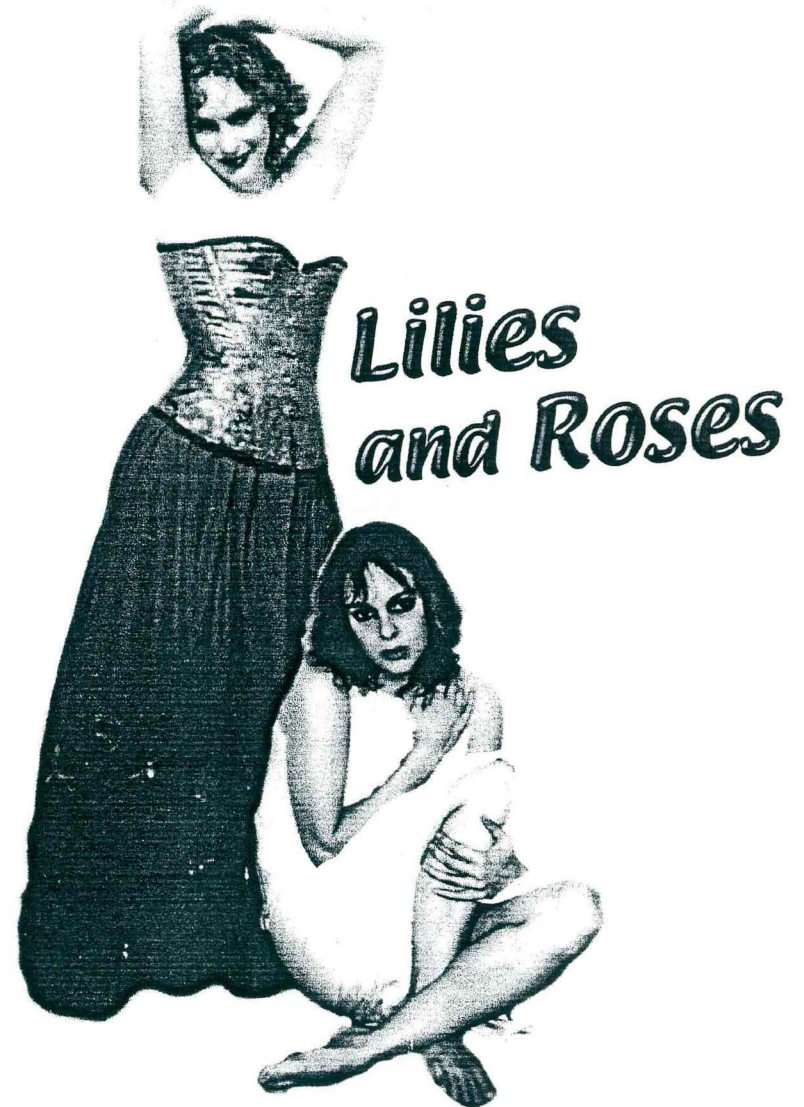


Music at Bennington presents...

**Hannah Strom-Martin
Junior Concert**



**Lilies
and Roses**

This concert is made possible in part through
the generous support of Judith Rosenberg
Hoffberger '54 and the Henry and Ruth
Blaustein Rosenberg Foundation.

**Thursday, March 28, 2002
8:00 pm
Deane Carriage Barn**

Lilies and Roses

Hannah Strom-Martin
Soprano

Amanda Parla
Soprano

Lisa Lynch
Piano

K.J. Swanson
Mezzo-Soprano

Songs

I Remember

Music and Lyrics by Stephen Sondheim

Standchen

Composed by Franz Schubert

Frühlingsglaube

Composed by Franz Schubert

Open All Night

Music by Ricky Ian Gordon Poem by James Agee

Mi chiamano Mimi

Composed by Giacomo Puccini

Quando non ho piu core *

Composed by Georg Freidrich Handel
Poem by Abate Ortensio Mauro

Batti, batti . . .

