

# Tanglewood

MUSIC CENTER

SUMMER 2011

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA



# Tanglewood

MUSIC CENTER

TANGLEWOOD MUSIC CENTER FELLOWS

AN EVENING OF OPERA AND SONG

Sunday, July 10, 2011 at 8:00PM

Theatre

*Opera activities at Tanglewood are supported by a grant from the Geoffrey C. Hughes Foundation and by the Tanglewood Music Center Opera Fund.*

MARK MORRIS, Stage Director

ROBERT TREVIÑO, Conductor

MAILE OKAMURA, Production Designer

NICOLE PEARCE, Lighting Designer

JOHAN HENCKENS, Production Coordinator

ANNE DECHENE, Stage Manager

JOHN HEGINBOTHAM, Assistant to Mr. Morris

MATTHEW GEMMILL, Rehearsal Pianist

Malcolm J. Merriweather, "Master of Ceremonies"

**Darius Milhaud**

(1892-1974)

**L'Enlèvement d'Europe, Opus 94 (1927)**

Agénor .....Douglas Williams, bass-baritone

Pergamon .....Wesley Brax, baritone

Jupiter-Taurin .....Martin Bakari, tenor

Europe .....Adrienne Pardee, soprano

Choeur des Maitresses-servantes .....Leslie Ann Bradley, soprano

Jacquelyn Matava, mezzo-soprano

Laura Mercado-Wright, mezzo-soprano

Choeur des Soldats-laboureurs .....Steven Brennfleck, tenor

Matthew Morris, baritone

Henrik Heide, flute

Paul Lueders, oboe

Ching-Chieh Hsu, clarinet

Joyce Fleck, bassoon

Alex Fioto, trumpet

Matthew McKay, percussion \*

Joseph Becker, percussion \*

Kyle Brightwell, percussion \*

Joanna Grosshans, violin

Amy Mason, viola

Rosanna Butterfield, cello

Ian Hallas, double bass

\* Guest Musician

**Claudio Monteverdi**  
(1567-1643)

*Baci cari* (1619)  
*Dialogo di ninfa e pastore* (1619)

Sharin Apostolou, soprano  
Sharon Harms, soprano  
Ryan MacEvoy McCullough, harpsichord

**Georg Philipp Telemann**  
(1685-1759)

*Pastorella vagha bella* (c. 1710)

Amy Petrongelli, soprano  
Elena Lacheva, harpsichord  
Rosanna Butterfield, cello

**Darius Milhaud**  
(1892-1974)

*La Délivrance de Thésée, Opus 99* (1927)

Aricie ..... Jacquelyn Matava, mezzo-soprano  
Phèdre ..... Leslie Ann Bradley, soprano  
Hippolyte ..... Wesley Brax, baritone  
Théramène ..... Matthew Morris, baritone  
Thésée ..... Steven Brennfleck, tenor  
Choeur des Voix Lointaines ..... YoonGeong Lee, soprano  
Laura Mercado-Wright, mezzo-soprano  
Martin Bakari, tenor  
Douglas Williams, bass  
Soldat (silent role) ..... David Salsbery Fry

Martha Long, flute  
Paul Lueders, oboe  
William Amsel, clarinet  
Joyce Fleck, bassoon  
Toby Penk, trumpet  
Anna Spina, horn  
Joseph Becker, percussion \*

Kyle Brightwell, percussion \*  
Matthew McKay, percussion \*  
Joanna Grosshans, violin I  
Andrea Daigle, violin II  
Amy Mason, viola  
Rosanna Butterfield, cello  
Ian Hallas, double bass

**Giacomo Carissimi**  
(1605-1674)

*A pié d'un verde alloro* (c. 1650)

Sharin Apostolou, soprano  
Sharon Harms, soprano  
Ryan MacEvoy McCullough, harpsichord

**Claudio Monteverdi**  
(1567-1643)

*Lamento d'Arianna* (1608)

Clarissa Lyons, soprano  
Carlin Ma, harpsichord  
Rosanna Butterfield, cello

**Darius Milhaud**  
(1892-1974)

*L'Abandon d'Ariane, Opus 98* (1927)

Ariane ..... Leslie Ann Bradley, soprano  
Phèdre ..... YoonGeong Lee, soprano  
Thésée ..... Martin Bakari, tenor  
Dionysos ..... Matthew Morris, baritone  
Choeur des Navigateurs Naufragés..... Steven Brennfleck, tenor  
Wesley Brax, baritone  
Douglas Williams, bass  
Choeur des Bacchantes Tziganes..... Adrienne Pardee, soprano  
Jacquelyn Matava, mezzo-soprano  
Laura Mercado-Wright, mezzo-soprano

Henrik Heide, flute  
Martha Long, flute  
Paul Lueders, oboe  
Ching-Chieh Hsu, clarinet  
William Amsel, clarinet  
Joyce Fleck, bassoon  
Alex Fioto, trumpet  
Toby Penk, trumpet  
Anna Spina, horn

Joseph Becker, percussion \*  
Kyle Brightwell, percussion \*  
Matthew McKay, percussion \*  
Joanna Grosshans, violin I  
Andrea Daigle, violin II  
Amy Mason, viola  
Rosanna Butterfield, cello  
Ian Hallas, double bass

\* Guest Musician

*The coaches for this concert include TMC Faculty Members Stefan Ashbury (Milhaud), Mark Morris (Milhaud), Howard Watkins (Milhaud), Alan Smith (Monteverdi—Baci Cari and Dialogo di Ninfa e Pastore, Carissimi), Dawn Upshaw (Telemann), and Kenneth Griffiths (Monteverdi—Lamento D'Arianna).*

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Milhaud, L'Enlèvement d'Europe, Opus 94 (*Translated by Claudia Carrera*)

SCÈNE I

Chœurs:

Europe, Europe,

A Pergamon promise

Pourquoi dérobes-tu ta vue à son amour?

Europe, Europe,

Son père l'a contrainte et ne l'a pas soumise.

Pergamon invincible est vaincu à son tour!

SCÈNE II

Pergamon:

C'en est trop! Majesté! Votre fille préfère

A l'amour d'un Héros des plaisirs de  
bouverie.

Elle me fuit sans cesse aux milieux des  
troupeaux

Et donne ses caresses

Aux vaches et aux veaux.

Et j'ai frémi de rage

En la voyant, hier, embrasser le pelage

Et enlacer le cou

Du taureau Andalou.

