Bennington College Presents

A Senior Voice Recital

by

Shawnette Sulker

Wednesday May 10, 1995
8:15 p.m. Greenwall Music Workshop
Program

L'Amoré Saró Costante       Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
Angela Blemker, violin

Poèmes d’un Jour            Gabriel Fauré

Pleurez Mes Yeux            Jules Émile Frédéric Massenet

Der Hirt Auf Dem Felsen    Schubert

Bruce Williamson, clarinet
Marianne Finckel, piano

--INTERMISSION--

Sunrise                      Charles Ives
Joseph Schaaf, violin

Caro Nome                   Guiseppe Verdi

Chi Il Bel Sogno            Puccini

Glitter and Be Gay          Leonard Bernstein

Marianne Finckel, piano

Thank You

To my teachers at Bennington who have supported my endeavors and helped me to grow: thank you Barbara, Willie, Ida, Bill, Peter, Liz, Frank, Arthur and Bruce.

To my family and friends who have been there throughout: My mother, Sherry, Tessa, Raven, Larissa, Jen, Rachel...the list goes on.

To Susan Reiss and Sue Jones who have taken care of me for four years.

To everyone else whom I have not already mentioned that has touched my experience here in a special way.

To Matt.

I love you all.

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

Vous me demandez de me taire,
de fuir loin de vous pour jamais,
et de m’en aller, solitaire,
sans me rappeler qui j’aimais!
Demandez plutôt aux étoiles
de tomber dans l’immensité,
à la nuit de perdre ses voiles,
au jour de perdre sa clarté,
demandez à la mer immense
de dessécher ses vastes flots,
Et, quand les vents sont en démence,
d’apaiser ses sombres sanglots!
Mais, n’espérez pas que mon âme
s’arrache à ses après douleurs,
et se dépouille de sa flamme
comme le printemps de ses fleurs!

Adieu

Comme tout meurt vite, la rose
Déclose,
Et les frais manteaux diaprés
Des prés;
Les longs soupirs, les bien-aimées,
Fumées!
On voit dans ce monde léger,
Changer, plus vite que les flots des grèves,
Nos rêves,
Plus vite que le givre en fleurs,
Nos coeurs!
À vous l’on se croyait fidèle, cruelle,
Mais hélas! les plus longs amours
Sont courts!
Et je dis en quittant vos charmes,
sans larmes,
Prequ’au moment de mon aveu,
Adieu!

Forever

You ask me to keep quiet,
to run away from you forever,
and to go, alone,
without remembering whom I loved!
Ask rather the stars
To fall into the immensness,
the night to lose its veils,
the day to lose its brightness,
ask the immense sea
to drain its vast waters,
and, when the winds are raging,
to appease their somber sobs!
But do not hope that my soul
tears itself away from its harsh troubles,
and strips itself of its flame
as spring does of its flowers!

Goodbye

How soon everything dies, the rose
in bloom,
And the fresh multi-colored cloaks
of the fields;
the long sighs, loved ones,
mists!
One sees in this fickle world,
Changing more quickly than the waves of the shore,
Our dreams,
More quickly than the hoarfrost in bloom,
Our hearts!
To you one believed oneself faithful, cruel,
But alas! The longest loves
are short!
And in leaving your charms I say,
without tears,
Nearly at the moment of my avowal,
Goodbye!
Air de Chimène

De cet affreux combat je sor l’âme brisée!
Mais enfin je suis libre et je pourrai du moins soupirer sans contrainte et souffrir sans témoins.
Pleurez! Pleurez mes yeux!
Tombez triste rosée
Qu’un rayon de soleil ne doit jamais tarir!
S’il me reste un espoir,
c’est de bientôt mourir!
Pleurez mes yeux, pleurez toutes vos larmes!
Pleurez mes yeux!

Mais qui donc a voulu l’éternité des pleurs?
O chers ensevelis, trouvez-vous tant de charmes à léguer aux vivants d’implacables douleurs?

Hélas! Je me souviens il me disait:
Avec ton doux sourire
Tu ne saurais jamais conduire
Qu’aux chemins glorieux ou
Qu’aux sentiers bénis!
Ah! Mon père! Hélas!

Pleurez! Pleurez mes yeux!
Tombez triste rosée
Qu’un rayon de soleil ne doit jamais tarir!
Pleurez mes yeux! Ah! Pleurez toutes vos larmes!
Pleurez mes yeux!

From this fearful strife I emerge with a broken spirit!
But at last I am free and can at least sigh without restraint and suffer without witnesses.

Weep! Weep my eyes!
Fall sad dew
That a ray of sun can never dry!

If there remains to me one hope, it is to die soon!

Weep my eyes, cry all of your tears!

Weep my eyes!

But then who wished for an eternity of tears?
O dear buried ones, do you find so much delight in binding to those who live relentless sorrows?

Alas! I remember he said to me:
With your sweet smile
You could lead only
to glorious ways or
to blessed paths!
Ah! My father! Alas!

Weep! Weep my eyes!
Fall sad dew
that a ray of sun can never dry!

Weep my eyes! Ah! Cry all your tears!

