

Williams College Department of Music



MIDWEEKMUSIC

Johann Sebastian Bach (1685 – 1750)

French Suite No. 5 in G Major, BWV 816

I. *Allemande*

Connor Swan '18, piano

Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872 – 1958)

Youth and Love (Songs of Travel)

I. Andante sostenuto

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756 – 1791) *Abendempfindung* K.523

I. Andante

William Ren '21, baritone; Allen Wang '20, piano

Antonio Vivaldi (1678 – 1741)

Concerto No. 2 in G Minor, op. 8, RV 315, "L'estate"

I. *Allegro non molto*

II. *Adagio-Presto*

III. *Presto*

Abigail Soloway '18, violin; Stephen Ai '18, piano

Aaron Copland (1900 – 1990)

Twelve Poems of Emily Dickinson

4. "The World Feels Dusty"

5. "Heart, We Will Forget Him"

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

"Ach, ich fühl's," from *Die Zauberflöte*

Caroline Fairweather '20, soprano; Edwin Lawrence, piano

Wednesday, March 14, 2018

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!*

Translations

Abendempfindung

Evening it is; the sun has vanished,
And the moon streams with silver rays;
Thus flee Life's fairest hours,
Flying away as if in a dance.

Soon away will fly Life's colorful scenes,
And the curtain will come rolling down;
Done is our play, the tears of a friend
Flow already over our grave.

Soon, perhaps (the thought gently arrives like the west wind -
A quiet foreboding)
I will part from life's pilgrimage,
And fly to the land of rest.

If you will then weep over my grave,
Gaze mournfully upon my ashes,
Then, o Friends, I will appear
And waft you all heavenward.

And You [my beloved], bestow also a little tear on me, and pluck
Me a violet for my grave,
And with your soulful gaze,
Look then gently down on me.

Consecrate a tear for me, and ah!
Do not be ashamed to cry;
Those tears will be in my diadem
then: the fairest pearls!

Ach, ich fühl's

Ah, I feel it, it has disappeared
Forever gone love's happiness!
Nevermore will come the hour of bliss
Back to my heart!
See, Tamino, these tears,
Flowing, beloved, for you alone!
If you don't feel the longing of love
Then there will be peace in death!