Bennington College Presents

Maria DiFabbio ‘11, soprano - Senior Concert
Wednesday, May 18th, 2011 at 8:00pm in Greenwall – VAPA
Assisted by Kate Lyczkowski, piano

Ad una stella
Composed by Giuseppe Verdi
Poem by Andrea Maffei

Gretchen am Spinnrade
Composed by Franz Schubert
Poem by Wolfgang von Goethe

Depuis le jour
From the French opera, Louise
Composed by Gustave Charpentier
Libretto : Gustave Charpentier

Piangerò, la sorte mia
From the Italian opera Giulio Cesare
Composed by Georg Friedrich Handel
Libretto : Nicola Haym

The Light in the Piazza
From the musical The Light in the Piazza
Music and Lyrics by Adam Guettel

The Boy Next Door
From the musical Meet Me in St. Louis
Music and Lyrics by Hugh Martin and Ralph Blane

The Man That Got Away
From the Motion Picture A Star Is Born
Music by Harold Arlen,
Lyrics by Ira Gershwin

Why Try To Change Me Now
Music by Cy Coleman,
Lyrics by Joseph McCarthy
Arranged by Maria DiFabbio

Chicago
Featuring Andrew Fridae and Josh Gulotta
Music and Lyrics by Gulotta,
Fridae & Jones

The Parting Glass
Featuring Katie Nelson and Sarah Robotham
A Traditional Irish Folk Song
Ad una stella (To A Star)

Beautiful star of the earth,  
Amorous and beautiful light,  
How desires this soul,  
Oppressed and imprisoned,  
To break its chains,  
Free to fly to you!  
The unknown inhabitants  
That you hide from me, oh star,  
Embrace with the angels  
In pure brotherly love,  
Making in harmony with the angels  
Your sphere to sound  
Our faults and worries  
Are secrets to them there;  
Carefree and calm,  
The days and years run by,  
With no thought of counting them,  
Nor recalling them in sadness.  
Beautiful star of the night,  
Gem in which heaven delights,  
If only this soul could rise, this soul,  
Oppressed and imprisoned,  
From its earthly jail  
To your beautiful ray in flight.

Depuis le Jour

Since the day I gave myself,  
my fate seems all in flower.  
I seem to be dreaming beneath a fairy sky,  
my soul still enraptured  
by that very first kiss!  
What a wonderful life!  
My dream was not a dream!  
Oh! I am so happy!  
Love spreads its wings over me!  
In the garden of my heart  
a new joy sings!  
Everything resonates,  
everything rejoices in my triumph!  
About me all is smiles,  
light and happiness!  
And I tremble deliciously  
at the delightful memory  
of the first day of love!  
What a glorious life!  
Oh, how happy I am! Too happy!...  
And I tremble deliciously  
at the delightful memory  
of the first day of love!

Gretchen am Spinnrade

My peace is gone, my heart is heavy,  
I will find it never and never more.  
Where I do not have him,  
That is the grave,  
The whole world is bitter to me.  
My poor head is crazy to me,  
My poor mind is torn apart.  
My peace is gone, my heart is heavy,  
I will find it never and never more.  
For him only, I look out the window  
Only for him do I go out of the house.  
His tall walk, his noble figure,  
His mouth's smile, his eyes' power,  
And his mouth's magic flow,  
His handclasp, and ah! his kiss!  
My peace is gone, my heart is heavy,  
I will find it never and never more.  
My bosom urges itself toward him.  
Ah, might I grasp, and hold him!  
And kiss him, as I would wish,  
At his kisses, I should die!

Piangerò, la sortë mia

So in one bitter hour I lose all my rank and power? Fate far too cruel!  
Caesar, my guardian angel  
most like to have perished!  
Cornelia and Sextus are captive too, and  
cannot come to my rescue.  
Ye Gods! No hope, then, ye deign to leave me  
for life or freedom?  
I must weep, for my sorrows now are endless,  
In his power, forsaken and friendless, not for  
long can my poor life last?  
I must weep for the days now gone forever,  
Lone and friendless among so many who are  
foes, I know not any who would help me, or  
would defend me; Not for long can my poor  
life last, lone and friendless and in my tears  
will my last hours be passed.  
If he kills me, my ghost will haunt him, with  
his foul deeds Ne'er cease to taunt him:  
Mad with terror, I'll drive him fast,  
Mad with terror, till he dies of shame at last!  
Yes, my spectre still would haunt him with his  
foul deeds forever haunt him,  
Mad with terror, I'll drive him fast, till he  
dies of shame at last!