Weep my eyes!
**Guiseppe Verdi**  
*Rigoletto*

*Caro nome che il mio cor*

Gualtier Maldè! nome di lui si amato  
Ti scolpisci nel core innamorato!  
Caro nome che il mio cor  
Festi primo palpitar,  
Le delizie dell’ amor  
Mi dèi sempre rammentar!  
Col pensier il mio desir  
A te sempre volerà,  
E fin l’ultimo sospir,  
Caro nome, tuo sarà.

Gualtier Maldè! Name that I love so dearly:  
Now forever engraved upon my joyful heart!  
Dearest name, that taught my heart  
All the joy of tender love,  
How you waken sweet desire  
For the one whom I adore!  
All my thoughts now turn to you,  
All my hopes, my dreams, my life.  
When I die, my very last breath  
Will repeat the name I love.

**Puccini**  
*La Rondine*

*Chi Il Bel Sogno di Doretta*

Chi il bel sogno di Doretta  
potè indovinar?  
Il suo mistero come mai finì?  
Ahimè! un giorno uno studente  
in bocca la baciò  
e fu quel bacio  
rivelazione:  
Fu la passione!...  
Folle amore!  
Folle ebbrezza!  
Chi la sottile carezza  
D’un bacio così ardente  
mai ridir, potrà?...  
Ah! mio sogno!  
Ah! mia vita!  
Che importa la ricchezza  
Se alfine è rifiorita la felicità!...  

Who can guess Doretta's dream?  
What was the solution of the mystery?  
Woe is me! One day a student  
Kissed her lips and that kiss revealed her  
Passion!  
Love’s madness!...  
And wild inebriation!  
For who can recount  
The subtle caress  
Of so ardent a kiss?...  
O! dream of mine!...  
O life!  
What matter riches  
If happiness returns at last!...
Leonard Bernstein  
Candide

Glitter and Be Gay  (Cunegonde's Jewel Song)

Glitter and be gay, that's the part I play:  
Here am I, oh sorry chance.  
Forced to bend my soul to a sordid role,  
Victimized by bitter, bitter circumstance.  

Alas for me! Had I remained beside my lady mother,  
My virtue had remained unstained until my maiden hand was gained  
by some Grand Duke or other.  

Ah, 'twas not to be; harsh necessity  
Brought me to this gilded cage.  
Born to higher things, here I droop my wings,  
Ah! Singing of a sorrow nothing can assuage.  

And yet, of course, I rather like to revel, ha ha!  
I have no strong objection to champagne, ha ha!  
My wardrobe is expensive as the devil, ha ha!  
Perhaps it is ignoble to complain.  

Enough, enough, of being basely tearful;  
I'll show my noble stuff by being bright and cheerful.  
Ha ha ha ha ha!...etc.  

Pearls and ruby rings...Ah, how can worldly things take the place of honor lost? Can they compensate for my fallen state, purchased, as they were, at such an awful cost? Bracelets...lavalieres...Can they dry my tears? Can they blind my eyes to shame? Can the brightest brooch shield me from reproach? Can the purest diamond purify my name?  

And yet of course these trinkets are endearing, ha ha!  
I'm oh so glad my sapphire is a star, ha ha!  
I rather like a twenty carat earring, ha ha!  
If I'm not pure at least my jewels are!  

Enough, enough! I'll take their diamond necklace,  
and show my noble stuff by being gay and reckless!  
Ha ha ha ha ha!...etc.  

Observe how bravely I conceal the dreadful,  
dreadful shame I feel.  
Ha ha ha ha!...etc.
Synopses

Le Cid
12th Century Seville. To avenge the honor of his father Don Diegue, Rodrigue, known as "The Cid", reluctantly fights a duel with Count Gormas, father of his beloved Chimène. Gormas is killed and Chimène is torn between her love and the honor of her family. Rodrigue fights heroically against the Moors and when he returns, he and Chimène are reconciled.

Il Re Pastore
Allesandro, having conquered Sidon, discovers that the poor shepherd Amintas is in fact the rightful heir to the throne. Allessandro reinstates him and wishes him to marry Tamiris, the daughter of the late usurper, unaware that she is in love with his own counsellor, Agenore. Rather than be separated from his beloved, the shepherdess Elisa, Amintas renounces the throne. Alessandro gives in, appointing Amintas "shepherd-king" with Elisa as his consort.

Rigoletto
16th Century....... The hunchbacked court jester Rigoletto laughs at the grief and rage of the aged Count Monterone, whose daughter has been seduced by the libertine Duke, and Monterone lays a father's curse on Rigoletto. The courtiers, who hate Rigoletto, discover that he has a young girl hidden away. Unaware that she's his adored daughter Gilda, who he has raised in convent-like seclusion, they assume her his mistress and abduct her for the Duke's enjoyment, even tricking Rigoletto into helping them. Meanwhile, the Duke is already aware of Gilda: he visits her disguised as a poor student and she falls in love with him. Even when they discover she is his daughter, the courtiers show no pity for Rigoletto and he vows vengeance on the Duke for having dishonored her. He hires the assassin Sparafuerte to kill the Duke, who is lured to a lonely inn by Spara.'s sister Maddelena. Despite his dishonor, Gilda still loves the Duke and when she realizes what is to happen she manoeuvres herself into taking his place and is fatally stabbed. Rigoletto gloats over the sack delivered to him, believing it contains the Duke only to find that it is his dying Gilda. As she expires, Rigoletto recalls Monterone's curse and collapses in anguish.