

BENNINGTON COLLEGE

presents

A Program of Music by

FRANZ SCHUBERT

1797 - 1828

Die Schöne Müllerin Twenty Songs
to words by Wilhelm Müller
"to be read in Wintertime"

Frank Baker, Tenor
Paul Boepple, Piano

Mass II in G major for Chorus, Soli
and String Orchestra

THE BENNINGTON COLLEGE COMMUNITY CHORUS

Lisa Hartmann, soprano
Frank Baker, tenor
Dan O'Connor, bass

and the

COLLEGE STRING ORCHESTRA
under the Direction of
Paul Boepple

Carriage Barn

8:30 P.M.

Wednesday, Dec. 13, 1961

Die Schöne Müllerin
Op. 25, Composed May-November 1823

Twenty Songs from a cycle of poems
by WILHELM MÜLLER (1794-1827)

Condensed translation of the words.

I. DAS WANDERN (Wandering)

The miller loves to wander, restless as the water, the wheels,
and the stones in the brook, Miller-master, onward let me wander!

II. WOHN? (Whither?)

I hear the murmur of a brook. Must I not also descend to the
valley? Tell me, brook, is this my road? Thou bewitchest me -
rush onward; there are mills on every brook.

III. HALT! (Stop!)

I see a mill ahead and hear the rumble of wheels. Welcome, sweet
music, bright sun and glittering windows! Was this thy cunning plan,
dear brook?

IV. DANKSAGUNG AN DEN BACH (Words of Thanks to the Brook)

Was this thy cunning plan, my murmuring friend, to lure me to
the Miller-maid? Did she send thee? Be it as it may, I found what
I was seeking: work aplenty for my hands and for my heart.

V. AM FEIERABEND (Curfew)

Would that I had a thousand arms to move wind, water, wheels and
millstones to prove to the beautiful maid my faithful mind!

Alas, my aim is weak; any apprentice could do better work. Now,
after the day's toil we rest in the cool evening. And the miller
says to all: "Your work was good!" And the sweet girl bids us
good night.

VI. DER NEUGIERIGE (Wanting to know)

I shall not ask the flowers or the stars what I long to know,
for I am not a gardener and the stars are too far away. I am
asking my friend, the brook, "Is it yes or no?" These two little
words will decide my life...Oh brook, why art thou silent?

VII. UNGEDULD (Impatience)

I would cut the words in the bark of the trees, I would carve them
on every stone, I would teach the starling to speak them aloud -
methinks she could read them deep in my eyes: My heart is thine and
forever shall be! - But, alas, she hears not and sees not.

VIII. MORGENGRUSS (Greeting in the morning)

Good morning, lovely miller-maid, why dost thou turn thy face away when I greet thee? I will go my way. Could I but watch from afar the blonde head, the dreamy blue eyes in the window. You dewy flowers, why do you fear the sun? The lark soars in the sky, and from the heart my love cries its sorrow.

IX. DES MÜLLERS BLUMEN (The miller's flowers)

By the brook little flowers grow like light-blue eyes. The brook is the miller's friend; light-blue shine the eyes of my beloved and the flowers are mine. I plant them beneath her window. And when she sleeps, they will whisper to her: "Forget me not," and when morning breaks, she will see them sparkling with dew -- my tears.

X. THRÄNENREGEN (Shower of tears)

Cosily we sat together in the alder's shade. We watched the gurgling brook reflecting the moon and the stars. But I could see only her image and her eyes. The sky seemed to sink into the brook and to draw me to its bottom. When tears came to my eyes, she said, "Rain is coming, good-bye, I am going home."

XI. MEIN! (Mine!)

Be silent, brook, mill and birds! Let a single word resound! Mine, the maid I love is mine! Spring, are these thy richest flowers? Sun, are these thy brightest rays? No. I am alone in all creation, with the blessed word "Mine!"

XII. PAUSE (Pause)

I hung my lute back on the wall; my heart is too full for singing. Rest well, dear lute, I would tremble if a breeze or a bee caressed thy strings. Why did I let thy green ribbon hang so long? - When I hear thy sighing rustle, is it the echo of my grief or the prelude to new songs?

XIII. MIT DEM GRÜNEN LAUTENBANDE (With the green shoulder-band of my lute)

"So idly fades the green ribbon away, I love green so much" - thou saidst to me, beloved. I gave it to thee. If thy lover is white, our love is green, forever green. Now plait the ribbon in thy hair that I may know where love and hope dwell. Then I shall love green all the more.

XIV. DER JÄGER (The Hunter)

Hunter, what dost thou at the brook? There is nothing here for thee to hunt! Go away with thy horn and thy dogs. Shave thy beard, lest thou frighten my doe. Return to the woods, leave miller and daughter in peace. Go, kill the boars that ravage the fields, fierce hunter, go, kill the boars!

