mussorgsky's powerful, elaborately constructed chords for all their sonorous worth in a way that resonates in the sonic environment and reverberates in our consciousness for a long time. He feasts on the strong, simple rhythms in typically asymmetrical meter that make this work of music what it is. In "The Old Castle," Scherbakov takes us through a progression of moods, some sad, others pensive or heroic, always tinged with a deep nostalgia for the vanished glories of the past, without ever losing his feel for the slowly measured troubador rhythm underneath the reverie. In "The Cattle." Mussorgsky's dissertation on the mind-blearing toil and suffering of the world as epitomized in a lumbering, overladen oxcart on a muddy road, begins *fortissimo* in the piano version (as opposed to the increasng crescendo in all the orchestral versions you're likely to hear) before receding in a long diminuendo, which scherbakov does beautifully. Funny, but I'd never noticed the striking relationship between the melody of this tableau, with its progression of heavy bass chords, and the Promenade theme that Mussorgsky uses to unify and connect up the sections of this work.

Scherbakov handles the transition from the frenetic liveliness of "The Marketplace at Limoges" (originally titled "Great News," is it a rumour, or perhaps a scandal, that spreads like fire?) and the deeply sonorous and elegiac "Catacombs," almost static in its massive block chords, with a suddenness that takes our breath away. The faint tingling of liturgical bells echoes in the stilness. The

work, the Endellions show a deft hand in maintaining the pulse and essential mood of a work that is surprisingly intense for its amount of sheer lyricism.

As fine as their account of the "Rosamunde" is, the Endellions really surpass themselves in the Quartet in D minor, "Death and the Maiden," which must have had some special significance for them at the time they recorded it. The superb control they demonstrate in this performance serves to underscore the deep underlying emotion and the rich variety of harmony and texture in a work that continually reminds us that its composer was not long for this world. ("Each day when I go to sleep I hope never to wake again," he confided in a letter to a friend.) Here, Schubert used actual melodies from his songs with texts related to death, most notably in the far-ranging variations on "Death and the Maiden" that make up the slow movement, but also in the insistent galloping rhythm of the finale, recalling the underlying pulse of *Der Erlkönig* (The Elf King, another potent death symbol). With all that, you might expect the mood of this performance to be one of unrelieved gloom (as many in fact are). But the Endellions surprise us with a perceptible mood of affirmation, reflecting the view of death in the Romantic Era as more than simple leave-taking or a tragic end, but a liberation from earth-bound cares and sorrows and a transcendence to a higher sphere. Just listen to the wonderful lift in the final phrase by the first violin at the conclusion of the Andante, and you will hear what I mean.



C.P.E. Bach: Six Sinfonias for String Orchestra
John Hsu, The Vivaldi Project
Centaur Records

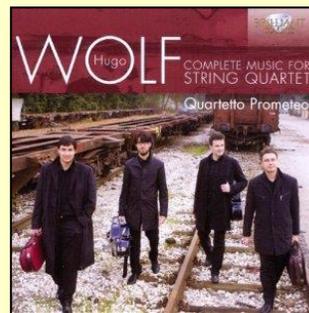
I note the fact that John Hsu, founder of The Vivaldi Project, taught an amazing fifty years at Cornell University, from whence he retired in 2005 as Professor Emeritus of Music. Considering his long tenure there, I wouldn't have been surprised if he had unconsciously inserted the melody of "Far Above Cayuga's Waters" somewhere in the present program of Sinfonias by Carl Philipp Emanuel Bach (1714-1788). If he had, it wouldn't have been any more astonishing than what *this* composer had already done in his music!

The second son of Johann Sebastian Bach, C.P. E. (as he's usually listed) provided the vital link between his father's High Baroque style and the music of the next two epochs in western music. More than that, his dogged preoccupation with making music ever more emotionally

chilling, nightmarish portrait of the predatory witch in "Baba Yaga" makes its customary impact here. But we are in for a greater surprise in the final tableau, "The Great Gate of Kiev," with its ascending scale figurations like joyous carillons and the sudden *fortissimo* at the repetition of the theme. All this is expected, but not the unusually primitive, folk-flavored harmonies imparted by the quirky note sequences that Scherbakov plays, and which early editors must have incorrectly assumed were based on "wrong" notes. There is no booklet annotation on the edition he uses here, but the sound is strikingly different from what we are used to hearing.

