Giovanni Bononcini (1670 – 1747)  “Per la gloria d'adorarvi,” from the opera *Griselda*
   Erin Kennedy ’19, soprano; William Cao ’17, piano

John Jacob Niles (1892 – 1980)  
   *Go ’Way From My Window*
   Jackson Barber ’18, voice; Connor Swan ’18, piano

Henry Purcell (1659 – 1695)  
   *Thy Hand, Belinda/When I am Laid In Earth* (1688)
   Diane Kim '16, voice; Stephen Ai '18, harpsichord; Claudia Reyes '18, cello

Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872 – 1958)  Five Mystical Songs
   I.  *The Call*
   Quenton Hurst, baritone; ’19; Aglaia Ho ’17, piano

Gabriel Faure  (1845-1924)  Melodies pour une Voix, op. 39 (1884)
   I.  *Aurore*, poem by Armand Silvestre (1837 – 1901)
   Christine Pash, ’18 voice; Kelly Chen ’17, piano

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)  Myrthen, op. 25 (1840)
   I.  *Widmung*, poem by Friedrich Rückert (1788 – 1866)
   Christine Pash, ’18 voice; Kelly Chen ’17, piano

**Monday, December 14, 2015**
**4:00 p.m.**
*Chapin Hall*
*Williamstown, Massachusetts*
*Please turn off cell phones.*
*No photography or recording is permitted.*
Translations

*Per la gloria d'adorarvi*

For the glory of adoring you  
I want to love you, o eyes dear  
Loving, I will suffer, but always you I will love  
I will suffer but you I will love, dear light

Without hope of pleasure  
Vain affection it is to sigh  
But your sweet glances  
Who can ever admire you and not love you?  
I will suffer but you I will love, dear light

*Aurore- Dawn*

The stars fly away from the gardens of the night,  
Like golden bees that attract an invisible honey  
And the dawn, far away, spreading the purity of its canvas,  
Weaves with silver threads the sky's blue cloak

From the garden of my heart that a slow dream inebriates  
My desires fly away on the footsteps of the morning  
Like a weightless swarm, that on the copper horizon  
calls a plaintive song, eternal and far away.

They fly at your feet, stars chased by clouds,  
Exiled from the golden sky where your beauty flowers  
And, looking towards you for unknown roads,  
Mix with the newborn day their dying clearness.

*Dedication- Widmung*

You my soul, you my heart  
You my joy, O you my pain  
You the world in which I live  
My Heaven, you, in which I float  
O You my grave, in which  
My grief is buried.

You are rest, you are peace  
You are from heaven bestowed to me  
That you love me makes me worthy of you  
Your gaze transfigures me;  
You make me love beyond myself  
My good ghost/spirit, my better self!