

Bennington College

presents

FRANCES BULL  
Mezzo Soprano

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

- I. Three Songs from  
Das Marienleben by Rainer Maria Rilke Paul Hindemith (1922-23)
1. Geburt Mariä
  4. Mariä Heimsuchung
  5. Argwohn Josephs

- II. Kinder-Totenlieder Gustav Mahler (1902)
1. Nun will die Sonn' so hell aufgeh'n!
  2. Nun seh' ich wohl, warum so dunkle Flammen
  3. Wenn dein Muetterlein
  4. Oft denk' ich, sie sind nur ausgegangen!
  5. In diesem Wetter!

Kathryn Reynolds at the piano

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

- III. A Drama (first performance) Martha Terrell (1960)  
Text by Diane Varsi
- Piano: Kathryn Reynolds  
Cello: Martha Terrell

- IV. Eight pieces from Pierrot lunaire by A.Girauds Arnold Schoenberg (1912)
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|---------------------|------------------|
| 6. Madonna          | 13. Enthauptung  |
| 7. Der kranke Mond  | 15. Heimweh      |
| 8. Die Nacht        | 19. Serenade     |
| 9. Gebet an Pierrot | 21. O alter Duft |

Amy Miller, Conductor; Cora Gordon, violin-viola; Martha Terrell, cello; Jack Sirulnikoff, clarinet-bass clarinet; Mary Conheim, flute; Henry Brant, piano.

- V. Pomegranate Winelove, an Antiphonal Cantata Frances Bull (1960)  
from Song of Songs

Frank Baker, tenor; Frances Bull, soprano;  
Jack Sirulnikoff, bells; Joan Tower, timpani;  
Martha Terrell, trombone; James Payton, oboe.

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## Das Marienleben (The Life of the Virgin Mary)

1. Nativity of Mary. O what patience the angels must have had, not to burst into singing, as one bursts into tears, they who knew: in this night there is born to the lad His mother -- to the One, who now soon appears. Hovering, they held their peace and motioned earthwards, where, lone, the farmhouse lay of Jehoiakim. Ah, within them and in space they felt that engathering birthwards, but they might not descend and go to him. For they were both at their wits' end -- even so -- for anticipation. A friend came and talked wisely, but she did not know, and the good man, for fear, went and muffled the mooing of a dark cow. For it had never been this way.

4. Visitation of Mary. Early as yet in her time and her way easy, but at times in climbing now -- she, growing wistful of her body's wonder, stood, in these moments, breathing, on the brow of Jewish hills, but not the terrain, it was her fullness spreading about her; there could be no exceeding the greatness which she now felt. And she was inspired to lay her fingers there upon the other body which was bigger. And reeling figure leaned to reeling figure and either touched the other's robe and hair. Filled with the fullness of their heavenly burdens, the two shielded themselves with one another. Ah, the Saviour in her was yet to be born, but joy did so overpower the Baptist, that he leaped within his mother.

5. Joseph's Doubt. And the angel spoke a word with the man who clenched his fists, "Surely you can see in every folding that she's cool as the day at sunrise." But the other, anger lurking in him, murmured only: "What has changed her so?" The angel cried, "Carpenter, do you not understand that God is at work? Maker of planks of wood, in your pride, will you therefore chide him, the unobtrusive, who makes leaf and bud burst forth from the same wood?" He understood and lifted his gaze, much afraid, to the angel who had vanished. He shifted his thick cap slowly off his head. Then he sang praise.

## Kinder-Totenlieder (Songs on the Death of Children)

1. Now the sun will rise so brightly, as if no disaster had come in the night! The disaster came to me alone; the sun goes on shining everywhere! You must not let night dwell in your heart, you must submerge it in eternal light! A little lamp went out in my heart! Hail! Hail to the joyful light of the world!

2. Now I can see why such dark flames you flashed at me at times -- oh yes, as if you wanted to compress all your power into one look. Yet I knew not, enshrouded in the mist created by a deceptive fate, that your ray was already bent on returning to those realms whence all rays descend. Your shining lights tried to tell me: "We would like to stay near you, but Fate has denied us our wish. Just look at us, for soon we shall be far! What seem but eyes to you these days, in future nights will have changed to stars."

3. When your dear Mother comes through the door and I turn my head to look at her, my first glance does not dwell on her face, but on the spot closer to the threshold, there, where your dear little face would be, if you should enter with her joyfully, as once you did, little daughter of mine. When your dear little mother comes through the door, by the candle's light you always enter too, slipping behind her, as of yore, into the room! Oh you, oh you, core of your father's being, light of joy, extinguished too soon!

4. I often think they only have gone out, and soon they will be home again! The day is lovely! Oh, be not afraid! They only have gone out for a long walk! Indeed, they only have gone out, and soon now will come home again! Oh, do not be afraid, the day is lovely! They only have gone out to yonder hills! They only went ahead of us and do not feel like coming home again! We shall overtake them on yonder hills, in the sunshine! Lovely is the day on yonder hills!

