PROGRAM
Saturday, November 5, 2005
8:00 PM
At the home of Roe Goodman and Enriqueta Carrington

Trio, Opus 27, #1 in B♭ Major
François Devienne
Allegro moderato
Rondo: Moderato

Divertimento #2, K.V. 439b
Wolfgang A. Mozart
Allegro
Memetto – Trio – Memetto
Larghetto
Memetto – Trio – Memetto
Rondo: Allegro

Stephen Poppel and Stephen Bloom (clarinets), Roe Goodman (bassoon)

Fantasiestücke, op. 73
Robert Schumann
I. Zart und mit Ausdruck
II. Lebhaft leicht
III. Rasch und mit Feuer

Stephen Bloom (clarinet), Richard Lyons (piano)

INTERMISSION

Variations in C, WoO 28
Ludwig van Beethoven
Theme: L`a ci darem la mano (from Mozart’s DON GIOVANNI)
Variation 1: Allegretto
Variation 2: L’istesso tempo
Variation 3: Andante
Variation 4: Allegro moderato
Coda: Vivace – Andante
Variation 5: Moderato
Variation 6: Lento espressivo
Variation 7: Allegretto scherzando
Variation 8: Allegretto giocoso

Divertimento #6, K.V. 439b
Wolfgang A. Mozart
Andante – Voi che sapete (LE NOZZE DE FIGARO)
Andante – Vendrai carino (DON GIOVANNI)
Allegro – Non più andrai (LE NOZZE DE FIGARO)

Stephen Bloom and Stephen Poppel (clarinets), Roe Goodman (bassoon)
Lorenzo da Ponte’s words for Mozart’s music

Translations by Robert Pack and Marjorie Lelash (Dover Publications)

Là ci darem la mano (Don Giovanni to Zerlina):
There we’ll take each other’s hands, and then you’ll tell me “yes.” See; it isn’t far; let’s go there together, my darling!

Voi che sapete (Cherubino to the Countess and Susanna):
Ladies, you who know the nature of love, search for it in my heart! I will tell you about my emotions; since they are new to me, I can’t understand them. I feel a longing full of desire that first is pleasure and then becomes pain. I freeze, and then I feel my soul aflame, and in the next moment, I turn cold again. I’m drawn by something beyond myself—I don’t know how to grasp it; I don’t know what it may be. Without wishing to, I sigh and groan; without knowing why, I shake and tremble. I find no rest night or day, but somehow I enjoy suffering like this.

Vendrai carino (Zerlina to Masetto):
Come, my dearest; if you’re good, I’ll give you the best of all remedies. It’s a natural cure, and no chemist can make it. It’s a certain balsam that I carry with me. I can give it to you if you’d like to try it. Would you like to know where it is? (putting her hand on her heart) Listen to it beating; touch me here!

Non piú andrai (Figaro to Cherubino):
No longer, you amorous butterfly, will you enjoy your customary boudoir excursions! No longer will you disturb the sleep of beautiful women, you Narcissus, you Adonis of love! You won’t flaunt your beautiful feathers—your light and gallant cap, your curls, your brilliant air, those feminine pink cheeks! You’ll live among soldiers, by Jove—with huge mustaches and a narrow bag, a gun on your shoulder and a sword at your side, a stiff neck and a frank expression, a heavy helmet or a large turban, much honor, but little pay! And instead of dancing, you’ll be marching through the mud—over mountains, through valleys, in the snow and scorching sun, to the sound of trumpets, and bombardments, and cannons, and bullets thundering past your ear! Cherubino, on to glory, on to military fame!