

First and foremost to my family my thanks for their love, support and their firm belief that I can and will take myself to places which I can only see from the corner of my eye. For this I love you very much.

I thank all my friends, for their love, support, and their distinct senses of humor, without which I could only have dreamed of making the most of these four years.

My teachers have set me on my way, opening many doors these four years at Bennington. They continue to encourage me in my music which is invaluable to me, and will be with me always.

Many thanks to Leslie Noyes for the posters, Jason McDermott for the art work, and Suzanne Jones for the programs, and patience.

Thank you to the musicians who made this concert possible.

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This concert is being presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Arts Degree in Music.

BENNINGTON COLLEGE MUSIC DIVISION

PRESENTS
A SENIOR VOICE CONCERT
BY
ERICA HERMAN



MONDAY, MAY 27, 1991

8:15 p.m.

GREENWALL MUSIC WORKSHOP

PROGRAM

Kaddisch (1914)

RAVEL

Winter Solstice (1990)

CALABRO

A Charm

BRITTEN

words by RANDOLPH

IVES

words by KEATS

Mirabai Songs (1982)

HARBISON

Like A Sick Eagle (1920)

IVES

Memories A. Very Pleasant (1897)

IVES

B. Rather Sad (1897)

Allen Shawn, piano

1. It's True, I Went to the Market
2. All I Was Doing Was Breathing
5. The Clouds
6. Don't Go, Don't Go

Elizabeth Wright, piano

La Séguidilla from Carmen (1873-4)

BIZET

Amy Williams, piano

'Cello Piece in Three Movements (1990-91)

HERMAN

Bachianas Brasileiras No. 5

VILLA-LOBOS

Maxine Neuman, 'cello

I. Aria (Cantilena) (1938)

II. Dansa (Martelo) (1945)

Songs from The Jungle Book (1990-91)

HERMAN

'Cellists

Bart Arnold

Eva Huber

Orlando di Mambro

Jason McDermott

Maxine Neuman

Penelope Owen

Nathaniel Parke

Julie Rosenblum Pearson

Joshua Schreiber

Jared Shapiro

A Ripple Song
Hunting Song of the Seeonee Pack

Michael Downs, Anne Riesenfeld, voice
Louis Calabro, Peter Golub, percussion
Allen Shawn, conductor

]- Intermission -]

II. Dansa (Martelo)

Irere, my little bird of the countryside of Cariri, Irere, my companion, where is the guitar? Where is my loved one? Where is Maria?
Oh, sad fate that of the singing guitarist! Oh!
Without the guitar where he sang his love! Oh!
Your whistling is your flute of Irere: Your flute of the countryside, when it whistles, Oh!
We suffer without meaning to! Oh!
Your song comes from the depths of the countryside, Oh!
Like a breeze, softening the heart, Oh! Oh!
Irere, release your song! Sing more! Sing more! To remind us of the Cariri!
Sing, *cambaxira! Sing, *juriti! Sing *Irere! Sing, sing the suffering.
*Pativa! *Bemtevi! Maria wake up, it is morning.
Sing, all you birds of the countryside! Bem-te-vi! Eh! *Sabia!
La! lia! lia! lia! lia! Eh! Singing Sabia of the woods!
Lia! lia! lia! lia! La! lia! lia! lia! lia! lia! Eh! Suffering Sabia of the woods!
Your song comes from the depths of the countryside. Like a breeze, softening the heart.
Irere, my little bird of the countryside of Cariri, Irere, my companion, where is the guitar? Where is my loved one? Where is Maria?
Oh, sad fate that of the singing guitarist! Oh!
Without the guitar where he sang his love! Oh!
Your whistling is your flute of Irere: Your flute of the countryside, when it whistles, Oh!
We suffer without meaning to! Oh!
Your song comes from the depths of the countryside, Oh!
Like a breeze, softening the heart, Oh! Oh!
Irere, release your song! Sing more! Sing more! To remind us of the Cariri!

*names of birds

TEXT

Kaddisch/Maurice Ravel

Your Name will grow it will be blessed in the world.
It will be spoken as You see fit.
I acknowledge the crownings of Your Kingdom and am ready to be happy existing in all the House of Israel, in approaching time, and we say Amen.

Will be blessed.
Will be great.
Will be glorified.
Will be raised.
Will be on high.
Will be glorified.
Will be praised. Your Name, in holiness, blessed.

Glory, glory from all blessing and singing. There will be greatness to sooth in the world.

And we say, Amen.

Mirabai Songs/ John Harbison

Mirabai's ecstatic religious poetry was written in 16th-century India. When she was 27, her husband was killed in a war. Mirabai refused to die on her husband's funeral pyre, as was the custom. Instead, she left her family compound, wrote her poems to Krishna, the Dark One, and sang and danced them in the streets.

La Séguidilla/Georges Bizet

By the ramparts of Seville,
At the home of my friend Lillas Pastia
I will dance the Séguidille
And drive Manzanilla
I will be at the home of my friend Lillas Pastia.

Yes, all alone, one is bored—
And all true pleasures are of two
Therefore, for my company,
I will bring with me my love.
My love, he is of the devil,
I threw him out the door yesterday!

My poor heart is consolable
My heart is free like the air.
I have men by the dozen
But they are not to my taste.

Here it is the end of the week:
Who will take my love? I will love him!
Who will be my love? My heart is ready!
You arrived at the good moment
I have no patience,
Because with my new love...

By the ramparts of Seville,
At the home of my friend Lillas Pastia
I will dance the Séguidille
And drive Manzanilla
I will be at the home of my friend Lillas Pastia.

I did not speak to you, I only sang a song,—
I only sang a song!—
And I'm thinking by thinking I can do you no wrong!
An officer I have in mind,
An officer I have in mind,
Who loves me,
And she knows well,

Yes, who knows well,
That I am not unkind!
That he's no captain I well am aware,
Nor a lieutenant is he;
He's only a corp'ral,
But why should a Gypsy girl ever care?
And I think he will do for me!

Yes,
Soon we shall dance the Seguidilla,
And we shall drink Manzanilla. Ah!
Near to the walls of Sevilla,
With my good friend Lillas Pastia,
We'll soon dance the gay Seguidilla
And we'll drink Manzanilla:
tra la la la la la, la la la la la,
tra la la la la la la la la la.

Bachianas Brasileiras No. 5/Heitor Villa-Lobos I. Aria (Cantilena)

Afternoon, a slow rosy cloud, transparent, dreamy, and in the space (sky), beautiful!
Out from infinity appears the moon, sweetly, adorning the afternoon, like a sweet maiden that beautifies herself dreamily.
In the soul's desire to be beautiful, she screams to sky and to earth, all of Nature!
The birds are hushed with her sweet laments, and the sea reflects all of her richness...
Softly the light of the moon awakens now, the cruel longing that laughs and cries!
Afternoon, a slow, rosy cloud, transparent, dreamy, and in the space, beautiful!