

Williams College Department of Music



MIDWEEKMUSIC

Johann Sebastian Bach
(1685 – 1750)

Prelude in D Minor, BWV 851

John M. Aste '25, piano

Béla Bartók
(1881 – 1945)

Boating

Ben Loudenslager '26, piano

J.S. Bach

Prelude No. 11 in F Major BWV 856

Frédéric Chopin
(1810 – 1849)

Etude No. 1 in C Major, op. 10

Jacob L. Hertz '28, piano

Bruno Mars
(b. 1985)

Die With a Smile

Timothy Kim '26, tenor; Sophia Rothman '25, voice; Chase Bradshaw '25, electric guitar; Liam Giszter '25.5, bass

Gaetano Donizetti
(1797 – 1848)

La Lontananza

Fiona Zheng '27, voice; James Mitchell, piano

Vincenzo Bellini
(1801 – 1835)

Eccomi in Lieta Vesta - Oh Quante Volte

Soomin Koh '26, soprano; James Mitchell, piano

J.S. Bach

Prelude BWV 880

Matthew Wu '25, piano

Jan Sandström
(b. 1954)

Sång Till Lotta

Zaki Andoh '28, trombone; Edwin Lawrence, piano

Frédéric Chopin

Ballade No. 1 in G Minor, op. 23

Benjamin Wien '26, piano

**Wednesday December 4, 2024
12:15 p.m.**

Chapin Hall

Williamstown, Massachusetts

Please turn off cell phones.

No photography or recording is permitted.

About *MIDWEEKMUSIC*

This popular lunchtime series takes place at 12:15pm on most Wednesdays. *MIDWEEKMUSIC* gives Williams music students and faculty a flexible venue that encourages performers of all experience levels to share what they are learning in lessons or class. Pieces that might not otherwise fit into other contexts also get a hearing, and you shouldn't be surprised if there is an occasional impromptu discussion. This forum is more informal than many of our concerts. Since you are too on your lunch break, we understand that you may not be able to stay for the entire performance. We do ask that you only enter or exit during applause.

Translation

La Lontananza

Here I am in a cheerful attire...
Here I am adorned... like a victim on the altar.
Oh! If only I could as if wounded fall
from the altar to the floor!
Oh wedding candles, you abhor me, so fatal
you are, ah! You are the candles on my deathbed.
I burn... a flame, a fire
torments me.

I ask for a cool breeze, but in vain.
Where are you, Romeo? In which land?
Where, where should I send you my sighs?

Oh! How many times, oh, how many,
did I ask the heavens for you, crying!
With such fervour I wait for you,
but my desire is in vain!
The light of your presence
shines for me like daylight:
ah! The air that dances around me
reminds me of your breath.