The Rachmaninoff selections are, on the whole, better-behaved citizens, as Scherbakov concentrates on matters of interpretation, gesture and phrasing that make the composer's style immediately recognizable. They include the moody but surprisingly delicate Elegy from Fantasy Pieces, Op. 3; and two well contrasted Preludes from Opus 23, No. 6 in E-flat major and No. 3 in D minor, the former with its reverie-like tranquility and the latter with its downward staccato figurations that play against the normal associations we get from the marking *Tempo di menuetto*. Etude-tableau in E-flat minor, Op. 39, No. 5, is passionate with a yearning melody, a combination of features that is much to Scherbakov's liking.

The program concludes with Prokofiev's Seventh Sonata, which premiered in 1943 at the time of the Nazi invasion. By contrast with the preceding pieces, this is a very badly behaved citizen, with its atonality and violently dissonant rhythms (which seem to have miraculously escaped the notice of the Soviet censors). Powerful, against-the-beat syncopations in the opening movement, appropriately marked *Inquieto* are paralleled in the Precipitato finale by a relentless pile-driving torrent of hammer strokes in an inherently unstable 7/8 meter that could scarcely have been sustained longer than the three minutes Scherbakov takes to encompass it. In between, we have the *Andante caloroso*, based on a warmly intimate melody that drifts through various tone centers without finding consolation.



Wolf: String Quartet; Italian Serenade
Quartetto Prometeo
Brilliant Classics

You probably wouldn't have liked Hugo Wolf (1860-1903) if you'd known him. He was anti-social and given to caustic opinions. A recluse, he changed his residence frequently, being morbidly unable to tolerate noise. (He certainly

expressive stamps his style as unique and immediately identifiable. Bach was continually introducing disjunctive elements into his music, such as *forte* outbursts in the midst of sunny, lyrical passages, dizzy string figurations, multiple stops, and a sensational use of dynamics, all with the intent of keeping the listener off-balance in terms of what to expect next. This is not the picture of an emotionally secure world. It is not for nothing that musical humorist Peter Schickele based his fictitious alter ego "P.D.Q. Bach" on this real-life composer.

All of which means that the first-time listener may be put off by the strangeness of Bach's techniques, such as the sudden changes of texture or unequal phrase lengths where we have every right to expect a more regular approach (see the *Presto* finale of Sinfonia No. 1 for one of many examples) or the way in which the final bars of the opening movement, *Allegro di molto*, of Sinfonia No.2 end with stunning abruptness, as if the music had fallen into some gigantic sinkhole.

Such occurrences may even strike some as the musical equivalent of a fingernail against a chalkboard. For those listeners I recommend repeated auditions in order to get familiar with the composer's peculiarities. Significantly, I found the two Sinfonias I'd previously reviewed on another recording to be most congenial: No. 3 in C major and No. 5 in B minor, the former notable for the haunting tenderness of the dialog between the two violin parts in the *Adagio*, and the latter for the whirlwind emotion of its opening *Allegretto* and the stunning piano-*forte* contrasts we encounter here. Given that this music does not get performed or recorded nearly as often as it deserves, it is good we have the entire Wq 182 set on the same disc, in vital performances by Hsu and the 12-member Vivaldi Project that will give other groups something to aim at.

picked a swell place to live, as Vienna at the end of the 19th century was a city where the sounds of music and gay frivolity were liable to emanate from even the meanest tavern or café.) More significantly, he antagonized the influential music critics at a time when recorded media were in their infancy and a new work of music seldom enjoyed a second chance to make a first impression if it were panned at its premiere. Small wonder that Wolf has been a figure in need of friends down to the present day.

