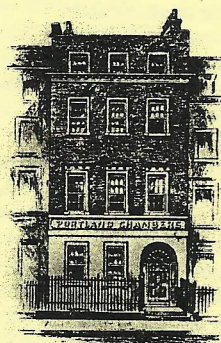


A Musical Evening 'at the House of William Sterndale Bennett'



On the Occasion of the
31st Midwest Victorian Studies Association Conference, University of
Illinois at Urbana-Champaign

Performed by Graduate Students of the UIUC School of Music

Saturday 21 April 2007
West Lounge, Wesley Foundation
At 8pm

Haydn

Quartet in E flat op.33 no.2

Allegro moderato, cantabile
Scherzo: Allegro
Largo sostenuto
Finale: Presto

Miss Yu
Miss Gok Pekcan
Miss Gultekin
Miss Zettervall

Mendelssohn

Swedish Winter Song

"My son, 'tis late, the woods are dark;
Oh, go not forth to roam;
Thy sister thou wilt never find;
Remain with me at home!
The forest gloom is damp and cold,
The winds are bleak and wild;
'Tis late to rove the woods alone,
Oh, stay with me, my child!"

"Oh, Mother, Mother, let me go!
Weeping is all in vain;
My sister I shall surely find,
And bring her home again.
Till she be found, there is no rest,
No comfort here for me;
The snow and wind I'll boldly face,
And soon return to thee."

The mother wept, while forth he went,
Across the dreary moor;
The storm departed, morn return'd;
But he return'd no more!
And the snow dissolv'd, the winds repos'd,
The sun unclouded shone;
The buds and blossoms came, but still
The mother wept alone!

Miss Ford
Miss Cueva-Mendez

W. S. Bennett

Song: May Dew

O'er the woodlands, o'er the meadow,
When the dawning skies are grey,

Miss Ford
Miss Cueva-Mendez

Soft from heav'n descends a shower,
 Lightly falling dews of May.
 All the holy charms that hover
 Round the joy diffusing Spring,
 Fragrant buds and leaves enamell'd
 May dews ever with them bring.

With the dew from harebells shaken,
 Virgin cheeks out vie the rose;
 When she bathes her golden tresses,
 Heav'nly bright the maiden glows.
 E'en the eye that's red with weeping,
 Loves the cooling drops of dew,
 'Till with their sweet rain besprinkled,
 Starlike beams that orb anew.

Gently then descend upon me
 Sweetest cure for ev'ry ill,
 O refresh my wearied eyelids,
 And my thirsty heart springs fill;
 Pour upon me Youth's enchantment,
 Gilded with a heav'nly ray,
 Let me gaze upon the sunlight,
 Lovely daughter of the May.

Corelli

Trio sonata in D minor op.4 no.8 for
 viola, violoncello and contrabass
 Prelude
 Allemanda
 Gigue

Miss Gultekin
 Miss Zettervall
 Mr McHattie

Mozart

Recitative and aria: 'E Susanna',
 'Dove sono' (Le nozze di Figaro)

Miss Ford
 Miss Cueva-Mendez

*E Susanna non vien!
 Sono ansiosa di saper
 come il Conte accolse la proposta.
 Alquanto ardito il progetto mi par,
 E ad uno sposo si vivace e geloso!*

*And Susanna doesn't arrive!
 I am anxious to know
 How the Count reacted to the proposal.
 The plan seems to me rather bold,
 Especially with a husband so high-strung and jealous!*

Ma che mal c'è?
 Cangiando i miei vestiti con quelli
 di Susanna,
 E suoi co' miei
 al favor della notte.
 Oh, cielo! a qual umil stato fatale
 io son ridotta da un consorte crudel!
 Che dopo avermi con un misto inaudito
 d'infedeltà, di gelosia, di sdegno!
 Prima amata, indi offesa, e alfin tradita,

 Fammi or cercar da una mia serva aita!

Dove sono i bei momenti
 Di dolcezza e di piacer?
 Dove andaro i giuramenti
 Di quel labbro menzogner?
 Perché mai, se in pianti e in pene
 Per me tutto si cangiò,
 La memoria di quel bene
 Dal mio sen non trapassò?
 Ah! se almen la mia costanza,
 Nel languire amando ognor,
 Mi portasse una speranza
 Di cangiar l'ingrato cor!

But what harm is there
 In changing clothes with those of
 Susanna,
 And hers with mine,
 Under the cover of the night?
 Oh, Heaven! To what an unfortunate state of humility
 I have been reduced by a cruel husband
 Who - with an incredible mixture
 Of infidelity, jealousy, and disdain -
 After having first loved me, having then offended me,
 and having finally betrayed me,
 Causes me now to seek help from one of my servants!

Where are the beautiful moments
 Of sweetness and pleasure?
 Where did the promises
 Of those lying lips go?
 Why ever, if in tears and in suffering,
 Everything has changed for me,
 Has the memory of that dear one
 Not left my breast?
 Ah! if only, my constancy
 While languishing, always loving,
 May bring me a hope
 Of changing his ungrateful heart!

W. S. Bennett

Chamber Trio

Andante tranquillo ma con moto
Serenade: Andante ma un poco scherzando
Finale: Allegro fermato

Miss Cueva-Mendez
 Miss Yu
 Miss Zettervall

(Translation of 'Dove sono' from Robert L. Larsen, ed., *Arias for Soprano*, New York, c1991)