# Intermezzi for Piano

# Intermezzi for piano

#### Notes to the Performer:

- These pieces may be performed individually or in any other subconfiguration or reconfiguration as is useful.
- These pieces are very self-consciously romantic (sometimes hyper-romantic) in nature and can be treated accordingly in performance.
- These pieces work very carefully with voice-leading and bringing out and differentiating the contrapuntal layers is highly desirable. To this end, special attention has often been paid to dynamic differences between contrapuntal voices.

#### Program Note:

I have a strong love for 19th century repertoire. But as a composer, I generally avoid addressing this legacy head-on. It is an unforgiving and, to be truthful, overwhelming task. And perhaps it is the contrarian streak in a composers training that then compelled me to try to do just that in these pieces. These short works are not attempts at copying 19th century style. They are rather attempts to encounter it. In many ways these pieces are an oblique homage to Brahms. I admire so much his ability to create the beautiful dense forest of rich relationships in which every single note seems to pull upon the others, smoothly gliding through each transition with silently meshing gears invisible to the eye.

But one can not recreate Brahms, or at least I will not. These pieces are rather somewhere in between then and me....

...or perhaps they are really just a point of pause between then and wherever I may be going—intermezzi, which become momentarily audible and then disappear again into whatever will be next.

- Peter Gilbert, 2015

#### from Lyrical Intermezzo by Heinrich Heine

On the wings of song far sweeping, Heart's dearest, with me thou'lt go Away where the Ganges is creeping; Its loveliest garden I know—

A garden where roses are burning In the moonlight all silent there; Where the lotus-flowers are yearning For their sister beloved and fair.

The violets titter, caressing,
Peeping up as the planets appear,
And the roses, their warm love confessing,
Whisper words, soft-perfumed, to each ear.

And, gracefully lurking or leaping, The gentle gazelles come round: While afar, deep rushing and sweeping, The waves of the Ganges sound.

We'll lie there in slumber sinking Neath the palm-trees by the stream, Rapture and rest deep drinking, Dreaming the happiest dream.

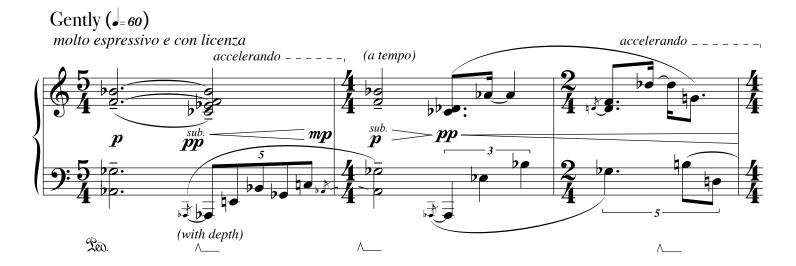
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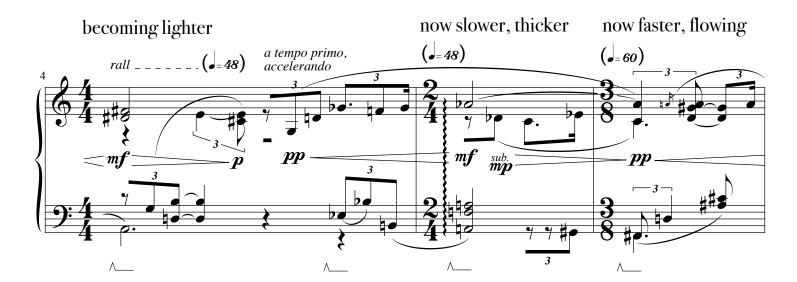
I see thee nightly in dreams, my sweet, Thine eyes the old welcome making, And I fling me down at thy dear feet With the cry of a heart that is breaking.

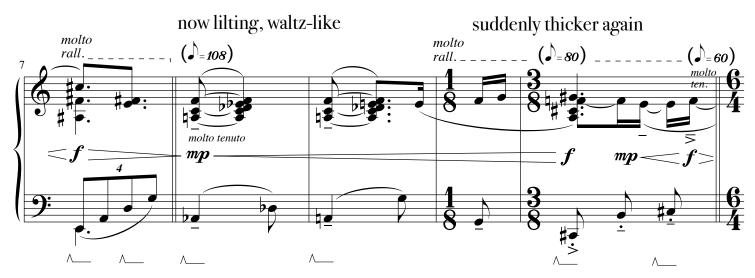
Thou lookest at me in woful wise
With a smile so sad and holy,
And pearly tear-drops from thine eyes
Steal silently and slowly.