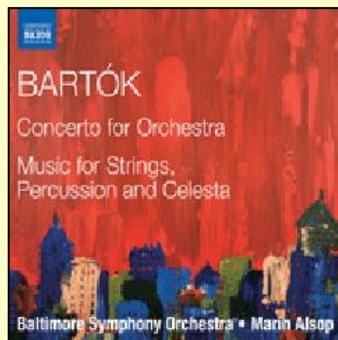
His only String Quartet, in D minor, is a case in point for what I just said about "a second chance to make a first impression," as its subtleties of texture, mood, and thematic development need to be heard often in order to be absorbed by the listener. It is also a *very* beautiful work, as repeated auditions will bear out more and more. The opening movement is dramatic, serious and concentrated, with echoes of Beethoven and Schubert; the scherzo short but passionate with a more amiable trio for contrast. The slow movement breathes an air of solitude and reflection, in spite of occasional disquieting moments, and features a wonderful moment neat the end when the first violin floats serenely aloft in a melody that trails off into airy nothingness. The finale has a gently rocking, buoyant quality that recalls a similar treatment of the material in Wolf's ever-popular Italian Serenade, included here in its usual role as an attractive encore.

Wolf could have asked for no better latter-day champions than the Quartetto Prometeo. Remember the names of these young Italians: Giulio Rovighi and Aldo Compagnari, violins; Massimo Piva, viola; and Francesco Dillon, cello. With their stylish phrasing, perfectly integrated blend and ensemble, and darkly elegant sound, they are the most distinctive foursome to emerge from their homeland since the heyday of the Quartetto Italiano. Barring unhappy fate, they should be with us for many years to come.



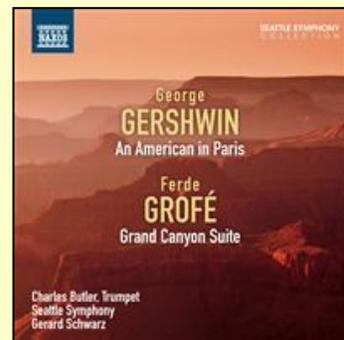
Copland: Appalachian Spring, Symphonic Ode
Creston: Symphony No. 3
Gerard Schwarz, Seattle SO
Naxos

Another choice entry in Naxos' Seattle Symphony Collection, brings back great recordings of American music by Gerard Schwarz and the



Bartok: Concerto for Orchestra
Music for Strings, Percussion
Martin Alsop, Baltimore SO
Naxos

Marin Alsop, music director of the Baltimore Symphony, admits to being miffed at the way people start looking for the exits whenever you announce you'll be programming Bela Bartok. "I



Gershwin: An American in Paris
Grofé: Grand Canyon Suite
Gerard Schwarz, Seattle SO
Naxos

This may be the most gorgeous sounding entry yet in the Gerard Schwarz / Seattle Symphony collection of Delos releases from the '90s, reissued by Naxos in a way that

