BENNINGTON COLLEGE MUSIC DIVISION

PRESENTS

AN EVENING OF

ROMANCE AND DEPRESSION

with

Jonathan Bepler, baritone
Nathaniel Parke, 'cello
Elizabeth Wright, piano

Le Bestiaire
ou Cortege d'Orphée

text by Guillaume Apollinaire

Le Dromadaire - (The Camel)
La Chevre du Thibet - (The Tibetan Goat)
La Sauterelle - (The Grasshopper)
Le Dauphin - (The Dolphin)
L'Ecrevisse - (The Crab)
La Carpe - (The Carp)

Dichterliebe

a cycle of songs on poems by Heinrich Heine

1. Im wunderschönen Monat Mai
2. Aus meinen Tränen spriessen
3. Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube
4. Wenn ich in deine Augen seh'
5. Ich will meine Seele tauchen
6. Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome
7. Ich grolle nicht
8. Und wüssten's die Blumen
9. Das is ein Flöten und Geigen
10. Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen
11. Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen
12. Am leuchtenden Sommernochten
13. Ich hab' im Traum geweinet
14. Allnächtlich im Trüume
15. Aus alten Märchen
16. Die alten, bösen Lieder

INTERMISSION

Sonata in G minor

for 'cello and piano

Allegro moderato
Scherzo: allegro con brio
Largo
Finale: Allegro

FREDERIC CHOPIN

8:15 p.m.

WEDNESDAY
APRIL 22, 1992

GREENWALL MUSIC WORKSHOP
Then I confessed to her
And if you are fond of me, little one,
I will give you all the flowers,
And before your window shall ring
The song of the nightingale.

The rose, the lily, the dove, the sun,
I loved them once all with the capture of love.
I love them no more, I love alone
She is rose and lily and dove and sun,
I love them no more, I love alone
She is rose and lily and dove and sun,
I love them no more, I love alone
She is rose and lily and dove and sun,

I bear no grudge, even though my heart may break,
I bear no grudge, even though my heart may break.
I bear no grudge, even though my heart may break.
I bear no grudge, even though my heart may break.

The maiden takes in anger
To heal her wounds, to heal her wounds,
To heal her wounds, to heal her wounds,
To heal her wounds, to heal her wounds.

A youth loves a maiden
Who has chosen another one,
The other one loves another,
And also fetch twelve giants,
And also fetch twelve giants,
And also fetch twelve giants,
And also fetch twelve giants.

And I started singing
And I started singing
And I started singing
And I started singing.

When I heard the little song,
That once my sweetheart sang,
I feel as if my heart would burst
You tell me that my heart was burst
You tell me that my heart was burst
You tell me that my heart was burst
You tell me that my heart was burst.

Flutes and violins are heard,
And trumpet shrilly blaze,
There dance her wedding dance
Weep with a joyful sound
Weep with a joyful sound
Weep with a joyful sound
Weep with a joyful sound.

I have wept in my dream,
I dreamed you lay in your grave.
I awakened, and the tears
Still flowed from my cheeks.
I awakened, and I wept
Still a long time bitterly.
I awakened, and I wept
Still a long time bitterly.

If the little flowers but knew it,
How deeply hurt is my heart,
They would be weeping with joy,
And if they knew it,
They would ring out in joyful sound
A refreshing melody,
And if they knew it,
If they knew it.

I have wept in my dream,
I dreamed you lay in your grave.
I awakened, and the tears
Still flowed from my cheeks.
I awakened, and I wept
Still a long time bitterly.
I awakened, and I wept
Still a long time bitterly.

A Cycle of 16 Songs on the Poems by Heinrich Heine
I. Le Dromadaire
Avec ses quatre dromadaires
Don Pedro d’Alfaroubeira
corrut le monde et l’admira.
Il fit ce que je voudrais faire
si j’avais quatre dromadaires.

II. La Chèvre du Thibet
Les poils de cette chèvre, et même
ceux d’or pour qui prit tant de peine
Jason, ne valent rien aux prix
des cheveux dont je suis épité.

III. La Sauterelle
Voici la fine sauterelle,
la nourriture de Saint Jean.
Puissent mes vers être comme elle,
le régai des meilleures gens.

IV. Le Dauphin
Dauphins, vous jouez dans la mer,
mais le flot est toujours amer.
Parfois ma joie éclate-t-elle?
La vie est encore cruelle.

V. L’Écrevisse
Incetitude, ô mes délices!
you et moi nous nous en allons
comme s’en vont les écrevisses,
à reculons, à reculons.

VI. La Carpe
Dans vos viviers, dans vos étangs,
carpes, que vous vivez longtemps!
Est-ce que la morte vous oublie,
poissons de la mélancolie?

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THE BESTIARY
or, The Procession of Orpheus

I. The Camel
With his four camels
Don Pedro de Alfaroubeira
travelled admiringly about the world.
He did just what I would do
if I had four camels.

II. The Tibetan Goat
The fleece of this goat, and even
that of gold for which Jason
labored so, are not so precious
as the hair I’m fond of.

III. The Grasshopper
Here is the delicate grasshopper,
nourishment of Saint John.
May my verses be like her,
a dainty dish for the best people.

IV. The Dolphin
Dolphins, you sport in the sea,
but the water is always bitter.
Does my joy sometimes break forth?
Life is cruel all the same.

V. The Crab
Uncertainty, my greatest pleasure!
You and I both move
as crabs move:
backwards, backwards.

VI. The Carp
In your ponds, in your pools,
carp, how long you live!
Is it that death forgets you,
fish of melancholy?

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Morjen (tomorrow)

And tomorrow the sun will shine again,
And on the path that I will follow,
It shall again unite us, happy ones,
Upon this sun-breathing earth ...
And to the wide shore, with its blue waves,
We will quietly and slowly descend,
Speechless, we shall look into each other’s eyes,
And upon us will descend the muted silence of happiness ...