

BENNINGTON COLLEGE MUSIC DIVISION

Presents

A SENIOR CONCERT by Deborah Barney

Wednesday
April 5, 1978

8:15 p.m.
Carriage Barn

This concert is dedicated to my parents

What can we poor females do
I attempt from Love's sickness

Purcell
(1659-1695)

A Shepherd in a Shade
Say Love

Dowland
(1563-1626)

Paul Opel-guitar Richard Frisch-piano

Nell dolce dell' oblio

Haendel
(1685-1759)

Linda Bouchard-flute Marianne Finckel-harpsichord

Sapphische Ode
An Die Nachtigall
Der Gang Zum Liebchen

Brahms
(1833-1897)

Marianne Finckel-piano

Etude in E major

Chopin
(1810-1849)

Prelude from Suite Pour le Piano

Debussy
(1862-1918)

INTERMISSION

Roses for Two (or Beauty Peels Grapes)
(poem by A.R. Ammons)

Barney
(1956-)

1. I know you love me baby
for David
2. Baby
for the fall term of 1977
3. I can tell you what I think of your beauty
for Sharon
4. I'm tired of the you and me thing
for Laurie
5. You come in and I turn on
for Beaner

Catherine Marker, Michael Starobin-pianos
Rick Sacks-percussion Richard Frisch-baritone
Laurie Moss, Shari Sindel-lighting

Porgi, amor, qualche ristoro
Sull' aria
E Susanna non vien!...Dove sono i bei momenti

Mozart
(1756-1791)

Peggy Richardson-soprano Richard Frisch-piano

I would like to thank Laura Simon for the posters, Laurie Moss for special lighting effects, and all the other wonderful people who helped me put this concert together. You know who you are, and you know I appreciated your help!

To a very special friend who kept me off the walls and gave me lots of support in these last, nervous weeks, a very special thanks. She is my official "Concert Manager", reception organizer, dress designer and creator -- Sharon Elliott.

Lastly, I would like to thank my parents who have loved and persevered for many years, and who will love and persevere for many more to come.

(This concert is being presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Arts Degree.)

Texts and Translations

What can we poor females do (Purcell)

What can we poor females do,
When pressing, teasing, lovers sue?

Fate affords no other way,
But denying or complying,
What can we poor females do?

And resenting, or consenting
Does alike our hopes betray,
What can we poor females do?

I attempt from Love's sickness (Purcell)

I attempt from Love's sickness to fly in vain,
Since I am myself my own fever and pain.

No more now fond heart with pain no more swell
Thou canst not raise forces enough to rebel.

For Love has more power and less mercy than fate,
To make us seek ruin and on those that hate.

A Shepherd in a Shade (Dowland)

A shepherd in a shade, his plaining made,
Of love and lovers' wrong,
Unto the fairest lass that trod on grass,
And thus began his song.
Since love and fortune will, I honor still,
Your fair and lovely eye,
What conquest will it be, sweet nymph for thee,
If I for sorrow die?
Restore, restore my heart again,
Which love by thy sweet looks hath slain,
Lest that enforced by your disdain, I sing,
Fie fie on love, it is a foolish thing.

Say Love (Dowland)

Say Love if ever thou didst find,
A woman with a constant mind?
None but one.
And what should that rare mirror be,
Some Goddess or some Queen is she?
She, she, she, and only she,
She only Queen of love and beauty.

But could thy fiery poison'd dart
At no time touch her spotless heart,
Nor come near?
She is not subject to Love's bow
Her eye commands , her heart saith No,
No, no, no, and only no,
One No another still doth follow.

How might I that fair wonder know
That mocks desire with endless No?
See the moon
That ever in one change doth grow,
Yet still the same, and she is so,
So, so, so, and only so,
From heav'n her virtues she doth borrow,

To her then yield thy shafts and bow,
That can command affections so,
Love is free:
So are her thoughts that vanquish thee,
There is no Queen of love but she,
She, she, she, and only she,
She only Queen of love and beauty.

Nell dolce dell' oblio (Haendel)
(In the sweetness of forgetfulness)

This translation is the result of the successive efforts of
Vanessa Guerrini-Maraldi, Reinhard Mayer, and myself

In the sublime forgetfulness she also sleeps, my Phyllis.
The beloved one keeps a watch, thinks of me,
And in the quiet night, Love hovers over her
Disturbing her peace even in sleep.

She sees awakened in her dream the image of a distant loved one.
In her dreams she sees him bound up in chains.
She kisses his chains, the chains of her friend.

Loyally she thinks of her lover and she prays that he breathes
The golden rays of the sun in his dungeon;
This he longs to do.

Even if the illusion brings him joy-
Where even thoughts of love will not release him from that night-
Once our soul awakens to reality,
Then our hearts will become sensitive
And every illusion will give us pain.

Sappische Ode (Brahms)
Sapphic Ode in Rhyme (poem by Hans Schmidt)
translation by Philip L. Miller

Roses I gathered at night from the dark hedge
exhaled a sweeter fragrance than ever by day;
yet the stirring branches showered heavenly
moist dew upon me.

Nor has the fragrance of kisses ever so moved me
as when I gathered them from your lips at night;
yet on you too, your soul stirred like the branches,
dropped the dew of tears.

An die Nachtigall (Brahms)
To the Nightingale (poem by Ludwig Heinrich Christoph Holty)
translation by Philip L. Miller

Do not pour so loudly your amorous songs'
rich strains
down from the blooming bough of the apple tree,
o nightingale!
With your sweet throat
you reawaken my love;
for already the depths of my soul are stirred
by your melting cry.

Then again I would lie sleepless,
staring up
with tear-filled eyes, and pale as death, and haggard,
to heaven above.
Flee, nightingale, into the green shadows,
into the grove,
and in your nest spend your kisses on your faithful wife.
Flee, ah flee!

Der Gang Zum Liebchen (Brahms)
Going to my sweetheart (poem by Josef Wenzig)
translation by Philip L. Miller

The moon is shining down,
I should go again
to me sweetheart
to see how it is with her

Alas! she is despondent,
She complains and complains
that she will never
see me in her life.

The moon went down
I hurried more briskly,
And hurried so that no one
should steal my love away.

Coo, ye doves,
And whistle, ye breezes,
so that no one
may steal my love away.

From The Marriage of Figaro (Mozart)

In the first aria, "Porgi, amor, qualche ristoro", (which opens the second act of the opera) the Countess Almaviva laments the unfaithfulness of her husband. She begs for his affection to be returned to her, and if not, she'd rather die than live without it.

The Countess reminisces and despairs in the second aria, "Dove sono". She recalls the happier days and wonders if all the Count's promises of love were false. In the end she has hope for the future of her marriage and with the assistance of her maid, Susanna, she plots to uncover and confront the Count in his falseheartedness. The duet between Susanna and the Countess is actually the dictation of a letter addressed to the Count, and the finishing touch on her plan to expose her husband's adultrous intentions.