<p>Seattle that were epoch making in the 90's when they were released by Delos but have since gone out of print. As they were some of the best efforts by producer Adam Stern and engineer John Eargle, it's good to have them available again.</p> <p>Case in point: Aaron Copland's Appalachian Spring, an enduring American favorite that has seldom sounded better than it does here. The music chronicles a day in the life of an 1800's pioneer couple, from early sunrise to peaceful sunset, with plenty of stirring balletic activity in between as neighbors arrive to help the couple raise their farmhouse. We have dancing in celebration, and then a revival preacher shows up with a sermon on the awesome vicissitudes of life. In the score, Copland used a lot of folksy material but only two actual folk melodies: the Shaker hymn "Simple Gifts" and "Ye Watchers and Ye Holy Ones," found in many Protestant hymnbooks and used stunningly in the brass at the climax. A caution: watch your controls, audiophiles: this recording observes real concert-hall dynamics, from <i>ppp</i> to <i>ff</i>.</p> <p>Up next: Copland's 1932 Symphonic Ode, with its rugged grandeur, its transformations of a single melodic idea, its jagged rhythms, and its alternations of slow and fast music. Schwarz presents it persuasively, allowing us to judge its permanent value. My own opinion is this: a symphonic work can be any of three things: (1) a striking original concept, (2) an impressive achievement in orchestration, and (3) a moving experience that resonates in us long after we hear it. Symphonic Ode qualifies only on the basis of (1) and (2); Appalachian Spring on all three.</p> <p>We come finally to Symphony No. 3, "Three Mysteries," by Paul Creston (1906-1985), a composer for whom Schwarz has particular affinity and special insight because Creston was his mentor. The work celebrates the three defining events in the life of Christ: the Nativity, Crucifixion, and Resurrection. The music is masterfully written and moving, transforming Gregorian and Italian folk materials in a manner that</p>	<p>think it's because [they] don't understand the sound world," she says in a very insightful interview with Jeremy Siepmann on the Naxos.com website. "They're not getting the connection to popular music." On the contrary, Alsop, who confesses to finding Bartok hard to "get" in her student days, Worked her way through to the point where she found his music both challenging <i>and</i> fun. It was also filled with depths of unsuspected lyricism: "I actually tend to regard him as a kind of folk impressionist. Almost all the time when I'm conducting Bartók, I'll be thinking of Debussy—especially in the <i>Concerto for Orchestra</i>."</p> <p>She also talks about Bartok's humor. That's not the first impression one usually gets of the composer, but it's there for those who are receptive to it in a moment such as the duet for the two bassoons in the <i>Guioco delle Coppie</i> (game of pairs), Movement II of the Concerto for Orchestra. We also find it in the Intermezzo in Bartok's impudent parody of the "Invasion Theme" from the Seventh Symphony of Shostakovich, a fellow composer he disliked intensely.</p> <p>What impresses you immediately about the Concerto for Orchestra is its imaginative orchestration and its great emotional range. We sense it right away in the large, malevolent theme that swells up in the orchestra in the first movement just after a quiet opening in Bartok's best "night music" vein. We hear that vein again in Movement III, titled <i>Elegia</i>. The most memorable moment in the entire work, at least for yours truly, is the bucolic interlude that occurs, like a glorious sunset, clouds suffused with a golden glow, just before the strife and conflicting moods in the Interezzo. And the whirling perpetual-motion finale has lots of fireworks in <i>this</i> performance. Throughout, not just in the <i>Guioco</i> movement, the music and Alsop's solid interpretation draw strong soloistic and virtuosic responses from each family of the Baltimore SO, justifying the name "Concerto for Orchestra."</p> <p>Alsop's love of Bartok, enhanced by her early study of the folk roots of his music, is revealed with even more</p>	<p>does full justice to the sound qualities of the originals. Gershwin's An American in Paris and Grofé's Grand Canyon Suite were great when Adam Stern and John Eargle (a.k.a. "Mr. Symphonic Soundstage") recorded them at the Seattle Center Opera House in 1989-1990, and they are still at the head of the class.</p> <p>The present account of An American in Paris impresses the listener by the bravura Schwarz and the Seattle invest in their performance. The layout of Gershwin's symphonic-balletic rhapsody would seem to be simple enough. "My purpose," said he, "is to portray the impression of an American visitor in Paris as he strolls about the city and listens to various street noises and absorbs the French atmosphere." The walking music that makes such an impression on the listener that he may well hear it in his dreams is succeeded by a slow, nostalgic blues melody as our American succumbs to waves of homesickness. But, as Gershwin reminds us, "nostalgia is not a fatal disease." The slow blues is ultimately succeeded by a quicker 12-bar version, and soon the American visitor is again is an alert spectator of the life and color of the Parisian boulevards. "The street noises and French atmosphere are triumphant."</p> <p>This performance is handled by Gerard Schwarz with all the <i>élan</i> the music deserves, building up to an exuberant finale. At a playing time of 21:44 it is noticeably longer than the 18-minute version we usually hear on records or the breezy 16-minute American in Paris ballet in Gene Kelly's 1952 movie. The difference is not due to any sloth by maestro Schwarz, under whose baton the music really sails along, but to the fact that there are more musical incidents in this version than we're accustomed to hearing. They include an interlude where the main theme is heard in the lower strings, as well as delectable passages for flutes and the bassoon. The booklet does not list the edition used here, but I find the additional music very enjoyable.</p> <p>Ferde Grofé's Grand Canyon Suite is a natural pairing with the Gershwin because it has so much memorable melody and dazzling orchestration that</p>
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reminded me very much of a triptych by Respighi, but with a purpose that was all Creston's own. Joyous celebration of the Epiphany reminds us of the Sicilian origin of the composer's immigrant parents. We hear slow, layered string textures leading up to the moment of the actual Crucifixion, followed by sharp outbursts like stabbing pain, and then glorious affirmation of life in the Resurrection using the resources of the orchestra that Creston, with his unerring sense of the right instruments at the right moments, knew oh, so well. Considering all this work has to offer the listener, it's a mystery that Gerard Schwarz' two 1990's Creston albums didn't lead to an immediate, far-reaching revival of the composer's music!

