BENNINGTON COLLEGE MUSIC DIVISION

Presents

SARDINES and MAPLE SYRUP
A SENIOR VOICE CONCERT

By
CAITLIN LALLY

With
Marianne Finckel, Accompanist

MONDAY, APRIL 2, 1990
8:15 P.M.
GREENWALL MUSIC WORKSHOP
Thanks to: Dad, Alec, Anne, Miles, Frank, Willie, Robin, Michael Downs, and Sue Jones.

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

PROGRAM

Whither Must I Wander?  
Let Beauty Awake  
RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS

Das Verlassene Mägdlein  
Mörike Songs, No. 7  
HUGO WOLF

Die Nacht Op. 10, No. 3  
ständchen Op. 17, No. 2  
RICHARD STRAUSS

(pause)

A Nun Takes the Veil Op. 13, No. 1  
The Secrets of the Old Op. 13, No. 2  
SAMUEL BARBER

Sure on this shining night Op. 13, No. 3

Dowsing

Rare Beauty  
Maple Syrup  
From Vermont  
Vignettes  
LOUIS CALABRO

Pace, pace, mio Dio  
from La Forza del Destino  
GIUSEPPE VERDI

Ebben? ne andrò lontana  
from La Wally  
ALFREDO CATALANI

Quando m'è n'vo soletta per la via  
from La Bohème  
GIACOMO PUCCINI
Peace, peace, mio Dio/ Peace, peace, dear Lord
from La Forza del Destino —— by Giuseppe Verdi

Pace. pace. mio Dio/
Peace. peace.
from La Bohème —— by Giacomo Puccini

Quando me'n vo soletta per la via/As I walk alone

As I walk alone
Through the streets,
The people stop to look
And inspect my beauty,
Examining me
From head to toe.

And then I savor the subtle
Longing in their eyes
That shows they understand
From my frank behavior
My charms that lie concealed.
This onrush of desire surrounds
And delights me. And you who know,
Who remember...you suffer.
How can you escape? I know
You won't admit it's killing you.

Well then, I shall go far away
from La Wally —— by Alfredo Catalani

Ebben? ne Andrô lontana/Well then, I shall go far away

Well then, I shall go far away
like the echo of the pious bell...
yonder, beneath the golden clouds...
There, where hope is sorrow and regret!
From the happy home of my mother
I, Wally, am going far away
and perhaps will never return and see it again.
But determined is my foot!
I must go...for the road is long.
Das Verlassene Mägdlein / Forsaken Servant Girl — Hugo Wolf
Morike Songs, No. 7

A cock-crow, early,
before the tiny stars are gone,
I must be at the hearth,
must light the fire.

Pretty the flames' glow
the sparks leap;
I stare into them,
lost in grief.

Suddenly it comes to me,
unfaithful boy,
that last night
I dreamt of you.

Tear upon tear
then falls;
so the day starts—
would it were gone again!

Die Nacht / Night — Richard Strauss

Night steps from the wood,
slips softly from the trees,
gazes about her in a wide arc,
now beware.

All this world's lights,
all flowers, all colours
she extinguishes,
and steals the sheaves
from the field.

Ständchen / Serenade — Richard Strauss

Open up, open up, but softly, my child,
so as to rouse no one from slumber.
The brook scarcely murmurs, the breeze scarcely stirs
a leaf on bush or hedge.
So softly, my girl, so nothing shall stir,
just lay your hand soft on the latch.

With tread as light as the tread of elves,
to hop your way over the flowers,
flt out into the moonlit night,
and steal to me in the garden.
By the rippling brook the flowers slumber,
fragrant in sleep; love alone is awake.

Sit—here the dark is full of mystery,
under the linden trees,
the nightingale at our heads shall
dream of our kisses,
and the rose, waking at morn,
glow deep from the raptures of this night.