

NICHOLAS ROERICH MUSEUM

319 West 107th Street, New York NY 10025-2715 • tel: 212 864 7752 • email: museum.director@roerich.org

Sunday, November 26, 2017, at 5 p.m.

Deirdre McArdle, *flute*

Deiran Manning, *piano*

With guest artist

Yelena Dof-Donskaya, *soprano*

PROGRAM

Fantasia in C Minor, K. 475

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)

Trockne Blumen from Die Schöne Müllerin
Op. 25, D.795

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Introduction and Variations on Trockne Blumen, D. 802

Intermission

Waldszenen, Op. 82 (Forest Scenes)

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

Eintritt (Entry)

Jäger auf der Lauer (Hunters stalking)

Einsame Blumen (Lonely flowers)

Verrufene Stelle (Haunted place)

Freundliche Landschaft (Friendly landscape)

Herberge (Hostel)

Vogel als Prophet (Bird as prophet)

Jagdlied (Hunting Song)

Abschied (Farewell)

Der Hirt auf dem Felsen (Shepherd on the rock)
Op. 129, D. 965

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Deiran Manning

In addition to recitals in Down East Maine at Oceanside Meadows Inn and Hammond Hall, Deiran has performed in New York City at Merkin Concert Hall, Weil Recital Hall at Carnegie, and Gracie Mansion. His European appearances include concerts at Bordeneuve, Betchat, France, Abano Terme, Italy and at the National Concert Hall in Dublin, Ireland. Deiran attended Fiorello H. LaGuardia High School of Music and Art in New York City, and was a Pre-College student at New England Conservatory and Manhattan School of Music. First place winner of the Bradshaw and Buono International Piano Competition and the LISSMA International Piano Competition, his awards include; the Stanza Governor's Prize in Composition, Children's Foundation for the Arts award, and the Ira Gershwin Award from ASCAP (American Society of Composers and Performers.) He completed his Bachelor's degree in piano performance at the Jacobs School of Music in Bloomington, Indiana, with Edmund Battersby and his Masters degree with Dr. Karen Shaw. Currently he is adjunct Professor of Piano at NYU.

Deirdre McArdle

Daughter of Irish-American painter Patrick McArdle, Deirdre is the founder of The Winter Harbor Music Festival, the Executive Director of Harbor Music; *The Artur Balsam Ensemble Classes for Piano and Strings*, led by Edmund Battersby in Prospect Harbor for many memorable summers, and the principal flutist of the Orchestra of the 92nd St Y. Noted music critic and author, Tim Page of the New York Times, considers her, "...a virtuosic flutist with an unusually full and lustrous tone" and the London Cadenza Society has called her, "America's answer to James Galway!"

Wilhelm Müller

Trockne Blumen

Ihr Blümlein alle,
Die sie mir gab,
Euch soll man legen
Mit mir in's Grab.

Wie seht ihr alle
Mich an so weh,
Als ob ihr wüßtet,
Wie mir gescheh'?

Ihr Blümlein alle,
Wie welk, wie blaß?
Ihr Blümlein alle,
Wovon so naß?

Ach, Tränen machen
Nicht maiengrün,
Machen tote Liebe
Nicht wieder blühn.

Und Lenz wird kommen,
Und Winter wird gehn,
Und Blümlein werden
Im Grase stehn.

Und Blümlein liegen
In meinem Grab,
Die Blümlein alle,
Die sie mir gab.

Und wenn sie wandelt
Am Hügel vorbei
Und denkt im Herzen:
Der meint' es treu!

Der Berghirt

Wenn auf dem höchsten Fels ich steh',
In's tiefe Tal hernieder seh',
Und singe.

Fern aus dem tiefen dunkeln Tal
Schwingt sich empor der Widerhall
Der Klüfte.

Je weiter meine Stimme dringt,
Je heller sie mir wieder klingt
Von unten.

Mein Liebchen wohnt so weit von mir,
Drum sehn' ich mich so heiß nach ihr
Hinüber.

Withered flowers

All you little flowers,
that she gave me,
someone should lay you
with me in my grave.

Why do you all look
at me so sadly,
as if you had known
what would happen to me?

All you little flowers
how withered, how pale.
All you little flowers,
From what were you so fresh?

Ah, tears will not make
the green of May,
will not make dead love
bloom again.

And Spring will come,
and Winter will go,
and flowers will
stand in the grass.

And flowers will lie
in my grave,
all the flowers
that she gave me.

And when she wanders
past the hill
and thinks in her heart:
he meant it truthfully,

The mountain shepherd

When, from the highest rock,
I look down into the deep valley,
And sing,

Far from the deep, dark valley
echoes reverberate through
the chasm.

The farther that my voice resounds,
so much the brighter it echos
from below.

My love lives so far from me,
that is why I appear burning to be with her
there.