surprising results in the companion work, Music for Strings, Percussion and Celesta. In fact, this is the most eminently satisfying account I have ever heard of this difficult work. What Bartok does here with his square-shouldered folk material is impressive, affirming the paradox that if you want to build an elaborate structure you must use the simplest materials. Alsop's interpretation stresses its absolutely pure lines and the mathematical symmetry of its design (including, at one point, an *accelerando/ritardando* in rhythms based on the Fibonacci sequence 1:2:3:5:8:5:3:2:1. It's a marvel that music conceived with such intellectual precision should be so emotionally compelling. But so it is, at least in *this* performance!

it recalls the fact that Grofé was the original orchestrator, at the request of Paul Whiteman, of Gershwin's Rhapsody in Blue. In the music and in its present performance, one feels the immense loneliness of the canyon itself, the gradual increase of light and activity at sunrise, the sound of crickets as dusk descends, and the elemental violence of a cloudburst (which in desert country often means the peril of a flash flood). And that's to say nothing about Grofé's irrepressible donkeys in the tableau "On the Trail." A space alien who'd never had an experience of these irascible creatures would have no difficulty imagining their contrary nature from Grofé's deft musical portrayal!



Handel: Royal Fireworks Music
Concert a Due Cori 1-3
Jeanne Lamon, Tafelmusik
Tafelmusik Media

The familiar and the "what-was-its-name" meet in a Handel program by the Canadian baroque orchestra Tafelmusik, under its conductor and founding member Jeanne Lamon. It's part of a treasure trove of choice 20-bit high definition sound recordings that were released by Sony in the 1990's and have been licensed to Tafelmusik for reissue on its own label. The bold sound hasn't aged a day and is still top-class in its latest remasterings.

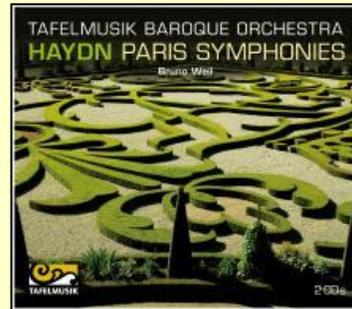
The "familiar" is Handel's Music for the Royal Fireworks, performed here in the composer's "indoors" version in which the number of strings just surpasses those of the woodwinds and brass. The Tafelmusik players take the opening Overture very fast and aggressively, a little too much for



Rameau: Suites, *Dardanus*,
Le Temple de la Gloire
Jeanne Lamon, Tafelmusik
Tafelmusik Media

"My Lord! There is enough music in this opera to make ten of them; this man will eclipse us all." So wrote French composer André Campra when Jean-Philippe Rameau gave his first opera in Paris in 1733. The booklet annotation for the present recordings of suites from Rameau's *Dardanus* and *Le Temple de la Gloire* tells us that they include only a fraction of all the instrumental music from these operas. Even so, they cover 29 CD tracks, reflecting the richness of operas that were a unique combination of voice, dance, drama, costume and spectacle.

Looking back on the utter scarcity of Rameau CDs in my own listening library, I was amazed to discover how little acquaintance I'd had with one of the Baroque Era's major



Haydn: Paris Symphonies 82-87
Bruno Weil conducts Tafelmusik
Tafelmusik Media

Bruno Weil is perhaps best-known to Americans as director of the Carmel Bach Festival. As principal guest conductor of the Toronto-based Tafelmusik Baroque Orchestra, he has some of his finest moments in 20-bit 1994 recordings of Franz Joseph Haydn's "Paris" Symphonies. In these accounts of six masterworks that set the standard of excellence for the classical symphony when Haydn premiered them in Paris in 1787, the Tafelmusik musicians distinguish themselves with precise, exhilarating execution, warmth of phrasing, and a sense of swaying movement and rhythm that has become something of their trademark.

