

I would like to thank all the people who have made this concert possible: Frank, Michael, Robin, Lou, Kathryn, Sue Jones, Paul, Peter, Stephen, Michel for the fabulous posters, programs, and invitations, Jeff Williams for the lighting, Mandy, Marlene Walt, and especially Nancy Colter.

I would also like to thank my parents, Marc, Justin, Nonna, and Karen for their continuous love and support throughout my four years at Bennington College.

This concert gives me the opportunity to acknowledge the critical role Maaja Roos played in my discovery of my love for singing. She has coached me and accompanied me in all my recitals since I joined her choral group in 1983. I am very pleased and honored that she has agreed to accompany me tonight for my Senior Concert. I am deeply grateful for her skill, inspiration, and powerful guidance.

Bennington College Music Division

Presents

A Senior Voice Concert

by

Sasha Lazard

with

Maaja Roos, accompanist

Monday, May 14, 1990

8:15 p.m.

Greenwall Music Workshop

Selections from Johann Sebastian Bach

Paul Opel, guitar

Program

Bist du bei mir JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH

Dans un bois solitaire... WOLFGANG A. MOZART

Clair de Lune GABRIEL FAURÉ

A song from "Les Nuits d'Eté"
L'Absence HECTOR BERLIOZ

Les Chemins de l'Amour FRANCIS POULENC

INTERMISSION

I, Why?* LOUIS CALABRO

with Kathryn Kitt, soprano

Three William Blake Songs
HELEN TOBIAS-DUESBERG

Little Boy Lost
Little Boy Found
Tiger! Tiger!

*World Premiere

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Arias from:

*Le Nozze di Figaro* WOLFGANG A. MOZART

Voi che sapete

Porgi amor, qualche ristoro

Duet from:

*Così fan tutte*

I will choose the handsome dark one...

with Kathryn Kitt, soprano

Ouvre Ton Cœur GEORGES BIZET

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This Concert is being presented in partial fulfillment of
the requirements for the Bachelor of Arts Degree.

Program Notes:

BIST DU BEI MIR
(IF YOU ARE NEAR ME)

If you are near me,
I go with joy
To death and to my rest.
Oh, how content were thus my end,
Your beautiful hands
would close my faithful eyes.

DANS UN BOIS
(IN THE WOODS)

As alone I lately wander'd
Thro' a shady myrtle grove,
There a pretty boy lay sleeping:
'Twas the mighty god of Love!

As there he lay, so fair, so comely,
I felt that I could trust him not;
For his form was like the false one
That I swore should be forgot.
He had just such lips so rosy,
And limbs so soft and white;
A sigh escaped me, he awakened;
For Love is sleeper so light,
When so swiftly his pinions shaking,
He straightway seiz'd his bow and dart,
As his deadly arrow,
as his murderous arrow lo! he shot,
wounding deeply my heart,
"Go! go! go! go!" cried he.
"Go!" cried he;
To Sylvia now hasten;
Love and languish for her sweet sake;
Now shalt thou love her all thy lifetime,
Since from slumber me did'st thou wake.

CLAIRE DE LUNE
(MOONLIGHT)

Your soul is a chosen landscape
Where charming masqueraders and dancers are promenading.
Playing the lute and dancing, and almost
Sad beneath their fantastic disguises,
While singing in the minor key
Of triumphant love, and the pleasant life.
They seem not to believe in their happiness,
And their song blends with the moonlight,
The quiet moonlight, sad and lovely,
Which sets the birds in the trees a-dreaming,
And makes the mountains sob with ecstasy,
The tall slim fountains among the marble statues.

A SONG FROM: "Les Nuits d'Eté"

ABSENCE

Come back, come back, my best beloved!
Like a flower far from the sun
my life's flower is fast shut
far from your rosy smile.

What a distance there is between our hearts!
So much space between kisses!
Oh, bitter fate! Oh, cruel absence!
Oh, frantic desires unappeased!

Come back, come back, my best beloved, etc.

From here thither, so many plains,
so many towns and hamlets,
so many valleys and mountains-
enough to tire the horses feet!

Come back, come back, my best beloved, etc.

LES CHEMINS DE L'AMOUR
(THE PATHS OF LOVE)

The paths that lead to the sea
have kept from our passing,
flowers with fallen petals
and the echo beneath their trees
of our clear laughter.
Alas! of our days of happiness,
radiant joy now flown,
no trace can be found again
in my heart.

Paths of my love,
I seek you for ever,
lost paths, you are there no more
and your echoes are mute.
Paths of despair,
paths of memory,
paths of the first day,
divine paths of love.

If one day I must forget,
life effacing all remembrance
I would, in my heart, that one memory remains,
stronger than the former love.
The memory of the path,
where trembling and utterly bewildered,
one day I felt upon me
your burning hands.

Paths of my love,
etc...

ARIAS FROM: *Le Nozze di Figaro*

Voi che sapete

What is this feeling
Makes me so sad
What is this feeling
Makes me so glad?
Pains that delight me,
How can it be?
Pleasure that pains me!—
Fetter'd, though free!
Whence, too, these yearlings,
Strange to myself?
Tell me their meaning,
Spirit or elf.
Why am I burning?
Why do I freeze?
Restless forever,
Never at ease.

All is so alter'd,
Nothing's at rest:
Or are these changes
But in my breast?
Gentler the breezes,
Day is more bright;
Fairer the moonbeams,
Shine on the night;
Greener the forest,
Greener the hill,
Soft, too, the music
Flows from each rill.

Porgi amor, qualche ristoro

Love, thou holy purest impulse,
Oh! restore me his heart again!
Bring him back, or let me perish:
I am weary of this pain.