Composed by Wolfgang Amedeus Mozart
From the opera "Don Giovanni"

Prende ro . . . **

Composed by Wolfgang Amedeus Mozart
From the opera "Cosi Van Tutte"

The Sun Whose Rays

Music by Sir Arthur Sullivan Lyrics by W.S. Gilbert
From "The Mikado"

Poor Wandering One ***

Music by Sir Arthur Sullivan Lyrics by W.S. Gilbert
From "The Pirates of Penzance"

*** duet with K.J. Swanson**

**** duet with Amanda Parla**

***** with K.J. Swanson and Amanda Parla**

Translations and Notes

Standchen (Serenade)

Softly my songs implore you, through the night
to the quiet grove below, darling descend to me.
Whispering slender treetops rustle in the moon's light.
Fear not the traitor's hostile eavesdropping, gentle one.

Hear the nightingales singing? Ah! They implore you!
With the tone's sweet lament, they implore you for me.

They understand the bosom's longing,
they know love's sorrow.

Stir with the silver tones, each tender heart.
Let your bosom be moved also, darling hear me!

Trembling, I wait to meet you.

Come make me happy!

Frühlingsglaube (Faith in Spring)

The gentle breezes are awakened,
They rustle and stir by day and night.

They work on all ends.

O fresh scent, O new sound!

Now, poor heart, be not afraid.

Now everything must change.

The world grows more beautiful each day.

One knows not what still may be.

The flowering will not end, it blooms in the most
deep and distant valleys.

Now, poor heart, forget your pain.

Now everything must change.

Mi chiamano Mimi

(Mimi tells aspiring poet, Rudolpho of her life)

Yes, I'm always called Mimi, but my real name is Lucia.

My story is a brief one -

I earn my living by sewing and embroidering.

Working gives me pleasure;

in leisure hours I make lilies and roses.

I dearly love those flowers, they delight and enchant

me, they speak to me of love and springtime,

they speak to me of dreams and illusions,

of those wonders the world would call poetic.

You understand?

I'm always called Mimi, I don't know just why.

While I work the day passes swiftly.

I rarely go to mass but every night I pray.

I live all by myself.
There from my lofty garret window,
over the rooftops I can see the sky.
But when the snow is thawing,
spring's first kiss belongs to me.
The spring's first sunshine is mine.

When the rosebuds are beginning to bloom,
I watch them unfolding.
How sweet the scent of a blooming flower!
But the flowers I make myself,
alas, they have no fragrance.
I'm afraid my life is not too exciting.
I am merely a neighbor who intruded
and interrupted your writing

Quando non ho piu core
When I no more have a heart,
Or when the heart I have is no longer mine.

Batti, batti
*(Having been nearly seduced by Don Giovanni, Zerlina
pleads for forgiveness from her husband, Masetto)*

Beat me, beat me, dear Masetto! Punish your poor Zerlina!
I will remain here like a little lamb, your blows to await.
I'll let you tear my hair out, I'll let you scratch out my eyes
and kiss the hands that blind me.
Ah! I see you haven't the heart!
Peace, darling!
We shall spend our days and nights in merriment.

Prende ro . . .
*(Noble ladies Dorabella and Fiordiligi plot to
seduce a pair of handsome young men.)*

Dorabella: I shall take the handsome dark one,
for he seems to me more fun.
Fiordiligi: I will laugh and joke a bit with the fair one.
Dor: Playfully I'll answer his sweet words.
Fior: Sighing I'll imitate the other's sighs.
Dor: He'll say to me, "My love I'm dying!"
Fior: He'll call me his pretty treasure.
Both: What fun we shall have!

THANK YOU . . .
**Mom, Dad and Caity for your love and for filling
my life with music. Amanda, Ali, Beth and
Kaity-Beth: the truest and best of friends.
Tom and Beth: two wonderful teachers.
Sue Jones for all she does for us musician
types. Lisa Lynch for her time and patience.
And the Sawtellians for always
showing up.**