Though a set, the "Paris" six are often recorded individually. When that happens, those with nicknames tend to get the most attention. They include

<p>my taste, although respite is provided by the wonderful moment in which the bravura of the brass is countered by the swiftly descending movement of the flutes and strings. “<i>La Paix</i>” (Peace) provides a point of respite from the good old Handelian thick-ear that we all know and love, and the two minuets are effectively contrasted, the elegantly refined and the boisterous.</p> <p>The “what-was-its-name” element of the program encompasses Handel's three Concerti a Due Cori HWV 332-334. It's an uncommon occurrence to find all three of these delectable concerti on the same CD program. Handel wrote them not only to serve as interludes between acts of his oratorios, but to promote the genre itself. The Adagio in No. 3 stands out as the most solemn movement in all three concerti, though the mood quickly changes in the succeeding Andante, with the playful catch-as-can in its canonic writing for the oboes, and the spirited Allegro finale, reminiscent of the music of the hunt.</p> <p>While Handel didn't invent the “spin-off,” he certainly made use of it in these works by inserting instrumental transcriptions, featuring pairs of oboes, bassoons, and horns in addition to the strings, of well-known choruses from earlier oratorios. Thus listeners had the pleasant surprise of once again hearing “The glory of the Lord shall be revealed” and “Open wide the gates... Who is the King of Glory?” from <i>Messiah</i> in Concerti 1 & 2, in addition to arrangements from other oratorios.</p>	<p>composers. My only excuse is the uninspired nature of the recordings I'd previously heard and discarded. Tafelmusik's performance was the first I'd encountered in which disciplined focus and precision were matched by a robust, persuasive sound, so that the music did not merely come across as a museum-piece. Under violinist and director Jeanne Lamon, the mellifluous blend of string, woodwind, and brass timbres struck me as so immediately right, that I had to pinch myself to realize I wasn't listening to Handel instead. Their Rameau reveals an uncanny ability to use just the right instruments for the emotions he wanted to conjure up.</p> <p>That includes his stunning use of the piccolos to heighten the excitement of the grand <i>Air de Triomphe</i> (Tr. 21) and the golden warmth of the flutes he employs in the <i>Entrée de la Jeunesse</i> (Entry of Youth, Tr. 27). The percussion makes its presence felt in the highly rhythmic Tambourins 1 & 2 (Tr. 3), just one example of the composer's employment of dances that still retained the “feel” of their country origins: Gavotte, Gigue, Forlane, Loure, Menuet, and Rigaudon. Even the Airs we find throughout the program are not transcriptions of arias, as one might imagine: the name as used in the 18th century referred to any well supported melody, not necessarily of vocal origin. These airs are typically used to set a mood, and most of them are very danceable indeed!</p>	<p>No. 82, “The Bear,” so-called for the growling drone in the bass in the finale; No. 83, “The Hen,” with the clucking sound of the oboe that accompanies the second subject in the spirited Allegro opening; and No. 85, known as “The Queen” because it was a favorite of Marie Antoinette. The last-named is the most “French” of these works with its dotted-rhythms opening and its charming variations on a French folk song in the slow movement.</p> <p>But the no-name symphonies have a lot going for them, too. They include No. 84 with its majestic Largo opening and its catchy Menuet, and No. 86 with its very effective use of drums and tympani in the opening. 86 also has a decidedly ambivalent mood in its slow movement, neither happy nor sad but inhabiting a dreamlike realm of its own, and a Menuet with a gentle waltz-like sway.</p> <p>For the sake of brevity, I'm going to limit analysis to No. 87 in a Major, the last of the set and arguably the most typical. We hear one thing that distinguishes it right away in the highly rhythmical Vivace opening movement, bustling with excitement and activity that is just the sort of thing Tafelmusik eats for breakfast. There is much unrestrained joy in this movement which takes advantage of the warmth inherent in the home key. The lovely Adagio, with its melody entrusted to an ethereal flute, and the Menuet with its high-fallutin' oboe solo in the Trio will stay with you for a long time after you've heard them. And the big bravura sound of Tafelmusik finds ample scope for expression in the vivacious Finale.</p>
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