

music at bennington presents

Pur ti miro -- Claudio Monteverdi
My beloved

My beloved, my beloved, let me hold you,
let me hold you and enfold you,
for no longer, no longer our sweet pleasure is clouded.
O my treasure, beloved treasure,
O my treasure, O my beloved—

I am yours, all my hope, all I wish, and desire,
my delight, my content, you are mine, yes,
my love, my life and soul, yes, yes, yes, yes,
my heart, my life and soul, yes, yes, yes, yes.
yes, my love yes my heart, beloved—yes.

I am yours, my content, my delight
and my delight, my content, you are mine,
yes, my love, my life and soul yes, yes, yes.
yes my heart, my life and soul, yes, yes, yes, yes.
yes, my love yes, my heart, beloved —yes.

My beloved my beloved, let me hold—you.
let me hold you, and enfold you
for no longer, no longer our sweet pleasure is clouded.
O my beloved, O my treasure,
O my beloved.

Ach, ich fühl's (from "Die Zauberflöte") -- Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
Ah, I feel it, "The Magic Flute"

Ah, I feel it, it has disappeared,
eternally gone love's happiness!

Never come you, hours of bliss,
to my heart more back.

Look, Tamino, these tears
flow, beloved, (for) you alone.

Feel you not the love's longing,
so will rest in death be

an afternoon of song

fonta hadley — soprano, piano noby ishida — piano
with guests matthew pillischer & rebecca zafonte



featuring works by
faure debussy handel floyd mozart chopin bach

Sunday, May 24th, 1998 • 3:00pm • Jennings 136

My grateful thanks to Tom Bogdan, Willie Finckel, Noby, Matthew,
Rebecca, Sue Jones, and Dan Mohr.

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Hoffberger '54 and the Henry and Ruth Blaustein Rosenberg Foundation.

Program

Fonta Hadley, soprano
Noby Ishida, piano

Ay! luna que reluces Anonymous

Beau soir Claude Debussy

Les Berceaux Gabriel Fauré

Prélude Frédéric Chopin

Deux Arabesques Claude Debussy

Fonta Hadley, piano

I n t e r m i s s i o n

Sull'aria Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

with Rebecca Zafonte, soprano

Oh Had I Jubal's Lyre George Frideric Handel

Pur ti miro Claudio Monteverdi

with Matthew Pillischer, baritone

Ah ich fühls Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

Now I Walk in Beauty (a round)

Text

Ay! luna que reluces -- Anonymous mid 16th c.
(Thou, oh moon, that shines so bright)

Thou, oh moon, that shines so bright
as I wander up and down
Fill with your splendor my dark nights,
fill with your splendor my dark nights,
fill with your splendor my dark nights.—

Cast, oh moon,—your bright light
all along my mountain paths.

Beau soir -- Claude Debussy
Beautiful Evening

When at the sun going down the rivers are pink,
And a tepid shudder runs over the fields of wheat,
An advice to be happy seems to emerge from things
And to ascend toward the heart troubled,

An advice to taste the charm of being in the world,
While one is young and the evening is beautiful,
For we go away, as goes away this river;
It to the sea, we to the tomb.

Les berceaux -- Gabriel Fauré
The cradles

Along the Quai, the large ships,
That the swell bends in silence,
Take no notice of the cradles,
That the hands of women rock.

But will come the day of goodbyes,
For it must be that women weep,
And that the men curious
Explore the horizons that entice!

And that day there the large ships
Fleeing the port which diminishes,
Feel their mass retained
By the soul of the distant cradles

Sull'aria -- Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

Susanna: To the air...

Countess: "What a gentle little breeze...

Susanna: Little breeze...

Countess: ...will be blowing tonight...

Susanne: ...will be blowing tonight...

Countess: ...beneath the pines in the groves'.

Susanna: Beneath the pines...? Beneath the pines in the groves'.

Countess: The rest he'll understand.

Susanna: Certainly, certainly he'll understand.