

Bennington College Music Division
Presents

MOMENTS
OF
AWAKENING

a song concert

Celia Twomey
Voice

Marianne Finckel
Harpsichord and Piano

Joseph Bloom
Piano

and

Michael Finckel
Cello

Wednesday, April 27, 1994 -----8:15 p.m.
Greenwall Music Workshop

Program

Music for a While
from "Oedipus"
Sweeter than Roses
from "Pausanias"

PURCELL
(1659-1695)

O sleep! why dost thou leave me?
from "Semele"
text: Congreve

HÄNDEL
(1685 - 1759)

Marianne Finckel, harpsichord
Michael Finckel, cello

Ridente la calma
text: unknown
Un moto di gioja
text: da Ponte

MOZART
(1756 - 1791)

Mariannè Finckel, piano

Das verlassene Mägdlein
Schlafendes Jesuskind
Ein Stündlein wohl vor Tag
In der Frühe
texts: Mörike

WOLF
(1860 - 1903)

Joseph Bloom, piano

Intermission

Thank you, Frank, for the last 7 years of music resounding in your every cell, for your way of pointing toward while sitting in the source of it all, and for your belief in me and my way of making the journey. I will always be grateful.

Thank you, Willie, for suggesting I come to school here - you too, Bronni -- and for going the extra mile(s!) with me in love of music and music-making.

Thanks to Joe Bloom, my comrade these past 2 years, for the great moments of music and his priceless friendship.

To M.J. and B.J. for decades of love and support.

To Michael Finckel for playing tonight and for the insightful coaching.

And to Teshna, Sandy and Janis for their invaluable energy work; to Suzanne Jones for her excellent eye; to Allen and Peter for the introduction to composing; to Susie, Nat and Kerry, Joe and Michelle for the reception and their bolstering friendship; and to Michael Downs for amplification and for his "help the singer" efforts.

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

Apparition

The night in silence under many a star,
The ocean shore and the husky whispering wave whose
 voice I know,
And the soul turning to thee O vast and well-veiled death,
And the body gratefully nesting close to thee.

When lilacs last in the dooryard bloom'd,
I mourned, and yet shall mourn
with ever returning spring.

Dark mother always gliding near with soft feet,
Have none chanted for thee a chant of fullest welcome?
Then I chant it for thee, I glorify thee above all,
I bring thee a song that when thou must indeed come,
 come unfalteringly.

Approach strong deliveress!
When it is so, when thou hast taken them
 O joyously sing the dead!
Lost in the loving floating ocean of thee,
Laved in the flood of thy bliss O death!

Come lovely and soothing death,
Undulate round the world, serenely arriving, arriving
In the day, in the night, to all, to each,
Sooner or later delicate death.

The night in silence under many a star,
The ocean shore and the husky whispering wave
 whose voice I know,
And the soul turning to thee O vast and well-veiled death,
And the body gratefully nesting close to thee.

Apparition

(Elegiac Songs and Vocalises for Soprano
and Amplified Piano)

text: Walt Whitman's

"When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd"

Marianne Finckel, amplified piano

CRUMB
(b. 1929)

Pause

A Dream Deferred

text: Langston Hughes

Marianne Finckel, piano

TWOMEY

Balm in Gilead
Deep River

spirituals arranged by
BURLEIGH

Marianne Finckel, piano

Translations

Ridente la calma (Smiling, the calm)

Smiling, the calm in my soul awakes,
Nor remains any trace of anger and fear.
Meanwhile, you come, my love,
to tighten the sweet bonds so dear
to my heart.
Smiling, the calm in my soul awakes,
Nor remains any trace of anger and fear.

Un moto di gioja (A stirring of joy)

I sense in my breast
A stirring of joy
Which heralds delight
In the midst of my fear!

Let us hope that trouble
Will turn into contentment,
For fate and love
Do not tyrannize forever.

Das verlassene Mägdlein (The Forsaken Servant Girl)

Early, when the roosters crow, before the stars disappear,
I must stand at the hearth, I must light the fire.
Beautiful is the glow of the flames, the sparks leap;
I stare into the fire, sunk in sorrow. Suddenly I
remember, faithless boy, that last night I dreamed about
you. Tear after tear then flows down my cheeks.
That is how the day begins - oh, I wish it were over!

Schlafendes Jesuskind. Gemalt von Franc. Albani
(Sleeping Christ Child. Painting by Francesco Albani)

Son of the Virgin, heavenly child! You have fallen
asleep on the ground on the wooden beam of Your
sorrows, which the pious artist, with symbolic fancy,
placed beneath You as a pillow for Your weightless
dreams. You are a flower, and the glory of Your Father
is still faintly enclosed in the bud! Oh, if we could only
see what images are painted in soft alternation behind
that brow, behind those dark lashes! Son of the Virgin,
heavenly child.

Ein Stündlein wohl vor Tag (About an Hour Before Daybreak)

While I lay sleeping, about an hour before daybreak, a
little swallow sang to me from the tree in front of my
window; I barely heard it, about an hour before
daybreak: "Listen to what I tell you. I accuse your
sweetheart: at the very moment I am singing this, he is
hugging another girl, as carefree as he can be, about an
hour before daybreak." "Oh, woe, speak no further!
Be quiet! I don't want to hear anything! Fly away, fly
away from my tree! Ah, love is like a dream, about an
hour before daybreak."

In der Frühe (Early in the Morning)

No sleep has yet refreshed my eyes, and day is already
appearing at my bedroom window. My disordered mind
is still groping among doubts, and creating nocturnal
specters. Feel no more alarm, cease torturing yourself,
my soul! Rejoice! Here and there morning bells have
already awakened.