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 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 mays't 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,
brake, 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,

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,

I had dreamt it,
the tranquil, lovely dream of childhood,
I found myself alone and lost

Thou ring on my finger,
thou hast taught me for the first time,
hast opened my gaze unto

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.