Agenor:

Les filles sont bien singulières.

Europe n'a jamais montré beaucoup de  
goût

Pour les exploits des militaires

Et préfère en effet aux histoires de guerre

Les longs mugissements de cet animal  
roux.

Mais la voici qui vient avec lui.

Cachons nous

La derrière.

SCÈNE III

Choeurs:

Ils se regardent tendrement.

Que peut-elle comprendre à tous ces beu-  
glements?

SCENE I

Choruses:

Europa, Europa!

Betrothed to Pergamon

Why do you disdain his love for you?

Europa, Europa!

Her father tried to force her but could not  
do it.

Mighty Pergamon has finally met defeat!

SCENE II

Pergamon:

It's too much to bear! Your Majesty!

Over the love of a hero, your daughter

Prefers the pleasures of cowherding.

She keeps abandoning me for the herds

And gives away her caresses

To the cows and their calves.

And I quivered with rage

When yesterday I saw her kiss the hide

And embrace the neck

Of an Andalusian bull.

Agenor:

Girls are quite peculiar.

Europa has never shown much interest

In soldiers' exploits

And indeed, prefers over tales of warfare

The lengthy bellows of this red-coated  
animal.

But here she is now, coming with the bull.

Let's hide

Back there.

SCENE III

Choruses:

They gaze at each other tenderly.

What can she hear in all this bellowing?



**Milhaud, L'Enlèvement d'Europe, Opus 94 (*Cont'd*)**

Scène IV

Jupiter Taurin:  
L'Amour qui change les  
Humains en bêtes  
N'épargne même pas  
Jupiter le Très-Haut,  
Et pour vous approcher j'ai revêtu la  
tête  
Et les attributs du taureau.  
Cent génisses de votre Père  
Tout le jour viennent m'agacer,  
Mais vous seule ravissez  
Les sens du Maître du Tonnerre.  
Je suis las d'une attente vaine.  
Je suis à vous: soyez mienne,  
Et cédez sans tarder à cette double  
ardeur du taureau dans mes reins et  
du Dieu dans mon cœur!

Chœurs:  
Mouh! Mouh! Mouh!  
Ecoutez l'absurde radoteur!

Europe:  
Je viendrai  
Cette nuit  
Vers le pré  
Où reluit  
Au clair de lune  
Ta corne brune...  
Bête divine,  
Oui! je t'adore!  
Vois la colline  
Déjà se dore....  
Va sur le grève  
Attendre que se lève  
L'Astre propice  
A nos délices!

Chœurs:  
Ah! ce langage est clair  
Et nous voila fixés.

Scene IV

Jupiter as a Bull:  
Love, which transforms  
Humans into beasts,  
Does not spare even  
Jupiter the Great,  
And to approach you I've assumed the  
head  
And trappings of a bull.  
A hundred of your Father's cows  
Pester me all day,  
But only you ravish  
The senses of the Lord of Thunder.  
I'm weary now of waiting in vain.  
I am yours: be mine,  
And yield without delay to the double  
ardor of a bull in my loins and a God  
in my heart!

Choruses:  
Moo! Moo! Moo!  
Listen to the absurd gibberish!

Europa:  
I will come  
This very night  
To the meadow  
Where  
In the light of the moon  
Your brown horn glistens...  
Divine beast,  
Yes! I adore you!  
Look at the hill  
It's already glowing gold...  
Go to the shore  
Wait until  
The providential star rises  
for our pleasures!

Choruses:  
Oh! This part of the conversation is clear  
And we are transfixed by it.

Milhaud, L'Enlèvement d'Europe, Opus 94 (*Cont'd*)

Scène V

Pergamon:  
Ne me retenez pas!  
Mon honneur outragé  
Exige une prompte vengeance.  
Oh colère! o souffrance!  
Bandez l'arc et guidez le trait justicier!

Scène VI

Chœurs:  
Ah! le fou!  
L'insensé furieux!  
Il épargne la fille et menace le Dieu!  
Il a tendu la corde et la flèche jaillit!

Le taureau est frappé à mort!  
Non! Il bondit! Il se dresse il se secoue!

La flèche s'arrache à son cou!  
Elle s'élance en l'air et vole!  
Oh! Prodige! Oh! Stupeur!  
Pergamon! Pergamon!  
Elle te frappe au cœur!

Scène VII

Pergamon:  
C'est la parade espagnole!  
Servantes! Vétérans! Accourez!  
Je me meurs.

Scène VIII

Agenor:  
Europe! Enfant dénaturée!  
Voici les malheurs que tu causes!

Chœurs:  
Tu l'appelles en vain...  
Sur l'échine sacrée  
Son corps abandonné repose.  
Et le taureau bondit vers la mer il  
galope,  
Il plonge dans le flot sonore!  
Et Jupiter enlève Europe  
Vers le berceau du Minotaure!

Scene V

Pergamon:  
Don't hold me back!  
My sullied honor  
Demands immediate vengeance.  
Oh my wrath! Oh my suffering!  
Bend this bow and guide this arrow of justice!

Scene VI

Choruses:  
Oh! The madman!  
The raving lunatic!  
He spares the girl and aims at the God!  
He has tautened the string and let the arrow  
fly!  
The bull has been struck and killed!  
No! It's bouncing back! It rises and shakes  
itself off!  
The arrow tears itself from the bull's neck!  
It shoots into the air and flies!  
How incredible! How shocking!  
Pergamon! Pergamon!  
The arrow strikes you in the heart!

Scene VII

Pergamon:  
What a spectacle, this bullfight!  
Servants! Soldiers! Come quick!  
I'm dying.

Scene VIII

Agenor:  
Europa! My unnatural child!  
Look at what tragedy you cause!

Choruses:  
You're addressing her in vain...  
Over the sacred spine  
Her surrendered body rests.  
And the bull is bounding, towards the sea it  
gallops,  
It plunges into the crashing waves!  
And Jupiter carries off Europa  
To the cradle of the Minotaur!

—HENRI HOPPENOT (1891-1977)

**Monteverdi, *Baci cari* (Translated by Sharin Apostolou & Sharon Harms)**

Tornate, o cari baci,  
a ritornarmi in vita;  
Baci al mio cor digiun esca gradita!

Voi di quel dolce amaro  
per cui languir m'è caro,  
di quel dolce non meno  
Nettare che veleno;  
pascete i miei famelici desiri,  
Baci in cui dolci prov'anco i sospiri.