Whispering a word, thou lay'st on my hair A wreath with sad cypress shotten; awake, the wreath is no longer there, And the word I have forgotten.

(also titled: "Soon")

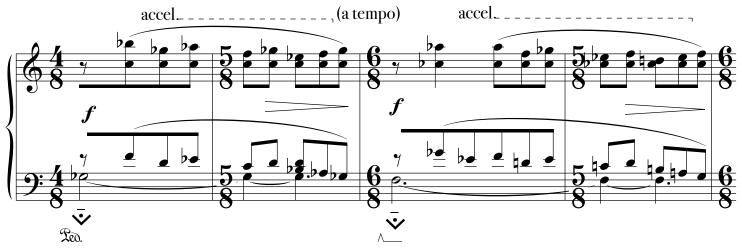




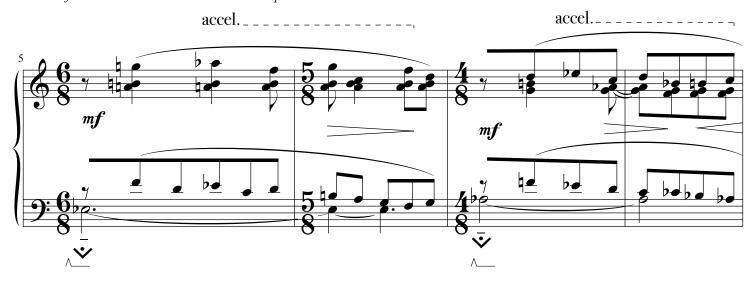


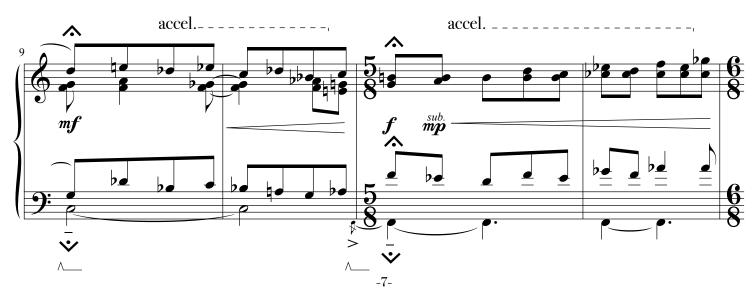


Grand, but holding back somewhat ( = 72)

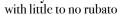


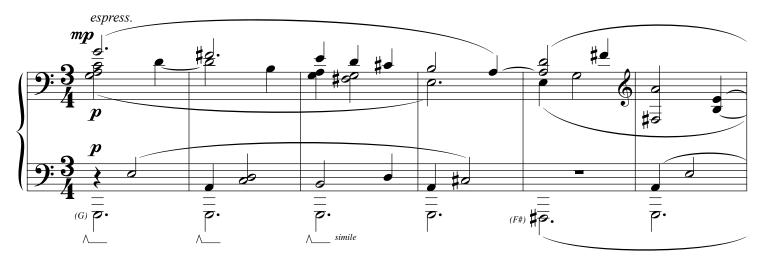
Note spacing is intentionally somewhat proportional, illustrating fermatas & accelerandos. Triangular fermatas are short holds. Accelerdandi with brackets last only for the duration of the bracket and then return to "a tempo."

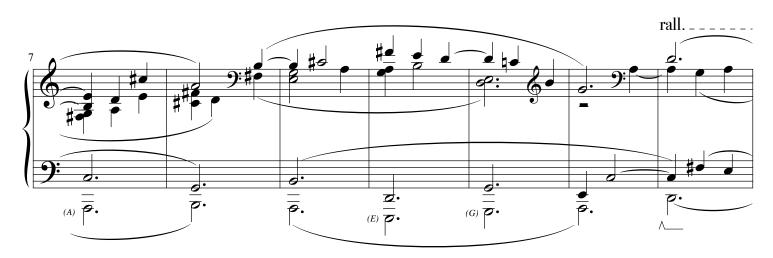




# Stately and unhurried but still lyrical ( = 56) with little to no rubato







( = 46) Tenderly, softly singing (\$\displays 54\$)

