BENNINGTON COLLEGE MUSIC DIVISION

Presents

A SENIOR RECITAL

By

JILL BECKWITH

Wednesday
March 31, 1982

8:15 p.m.
Greenwall Music Workshop

Aus Liebe will mein Heiland Sterben
from St. Matthews Passion

J.S. BACH

Su Lian Ten, flute
Christine Watson, piano

Goldenhair
JILL BECKWITH

Michael Downs, voice
Bette Goldberg, flute

Su Lian Ten, flute

Goldenhair

Seeräuberin Jenny
KURT WEIL

Christine Watson, pianist

text by Bertold Brecht

Zwei Lieder nach Goethe

Christine Watson, pianist

My Man's Gone Now
from Porgy and Bess

GEORGE GERSCHWIN

Marianne Finckel, pianist

Wiesgenlied

JILL BECKWITH

text by Clemens Brentano

Beth Donaldson, cello

Macabre Reflections
A Cycle of Six Songs

LOUIS CALABRO

text by Howard Nemerov

Christine Watson, pianist
Cowboy Song

Hirt auf dem Felsen  

FRANZ SCHUBERT

Murray Bersky, clarinet
Christine Watson, pianist

Jolene  

DOLLY PARTON

Lori Goldston, cello
Philip Price, guitar
Jody Kruskal, guitar

Special Thanks to: Frank Baker and Michael Downs who have taught me all I know about singing.

There will be a reception after the concert in Greenwall. All are cordially invited.

This concert is being presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Arts Degree.
Aus Liebe - Out of love my savior wishes to die. He knows no sins. So that eternal damnation, my just punishment, does not remain with my soul, out of love will my savior die.

Goldenhair --
Lean out of the window, Goldenhair,
I heard you singing a merry air.
My book was closed,
I read no more,
Watching the fire dance on the floor.
I have left my books:
I have left my room:
For I heard you singing through the gloom,
Singing and singing a merry air.
Lean out of the window, Goldenhair.

Seerauberin Jenny --
My gentlemen today you see me washing dishes and I make the bed for everyone and you throw me a penny and I thank you quickly and you see me wretched in this wretched hotel and you don't know who I really am. But one night there'll be a scream in the alley... and the ship with 8 sails and 15 canons will wait at the Pier...

And there will come 100 men in the shadows to land and they'll grab someone out of every house and bring them to me and ask which one should we kill? "Everyone!" And the ship with 8 sails and with 15 canons will disappear with me.

Zwei Lieder nach Goethe --

You who are from heaven,
Who stills pain and suffering
Of he who is overwhelmed with griefs.
Oh I am tired of this toil,
What for all this pain and desire?
Sweet freedom come, oh come in my breast.

Over all the mountain is peace.
In all the tree tops you perceive scarcely a breath:
The birds are still in the forest:
Wait then, soon you too shall have rest.
My Man's Gone now, ain' no use a listenin' for his tired footsteps climbin' up the stairs.

Ole Man Sorrow's come to keep me company,
Whisperin' beside me when I say my prayers
Ain' that I mind workin', work an' me is travelers
Journeyin' together to the promise land.
But ole Man Sorrow's marchin' all the way with me
Tellin' me I'm ole now since I lose my man.
Ole Man Sorrow sittin' by the fireplace,
Lyin' all night long by me in the bed.
Tellin' me the same thing, mornin', noon an' evenin', that I'm all alone now, since my man is dead.

Wiegenlied --
Sing quietly, quietly, sing a whispered cradle song. Let the moon teach you, who so silently moves in the heavens. Sing a song so sweetly gentle as the ripples on the Kieseln, as the bees about the Linden tree hum, murmer, quietly quiet.

Macabre Reflections

The Ground Swayed
The ground swayed like a sea, uneasily,
Where the dead fought free of my preserved desires.
In one bed did god head and maiden head wrestle out of necessity.
I slept, but restlessly, lusting for what I dreamt I saw under the deserts of the law.

The Officer
The officer wore a thin smile over his dental plate.
The nurse had carrot hair, but I saw black at the roots.
The doctor's eye frightened me, and it was made of glass.
The priest had fair hair as he knelt.
I saw the seam and smelt the glue.
My death bugged from my eyes at recognizing theirs.

Each a rose
I did not want to suffer again or ever feel pain.
Last night I dreamed that I could see my sicknesses my sickesses gathered together, each a rose.
And I saw that all those roses were planted and grew again out of my pain.

No more than dust
Under the pie crust, Behind the attic door, inside the camera or the cathode tube, I must.
(inside the firgidaire, under the manhole cover where rump steak and lover run out of air)
It is there. I must.
(under the rug behind the arras, dug into the basement floor)
though there may be no more than dust, I must.
It is Forbidden

It is forbidden to go further.
Darkness stands in the wall
spattered with blood.
These are the gates of Hercules.
You shall not pass again those giant
not to the open Atlantic water, knees,
not to the blessed mount.
No son or daughter dares
stand with unbandaged eyes
before the bloodied black sea wall,
before the opening seas.

Cowboy Song

Cowboys they are ladies men alright,
They love 'em up and talk 'em up all night,
But they're lonely when there's nothin' else to do,
And that's what makes the cowboy sing the blues.

He does a little shakespeare and he sings,
He plays the mandolin and other things,
He looks for love, beauty, and I.Q.
And that's what makes the cowboy sing the blues.

Cowboys have to fall in love, get hurt and all that bit,
Let their hearts hang out so they can write you all a hit,
So ladies if they ask you don't refuse,
Let's all help the cowboys sing the blues.

Hirt auf dem Felsen

The shepherd boy stands on the highest rock and sings into the valley below and enjoys his echo. His sweetheart lives in the valley. He becomes lonely, the echo of his voice through the forest and the night is still and lonely until the heavens lift the weight of his sorrow from him. Spring is coming! Spring his delight! Now he gets ready to wander.
Jolene

Jolene, Jolene, Jolene, Jolene
I'm begging of you please don't take my man.
Jolene, Jolene, Jolene, Jolene
Please don't take him even.

Your beauty is beyond compare,
With flaming locks of auburn hair
With ivory skin and eyes of emerald green
Your smile is like a breath of spring
Your voice is soft as summer rain
And I can not compete with you Jolene.

He talks about you in his sleep,
And there's nothing I can do
to keep from crying, when he calls your name, Jolene.
And I can easily understand
How you could easily take my man,
But you don't know what he means to me, Jolene.

You could have your choice of men,
But I could never love again
He's the only one for me, Jolene
I had to have this talk with you
My happiness depends on you
And whatever you decide to do, Jolene.