Return, sweet kisses,  
to restore me to life;  
Kisses, welcomed enticement to my  
starving heart!  
You of such bittersweetness  
For whom languishing is so dear to me,  
whose sweetness is no less  
Nectar than poison;  
feed my famished desires,  
Kisses in which even sighs prove sweet.

**—GIAMBATTISTA MARINO (1569-1625)**

**Monteverdi, *Dialogo di ninfa e pastore* (Translated by Sharin Apostolou  
& Sharon Harms)**

“Bel pastor, dal cui bel guardo

Spira foco ond'io tutt'ardo,  
M'ami tu?” – “Sì cor mio.”

“Com'io desio?” – “Sì cor mio.”

“Dimmi quanto?” – “Tanto tanto.”

“Come che?” – “Come te, pastorella  
tutta bella.”

“Questi vezzi e questo dire  
non fan pago il mio desire;  
Se tu m'ami, o mio bel foco,  
dimmi ancor, ma fuor di gioco:  
Come che?” – “Come te, pastorella  
tutta bella.”

“Vie più lieta udito avrei:

--t'amo al par degli occhi miei.”

“Come rei del mio cordoglio  
questi lumi amar non voglio,  
di mirar non sazi ancora  
la beltà che sì m'accora.”

“Come che?” – “Come te, pastorella  
tutta bella.”

“Fair shepherd, whose lovely gaze shoots  
flames

That consume me completely.  
You love me?” – “Yes, my love.”

“As I desire you?” – “Yes, my love.”

“Tell me how much?” – “Very much.”

“But how much?” – “I love you as you  
are, beautiful shepherdess.”

“These charms and these words  
do not satisfy my desire;  
If you love me, my beautiful flame,  
tell me more, but not in jest:  
But how much?” – “Just as you are,  
beautiful shepherdess.”

“It would bring me great delight to hear  
you say rather:

‘I love you as much as my own eyes.’”

“With my eyes so afflicted with grief

I do not wish again  
to look upon and enjoy again  
the beauty that so breaks my heart.”

“But how much? – Just as you are,  
beautiful shepherdess.”



**Monteverdi, *Dialogo di ninfa e pastore* (Cont'd)**

"Fa' sentirmi altre parole  
se pur vuoi ch'io mi console.  
M'ami tu -c'ome la vita?"

"No, che afflitta e sbigottita

d'odio e sdegno e non d'amore,  
fatt' albergo di dolore  
per due luci, anzi due stelle  
troppo crude, troppo belle."  
"Come che?" - "Come te, pastorella  
tutta bella."

"Non mi dir più 'come te';  
dimmi 'io t'amo'"... "Io t'amo'..."

"Come me".

"Ho ch'io stesso odio me stesso."

Deh, se m'ami dimmi espresso."

"Sì cor mio!" - "Com'io desio?" -

"Sì cor mio!"

"Dimmi quanto?" - "Tanto tanto!"

"Quanto quanto?" - "Oh tanto tanto."

"Come che?" - "Come te, pastorella  
tutta bella."

—OTTAVIO RINUCCINI (1562-1621)

"Let me hear other words  
if indeed you wish to console me.  
Do you love me? Yes, my darling.

More than life?"

"No, because my life is afflicted and  
dismayed

With hate and disdain and not with Love.

Made a lodging place for grief

By two eyes, or rather two stars,

Too cruel, too lovely."

"But how much?" - "Just as you are,  
beautiful shepherdess."

"Do not say to me, 'just are you are';  
Tell me 'I love you'..." "I love you"..." "I  
do".

"Just as I am? No, because I hate myself."

Ah, if you love me tell me often! -

"Yes, my love!" - "As I desire?" - "Yes,  
my love."

"Tell me how much?" - "Very much!"

"But how much?" - "Just as you are,  
beautiful shepherdess."

**Telemann, *Pastorella vagha bella* (Translated by Amy Petrongelli)**

Pastorella vagha bella  
rendi amore per amor;  
Giovenetta vezzosetta,  
dona mi cara cor per cor.

Così alla bella Nicea Tirsi fedel  
dicea,  
Quell Tirsi amante, quell Tirsi fedele  
de tante volto, e tante per sua ninfe  
condele sparse  
invan sospiri, e querele  
distrusse sì fra timore, e fra speranza  
di quella fiera bella che delude la sua  
constanza,

Beautiful, lovely young shepherdess  
return your love for my love;  
Charming, pretty maiden  
give me, my dear, your heart for mine.

Thus to beautiful Nicea the faithful Tirsi  
spoke,  
That loving Tirsi, that faithful Tirsi;  
so many times, to the cruel nymph he  
scattered  
his sighs and his complaints in vain,  
destroyed between fear and between hope  
by that proud beauty who eludes his  
constancy,

**Handel, *Pastorella vagha bella* (Cont'd)**

Chie de pieta con quest'accenti  
amorosi e dolente.

Solo per voi tra mille, mille care  
pupille arde il cor,

Deh rispondete, de ripispondete  
Con dolce faville e meno rigor,

A tanta fe, a tanto amor.

Asking for mercy with accents  
both affectionate and aching.

Only for you, among a thousand,  
thousand eyes, does my heart  
burn,

Oh, answer, respond  
With a sweet glimmer and less  
harshness,

To this great faith this great love.

**—ANONYMOUS**

**Milhaud, *La Délivrance de Thésée*, Opus 99 (*Translated by Claudia Carrera*)**

**SCÈNE I**

Hippolyte:

Dieux! Que ne suis-je assis à l'ombre  
des forêts,

Loin de cette marâtre aux tendresses  
trop vives!

Les démons infernaux m'ont percé de  
leurs traits:

J'ai pour Phèdre un dédain dont sa  
fureur s'avive,

et mon âme brûle en vain pour la  
craintive Aricie,

Qui n'oppose que dédain  
A l'offrande de ma vie.

Théramène:

La voici justement

Qui dirige vers nous sa démarche  
hésitante.

**SCÈNE II**

Hippolyte:

Objet charmant,

De mon attente, pour mes sens altérés  
Délectable ambrosie,

Vous rendez-vous enfin à mes vœux  
éplorés,

O pudique Aricie?

**SCENE I**

Hippolytus:

Gods! If only I were seated in the shade of  
the forest,

Far from this overly-affectionate  
stepmother!

