

Mara Riley
flute

Recital in partial fulfillment of the
Master of Music degree, 2023
Student of Paula Robison

with
Deborah DeWolf Emery, piano
Josie Larsen, soprano

Tuesday, March 28, 2023
8:00 p.m.
Brown Hall

PROGRAM

Pierre Sancan
(1916–2008)

Sonatine pour Flûte et Piano

Albert Roussel
(1869–1937)

Deux Poèmes de Ronsard, op. 26

Rossignol, mon mignon
Ciel, aer, et vens

Josie Larsen, soprano

Johann Sebastian Bach
(1685–1750)

Sonata in B Minor, BWV 1030

Andante
Largo e dolce
Presto

Anne Boyd
(b. 1946)

Goldfish through Summer Rain

Ernst von Dohnányi
(1877–1960)

Aria for Flute and Piano, op. 48 no. 1

Walter Piston
(1894–1976)

Sonata for Flute and Piano

Allegro moderato e con grazia
Adagio
Allegro vivace

Rossignol, mon mignon

Rossignol mon mignon, qui dans cette saulaie
Vas seul de branche en branche à ton gré
voletant,

Degoisant à l'envie de moi qui vais chantant
Celle qui faut toujours que dans la bouche j'aie.

Nous soupirons tous deux; ta douce voix s'essaie
De fléchir celle-là, qui te va tourmentant,
Et moi, je suis aussi celle-là regrettant
Qui m'a fait dans le coeur une si aigre plaie.

Toutefois, Rossignol, nous différons d'un point:

C'est que tu es aimé, et je ne le suis point,
Bien que tous deux ayons les Musiques pareilles:

Car tu fléchis t'amie au doux bruit de tes sons,

Mais la mienne qui prend à dépit mes chansons
Pour ne les écouter se bouche les oreilles.

Ciel, aer, et vens

Ciel, air et vents, plains et monts découverts,

Tertres fourchus et forêts verdoyantes,
Rivages tors et sources ondoyantes,
Taillis rasés et vous, bocages verts,

Antres moussus à demi-front ouverts,
Prés, boutons, fleurs et herbes rousoyantes,
Coutans vineus et plages blondoyantes,
Gastine, Loir et vous mes tristes vers!

Puisqu'au partir, rongé de soin et d'ire,
A ce bel œil adieu je n'ai su dire,
Qui près et loin me détient en émoi,

Nightingale, my sweet

Nightingale, my sweet, who in these willows
Flit alone from branch to branch at will,

Singing, as I wish that I could sing, of her
Whom I must always have on my tongue.

We sigh alike; your sweet voice tries
To move the one who torments you,
And I, I also miss her,
Who has wounded my heart so deeply.

And yet, Nightingale, we differ in one
respect:

For you are loved, and I am not,
Even though we make the same music:

Your love yields to the sweet sounds you
make,

But mine, who scorns my songs,
Covers her ears so as not to hear them.

*Translation © Richard Stokes, author of A French
Song Companion (Oxford University Press);
Provided via Oxford Lieder, www.oxfordlieder.
co.uk)*

Heaven, air and winds

Heaven, air and winds, plains and exposed
mountains,

Cloven hills and verdant forests,
Winding rivers and flowing springs,
Well-tended groves, and you green woods;

Mossy caves with half-open mouths,
Meadows, buds, flowers and bedewed grass,
Vine-covered hills, white-sanded beaches,
Gastine, Loir and you my sad verses!

Since on parting, gnawed by care and anger,
I could not say Farewell to that fair eye
Which keeps me near or far in anguish,

(The text continues on the following page. Please turn the page quietly.)

Je vous suppli', ciel, air, vents, monts et plaines,

Taillis, forêts, rivages et fontaines

Antres, prés, fleurs, dites-le-lui pour moi.

I beg you – Heaven, air, winds, mountains,
 plains,
Hills, forests, rivers, founts,
Caves, meadows, flowers – say it to her for
 me!

Pierre de Ronsard

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contact the head usher or house manager on duty or inquire at the Coat Room.
Latecomers will be seated at the discretion of management.

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