Charles Griffes Fantasy Pieces Barcarolle Op. 6, No. 1

. . . The old impetuous sea changeless, yet full of change, it seem the very mirror of those dreams we call men's lives

... As ... One great wave doth rise and scorn an ocean-grave, and leaves its crown of foam where the high cliffs stare seaward steadily:



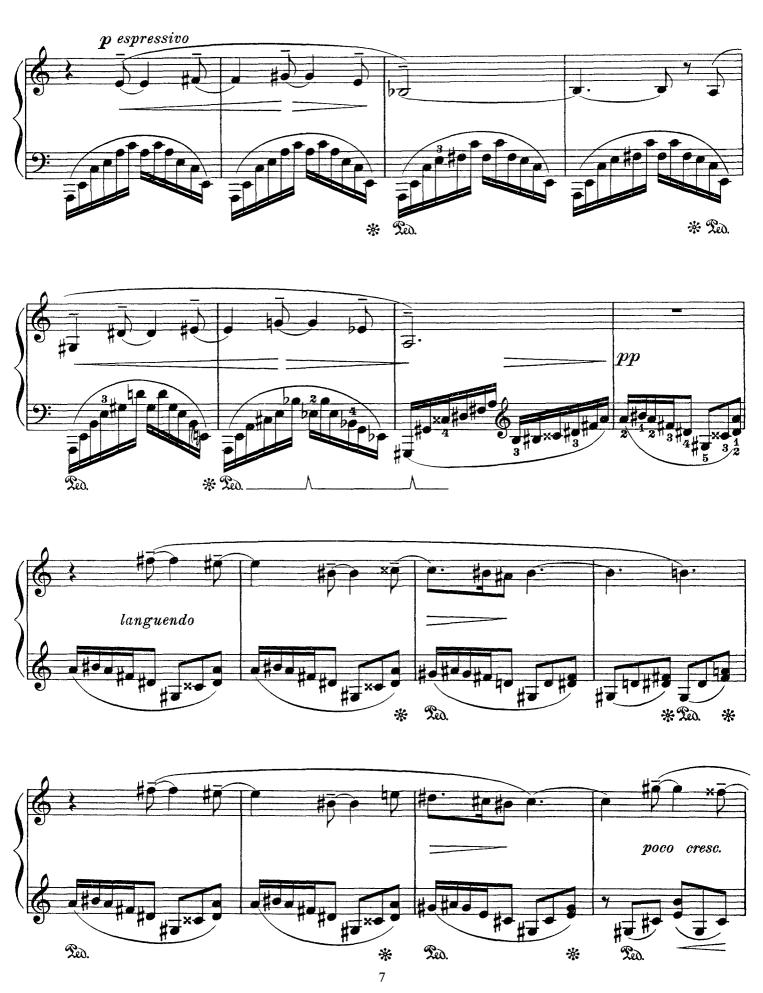




















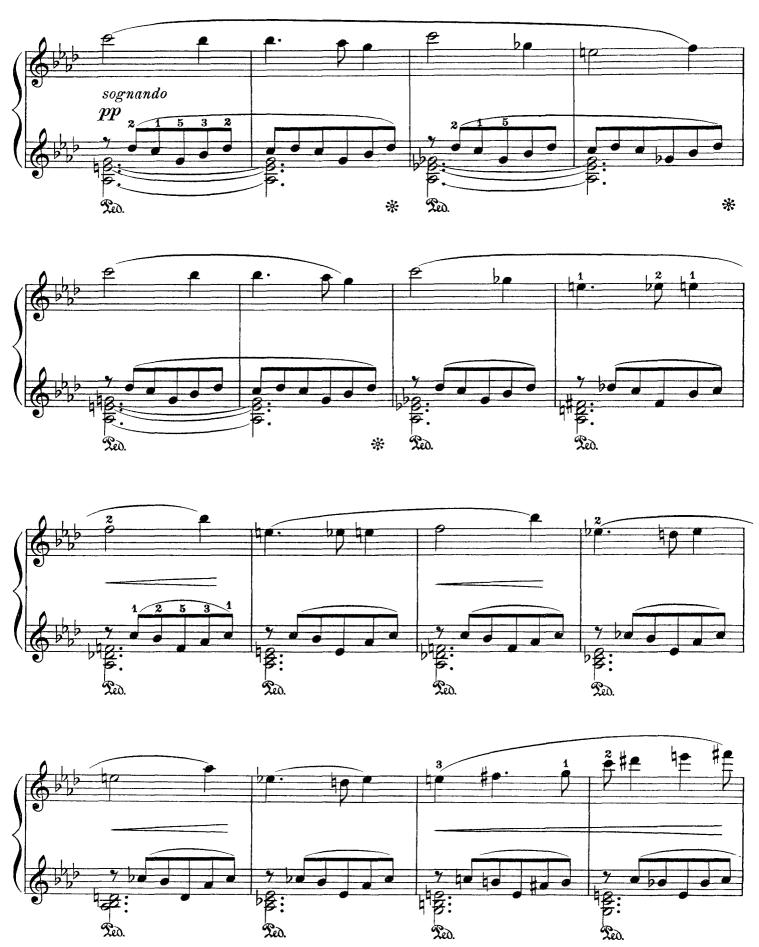


Notturno Op. 6, No. 2

L'étang reflète, profond miroir, la silhouette du saule noir où le vent pleure . . . Rêvons; c'est l'heure. -- Verlaine