The demons of Hell have pierced me with  
their darts:

The contempt I have for Phaedra just  
intensifies her passion,  
while my soul yearns in vain for the anxious  
Aricia,

Who responds only with disdain  
When I offer her my life.

Theramenos:

Here she comes right now,

Heading towards us with tentative steps.

**SCENE II**

Hippolytus:

Charming object

of my devotion, delightful ambrosia  
For my faded senses,

Are you finally responding to my tearful  
vows,

Oh bashful Aricia?

**Milhaud, La Délivrance de Thésée, Opus 99 (*Cont'd*)**

Aricie:  
O Seigneur... je ne sais...  
Je ne puis...  
Je ne dois...  
Votre Père, jadis...

Hippolyte:  
Mon Père?

Aricie:  
Oui...  
Une fois,  
Me dit, quand j'atteindrai ma seizième  
année,  
Qu'il prendrait soin de moi et de ma  
destinée...

Hippolyte:  
Il doit rentrer ce soir  
De sa dernière guerre.  
Je mets tout mon espoir  
Dans l'ardente prière  
Que je ferai entendre à l'auteur de  
mes jours.

**SCÈNE III**

Phèdre:  
Mon Enfant!  
Cher Hippolyte!  
Êtes-vous là, mon amour?  
Tout mon sein encor palpite...  
Je vous cherchais alentour,  
Au jardin, sur la colline.  
Mets ta main sur ma poitrine et vois  
comme mon cœur bat!

Hippolyte:  
De grâce! Parlez plus bas!  
Et je vous crois sur parole!

Phèdre:  
Ne veux-tu que je te cajole, et sur mon  
cœur, avec douceur  
Te caline comme naguère, quand tu  
étais petit et ne refusais pas?

Aricia:  
Oh my Lord... I don't know...  
I cannot...  
I should not...  
Your Father, a long time ago...

Hippolytus:  
My Father?

Aricia:  
Yes...  
Once,  
He told me that when I reached the age of  
sixteen,  
He would take care of me and of my  
destiny...

Hippolytus:  
He should be returning this evening  
From his latest military campaign.  
I place all my hope  
In the fervent prayer  
That I can make the one who gave me  
life understand.

**SCENE III**

Phaedra:  
My child!  
Dear Hippolytus!  
Are you there, my love?  
My whole bosom is still fluttering...  
I was searching for you all around,  
In the garden, on the hill.  
Put your hand on my chest and feel how my  
heart beats!

Hippolytus:  
Please! Speak more softly!  
And I'll take your word for it!

Phaedra:  
Don't you want me to hold you close,  
against my chest,  
Cuddle you gently like not so long ago,  
when you were young and didn't refuse?

**Milhaud, La Délivrance de Thésée, Opus 99 (*Cont'd*)**

Hippolyte:  
Madame, laissez moi!  
Les trompettes guerrières  
Sonnent l'heure d'autres combats  
Et le retour triomphant de mon Père!

SCÈNE IV

Thésée:  
Oui! C'est moi!  
C'est bien moi...  
Mais qu'avez-vous tous deux?

Phèdre:  
Protégez-moi, Seigneur, d'un fils  
incestueux!

Thésée:  
D'un fils...  
Ha! Je comprends!  
Sauve-toi, misérable.  
Et vas-t-en affronter le monstre  
redoutable  
Que Neptune en fureur  
Contre nos murs déchaîne!

Hippolyte:  
Je préfère ce monstre à cet autre,  
Seigneur!  
Suis-moi, cher Thérémène.

SCÈNE V

Le Choeur:  
Oui! C'est lui! C'est bien lui!

Hippolytus:  
My lady, let go of me!  
The martial trumpets  
Are sounding for other struggles  
And for my Father's triumphant return!

SCENE IV

Theseus:  
Yes! It's me!  
It's really me...  
But what have we here, you two?

Phaedra:  
Protect me, my Lord, from an incestuous  
son!

Theseus:  
An incestuous...  
Oh! I see!  
Get out of here, you scoundrel.  
And go face the dreadful monster  
That furious Neptune  
Is rousing outside our walls!

Hippolytus:  
I prefer that monster to this one, my Lord!  
Follow me, dear Theramenes.

SCENE V

Chorus:  
Yes! It's he! It's really he!

**Milhaud, La Délivrance de Thésée, Opus 99 (*Cont'd*)**

Thésée:

Et maintenant, Madame, écoutez moi!  
Approchez-vous, o tremblante Aricie!  
Ecoutez le récit de mes derniers exploits  
Sur les peuples de la Scythie:

J'arrivai:

Ils tremblèrent;

J'avançai:

Ils reculèrent;

Je dégainai:

Ils décampèrent;

Je les tuai:

Ils expirèrent!

Le Chœur:

O douleur! O tristesse!

O très cruelle peine!

L'espérance de Trézène est fauchée en  
pleine fleur!

Phèdre et Aricie:

Mais quels sont tous ces cris?

Quelle est cette rumeur?

SCÈNE VI

Théramène:

A peine nous sortions...

Thésée:

Je connais...

Finis vite!

Théramène:

Il ne me reste plus qu'à venger  
Hippolyte!

Le Chœur:

O douleur! O tristesse!

O très cruelle peine!

Theseus:

And now, Madam, lend me your ear!  
Draw closer, oh trembling Aricia!  
Listen to the tale of my latest conquest  
Over the people of Scythia:

I arrived:

They trembled;

I advanced:

They shrank back;

I drew my sword:

They fled;

I killed them:

They expired!

The Chorus:

Oh what grief! Oh what sorrow!

Oh what a terrible punishment!

The hope of Trezene has been cut down  
in full flower!

Phaedra and Aricia:

But what are all these cries?

What rumor is this we hear?

SCENE VI

Theramenes:

We'd hardly left the city...

Theseus:

Yes, I know...

Make it quick!

Theramenes:

There's nothing left for me but to avenge  
Hippolytus!

Chorus:

Oh what grief! Oh what sorrow!

Oh what a terrible punishment!

**Milhaud, La Délivrance de Thésée, Opus 99 (*Cont'd*)**

Thésée:  
Gardes! Saisissez-le!  
Pendez-le haut et court!

Theseus:  
Guards! Seize him!  
String him up!

Le Chœur:  
L'espérance de Trézène est fauchée en  
pleine fleur!

Chorus:  
The hope of Trezene has been cut down in  
full flower!

