

Williams College Department of Music



Evelyn Mahon '18, mezzo-soprano
Gef Fisher '18, guitar
Robin Kibler, piano

Frank Martin (1890 – 1974)	<i>Quatre Pieces Breve</i>
Edith Piaf (1915 – 1963)	<i>La vie en rose</i>
Cole Porter (1891 – 1964)	<i>Let's do it</i>
Cole Porter	<i>Every time we say goodbye</i>
Agustin Barrios (1885 – 1944)	<i>Vals, op. 8, No. 4</i>
Charlie Chaplin (1889 – 1977)	<i>Smile</i>
Fabian Andre (1910 – 1960), Wilbur Schwandt (1904 – 1998)	<i>Dream a little dream of me</i>
Cole Porter	<i>I get a kick out of you</i>
Meredith Wilson (1902 – 1984)	<i>Till there was you</i>
Cole Porter	<i>It's de-lovely</i>
Louis Armstrong (1901 – 1971)	<i>What a wonderful world</i>
Isaac Albeniz (1860 – 1909)	<i>Suite Espanola op. 47</i> <i>1. Granada,</i> <i>4. Cadiz</i>
Irving Gordon (1915 – 1996)	<i>Unforgettable</i>
Cole Porter	<i>You're the top</i>
Irving Berlin (1888 – 1989)	<i>Always</i>
Mack Gordon (1904 – 1959), Josef Myrow (1910 – 1987)	<i>You make me feel so young</i>
Leonard Bernstein (1918 – 1990)	<i>Some other Time</i>

Sunday, May 6, 2018
5:00 p.m.

Brooks-Rogers Recital Hall
Williamstown, Massachusetts

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



Evelyn Mahon '18 is a theatre major from Williamstown, MA. Recent credits at Williams include *August: Osage County* (Violet Weston), *Sweeney Todd* (Mrs. Lovett), *The Skriker* (Josie), *Tartuffe* (Dorine), and *Endgame* (Nell). When she is not playing middle-aged, mentally deranged women, Evelyn teaches theatre and improv to elementary and middle-school students.

Gef Fisher '18 is a music major from Williamstown, MA. He has studied with Rob Phelps for 7 years and will be apprenticing with a master luthier in Amherst, MA this summer. His instrumental repertoire also includes the sitar, zhongruan, guqin, and electric bass.

Translations

Mon Coeur S'ouvre a ta voix

My heart opens to your voice
Like the flowers open
To the kisses of the dawn!
But, oh my beloved,
To better dry my tears,
Let your voice speak again!
Tell me that you are returning
To Delilah forever!
Repeat to my tenderness
The promises of old times,
Those promises that I loved!
Ah! respond to my tenderness!
Fill me with ecstasy!

Like one sees the blades
Of wheat that wave
In the light wind,
So trembles my heart,
Ready to be consoled,
By your voice that is so dear to me!
The arrow is less rapid
In bringing death,
Than is your lover
To fly into your arms!
Ah! respond to my tenderness!
Fill me with ecstasy!
Samson! Samson! I love you.

Habanera

Love is a rebellious bird
That nothing can tame,
And it is simply in vain to call it
If it is convenient for it to refuse.
Nothing will work, threat or pleading,
One speaks, the other stays quiet;
And it's the other that I prefer
He said nothing; but he pleases me.
Love! Love! Love! Love!

Love is the child of the Bohemian,
It has never, never known any law,
If you don't love me, I love you,
If I love you, keep guard on yourself!
If you don't love me, if you don't love me, I
love you!
But, if I love you, if I love you, keep guard
on yourself!

The bird you thought to surprise
Bat its wing and flew away;
Love is far away, you can wait for it;
If you wait for it no more, it is there!
All around you, quickly, quickly,
It comes, goes, then it comes back!
You think to hold it, it avoids you;
You think to avoid it, it holds you!
Love, love, love, love!

Non So Piu

I don't know what I am any more, or what I'm doing
Now I'm on fire, now I'm freezing
Every woman makes me change colour,

Every woman makes my heart flutter.
Just the name of love, of delight
Upsets me, and makes my heart flutter,
And I find myself talking of love
From a need I can't explain.
I talk of love when waking
I talk of love when dreaming,
To the water, to the shadows, to the mountains,
To the flowers, to the grass, to the fountains,
To the echoes, to the air, to the winds,
And the sound of my useless words
Is carried away with them.
And if I don't have anyone to hear me,
I talk of love to myself!

Voi, Che Sapete

You, ladies, who know what love is,
Look to see if I have it in my heart!
I'll tell you what I'm going through,
It's new to me; I can't understand it.
I feel a warmth full of desire
That now is pleasure, now is agony.
I freeze, and then feel my soul burning,
And in another moment go back to freezing.
I look for something beautiful outside of myself,
I don't know who has it, I don't know what it is.
I sigh and groan without wanting to,
I quiver and tremble without knowing it,
I find no peace night or day,
And yet I like suffering this way!
You, ladies, who know what love is,
Look to see if I have it in my heart!