XV. EIFERSUCHT UND STOLZ (Jealousy and pride)

Where, my brook, art thou rushing so wildly - Is it to chase the hunter? Turn about and chide the maid instead! Didst thou not see how she craned her neck when he returned from his hunt? Scold her for that! But not a word of my sorrowful mien. Say "He is sitting by me, whittling a pipe and plays tunes for the children to dance to!"

XVI. DIE LIEBE FARBE (The dear color)

In green branches of weeping willow shall I clothe myself and dwell in a grove of cypress - my love is so fond of green. I shall hunt through heath and hedge. The heath is my grief and death my game, for my love is enamored of hunting. Dig a grave for me, cover it with grass, no cross, no flowers, green, only green - for my love is so fond of green.

XVII. DIE BÖSE FARBE (The evil color)

I would roam the earth were it not so green, I would paint all things as white as death. Oh green, thou evil color, why dost thou torture me so? In rain and snow I would lie at her door to whisper good-bye. At the sound of the horn, she leans out the window, not looking for me. Take off the green band and give me thy hand in farewell.

XVIII. TROCKNE BLUMEN (Wilted Flowers)

Put in my grave the wan flowers she gave me. Why are ye staring at me so sadly, as if ye could know my grief?

Ye flowers, wilted and pale, why are ye weeping? Tears, alas, cannot make dead love flower again. But spring will come and winter will pass, then flowers will blossom again. And the flowers she gave me will lie with me. And should she wander over my grave and ponder how faithful I was, then, flowers, burst forth, appear, appear, for spring has come and winter is dead.

XIX. DER MÜLLER UND DER BACH (The Miller and the Brook)

The Miller: Where a faithful heart dies of love, lilies wilt and the moon hides in the clouds, for no man must see his tears. The angels shut their eyes, sobbing, and sing the soul to sleep.

The Brook: When love vanquishes grief, a new star shines in the sky, three roses bloom, red and white. They will not wilt amidst their thorns. And the angels shed their wings, and at sunrise, descend to the earth.

The Miller: Oh brook, dear brook, thou meanest so well. Dost thou know the pangs of love? Oh stillness in the deep - sing on, dear brook, sing on.

XX. DES BACHES WIEGENLIED (The brook's lullaby)

Rest, tired wanderer, close thine eyes, thou art at home. Here dwells faith; come, lie with me till all brooks empty into the sea. -- Stay away, evil maiden, let not thy shadow disturb his slumber. Throw me thy kerchief to cover his eyes. -- Good night till we all awaken again; rest from thy joys, sleep o'er thy griefs. The moon is rising, the clouds melt away, infinite are the heavens above.

I N T E R M I S S I O N

MASS IN G MAJOR

For Chorus; Soprano, Tenor and Bass Soli
and String Orchestra.

Schubert composed this Mass, the second of six, between the 2nd and 7th of March, 1815, when he was eighteen years old. Its first performance took place a few days later in the Church of Liechtenthal, a suburb of Vienna where his father taught school. The score was part of Schubert's vast posthumous legacy.

I. KYRIE

Lord have mercy upon us; Christ, have mercy upon us;
Lord have mercy upon us.

II. GLORIA

Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace to men of good will. We praise thee, we bless thee, we worship thee, we glorify thee, we give thanks to thee for thy great glory, O Lord God, heavenly King, God the Father Almighty. O Lord, the only-begotten Son, Jesus Christ; O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father, that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us. Thou that takest away the sins of the world, receive our prayer. Thou that sittest at the right hand of the Father, have mercy upon us. For thou only art holy, thou only art the Lord, thou only art most high, O Jesus Christ, with the Holy Ghost in the glory of God the Father. Amen.

III. CREDO

I believe in one God the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth, and of all things visible and invisible: and in one Lord Jesus Christ, the only-begotten Son of God; begotten of his Father before all worlds, God of God, Light of Light, very God of very God; begotten not made, being of one substance with the Father, by whom all things were made; who for us men and for our salvation came down from heaven, and was incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary, and was made man: and was crucified also for us under Pontius Pilate; he suffered and was buried. And on the third day he rose again according to the Scriptures: and ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of the Father; and he shall come again with glory to judge both the quick and the dead; whose kingdom shall have no end: And in the Holy Ghost, the Lord and Giver of life, who proceedeth from the Father and the Son, who with the Father and the Son together is worshipped and adored, who spake by the prophets: and I believe in one holy catholic and apostolic Church; I acknowledge one baptism for the remission of sins; and I look for the resurrection of the dead and the life of the world to come. Amen.

IV. SANCTUS AND BENEDICTUS

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of hosts. Heaven and earth are full of Thy glory. Hosanna in the highest! Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord. Hosanna in the highest!

V. AGNUS DEI

O Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us. O Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us. O Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of the world, grant us Thy peace.