Aricie:  
Que de maux répandus sur nous en un  
seul jour!

Aricia:  
What widespread misery for one single day!

Thésée:  
Les Héros comme moi sentent la  
jalousie  
Redoutable des Dieux  
Qui se venge sur eux!  
Consolons-nous ensemble, o timide  
Aricie!

Theseus:  
Great Heroes, like me, experience the  
formidable  
Jealousy of the Gods  
Who take vengeance on them!  
Let's comfort each other, oh timid Aricia!

—HENRI HOPPENOT (1891-1977)



A piè d'un verde alloro assisi un dì  
Eraclito e Democrito sui fiori,

Vider per l'aria andar schiere  
d'Amori

E tra lor favellarono così:  
È pur da ridere  
È pur da piangere,  
Sentir ognor gli amanti stridere,  
Ch'un duro cor non si può frangere.

Oh miseria, oh follia!  
Se l'empietà  
Di ria beltà  
Piegar non lice,  
Fuggi, mori infelice!  
Ché d'un penoso amor il lungo  
tedio  
Altro rimedio  
Alfin non ha, no no,  
Che fuggir, che morir, come si può.

È pur da ridere

Quanti, quanti, perché si lagnano,

Mai non trovan mercé;  
Quanti muoiono, perché dentro  
ai lor petti i pianti stagnano.  
Deh scopri,  
deh cela,  
Ricopri, rivela,  
Amante, il duolo atroce,  
Poiché in amor per prova  
Quel che nuoce una volta,  
Un'altra giova.

—DOMENICO BENIGNI (1596-1653)

One day at the foot of a green laurel,  
Sat Heraclitus and Democritus, among  
the flowers,

They saw troops of gods of love flying  
through the air,  
And conversed with one another like this:  
It is truly laughable,  
It is truly sad,  
To hear the ongoing complaints of lovers  
That it is not possible to soften a hard  
heart.

Oh misery, oh madness!  
If the pitilessness of an unkind beauty

Will not allow itself to be conquered,  
Flee, die, unhappy one!  
There is, in the end,

No other remedy against  
A painful love's long tedium,  
No, no, than to flee, than to die,  
as quickly as possible.

It is truly laughable, etc...

So very many, because they never stop  
complaining,  
Never find mercy;  
So many die, because tears stagnate inside  
their breasts.  
Oh, conceal,  
Oh, reveal,  
Conceal, reveal,  
Lovers, your bitter pain,  
Since in love it is proven  
That at one time love harms us,  
And other times it heals us.

Monteverdi, *Lamento d'Arianna* (Translated by Clarissa Lyons)

Lasciatemi morire;  
E chi volete voi che mi conforte  
in così dura sorte,  
in così gran martire?  
Lasciatemi morire.

O Teseo, o Teseo mio,  
Sì che mio ti vo'dir, che mio pur sei,  
benché t'involi, ah! crudo! a gli occhi  
miei.

Volgiti, Teseo mio,  
volgiti, Teseo, oh Dio!  
Volgiti indietro a rimirar colei  
che lasciato ha per te la patria e il  
regno,

e in queste arene ancora,  
cibo di fere dispietate e crude,  
lascierà l'ossa ingude.

O Teseo, o Teseo mio,  
se tu sapessi, oh Dio!  
se to sapessi, ohimè! come s'affanna  
la povera Arianna.

Forse, forse pentito  
rivolgeresti ancor la prora al lito.

Ma con l'aure serene  
tu te ne vai felice, ed io qui piango;  
a te prepara Atene  
liete pompe superbe, ed io rimango

cibo di fere in solitarie arene;

te l'uno e l'altro tuo vecchio parente  
stringeran lieti,  
ed io più non vedrovvi,  
o madre, o padre mio.

Let me die;  
Who would you want to comfort me  
in this dire fate,  
in such grand suffering?  
Let me die.

Oh Theseus, oh my Theseus  
For I want to call you mine  
although you flee, ah cruel one!  
from my eyes.

Turn back, my Theseus,  
turn back, Theseus, oh God!  
Turn back to look on her again  
who left her fatherland and kingdom  
for you,

and on these shores,  
food for pitiless and crude beasts,  
that will leave her denuded bones.

Oh Theseus, Oh my Theseus,  
if you knew, oh God!  
if you knew, oh, how poor  
Arianna suffers.

Perhaps, perhaps repentant  
you would turn your prow to the  
shore.

But with serene breezes  
you depart happily, and I weep here;  
For you Athens prepares  
joyful, magnificent celebrations, and I  
remain

food for wild beasts on a solitary  
shore;

Both your aged parents  
will happily embrace you,  
while I will no longer will see you,  
oh my mother, oh my father.

Monteverdi, *Lamento d'Arianna* (Cont'd)

Dove, dove è la fede  
che tanto mi giuravi?  
Così ne l'alta sede tu mi ripon de gli  
    avi?

Son queste le corone  
onde m'adorni il crine?  
Questi gli scettri sono,  
queste le gemme e gli ori:  
lasciarmi in abbandono  
a fera che mi strazi e mi divorì?

Ah Teseo, ah Teseo mio,  
lasceraì tu morire,  
in van piangendo, in van gridando  
    aita,  
la misera Arianna  
che a te fidossi, e ti diè gloria e vita?

Ahi, che non pur risponde!  
Ahi, che più d'aspe è sorde a'miei  
    lamenti!

O nemi, o turbi, o venti,

sommergetelo voi dentr'a  
    quell'onde!

Correte, orche e balene,  
e de le membra immonde  
empiete le voragini profonde!  
Che parlo, ahi! che vaneggio?

Misera, ohimè! che chieggiò?  
O Teseo, o Teseo mio,  
non son, non son quell'io  
che i ferì detti sciolsè;  
parlò l'affanno mio, parlò il dolore;  
parlò la lingua sì, ma non già 'l core.

Where, where is the fidelity  
That you promised so often to me?  
Is this how you place me on the  
    throne of my ancestors?

Is this the crown  
that will adorn my hair?  
These the scepters,  
these the gems and the gold:  
leave me abandoned  
to beasts that will pull me apart and  
    devour me?

Ah, Theseus, ah my Theseus,  
leave me to die,  
in vain I cry, in vain I cry for help,  
  
the miserable Arianna  
who trusted you, and gave you glory  
    and life?

Alas, he does not respond!  
Alas, that he is more deaf than an  
    asp to my laments!

