

Williams College Department of Music



MIDWEEKMUSIC

Maurice Ravel (1875 – 1937)
arr. Mason Jones (1919 – 2009)

Le tombeau de Couperin, M. 68

I. *Prelude*
IV. *Rigaudon*

Carl Nielsen (1865 – 1931)

Wind Quintet, op. 43

I. *Allegro ben moderato*

Crystal Ma '21, French horn; Sofie F. Netteberg '20, bassoon
Abraham R. Steinberger '20, oboe; Noah R. Jacobson '22, clarinet
Robin Eagleton '22, and Justin E. Connell '22, flutes

Paco Peña (b. 1942)

Herencia Latina

Benjamin Chase Pollack '19, guitar

George Frideric Handel
(1685 – 1759)

"Lascia ch'io pianga," from *Rinaldo*

Jessica Zon' '21, soprano; Ellery Galvin '18, piano

Giulio Caccini (1551 – 1618)

Amarilli mia bella

Mikayla Kappes '21, soprano; Fiona Keller '21, piano

W.A. Mozart (1756 – 1791)

"Voi Che Sapete," from *Le Nozze di Figaro*

Georges Bizet (1838 – 1875)

"Seguedille," from *Carmen*

Julia Randall '19, mezzo-soprano; Sebastian Black '19, piano

Alexander Goedicke (1877 – 1957)

Concert Etude

Allegro

Eric Wang '22, trumpet; Edwin Lawrence, piano

Frédéric Chopin (1810 – 1849)

Prelude No. 15, op. 28

Stephen Willis '22, piano

Daniel Messé (b. 1968)

"Times Are Hard for Dreamers," from *Amélie*

Erin Kennedy '19, soprano; Jake Eisner '21, piano

Gabriel Fauré (1845 – 1924)

Trois mélodies, op. 7, No. 1, "Après un rêve" *Andantino*

Cinq Mélodies de Venise, No. 2, "En sourdine" *Andante moderato*

Deux mélodies, op. 4, No. 2, "Lydia" *Andante*

Emily Ham '22, mezzo-soprano; Robin Kibler, piano

Alexander Glazunov
(1865 – 1936)

Violin Concerto in A Minor, op. 82

- I. *Moderato*
- II. *Andante Sostenuto*
- III. *Piu Animato*
- IV. *Allegro*

Lucca Delcompare '20, violin

Wednesday, May 8th, 2019
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. Though we do not actually serve lunch, we do encourage everyone to bring along something to eat while they enjoy the music. *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. *Bon appétit!*

Upcoming Concerts

Calendar: music.williams.edu/calendar

Newsletter sign up on our homepage!

Facebook fan page: <http://www.facebook.com/home.php#!/pages/Williams-College-Department-of-Music/25432101818>

All events are free and open to the public.

Translations

"Lascia ch'io pianga"

Recit: Pitiless Armida! With fiendish force
You have abducted me from the blessed Heaven, from my happiness.
And here, in eternal pain, you hold me alive, tormented in Hell.
Oh Lord, have pity, let me weep.
Aria: Let me weep my cruel fate,
And let me breathe freedom!
Let powwow break these chains
Of my sufferings, for pity's sake.

"Amarilli mia bella"

Amaryllis, my beautiful one
Don't you believe me, of my hearts sweet desire
That you are my love?
Believe it, and if fears attack you
of my love do not doubt.
Take this arrow, open my chest, and
there you'll see written
Amaryllis, Amaryllis,
Amaryllis is my love!

"Voi Che Sapete"

You who know what love is,
Ladies, see if I have it in my heart.
I'll tell you what I'm feeling,
It's new for me, and I understand nothing.
I have a feeling, full of desire,
Which is by turns delightful and miserable.
I freeze and then feel my soul go up in flames,
Then in a moment I turn to ice.
I'm searching for affection outside of myself,
I don't know how to hold it, nor even what it is!
I sigh and lament without wanting to,
I twitter and tremble without knowing why,
I find peace neither night nor day,
But still I rather enjoy languishing this way.
You who know what love is,
Ladies, see if I have it in my heart.

"Seguedille"

Near the ramparts of Seville
At the place of my friend, Lillas Pastia
I will go to dance the Seguedilla
And to drink Manzanilla.
I will go to the place of my friend,
Lillas Pastia.
Yes, but all alone, one gets bored,
And the real pleasures are for two;
So, to keep me company,
I will take away my lover.
My lover, he has gone to the devil,
I put him out yesterday!
My poor heart, very consolable,
My heart is free, like the air!
I have suiters by the dozen,
But, they are not to my taste.
Here it is the weekend;
Who wants to love me? I will love him!
Who wants my soul? It's for the taking.
You're arriving at the right time!
I have hardly the time to wait,
For with my new lover,
Near the ramparts of Seville
At the place of my friend, Lillas Pastia!

"Après un rêve"

In a slumber which held your image
spellbound
I dreamt of happiness, passionate
mirage,
Your eyes were softer, your voice pure
and sonorous,
You shone like a sky lit up by the dawn;
You called me and I left the earth
To run away with you towards the light,
The skies opened their clouds for us,
Unknown splendours, divine flashes
glimpsed,

Alas! Alas! sad awakening from
dreams
I call you, O night, give me back your
lies,
Return, return radiant,
Return, O mysterious night.

"En sourdine"

Calm in the half-day
That the high branches make,
Let us soak well our love
In this profound silence.

Let us mingle our souls, our hearts
And our ecstatic senses
Among the vague langours
Of the pines and the bushes.

Close your eyes halfway,
Cross your arms on your breast,
And from your sleeping heart
Chase away forever all plans.

Let us abandon ourselves
To the breeze, rocking and soft,
Which comes to your feet to wrinkle
The waves of auburn lawns.

And when, solemnly, the evening
From the black oaks falls,
The voice of our despair,
The nightingale, will sing.

"Lydia"

Lydia, on your rosy cheeks,
And on your neck, so fresh and white,
Flow sparkingly
The fluid golden tresses which you
loosen.

This shining day is the best of all;
Let us forget the eternal grave,
Let your kisses, your kisses of a dove,
Sing on your blossoming lips.

A hidden lily spreads unceasingly
A divine fragrance on your breast;
Numberless delights
Emanate from you, young goddess,

I love you and die, oh my love;
Kisses have carried away my soul!
Oh Lydia, give me back life,
That I may die, forever die!