MIDWEEKMUSIC

G.F. Handel (1685-1759)  “The Trumpet Shall Sound” from Messiah
William Ren ‘21, baritone; Allen Wang ‘20, piano

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)  Claire de lune

Richard Wagner (1813-1883)  O du, mein holder Abendstern
Guanghao Yu ‘21, baritone; Sebastian Black ‘19, piano

Frederic Rzewski (b. 1938)  To the Earth, Homeric hymn for speaking percussion (1985)
Matthew Gold (faculty), percussion

Antonio Vivaldi (1678-1741)  Bassoon Concerto in E minor
       Adante
       Allegro Poco
Sofie Netteberg ‘20, bassoon; Jonathan Berg ‘18, piano

Wednesday, May 9, 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!

Upcoming Concerts
Calendar: music.williams.edu/calendar
Newsletter sign up on our homepage!
Facebook fan page: http://www.facebook.com/home.php#!/pages/Williams-College-Department-of-Music/25432101818
All events are free and open to the public.

Translations

Clair de lune

Your soul is a delicate landscape
Where roam charming masks and bergamasques
Playing the lute and dancing and seeming almost
Sad under their whimsical disguises.
While singing in a minor key
Of victorious love and easy life
They don't seem to believe in their happiness
And their song mingles with the moonlight,
With the sad and beautiful moonlight,
Which makes the birds in the trees dream
And sob with ecstasy the water streams,
The great slim water streams among the marbles.

O du, mein holder Abendstern

Dusk covers the land like a premonition of death,
Wraps the valley in her dark mantle;
The soul that longs for those heights
Dreads to take its dark and awful flight.
Then you appear, O loveliest of stars,
And shed your gentle light from afar;
Your sweet glow cleaves the twilight gloom,
And as a friend you show the way out of the valley.
O you, my fair evening star,
Gladly have I always greeted you:
Greet her, from the depths of this heart,
Which has never betrayed her,
Greet her, when she passes,
When she soars above this mortal vale
To become a holy angel there!