

Bennington College Presents

A Senior Voice Recital

by

Shawnette Sulker



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

Program

L'Ameró 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 démente,
d'apaiser ses sombres sanglots!
Mais, n'espérez pas que mon âme
s'arrache à ses âpres douleurs,
et se dépouille de sa flamme
comme le printemps de ses fleurs!

Adieu

Comme tout meurt vite, la rose
Décloset,
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 cœurs!
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 immenseness,
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!

Jules Émile Frédéric Massenet
Le Cid

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!

Giuseppe Verdi
Rigoletto

Caro nome che il mio cor

Gualtier Maldè! nome di lui sì amato
Ti scolpisci nel core innamorato!
Caro nome che il mio cor
Festi primo palpitar,
Le delizie dell' amor
Mi dêi 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 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

Alessandro, having conquered Sidon, discovers that the poor shepherd Amintas is in fact the rightful heir to the throne. Alessandro 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 Sparafuorte 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.