Vassar College Orchestra

Eduardo Navega, conductor
Yanjie Zheng ’18, piano
Ruby Pierce ’16, soprano

THE DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC
VASSAR COLLEGE

Vassar College Orchestra

Saturday, 5 March 2016
8:00 PM
Martel Recital Hall
Skinner Hall of Music

If you would like to receive the music department’s Calendar of Musical Events or its e-newsletter, This Weekend in Skinner, please call the Concert Administrator’s office, 845-437-7294, or contact the music department through its website, http://music.vassar.edu.
Please silence all cellphones and refrain from using handheld devices during the performance. Use of these instruments will disturb other audience members and cause interference with in-house recording and webcasting.

Program

Doux Propos, from *Agnés, Dame Galante*  
Henry Février  
(1875-1957)

Piano Concerto No. 4 in G Major, Op. 58  
I. Allegro moderato  
Ludwig van Beethoven  
(1770-1827)

Yanjie Zheng ’18, piano

INTERMISSION

Bell Song (“Où va la jeune Hindoue”), from *Lakmé*  
Leo Delibes  
(1836-1891)

Ruby Pierce ’16, soprano

Serenade Espagnole, Op. 181  
Isaac Albéniz  
(1860-1909)

Overture to *Fosca*  
Antônio Carlos Gomes  
(1836-1896)

Photography and videography is not permitted in Martel Recital Hall without prior approval by the Concerts Administrator.
Vassar College Orchestra
Eduardo Navega, conductor

Violin I
Jaylin Remensperger
Hayley Rothman
Hyun Park
Emma Kline
Achal Fernando-Peiris
Carolyn Savich
Margaret Port
Peter Kim
Max Pine

Violin II
Catherine Belleza
Hubert Szychgel
Sydney Lambert
Sarah Leonard
Jason Sill
Julia Simcoe
Doulgas Peters
Gabriel Kardos
Julia Holgado
Kataura Ross
Karla Zabala

Viola
Ivan Soler
Daniel Melody
Antigone Delton
Isabel Morrison
Clark Xu
Emily Prince
Cristina Griesmer

Cello
David Toto
Sabrina Oh
Benjamin Ramsey
Lucinda Ellman
Lily Horner
Alessio Caruso
Brendan Wirth
Gabrielle Chwae

Bass
Henry Carroll
Matthew Guse

Horn
Alexander Bartholomew
Nicholas Ginsburg
Noah Kayser-Hirsh
Kennedy Kooistra

Trumpet
Pieter Block
Spencer McConnell

Trombone
Razvan Stanescu
Claudia Cangemi
Matthew Vasti

Harp
Yizhou Jiang

Flute
Isaiah Hale
Katherine Jacobsen

Tuba
Molly James

Oboe
Maya Enriquez
Fiona Hart

Clarinet
Galen March
Elena Schultz
Andrew Thompson

Bassoon
Gregory Cristina
Lauren Osojnak
Nicholas Williams

Clarinet
Galen March
Elena Schultz
Andrew Thompson

Flute
Isaiah Hale
Katherine Jacobsen

Oboe
Maya Enriquez
Fiona Hart

Percussion
Robert Nikolai
Zachary Sherman

Text and Translation

Où va la jeune Hindoue,
Fille des Parias,
Quand la lune se joue
Dans les grands mimosas?
Elle court sur la mousse
Et ne se souvient pas
Que partout on repousse
L’enfant des parias.

Le long des lauriers roses,
Rêvant de douces choses,
Elle passe sans bruit
Et riant à la nuit à la nuit!

Là-bas dans la forêt plus sombre,
Quel est ce voyageur perdu?
Autour de lui des yeux brillent dans
l’ombre,
Il marche encore au hasard éperdu!
Les fauves rugissent de joie,
Ils vont se jeter sur leur proie,
La jeune fille accourt et brave leurs
fureurs,
Elle a dans sa main la baguette
Où tinte la clochette des charmeurs.

L’étranger la regarde,
Elle reste éblouie,
Il est plus beau que les Rajahs!
Il rougira s’il sait qu’il doit la vie
A la fille des parias.
Mais lui, l’endormant dans un rêve,
Jusque dans le ciel il l’englène,
En lui disant: ta place est là!
C’était Vishnou, fils de Brahma!

Depuis ce jour au fond des bois,
Le voyageur entend parfois
Le bruit léger de la baguette
Où tinte la clochette des charmeurs.

Where goes the young Hindu,
Daughter of the pariahs,
When the moon dances
In the tall mimosas trees?
She runs on the moss
And does not remember
That everywhere is pushed
The child of pariahs.

Along the pink laurels,
Dreaming of sweet things,
She passes without noise
And laughs a night!

There in the dark forest,
Who is this lost traveler?
Around him eyes shining in the
 darkness,
He walks randomly, aimless and lost!
The wild beasts roar of joy,
They will pounce on their prey,
The girl runs to him and braves their
fury,
She has in her hand the stick
Where rings the bell of the charmers.

The stranger looks at her,
She stands dazzled.
She is more beautiful than the Rajahs!
He will blush if he knows he owes his life
To the daughter of the pariahs.
But they fall asleep and drift into a dream,
Up in the sky, they are transported,
The traveler tells her: ‘your place is here!’
It was Vishnu, son of Brahma!

Since that day in the depths of the forest,
The traveler sometimes hears
The light sound of the stick
Where rings the bell of the charmers.