

BENNINGTON COLLEGE

presents

A SENIOR CONCERT

by

YASMIN AGA KHAN, Mezzo Soprano

Wednesday
April 18, 1973

8:15 P.M.

Carriage Barn

DAS ZITTERNDE GLANZEN
SUSSE STILLE, SANFTE QUELLE

HANDEL

Marianne Finckel, Harpsichord
Michael Finckel, Cello
Julie Copeland, Violin

ALLA CALABRIA, CON AMORE

LOUIS CALABRO

Louis Calabro, Bongo Drums

TRIO

YASMIN AGA KHAN

Sue Kahn, Flute
Gunnar Schonbeck, Oboe
Maurice Pachman, Bassoon

MORGEN

RICHARD STRAUSS

Marianne Finckel, Piano

INTERMISSION

GESTILLTE SEHNSUCHT
GEISTLICHES WIEGENLIED

BRAHMS

Jacob Glick, Viola
Peter Golub, Piano

PERCUSSION PIECE

YASMIN AGA KAHN

Lenny Sachs, Steel Drum
Michael Bushnell, Steel Drum
Cathy de Moll, Steel Drum
Andy Schloss, Timpani
David Moss, Timpani

AU BORD DE L'EAU

GABRIEL FAURE

Marianne Finckel, Piano

TRISTESSE

GABRIEL FAURE

Marianne Finckel, Piano

1. Das zitternde Glanzen

The shimmering sparkle of
dancing waters
makes silver the bank, brings
pearls to shore.
Rushing rivers, bubbling
springs
enrich, make fruitful, refresh the
land;
and a thousand delightful
cascades
give proof of our mighty Creator's
favor.

2. Susse Stille, sanfte Quelle (poems by Barthold Heinrich Brockes)

Sweet quiet, gentle source of
peaceful calm;
My soul, my very soul is made joyful
when I, here in this time
of toilsome vanity,
contemplate that peace
that awaits us for eternity.

3. RICHARD STRAUSS, MORGEN (Tomorrow) (poem by John Henry Mackay)

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...

4. GESTILLTE SEHNSUGHT, Op. 91, No. 1 (Longing at Rest)
(poem by Ruckert)

Dipped in golden evening glow,
How festive the woods are standing!
The evening breeze imparts soft longing
To the soft voices of birds.

Desires, which always bestir
The heart, without rest!
Longing, which moves the breast.
When do you rest, when do you sleep?
With the whispering of breezes, of birds,
When, you longing desires, do you finally rest?

Ah, when my spirit ceases to hasten
Into golden horizons on fleeting dreams,
When my longing gaze ceases to dwell
On ever-distant stars;
Then the breezes, the birds will whisper
My life and its yearning to sleep.

5.

BRAHMS

GEISTLICHES WIEGENLIED, Op. 91, No. 2 (Cradle Song of The Virgin)
(Text by Geibel, after Lope de Vega)

You who float
Around these palms
In night and wind,
You holy angels,
Hush the treetops!
My Child is aslumber.

You palms of Bethlehem
Raging in the wind,
How can you howl
So angrily this day!
O, do not rage!
Be quiet, bend
Gently and softly;
Hush the treetops,
My Child is sleeping.

The Son of Heaven
Suffers hardship;
Ah, how tired He was
From the world's sorrow.
Ah, while He sleeps now
The torment melts
Gently, is softened;
Hush the treetops,
My Child is sleeping.

Fierce cold
Roars downward;
How can I cover
My little Child's limbs!
O, all you angels
Who wander on wings
In this wind,
Hush the treetops,
My Child is sleeping.

GABRIEL FAURE

6. Au bord de l'eau (poem by Sully Prudhomme)

To sit together on the bank of the stream that passes,
To see it pass;
Together, when a cloud floats in space,
To see it float;
When a cottage chimney is smoking on the horizon,
To see it smoke'
If nearby a flower spreads its fragrance,
To absorb its scent;
To hear at the foot of the willow, where water murmurs,
The water murmurs,
Not to notice, while this dream lasts,
The passage of time,
But to feel deep passion
Only to adore each other;
Not to care at all about the world's quarrels,
To ignore them,
And alone, together, facing all that grows weary,
Not to grow weary;
To be in love while all passes away,
Never to change!

Faure

7. TRISTESSE (poem by Theophile Gautier)

April is back;
The first of the roses,
With its half-opened lips,
Smiles at the first beautiful day.
The happy earch
Opens up and brightens.
All is in love, all is rejoicing!!
Alas, I have in my heart
A frightful sadness!
The gay drinkers
With their cheerful songs
Celebrate under the trellis
The wine and beauty.
The joyous music,
And their resounding laughter,
Is dispersed in the air,
Alas! I have in my heart
A frightful sadness!
In simple white robes
The young girls
Disappear under the arbour
On the arms of their suitors,
The languishing moon
Enriches their kisses
Long held.
Alas! I have in my heart
a frightful sadness!
But I, I love nothing anymore.
Neither man nor woman,
Neither my body nor my soul,
Not even my old dog:
Go and tell them to dig
Under the pale green
A grave that will bear no name,
Alas! I have in my heart
A frightful sadness!