

Williams College Department of Music



MIDWEEKMUSIC

Franz Liszt (1811 – 1886)

Hungarian Rhapsody no. 12

Nathaniel Vilas '17, piano

Benjamin Britten (1913 – 1976)

Cello Suite No. 1, op. 72

- I. *Canto Primo (Sostenuto E Largamente)*
- II. *Fuga: Andante Moderato*
- III. *Lamento: Lento Rubato*
- IV. *Canto Secondo (Sostenuto)*

Patricia Ho '16, cello

Franz Joseph Haydn (1731 – 1806)

Oboe Concerto in C Major, Hob.VIIg:C1

- I. *Allegro spiritoso*

Mollie Bernstein '18, oboe; Edwin Lawrence, piano

Gabriel Fauré (1845 – 1924)

“Après un Rêve” from *Trois mélodies*

Natalie DiNenno '18, soprano, Edwin Lawrence, piano

Antonio Vivaldi (1687 – 1741)

“Laudamus te” from *Gloria*

Lucy Page '16, Natalie DiNenno '18, sopranos; Edwin Lawrence, piano

Gabriel Fauré

“Lydia,” op. 4, no. 2

Samuel Barber (1910 – 1981)

“St. Ita’s Vision” from *Hermit Songs*, op. 29, no. 3

Lucy Page '16, soprano

Aaron Copland (1900 – 1990)

“Long Time Ago” (Adapted from *Old American Songs*)

Claudio Monteverdi (1567 – 1643)

Lasciatemi Morire

Sarah Ritzmann '17, soprano; Edwin Lawrence, piano

Robert Schumann (1810 – 1856)

Frauenliebe und –leben

- I. *Seit ich ihn gesehen*
- II. *Er, der Herrlichste von allen*
- III. *Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben*
- IV. *Du Ring an meinem Finger*

Elaina Pullano '15, soprano; Robin Kibler, piano

Ludwig van Beethoven (1770 – 1827)

Sonata in B-flat Major, op. 22, no. 11

- I. *Allegro con brio*

Aglaia Ho '17, piano

Wednesday, November 12, 2014
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!*

“Après un Rêve” from *Trois melodies*

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.

“Laudamus te” from *Gloria*

We praise you,
 We bless you,
 We adore you,
 We glorify you,
 We praise you,
 We bless you,
 We adore you,
 We glorify you, we glorify you,
 We adore you, we adore you,
 We glorify you,
 We praise you,
 We bless you,
 We adore you,
 We glorify you,
 We adore you, we adore you,
 We glorify you, we glorify you!

“Lydia,” op. 4, no. 2

Lydia, upon your pink cheeks,
 And upon your neck, so cool and so white,
 There rolls down, glittering,
 The fluid golden hair that you untie.

The day that is shining is the best:
 Let us forget the eternal grave,
 Let your dovelike kisses
 Sing upon your flowering lips.

A hidden lily unceasingly spreads
 A divine scent in your bosom:
 Delights like a swarm
 Emanate from you, young Goddess!

I love you and die, o my love!
 My soul is ravished from me in kisses.
 O Lydia, restore my life to me,
 May I die forever!

Frauenliebe und –leben

I. Since I saw him

Since I saw him
 I believe myself to be blind,
 where I but cast my gaze,
 I see him alone.
 as in waking dreams
 his image floats before me,
 dipped from deepest darkness,
 brighter in ascent.

All else dark and colorless
 everywhere around me,
 for the games of my sisters
 I no longer yearn,
 I would rather weep,
 silently in my little chamber,
 since I saw him,
 I believe myself to be blind.

II. He, the most glorious of all

He, the most glorious of all,
 O how mild, so good!
 lovely lips, clear eyes,
 bright mind and steadfast courage.

Just as yonder in the blue depths,
 bright and glorious, that star,
 so he is in my heavens,
 bright and glorious, lofty and distant.

Meander, meander thy paths,
 but to observe thy gleam,
 but to observe in meekness,
 but to be blissful and sad!

Hear not my silent prayer,
 consecrated only to thy happiness,
 thou may'st not know me, lowly maid,
 lofty star of glory!

Only the worthiest of all
 may make happy thy choice,
 and I will bless her, the lofty one,
 many thousand times.

I will rejoice then and weep,
 blissful, blissful I'll be then;
 if my heart should also break,
 break, O heart, what of it?

III. I can't grasp it, nor believe it

I can't grasp it, nor believe it,
a dream has bewitched me,
how should he, among all the others,
lift up and make happy poor me?

It seemed to me, as if he spoke,
"I am thine eternally",
It seemed - I dream on and on,
It could never be so.

O let me die in this dream,
cradled on his breast,
let the most blessed death drink me up
in tears of infinite bliss.

IV. Thou ring on my finger

Thou ring on my finger,
my little golden ring,
I press thee piously upon my lips
piously upon my heart.

I had dreamt it,
the tranquil, lovely dream of childhood,
I found myself alone and lost
in barren, infinite space.

Thou ring on my finger,
thou hast taught me for the first time,
hast opened my gaze unto
the endless, deep value of life.

I want to serve him, live for him,
belong to him entire,
Give myself and find myself
transfigured in his radiance.

Thou ring on my finger,
my little golden ring,
I press thee piously upon lips,
piously upon my heart.

Lasciatemi Morire

Let me die!
Let me die!
And who do you think can comfort me
In such a harsh state,
In such great suffering?
Leave me to die.
Leave me to die.