

Bennington College

presents

KATHRYN REYNOLDS HOLMES

Soprano

Accompanied by

Joan Tower

In partial fulfillment of work required
for the awarding of a degree with a major in music

Frauenliebe und Leben

Schumann

1. Seit ich ihn gesehen
2. Er, der Herrlichste von Allen
3. Ich Kann's nicht Fassen, nicht's Glauben
4. Du Ring an meinem Finger
5. Helft mir, ihr Schwestern
6. Süsßer Freund, du Blickest mir Verwundert an
7. An Meinem Herzen, an meinem Brust
8. Nun, hast du mir den ersten schmerz getan

Four songs from the Harmonium
(Poems by Wallace Stevens)

Persichetti

1. Valley Candle
2. The Place of the Solitaires
3. Theory
4. Earthy Anecdote

Non Mi Dir
From Don Giovanni

Mozart

INTERMISSION

Vier Ernste Gesänge

Brahms

1. Ecclesiastes 3:19-22
2. Ecclesiastes 4:1-3
3. Ecclesiastes 41:1-2
4. Corinthians 13:1-3, 12-13

Bachianas Brasileiras No. 5

Villa-Lobos

1. Cantilena
2. Dança

Conducted by Joan Tower; played by George Finckel, Bruce MacIntosh,
Hannah Hewitt, Alberto Passigli, Molly Stewart, Katy Day, Joyce deSamsonow
and Barbara Davis.

Frauenliebe und Leben - Woman's Life and Love

1. Since I have seen him, I have become blind to everything else.
His image alone fills all my dreams.
2. He is the most wonderful of all - so gentle, so kind, I must watch him from a distance, since only the worthiest of all women could be his choice.
3. I cannot believe that he has chosen me! It must be a dream - and if so, let me die while dreaming!
4. Golden ring on my finger - you have opened my life into a brighter dream than it ever knew. I will serve him, live for him, be his forever, and in his presence find the meaning of my own.
5. Help adorn me, sisters, on this wedding day - this, the day we have longed for in our happiness. Help me forget my foolish fears so as to greet him with the unclouded joy I feel!
My sisters - I greet you with sadness, although I leave you in joy.
6. Sweet friend - you wonder why I cry - can't you guess the reason for my tears? Come here, and I will whisper it in your ear -
Now you know the tears I can cry! Should you not see them, you beloved husband? Stay by me - feel the ever increasing beat of my heart!
Here on my bed there will be a cradle - and then all around me I will see your face - your image.
7. I am too happy now -
How I pity men who can never know the joy of motherhood!
You dear angel - my child!
8. Cruel man - you have brought me pain for the first time. You sleep in death. Now I am empty and without life. Losing you, I have lost everything.

 Four songs by Persichetti

1. My candle burned alone,
In an immense valley.
Beams of the huge night
Converged upon it
Until the wind blew.
2. Let the place of the solitaires
Be a place of perpetual undulation.
Whether it be in mid-sea on the dark green waterwheel,
Or on the beaches,
There must be no cessation of motion,
Or of the noise of motion,
The renewal of noise,
And manifold continuation.
And most of the motion of thought,
And its restless iteration
In the place of the solitaires
Which is to be a place of perpetual undulation.
3. I am what is around me.
Women understand this.
One is not duchess a hundred yards from a carriage.
These then are portraits.
A black vestibule;
A high bed, sheltered by curtains.
These are merely instances.
4. Every time the bucks went clattering
Over Oklahoma,
A firecat bristled in the way.
Wherever they went, they went clattering
Until they swerved in a swift, circular line to the right
Because of the firecat.
Or until they swerved in a swift, circular line to the left -
Because of the firecat.
The bucks clattered,
The firecat went leaping to the right,
To the left,
And bristled in the way.
Later, the firecat closed his bright eyes and slept.

Non Mi Dir.

Don Giovanni has killed the father of Donna Anna. Her fiance, Don Ottavio, and she swear to get revenge for the death. Later, when Don Ottavio begs Donna Anna to marry him, she replies that even though she loves him, and is completely his, she cannot marry him until she is over her unhappiness at her father's death. In the Non Mi Dir, she begs him to have undoubting faith in her love for him.

Vier Ernste Gesänge - Four Serious Songs

1. For that which befalleth the sons of men befalleth beasts; even one thing befalleth them: as the one dieth, so dieth the other; yea, they have all one breath; so that a man hath no preeminence above a beast; for all is vanity. All go unto one place; all are of the dust, and all turn to dust again. Who knoweth the spirit of man that goeth upward, and the spirit of the beast that goeth downward to the earth?

Wherefore I perceive that there is nothing better, than that a man should rejoice in his own works; for that is his portion; for who shall bring him to see what shall be after him?

2. So I returned, and considered all the oppressions that are done under the sun: and behold the tears of such as were oppressed, and they had no comforter; and on the side of their oppressors there was power; but they had no comforter. Wherefore I praised the dead which are already dead more than the living which are yet alive.

Yes, better is he than both they, which hath not yet been, who hath not seen the evil work that is done under the sun.

3. O Death, how bitter is the remembrance of these to men that liveth at rest in his possessions, unto the man that hath nothing to vex him and that hath prosperity in all things: yea unto him that is yet able to receive meat.

O Death, acceptable is thy sentence unto the needy, and unto him whose strength faileth, that is now in the last age, and is vexed with all things, and to him that despaireth and hath lost patience.

4. Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not love, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not love, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not love, it profiteth me nothing.

For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known. And now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; but the greatest of these is love.

Bachianas Brasileiras No. 5

Cantilena: At midnight rosy clouds pass overhead. The moon arises from a boundless deep and is reflected by all nature. She softly awakes the soul to tears.

Dansa: Irerê, dear friend, singing love! Your song comes from the depths of the wilds and, like a summer wind, comforts every mournful heart.