Oh storm clouds, oh tornados, oh  
    winds,  
submerge him under the waves!

Hurry, orcas and whales,  
and with his filthy limbs  
fill the deep abyss!  
What am I saying, alas! What is this  
    raving?

Woe is me, oh! What do I ask?  
Oh Theseus, oh my Theseus,  
not I, I am not the one  
that uttered those wild words  
my fear spoke, my sadness spoke;  
my tongue spoke, yes, but not my  
    heart.

**Monteverdi, *Lamento d'Arianna* (Cont'd)**

Misera! ancor dò loco  
a la tradita speme, e non si  
spagne,  
fra tanto scherno ancor, d'amore il  
foco?  
Spegni tu, Morte, omai le fiamme  
indegne.  
O madre, o padre, o de l'antico  
regno  
superbi alberghi, ov'ebbi d'or la  
cuna,  
o servi, o fidi amici (ahi Fato  
indegno!),  
mirate ove m'ha scorto empia  
fortuna!  
Mirate di che duol m'han fatto erede  
l'amor mio, la mia fede, e l'altrui  
inganno.  
Così va chi troppo ama e troppo  
crede  
—OTTAVIO RUNICCI (1562-1621)

Wretched me ! Do I still hold onto  
this betrayed hope, that is not  
extinguished,  
despite so much scorn the fire of love?  
Extinguish, Death, turn off the  
unwothy flames!  
Oh mother, oh father, oh splendid  
mighty mansions  
of the old kingdom, where I had a  
golden cradle,  
oh servants, oh faithful friends (alas  
mean Fate!),  
see, where I had seen pitiless fortune!  
See the pain that made me a target for  
my love, my faith, and another's deceit.  
So it goes when one loves too much  
and trusts too much.

**Milhaud, *L'Abandon d'Ariane*, Opus 98 (*Translated by Claudia Carrera*)**

**Scène I**

Chœur des Navigateurs Naufragés:  
Le soir tombe, les troupeaux rentrent  
vers les bergeries;  
par l'amour de Thésée Ariane meurtrie  
vient ici, chaque soir, poursuivre le  
repos,  
tandis que Phèdre se consume sans  
caresses.

**Scene I**

Chorus of Shipwrecked Sailors:  
Evening falls, the flocks are returning to  
their folds;  
wounded by the love of Theseus,  
Ariadne comes here every evening seeking  
rest,  
while Phaedra is wasting away without  
caresses.

**Scène II**

Ariane:  
O Père! O Juste Minos!  
Ta fille objet de ta tendresse,  
naufragée aux bords de Naxos  
subit l'époux grossier à qui tu l'as  
donnée!

**Scene II**

Ariadne:  
Oh Father! Oh Fair Minos!  
Your daughter, apple of your eye,  
shipwrecked on the shores of Naxos,  
is victim to the abusive husband you gave  
her to!

**Milhaud, L'Abandon d'Ariane, Opus 98 (*Cont'd*)**

Chœur des Bacchantes Tziganes:  
O Spectacle tragique! O femme  
infortunée!

Diónysos! Diónysos!  
Abaisse tes regards sur elle!

Phèdre:  
Le tourment qui vous harcèle, ma sœur,  
ferait mon bonheur.  
L'indifférence cruelle de notre époux  
perce mon cœur.  
Je l'adore! Il me méprise!  
Et vous repoussez ses feux:  
Déchirante et double méprise où nous  
précipitent les dieux!

Chœur des Bacchantes Tziganes:  
O Spectacle tragique! O Victimes  
d'Eros!  
O sœurs infortunées!  
Diónysos! Diónysos!  
Considère, o Puissant! leurs tristes  
destinées!

Dionysos:  
D'un malheureux privé de la clarté du  
jour,  
Ayez pitié, Passants, et portez lui  
secours!

Ariane:  
Prends l'obole,  
Vieillard, d'Ariane blessée...

Phèdre:  
Prends l'obole,  
Vieillard, de Phèdre dédaignée...

Chœur des Bacchantes Tziganes:  
Les Dieux vous rendent votre offrande,  
o nobles sœurs!

Chorus of Gypsy Bacchantes:  
Oh what a tragic sight! Oh unfortunate  
woman!

Dionysus!  
Look down upon her!

Phaedra:  
The torment that plagues you, my sister,  
would be my greatest joy.  
The cruel indifference of our husband  
breaks my heart.  
I adore him! He despises me!  
And you spurn his passion:  
What an agonizing double curse the gods  
have cast on us!

Chorus of Gypsy Bacchantes:  
Oh what a tragic sight! Oh victims of  
Eros!  
Oh what unfortunate sisters!  
Dionysus! Dionysus!  
Consider, oh Mighty One, their sad  
destinies!

Dionysus:  
Have pity, passersby, on a poor man  
Deprived of the light of day, and give him  
aid!

Ariadne:  
Take this offering,  
Old man, from wounded Ariadne...

Phaedra:  
Take this offering,  
Old man, from despised Phaedra...

Chorus of Gypsy Bacchantes:  
May the Gods repay you for your gift, oh  
noble sisters!

**Milhaud, L'Abandon d'Ariane, Opus 98 (*Cont'd*)**

Chœur des Navigateurs Naufragés:  
Mais qui dirige ainsi ses pas vers cette  
plage?  
Mesdames! C'est Thésée!

Ariane:  
Ah! Je fuis!

Phèdre:  
O Bonheur!

**Scène III**

Thésée:  
Ariane! O Volage! O Cruelle! Accourez!  
Le vent se lève et notre caravelle  
n'attend que nous pour s'élancer.  
Vieillard, n'as-tu point vu celle qu'en  
vain j'appelle?

Dionysos:  
Seigneur, dans un instant, tu la verras  
venir.  
Souffre qu'en attendant ma main  
tremblante  
verse au Héros de la Grèce  
tout un peu d'un vin précieux!

Thésée:  
Par la barbe des Dieux!  
Par Neptune enrhumé et Jupiter  
sonore!  
Ce vin est excellent et j'en veux boire  
encore!  
Vous voici donc, Mesdames!  
Ah! Ce n'est pas trop tôt!  
Phèdre! Ariane! mes deux femmes!  
Hâtons nous vers notre bateau!

Chœur des Navigateurs Naufragés:  
O Vieillard! Ton vin le trouble!  
Il en a bu! Il voit double!  
Jure d'un philtre trompeur;  
Il croit parler aux deux sœurs!

