



MIDWEEKMUSIC

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756 – 1791) *Smanie implacabili*
Hannah Gruendemann '20, mezzo-soprano; Jake Eisner '21, piano

Aaron Copland (1900 – 1990) *Nature, the gentlest mother*
Julia Tucher '21, soprano; Edwin Lawrence, piano

Robert Schumann (1810 – 1856) *Dichterliebe*
I. Im wunderschönen Monat Mai
II. Aus meinen Tränen spreissen
Julia Randall '19, mezzo-soprano; Leonard Bopp '19, piano

Johannes Brahms (1833 – 1897) Violin Sonata No. 2 in A Major, op. 100
I. *Allegro amabile*
Daniel Yu '20, violin; Qiana Yang '19, piano

Giacomo Puccini (1858 – 1924) "Quando m'en vo," from *La Bohème*
Erin Kennedy '19, soprano; Eugene Cho '20,

Bela Bartok (1881 – 1945) Sonata for Solo Violin, sz. 117
I. *Tempo di ciaccona*
Ben Mygatt '20, violin

Wednesday, November 7, 2018
12:15 p.m.

Thompson Memorial Chapel
Williamstown, Massachusetts

Please turn off cell phones.
No photography or recording is permitted.

Translations

“Smanie implacabili”

Ah, move away!
Fear the sad effect of a desperate affection!
Shut those windows,
I hate the light, I hate the air that I breathe,
I hate myself!
Who mocks my pain,
Who will console me?
Oh, leave, for pity's sake, leave,
Leave me alone.

Implacable desires which torment me
Inside this soul, don't cease,
Until they make me die.
A miserable example of fateful love
I will give to the Furies, if I live,
With the horrible sound of my sighs.

“Dichterliebe”

In the wonderfully fair month of May,
as all the flower-buds burst,
then in my heart
love arose.

In the wonderfully fair month of May,
as all the birds were singing,
then I confessed to her
my yearning and longing.

From my tears spring
many blooming flowers forth,
and my sighs become
a nightingale choir,

and if you have love for me, child,
I'll give you all the flowers,
and before your window shall sound
the song of the nightingale.

“Quando M'en Vo”

When walking alone on the streets,
People stop and stare
And examine my beauty
From head to toe
And then I savor the cravings
which from their eyes transpires
And from the obvious charms they perceive
The hidden beauties.
So the scent of desire is all around me,
It makes me happy!
And you who know, who remembers and yearns,
You shrink from me?
I know why this is:
You do not want to tell me of your anguish,
But you feel like dying!