5. In such a weather, in such a storm, I would never have sent the children out! They have been carried, been carried off! I was not allowed to say a word! In such a weather, in such a storm, I would never have let the children go out! I was afraid that they might fall ill; These are now but idle thoughts. In such a weather, in such a storm, I would never have let the children go out, I was afraid they might die on the morrow; I need not worry about it any more.... In such a tempest, they rest as in their Mother's house; by no storm frightened, by God's hand protected....

A Drama

For when it was said  
the floods will come  
they will;  
and only the will  
made of the brightest of light,  
the hand  
that is most open  
shall survive.

The full-headed lion  
limping thru .....  
how long, then, how long  
pawful of thorn;  
can he not cry?

vidit erubuit lympha pudicia deum.

Bent:  
lamb follows lamb;  
crying, "Let me lead the crooked herd."  
Lying lost lying  
the mute.

vidit erubuit lympha pudicia deum.

The claw of the butterflies sunny flight;  
he spends his time chasing .....  
too quick, too quick:  
and the dust of the wing is gone.

vidit erubuit pympha pudicia deum.

Mind you .....  
do not run the oxen more  
he and his brother .....  
unable, unable to forget:  
let them love.

vidit erubuit lympha pudicia deum.

Realize this ..... will you!  
Some whiter dove has spilled.  
Threefold ..... Oh triumph.  
That innocence ... can not  
be slighted;  
by any hawks stare.  
Hush the leapers tongue  
who cannot bear  
the presence of this bird.

He falls.  
His freedom let him ..... fall.  
It is for mercy  
to this hallowed place;  
and faceless,  
a pride could die.

## A Drama (cont'd)

Spare him  
the kindness  
of an unfelt sigh.  
His courage is to blame.

Forgive yourself  
    There are some things  
Forgive yourself  
    we are not allowed  
Forgive yourself  
    to know.

## Pierrot lunaire

6. Rise, O Mother of all sorrows, on the altar of my verses! Blood drawn by the blade of anger from your shrunken breasts has spilled. With your everflowing wound-sores that like eyes are, red and open, rise, O Mother of all sorrows on the altar of my verses, holding in emaciated hands your own Son's shattered body to confront the whole of mankind--but the heedless eyes of mankind spurn you, Mother of all sorrows! 7. The Ailing Moon. Nocturnal, moribund, you Moon there on the black celestial couch: your feverish and swollen gaze charms me like alien melodies. Of love-pangs, unrequited, you die, and of longing deep repressed, you Moon, nocturnal, moribund, there on the black of heaven's couch. The lover, whelmed with feeling and without a thought, wends to his love and revels in your play of light--in birth-pangs drawn, your faded blood--O nightly Moon, sick unto death. 8. Night. Somber, black, enormous bats are killing off the radiant sun. A sealed book of wizardry, the horizon lies--quiescent. From forgotten depths a vapor emanates--remembrance, haunting! Black and somber giant bats are killing off the radiant sun. And from heaven lumbering monsters with ungainly motions come, invisible, oppressive, earthward to the hearts of men...somber, black, enormous batwings. 9. Prayer to Pierrot. Pierrot! my laughter I've unlearned! The image of brightness dispersed--dispersed! Black fly the colors now from my mast! Pierrot!, my laughter I've unlearned! O give it back, you snowman of song, you moon-maharajah! Pierrot -- my laughter! 13. Beheading. The moon, a polished scimitar set on a black and silken cushion, nightmarish vast, hangs menacing through the dark night of woe. Pierrot scurries about, distraught, and stares o'erhead in deadly fright at the moon--a polished scimitar set on a black and silken cushion. Those knocking knees below are his. Unhinged, he suddenly collapses and feels the whiz and swoop approach his guilty neck outstretched beneath it--the moon, the polished scimitar. 15. Nostalgia. Sweetly plaintive--a crystalline sighing of the old commedia dell'arte sounds from yonder--as Pierrot so wooden has become sentimental and modern. And it echoes through his heart, his wasteland, mutely back and forth through all his senses, sweetly plaintive--a crystalline sighing from the old commedia dell'arte. Now Pierrot forgets his sad expression! Through a pallid flickering of moonlight, through the waves aglow--his yearning boldly soars aloft, to native heavens homing, sweetly plaintive--a crystalline sighing. 19. Serenade. With a bow grotesque and monstrous scrapes Pierrot on his viola. Like a stork on one leg perching, sadly plucks a pizzicatto. Then Cassander enters, raging at the midnight virtuoso--who, his bow grotesque and monstrous scrapes and saws on his viola. Now he flings down the viola! With his sensitive left hand he grabs old Baldy by the collar--raptly plays upon that bald dome with a bow grotesque and monstrous. 21. Fragrance of Yore. Fragrance of yore from fairyland. Intoxicate anew my senses! A puckish swarm of rogueries swirls through the buoyant air. A happy longing brings me close to joys of which I long was scornful: Fragrance of yore from fairyland, O make me drunk again! Abandoned have I all my gloom and from my sun-framed window freely scan I the much-beloved world and dream beyond in Blissful distance. . . .