

BENNINGTON COLLEGE MUSIC DIVISION

Presents

A STUDENT CONCERT

By

AUDREY BRAAM and SUSANNAH WATERS

Wednesday  
October 26, 1983

8:15 pm  
Greenwall Music Workshop

Prenderó quel brunettino  
from Cosi fan tutte, K. 88

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART  
(1756 - 1791)

Peter Calabro - piano

Winterweihe

RICHARD STRAUSS  
(1864 - 1949)

John Nisbet - piano

Feldeinsamkeit

JOHANNES BRAHMS  
(1833 - 1897)

John Nisbet - piano

El Desichado

CAMILLE SAINT-SAENS  
(1835 - 1921)

Peter Calabro - piano

Autumn Dusk  
Late October

LOUIS CALABRO  
(1926 - )

Faith Kaufmann - piano

Feldeinsamkeit

CHARLES IVES  
(1874 - 1954)

John Nisbet - piano

Die Zauberflöte, K. 620

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART  
(1756 - 1791)

Jill Beckwith - soprano  
Alejandro Sanchez-Navarro - piano

Prendero' quel brunettino

Dorabella: Give me then the gentle dark one, he's the one I like the best.

Isidora: Very well then with the fair one, I will gladly laugh and jest.

Dorabella: To his words of ardent passion, jokingly will I reply.

Isidora: Sigh and glance in his own fashion I'll return for glance and sigh.

Dorabella: He will say, "Behold my anguish!"

Isidora: He will say, "For thee I languish."

Dorabella: While beguiling, sighing, smiling

Isidora: Yes, beguiling, sighing, smiling

Dorabella and Isidora: With each other we will vie.

Winterweihe

Karl Henckell

In these wintry days, now that the day's light is veiled, let us bare our hearts and confess what inner light fills us, what gentle flame has been ignited that must burn on and on, what spiritual bridge our souls tenderly entwine; let this be our hushed password.

The wheel of time must roll on, we can hardly catch hold of it. On our island, lost to the glare of the world, let us dedicate day and night to blessed lore.

Feldeinsamkeit

Almers

I rest so still in meadows of green grass and look around and turn my glance toward heaven. There's humming in the air as crickets pass, the blues of heaven wondrously are woven.

The fleecy clouds now fly across the sky through deepest blue, like dreams in quiet places. It is as if long since I have been dead and walk amid those clouds eternal spaces.

El Desichado (The Unfortunate)

Jules Barbier

Not e'en a blossom I'd cherish  
Which on dead hopes tree would shoot  
Since God has willed it shall perish  
And never again bear fruits

Love that is called sweetest madness  
Ah! how I pity its sadness  
See all the lovers who pine  
Worshipping at some fair shrine

One thus his joy is betraying  
As doth the other his fears  
Night and day young hearts are swaying  
'Twi'xt long-drawn sighs and sad tears

Die Zauberflöte

Die, vicious snake, before our might!  
Rejoice!

The deed is done, and won the fight!  
We saved this youth from certain death!  
What beauty in his gentle face!  
I never saw such lovely grace!  
Yes, yes, indeed, for art to trace

If I should yield to love's sweet voice  
This youth indeed would be my choice  
But now I think we ought to hurry  
And tell the Queen this startling story  
Perhaps this dieser schöne Mann  
The peace she knew in days of yore

1st Lady -- You both go on your way  
And I would like to stay.

2nd Lady -- No, no, you go ahead  
And let me stay instead

3rd Lady -- No, that would never do  
I'll guard him for you

1st Lady -- I'll watch him here alone!

2nd Lady -- I'll want to stay with him!

3rd Lady -- I'll guard him quite alone!

1st Lady -- I'll watch him!

2nd Lady -- I'll stay here!

3rd Lady -- I'll guard him!

I am to go?

Well, well, how sly!  
Each one would stay with him alone  
No! It can't be done!  
With glowing love my heart is burning  
And stronger grows this ardent yearning  
O could I only call him mine.

But duty calls!  
We cannot stay!  
Together we must go away

Fair youth, in peaceful slumber dwell  
We leave you here and say farewell  
Until we meet again.