

BENNINGTON COLLEGE MUSIC DIVISION

Presents

A GRADUATE CONCERT

By

MICHAEL DOWNS, Baritone

Wednesday  
November 16, 1988

8:15 p.m.  
Greenwall Music Workshop

PAROLES (1988)

Michael Downs

Song  
Alicante  
The Dance  
The Last Supper  
The Conductor  
The Broken Mirror

Gunnar Schombeck, clarinet  
Jacob Glick, viola  
Maxine Neuman, 'cello  
Peter Golub, percussion  
Allen Shawn, conductor

TWO SONGS op. 91 (1884)

Johannes Brahms

Gestille Sehnsucht  
Geistliches Wiegenlied

Jacob Glick, viola  
Marianne Finckel, piano

FOLKSONG ARRANGEMENTS (1943-1976)

Benjamin Britten

Lord! I married me a wife  
Bonny at morn  
The Salley Gardens  
The Miller of Dee  
The Ash Grove  
Oliver Cromwell

Peter Golub, piano

EPIGRAMMES DE CLEMENT MAROT (1898)

Maurice Ravel

D'Anne qui me jecta de la neige  
D'Anne jouant de l'espinnette

Elizabeth Wright, piano

FOUR DE LEON SONGS (1988)

Michael Downs

Robin Mackin, soprano  
Alice Wu, viola  
Jared Shapiro, 'cello

GYPSY SONGS (1880)

Antonin Dvořák

Elizabeth Wright, piano

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

TWO SONGS  
JOHANNES BRAHMS

I. Gestillte Sehnsucht - (Appeased Desire)

Steeped in the golden light of evening,  
How solemnly the forests stand!  
In the soft voices of birds breathes  
The gentle stirring of the evening wind.  
What whisper the wind and the birds?  
They whisper the world to sleep.  
Desires which always arise  
In the heart that is without peace or rest,  
Longings that trouble the soul,  
When will you rest, when will you cease?  
To the sounds of whispering wind and the birds,  
You longing desires, when will you be lulled to sleep?  
When no longer into golden distances  
My spirit hastens on wings of dreams,  
No longer on the eternal distant stars  
My eyes are fixed with a longing gaze;  
Then the winds, the birds shall lull  
My life and my longings.

Text by RÜCKERT

II. Geistliches Wiegenlied -- (Sacred Lullaby)

Joseph, my good Joseph,  
Help me to rock my darling child.  
God will be the one to reward you  
In the Heavenly Kingdom of the Virgin's Son.  
Maria, Maria,  
You who fly above these palm trees  
In the night and the wind,  
You holy angels, silence the treetops!  
My child is asleep.  
You palms of Bethlehem, in the raging wind,  
How can you rustle so angrily today,  
Do not sigh thus, be silent,  
Sway softly and gently.  
Silence the treetops! My child is asleep.  
The Child of Heaven suffers pain;  
He was so weary of the sorrows of the earth.  
Now gently soothed in sleep,  
The agony leaves him.  
Silence the treetops, my child is asleep.  
Bitter cold descends,  
With what can I cover my child's limbs!  
All you angels, who on wings  
Hover in the air,  
Silence the treetops, my child is asleep.

Text by LOPE de VEGA  
Adaptation by GEIBEL

MAURICE RAVEL

TO ANNE WHO PELTED ME WITH SNOW

Anne, in fun pelted me with snow  
Which I found cold for certain:  
But it was fire, I know it well  
For suddenly I was caressed  
So, as fire secretly dwells  
In the snow, where could I but find an abode  
And why should it not? Anne, your kindness  
Can extinguish the fire which consumes me  
Not with water, with snow or ice  
But with a fire, just like mine.

TO ANNE, PLAYING ON THE SPINET

When I see the brunette maiden so well fashioned  
Young of figure, shaped like the gods,  
And when her voice, her fingers and the spinet  
Make a sound sweet and melodious  
It is a joy for my ears and my eyes  
Except with the Saints in their immortal glory  
And even as they, I become transfigured  
When I think that she loves me a little.

Texts by CLEMENT MAROT

ANTONIN DVORAK

SEVEN GYPSY SONGS

1.

My song begins to sound, a psalm of love,  
As the day begins to sink.  
When the moss and the withered stalk  
Secretly drink pearls of dew.

My song begins to sound, full of wander-  
lust,  
In green forest halls,  
And on the wide meadows of the Pussta  
I let my happy song ring out.

My song begins to sound, full of love  
Even when storms on the heath are raging;  
When the brother's breast heaves  
To take the last breath of life.

2.

Ay! how wonderfully and beautifully  
My triangle rings!  
On hearing such sounds  
One can easily stride into death!

Into death one steps  
At the ringing of the triangle!  
Songs, dances, Love,  
Farewell to all that!

3.

All around the forest is so silent and  
still,

My heart beats so anxiously;  
The black smoke sinks deeper and deeper  
And dries my cheeks.

Ay, my tears do not dry,  
You have to look for other cheeks!  
Whoever can sing about the pain  
Won't curse death.

4.

When my old mother  
Was still teaching me to sing,  
Tears often hung in her lashes.

Now when I myself  
Teach the little ones to sing,  
Tears often trickle into my beard,  
Tears often trickle from my brown cheeks!

5.

Tune up the strings,  
Young lad, dance in the circle!  
Today is gay, today is gay, and tommorow?  
Dreary, dreary, dreary in the old way!

Next day on the Nile,  
At the Father's table  
Tune up, tune up the strings  
Dance, enter into the dance!

Tune up the strings!  
Young lad, dance in the circle!

6.

In the broad, wide,  
Airy linen garments  
The gypsy is freer  
Than in gold and silk!

Yai! the golden doublet  
Squeezes the breast so tightly,  
Restricts the free songs  
The happy, wandering sounds;

And he who finds joy  
In the sound of the songs,  
Lets gold and vileness  
Fall into Hell!

7.

When the falcon's flight  
Surrounds the heights of Tatra,  
Will he trade his nest in the rocks  
for a cage?

If the wild stallion  
Can run freely through the heath  
Then in bit and bridle  
He will find no joy.

Has nature, gypsy,  
Given anything to you?  
Yai! Out of freedom  
She created all of life!