Chorus of Shipwrecked Sailors:  
But who is that hurrying towards this  
beach?  
My ladies! It's Theseus!

Ariadne:  
Ah! I'm leaving!

Phaedra:  
Oh joy!

**Scene III**

Theseus:  
Ariadne! So fickle! So cruel! Come quickly!  
The wind is picking up and our ship  
is waiting only on us to set sail.  
Old man, haven't you just seen the  
woman I'm calling in vain?

Dionysus:  
My Lord, in just a moment, you'll see her  
come.  
In the meantime, allow my trembling  
hand  
to pour for a Greek Hero  
a bit of this prized wine!

Theseus:  
By the beard of the Gods!  
By sniffing Neptune and thundering  
Jupiter!  
This wine is delicious and I want to drink  
more!  
Here you are then, my ladies!  
Ah! It's about time, too!  
Phaedra! Ariadne! My two ladies!  
Let's hurry to our ship!

Chorus of Shipwrecked Sailors:  
Oh old man! Your wine is confusing him!  
He drank of it! He's seeing double!  
He's acting on the effects of a deceiving  
potion;  
He believes he's talking to both sisters!



**Milhaud, L'Abandon d'Ariane, Opus 98 (*Cont'd*)**

Thésée:

Passiez par là, Ariane adorée!  
Suivez la, Phèdre sans saveur!  
Notre voile est déjà parée,  
et nous allons quitter cette île de  
malheur!

Scène IV

Dionysos:

Avancez sans crainte!  
Il emmène Phèdre désormais seule  
Reine,  
bon gré ou malgré, de son cœur.

Scène V

Ariane:

O joie inespérée!  
O ravissant bonheur!  
Me voici délivrée de ce grand  
batailleur!  
Déjà son vaisseau se dirige au large de  
Naxos...  
Mais qui donc êtes vous, Vieillard,  
plein de prodiges?

Chœur des Bacchantes Tziganes:  
Diónysos! Diónysos! Diónysos!

Dionysos:

Votre obole fut déposée dans la main  
puissante d'un Dieu.  
Vous en fûtes récompensées toutes  
les deux!  
Mais pour vous, noble Ariane, que  
pourrais je faire encore?

Ariane:

Faites moi, Dieu clément, compagne  
de Diane  
errante au firmament du soir jusqu'à  
l'aurore...

Theseus:

Go right this way, beloved Ariadne!  
Follow her steps, bland Phaedra!  
Our sail is already raised,  
and we're going to leave this island of  
misfortune!

Scene IV

Dionysus:

Come, don't be afraid!  
Phaedra is now becoming,  
for better or worse, the only Queen of  
his heart.

Scene V

Ariadne:

Oh what undreamed of joy!  
Oh what glorious happiness!  
Here I am, liberated from this violent  
fighter!  
Already his vessel is sailing away from  
Naxos...  
But who are you, then, Old Man, full  
of wonders?

Chorus of Gypsy Bacchantes:  
Dionysus! Dionysus! Dionysus!

Dionysus:

Your offering was placed in the pow-  
erful hands of a God.  
For that you were both rewarded!

But what else can I do for you, noble  
Ariadne?

Ariadne:

Make me, kind God, a companion of  
Diana  
who wanders the heavens from sunset  
to sunrise...

## Milhaud, L'Abandon d'Ariane, Opus 98 (*Contr'd*)

Dionysos:

Ton vœu exaucé.

Compagne taciturne des étoiles nocturnes,

tu deviendras la sœur de la chaste  
Phoebé.

Dionysus:

I grant your wish.

Silent companion of the evening stars,

you will become the sister of the  
chaste Phoebe.

Chœurs:

Au sein d'or des nébuleuses, dans le  
chœur des astres purs,  
elle émerge, glorieuse, des  
profondeurs de l'azur!

Et les marins sur leur navire, les Ma  
ges des lointains empires,

les voyageurs et les amants verront  
luire éternellement

sur la grande voûte étoilée, la fille de  
Minos et de Pasiphaé!

—HENRI HOPPENOT (1891-1977)

Choruses:

Within the golden nebulae, in the  
chorus of the purest stars,  
she emerges, glorious, from the  
depths of the skies!

And the sailors on their ships, the sages of  
distant empires,

the travelers and the lovers will see  
the daughter of Minos and Pasiphae  
shine eternally in the great starry dome of  
the sky!

### A NOTE ON THE PROGRAM

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Tonight's program is built around a set of rarely heard chamber operas from the early twentieth century, with Baroque aria and song interludes, all of which are based on Greek mythology and the Classical pastoral tradition. Darius Milhaud's *Opéras-minutes* ("Instant operas"), written in 1927, reflect a drive among French composers of the interwar period towards clarity, brevity, and wit, partly in reaction to the overwrought aesthetic of Romanticism and the vagueness of Impressionism, and partly in acknowledgment of the Freudian and Symbolist notion that even the simplest ideas can have layers of meaning behind them. In each of the three operas Milhaud, an erstwhile member of the loose avant-garde collective of Parisian composers called *Les Six*, compresses a full-length tragedy from Classical mythology into a less than ten-minute frame.

The trend towards short works had already taken solid hold in vocal and instrumental music—not to mention theater, poetry, and other art forms—when the German Paul Hindemith, thirty-two at the time and already a veteran of the small-opera form, commissioned Milhaud to "compose an opera as short as possible" for a program of chamber operas at the Baden-Baden Festival of 1927. At nine minutes, Milhaud's *L'Enlèvement d'Europe* came in as the shortest opera of the evening; it was also praised as the best by Aaron Copland and others.

Continues on next page.

## A NOTE ON THE PROGRAM (CONT'D)

Afterwards Milhaud's publisher prompted him to write the two subsequent *Opéras-minutes* so the works could be sold as a trilogy.

Because of their extremely compressed plots, the *Opéras-minutes* can often come across as comic, particularly when this element is emphasized by performers. But while moments like the chorus of "moos" in *Europe* are undeniably comedic, the works are essentially dramatic; the reduction of their plots to just the most key events in fact amplifies their stories' themes. Since the characters in these sprint-paced operas have no time for reflection or debate, they act and react on impulse; misunderstandings, at the heart of most drama, proliferate more quickly than usual and bring serious consequences. One effect is that the characters seem to be at the mercy of fate, invoking the quintessential Classic debate over the balance between human agency and divine will; another is that these characters inhabit an absurdist world prefiguring that of *Waiting for Godot*.