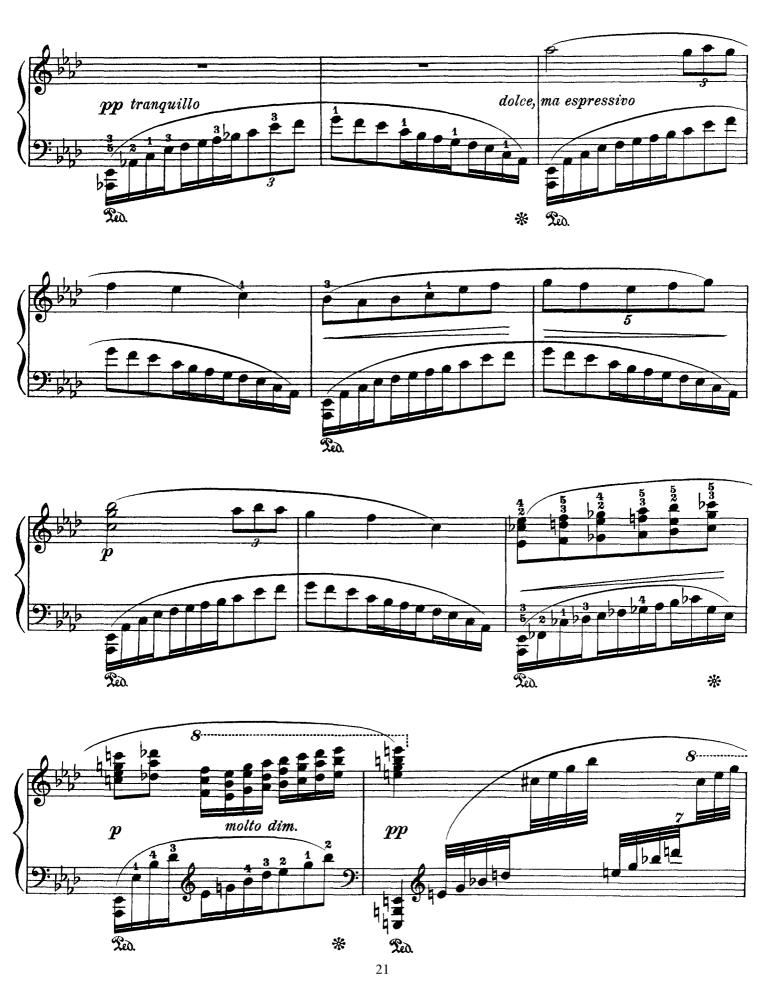


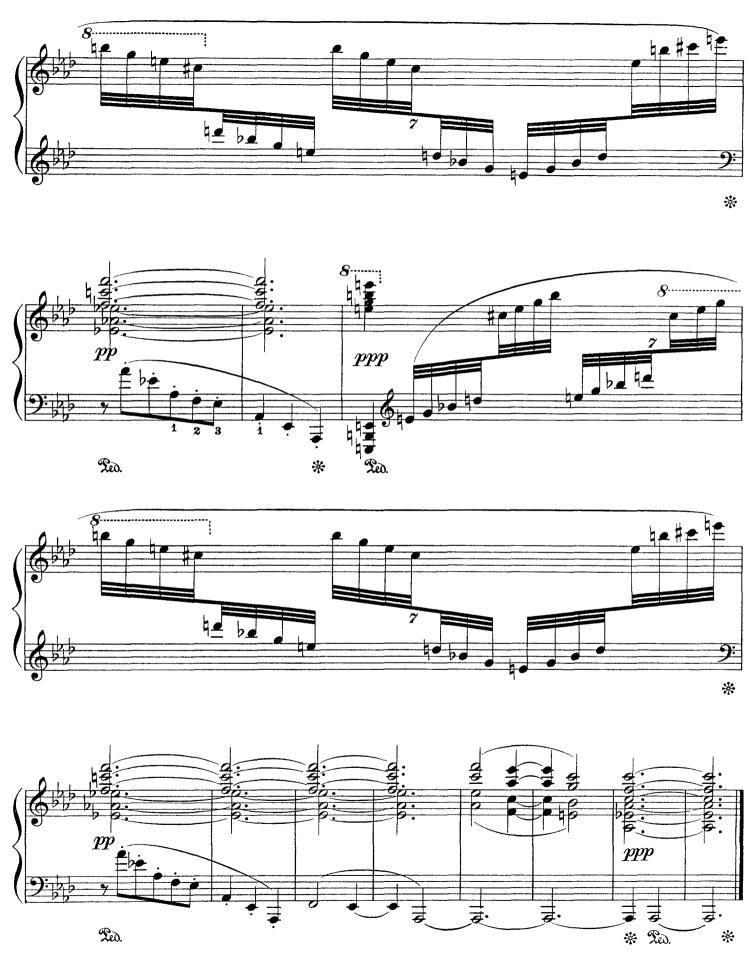












Scherzo Op. 6, No. 3

From the Palace of Enchantment there issued into the night sounds of unearthly revelry. Troops of genii and other fantastic spirits danced grotesquely to a music now weird and mysterious, now wild and joyous. -- Anon.





















