

B E N N I N G T O N C O L L E G E

presents

A SENIOR RECITAL

by

CATHERINE SATTERLEE, Mezzo-Soprano

Wednesday  
March 24, 1971

8:15 P.M.

Carriage Barn

Two Songs

Wolfgang Mozart

Die Zufriedenheit  
Komm, liebe Zither.

Jacob Glick, Mandolin

Trois Melodies

Manuel De Falla  
poems by Theophile Gautier

Les Colombes  
Chinoiserie  
Seguidille

Two Songs

Charles Ives

Two Little Flowers (and dedicated to them)  
Slugging a Vampire

Marianne Finckel, Piano

Suite

Catherine Satterlee

Cello, William Peck  
Clarinet, Nancy Deanin  
Flute, Susan Feiner  
Guitar, Clare Weinraub  
Piano, Amy Snyder  
Percussion, Andy Schloss  
Voice, Kim Wheeler

INTERMISSION

Es ist vollbracht  
from the St. John Passion

J. S. Bach

William Peck, Cello

Gypsy Songs

Antonin Dvorak  
poems by Adolf Heyduk

1. Mein Lied ertont
2. Ei, wie mein Triangel
3. Rings ist der Wald
4. Als die alte Mutter
5. Reingestimmt die Saiten
6. In dem weiten, breiten luf'tgen Leinenkleide
7. Horstet hoch der Habicht

Marianne Finckel, Piano

This concert is given by Catherine Satterlee in partial fulfillment of work required for the awarding of a Bachelor of Arts degree in Music.

NEXT FACULTY CONCERT

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 7, 1971

I 1. What would I want with gold and goods, when I am satisfied!  
God give me only healthy blood, so I have happy feelings  
And sing with thankful mind my morning and evening song.

So many swim in the overflow, have house and hearth and goods,  
And yet are always full of vexation and do not rejoice in the world.  
The more they have, the more they want--their complaint is never  
silent.

Then I praise God and laud God, and am full of high spirits  
And think: What a dear Gpd for he means good to Man!  
Thus will I ever be thankful and praise the goodness of God.

2. Come, dear zither, come, you friend of quiet love,  
You should also be my friend.  
Come, to you I entrust my most secret desire,  
Only to you do I trust my pain.

I tell you, in my place, I don't want to say yet  
How my whole heart belongs to you;  
I tell you, in my state, I don't want to complain to you  
How my heart is consumed by you.

## II Trois Melodies

### The Doves

1. On the hill, there, where the tombs are, a beautiful palmtree  
like a green plume raises its head where in the night the doves  
come to nestle and cover themselves.  
But in the morning they leave the branches like a necklace scattering;  
one sees them disperse into the blue air, all white --  
and rest further on some roof.  
My soul 'is the tree where every night, like them, white swarms  
of foolish visions fall from the skies, their wings fluttering,  
to fly away before the first rays.

### Chinoiserie

2. It is not you, no, madame, that I love, nor you either,  
Juliette, nor you Ophelina, nor Beatrice, not even Laura the blond  
with her large soft eyes.  
The one I love at present is in China. She lives with her old  
parents in a tower of fine porcelain, by a yellow river where there  
are corncrans.  
She has eyes turned up toward the temples,  
a small foot to hold in one's hand,  
skin more clear than the copper of lamps,  
nails long and reddened carmine.  
Through the trellis she puts her head  
that the swallow in flying may come and touch.  
And each night, as well as a poet  
She sings of the willow and the flower of sin.

### 3. Seguidille

A skirt pressed against thighs, a big comb in her chignon,  
nervous leg and cute little foot,  
eye of fire, skin pale and teeth white.  
Alza! Ola! Voila, the true manola.  
Bold gestures, free tongue, salt and pimento right in hand,  
complete neglect of tomorrow, fantastic love and wild charm.  
Alza! Ola! Voila, the true manola.  
To sing, to dance with castagnettes and, in the bullfight,  
to judge the hits of toreros -- all while smoking a cigarette;  
Alza! Ola! Voila, the true manola.

III It is fulfilled, o comfort for afflicted souls.  
This night of woe the final hour is passing slow before me.  
The hero of Juda triumphs with might and ends the strife.  
It is fulfilled.

### IV Gypsy Songs

1. My song of love rings through the dusk just as the day is fading  
And dewy pearls the withered grass into its hair is braiding.  
My song rings out with longing fraught as through the world I wander,  
But once I'm in my native plains, my song resounds, my song resounds.  
My song rings out in joy and love when storms the plains are whipping  
And from the grasp of want my friend to death's release is slipping!
2. Hey! Ring out, my triangle, sing your bell-like ringing;  
Like a gypsy singing when his death is nearing!  
When the triangle sounds, it accompanies him to death with dance  
and song for all time.  
Songs, dances, love, for all time, for all time.
3. All around about the woods are still, my heart alone is crying;  
The acrid smoke that haunts the vale my tears is swiftly drying.  
You need not do this wind, for me, I'll not succumb to sorrow!  
For he who grieving still can sing knows how to face the morrow.
4. When my mother taught me songs she cherished dearly,  
Bitter tears would glisten on her weary eyes.  
Now my eyes are weeping tears of bitter yearning  
When my gypsy children these old strains are learning.
5. Ring out you pure strings, boys dance in a circle,  
Leap with joy, leap while you may  
For the morning may bring sorrow.  
There will be no returning from the great hereafter,  
Take your bow, take your bow and fiddle.  
Join the dance, in the dance spring sprightly.  
Ring out, strings! Boys dance!