

Charmaine's Birthday Livestream

1:00pm February 2, 2021

Gigue en Rondeau for flute solo

Michel Blavet (1700-1768)

Petite Suite for flute (1960)

Srul Irving Glick (1934-2002)

I. Lento espressivo, II. Andante, III. Molto Allegro

Hymn of Pan for flute alone (1949)

Charles Delaney (1925-2006)

*Inspired by a poem by Shelley**

Tango Etudes for flute solo (1987)

Astor Piazzolla (1921-92)

No. 4 Lento-Meditativo

Pièce for flute solo (1936)

Jacques Ibert (1890-1962)

Reflections: Variations on a Medieval Norwegian Chant (1982)

Katherine Hoover (1937-2018)

*From the forests and highlands
We come, we come;
From the river-girt islands,
Where loud waves are dumb
Listening to my sweet pipings.
The wind in the reeds and the rushes,
The bees on the bells of thyme,
The birds on the myrtle bushes,
The cicale above in the lime,
And the lizards below in the grass,
Were as silent as ever old Tmolus was,
Listening to my sweet pipings.

Liquid Peneus was flowing,
And all dark Tempe lay
In Pelion's shadow, outgrowing
The light of the dying day,
SPEEDED BY MY SWEET PIPINGS.
The Sileni, and Sylvans, and Fauns,
And the Nymphs of the woods and the
waves,

To the edge of the moist river-lawns,
And the brink of the dewy caves,
And all that did then attend and follow,
Were silent with love, as you now, Apollo,
With envy of my sweet pipings.

I sang of the dancing stars,
I sang of the daedal Earth,
And of Heaven, and the giant wars,
And Love, and Death, and Birth—
And then I chang'd my pipings,
Singing how down the vale of Maenalus
I pursu'd a maiden and clasp'd a reed.
Gods and men, we are all deluded thus!
It breaks in our bosom and then we
bleed.
All wept, as I think both ye now would,
If envy or age had not frozen your blood,
At the sorrow of my sweet pipings.

-Percy Bysshe Shelley