The unique musical language of the *Opéras-minutes* is largely responsible for communicating the pieces' drama so efficiently and effectively. The jolting rhythms, asymmetric phrases, and frequent shifts in meter create a sense of constant propulsion, and the use of bitonality (two different keys at the same time) heightens the effects of both lyrical and dissonant passages, instantly conveying the emotional impact of actions occurring in quick succession. The sudden changes in musical style that demarcate scenes paradoxically both draw listeners in and keep them at a distance: the shifts help the audience follow along with the action, but also create a destabilizing and frenetic, even schizophrenic, effect. This approach paralleled the quick edits and collage effects being used at the time in the exciting new medium of film. (Milhaud composed extensively for film throughout his career.)

Though the Milhaud works and the interludes are written in entirely different idioms and have entirely different effects, they reflect a similar striving to capture the drama in the classical themes by paring down to essentials. These songs and arias use different musical techniques--close text setting, chromatics, recitative, simple accompaniments, dramatic use of dynamics--to convey the text as clearly and expressively as possible.

Monteverdi is often considered the originator of the genre of opera. His "Lamento d'Arianna" is the only remaining fragment from one of the earliest operas, *Arianna*, composed in 1608. Based on the same myth as Milhaud's *L'Abandon d'Ariane*, this aria is diametrically opposed to the

## A NOTE ON THE PROGRAM (CONT'D)

Milhaud treatment: it focuses on interior emotions and expands a single moment to nearly the same time-span as the entirety of *L'Abandon d'Ariane*.

Monteverdi's two duets "Baci cari" ("Sweet Kisses") and "Dialogo di ninfa e pastore" ("Dialogue of the Nymph and the Shepherd") feature pastoral scenes that celebrate an imagined rustic simplicity and the dual pain and pleasure of love. Carissimi's duet "A piè d'un verde alloro" sets up a debate between two philosophers on whether scorned lovers merit laughter or tears, using chromaticism to illustrate musically their viewpoints.

"Pastorella vagha bella" is unique among the interlude pieces in having an accompaniment that is fully written out rather than notated as figured bass. This compositional feature reflects the rapid stylistic developments taking place in the second half of the seventeenth century; it also reveals a clue about its composer. Originally attributed to Handel, this aria was only recently identified as the work of his great contemporary Georg Telemann.

—CLAUDIA CARRERA

*Claudia Carrera is the 2011 Tangledwood Music Center Publications Fellow.*

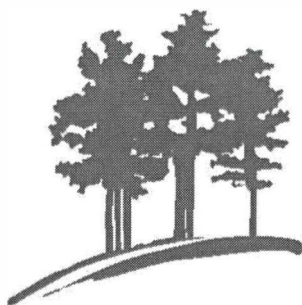
## ABOUT THE STAGE DIRECTOR

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MARK MORRIS was born on August 29, 1956, in Seattle, Washington, where he studied with Verla Flowers and Perry Brunson. In the early years of his career, he performed with the Koleda Balkan Dance Ensemble, and the dance companies of Lar Lubovitch, Hannah Kahn, Laura Dean, and Eliot Feld. He formed the Mark Morris Dance Group in 1980, and has since created more than 130 works for the company. From 1988-1991, he was Director of Dance at the Théâtre Royal de la Monnaie in Brussels, the national opera house of Belgium. Among the works created during his time there were three evening-length dances: *L'Allegro, il Penseroso ed il Moderato*; *Dido and Aeneas*; and *The Hard Nut*. In 1990, he founded the White Oak Dance Project with Mikhail Baryshnikov. Morris is also a ballet choreographer and has created seven works for the San Francisco Ballet since 1994 and received commissions from many others. His work is also in the repertory of the Pacific Northwest Ballet, Boston Ballet, Dutch National Ballet, New Zealand Ballet, Houston Ballet, English National Ballet, and The Royal Ballet. Morris is noted for his musicality and has been described as "undeviating in his devotion to music."

Continues on next page.

He has worked extensively in opera, directing and choreographing productions for The Metropolitan Opera, New York City Opera, Gotham Chamber Opera, English National Opera, and The Royal Opera, Covent Garden. In 1991, he was named a Fellow of the MacArthur Foundation. He has received eleven honorary doctorates to date. In 2006, Morris received the New York City Department of Cultural Affairs Mayor's Award for Arts & Culture and a WQXR Gramophone Special Recognition Award "for being an American ambassador for classical music at home and abroad." He is the subject of a biography, *Mark Morris*, by Joan Acocella (Farrar, Straus & Giroux) and Marlowe & Company published a volume of photographs and critical essays entitled *Mark Morris' L'Allegro, il Penseroso ed il Moderato: A Celebration*. Morris is a member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences and the American Philosophical Society. In 2007, he received the Samuel H. Scripps/American Dance Festival lifetime achievement award. In 2010, he received the prestigious Leonard Bernstein Lifetime Achievement Award for the Elevation of Music in Society. In 2001, he opened the Mark Morris Dance Center in Brooklyn, NY, his company's first permanent headquarters in the U.S., housing rehearsal space for the dance community, outreach programs for local children, as well as a school offering dance classes to students of all ages. For more information, visit [www.mmdg.org](http://www.mmdg.org).



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## The Tanglewood Music Center

The Tanglewood Music Center was founded by Serge Koussevitzky as the Berkshire Music Center in 1940. Since then, each summer roughly 150 extraordinarily gifted young musicians come to study, perform, and create at Tanglewood, working with some of the world's most distinguished artists—including members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, guests of the BSO, and specially invited artists. Over the years, the TMC has become one of the world's most influential centers for advanced musical study; alumni of the Tanglewood Music Center play a vital role in the musical life of the nation and the world.

The Tanglewood Music Center would not exist without support from Friends of the Tanglewood Music Center. TMC ticket sales generate only a small percentage of the revenue required to operate the TMC. Contributions from the Friends of the TMC make up the balance.

To make a gift, call the Friends Office at (413) 637-5261.

The Tanglewood Music Center gratefully acknowledges the support of AMERICAN AIRLINES and COMMONWEALTH WORLDWIDE CHAUFFEURS for providing transportation assistance to TMC resident artist faculty, guest artists, and staff; and THE STUDLEY PRESS, for printing this program.

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