



MIDWEEKMUSIC

Johann Sebastian Bach (1685 – 1750)

Prelude No. 5 in D Major, BWV 874

Jonathan Berg '18, piano

Oskar Bohme (1870 – 1938)

Russian Dance

Daniel Fisher '18, trumpet; Jonathan Berg '18, piano

Tom Kitt (b. 1974)

“Everything Else” from *Next to Normal*

“So Anyway” from *Next to Normal*

Harriet Weldon '19, mezzo-soprano; Robin Kibler, piano

Franz Schubert (1797 – 1828)

Winterreise, D. 911

20. Die Wegweiser

21. Das Wirtshaus

22. Mut!

Kurt Pfrommer '18, tenor; Robin Kibler, piano

Johann Strauss II (1825 – 1899)

“Mein Herr Marquis” from *Die Fledermaus*

Erin Kennedy '19, soprano; Sebastian Black '19, piano

Felix Mendelssohn (1809 – 1847)

Aria No. 26 "It Is Enough" from *Elijah*

Aria No. 37 "For the mountains shall depart" from *Elijah*

Kurt Weill (1900 – 1950)

“Lonely House” from *Street Scene*

Derek Galvin '18, baritone; Alex Quizon '21, piano

Leoš Janáček (1854 – 1928)

On an Overgrown Path, Book I

1. Naše večery

2. Lístek odvanutý

Jesse Ames '19, piano

Ludwig van Beethoven (1770 – 1827)

Sonata in E-flat Major, Op. 27 No. 1

I. *Andante*

II. *Allegro molto vivace*

Ben Logsdon '20, piano

Wednesday, December 6, 2017

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!*

Calendar: music.williams.edu/calendar

Newsletter sign up on our homepage!

All events are free and open to the public.

Translations

Mein Herr Marquis

My dear marquis,
A man such as you
Should better understand this
Therefore I advise you
To look more closely at people.
This hand is surely far too fine, ah!
These feet are too dainty and small, ah!
My manner of speaking,
My waist and my bustle
Would never be found on a lady's maid!
You really must admit
This mistake was very comical!

Yes, very comical, ha!
Is the situation, ha!
So excuse me, ha!
If I laugh, ha!
Very funny, dear marquis, are you!

With this profile in Grecian style
I am gifted by nature.
If this face doesn't say enough,
Then look at my figure!
Look through your lorgnette, ah!
At this outfit, ah!
It seems to me that love has clouded your eyes,
The pretty lady's maid has filled your heart!
Now you see her everywhere,
This truly is a funny situation!

Yes, very comical, ha!
Is the situation, ha!
So excuse me, ha!
If I laugh, ha!

20. The Signpost

Why do I avoid the routes
Which the other travelers take,
To search out hidden paths
Through snowy cliff tops?

I have truly done no wrong
That I should shun mankind.
What foolish desire
Drives me into the wastelands?

Signposts stand along the roads,
Signposts leading to the towns;
And I wander on and on,
Restlessly in search of rest.

One signpost stands before me,
Remains fixed before my gaze.
One road I must take,
From which no one has ever returned.

21. The Inn

My path has brought me to a graveyard.
Here would I lodge, I thought to myself.
You green death-wreaths might well be the signs,
That invite the weary traveler into the cool inn.

But in this house are all the rooms taken?
I am weak enough to drop, fatally wounded.
O unmerciful innkeeper, do you turn me away?
Then further on, further on, my faithful walking stick.

22. Courage

Should the snow fly in my face
I'll just shake it from me.
Should my heart speak from my breast
I'll sing bright and cheerful.

Hearing not what it may say,
That is not for my ears.
Feeling not that it protests,
Protest is now foolish.

Merry in the world I go
Swept by wind and weather!
Want no God to be on earth:
We ourselves are gods now.