

Nancy Buck and Friends

Faculty Artist Recital Series
Katzin Concert Hall | September 20, 2015 | 2:30 P.M.

Program

Prélude, Recitative and Variations, Op. 3 (1928) Maurice Duruflé
(1902-1986)

Magda Schwerzmann, flute
Russell Ryan, piano

Solo for Viola, Op. 19 Georg Abraham Schneider
Adagio-Allegro (1770-1839)

Viola Sonata, H. 355 (1955) Bohuslav Martinů
I. Poco andante (1890-1959)
II. Allegro non troppo

Russell Ryan, piano

INTERMISSION

Two Rhapsodies (1901) Charles Martin Loeffler
I. *L'Étang* (The Pond) (1861-1935)
II. *La Cornemuse* (The Bagpipe)

Martin Schuring, oboe + |
Russell Ryan, piano

Pieces, Op. 83 (1910) Max Bruch
Rumanische Melodie: Andante (1838-1920)
Nachtgesang: Andante con moto
Andante con moto
Allegro agitato

Christopher Creviston, saxophone
Russell Ryan, piano

ASU Herberger Institute
FOR DESIGN AND THE ARTS
ARIZONA STATE UNIVERSITY

School of Music

Two Rhapsodies for oboe, viola and piano by Charles Martin Loeffler
are based on poems by Maurice Rollinat (1842-1888)

L'Étang

Plein de très vieux poissons frappés de cécité,
L'étang, sous un ciel bas roulant de sourds tonnerres,
Étale entre ses joncs plusieurs fois centenaires
La clapotante horreur de son opacité.

Là-bas, des farfadets servent de lumineaires
À plus d'un marais noir, sinistre et redouté;
Mais lui ne se révèle en ce lieu déserté
Que par ses bruits affreux de crapauds poitrinaires.

Or, la lune qui point tout juste en ce moment,
Semble s'y regarder si fantastiquement,
Que l'on dirait, à voir sa spectrale figure,

Son nez plat et la vague étrange de ses dents,
Une tête de mort éclairée en dedans
Qui viendrait se mirer dans une glace obscure.

La Cornemuse

Sa cornemuse dans les bois
Geignait comme le vent qui brame
Et jamais le cerf aux abois,
Jamais le saule ni la rame,
N'ont pleuré comme cette voix.

Ces sons de flute et de hautbois
Semblaient râlés par une femme.
Oh! près du carrefour des croix,
Sa cornemuse!

Il est mort. Mais sous les cieux froids,
Aussitôt que la nuit se trame,
Toujours, tout au fond de mon âme,
Là, dans le coin des vieux effrois,
J'entends gémir, comme autrefois,
Sa cornemuse.

The Pond

Full of very old fish, blind-stricken long ago,
The pond, under a near sky rumbling dull thunder,
bares between centuries-old rushes
The splashing horror of its gloom.

There, goblins light up more than one marsh
that is black, sinister and unbearable;
But the pond is revealed in this deserted place
By the terrible noise of consumptive toads.

But the moon that is piercing just now,
seems to look so fantastically,
Whether one looks to see its spectral figure,

its flat nose and strange wave of its teeth,
an enlightened skull inside
which would come to peer into a dull mirror.

The Bagpipe

His bagpipe in the woods
groaned as the wind that belleth;
and never the stag with the barks,
never the willow or the oar,
wept as that voice wept.

These sounds of flute and oboe
Seemed like the death-rattle of a woman.
Oh! Close to the intersection of the crosses,
His bagpipe!

He died. But under the cold skies,
As soon as night is woven,
Always, all at the bottom of my heart,
There, in the corner of old fears,
I hear groaning, like formerly,
His bagpipe.