

BENNINGTON COLLEGE

Presents

FACULTY CONCERT

Wednesday  
December 4, 1974

Carriage Barn  
8:15 p.m.

I. \*Sound-Scape for Three Players (1970)

LIONEL NOWAK

Joanna Jenner, Violin  
Louis Calabro, Percussion  
David Levine, Piano

II. Concerto for Piano Strings and Percussion (1972)

VIVIAN FINE

Vivian Fine

\*\*\*\*\*  
I N T E R M I S S I O N  
\*\*\*\*\*

III. Dichterliebe, Op. 48 (1840)

ROBERT SCHUMANN

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai  
Aus meinen Tränen spriessen  
Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne  
Wenn ich in deine Augen seh'  
Ich will meine Seele tauchen  
Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome  
Ich grolle nicht  
Und wüssten's die Blumen  
Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen  
Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen  
Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen  
Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen  
Ich hab' im Traum geweinet  
Allnächtlich im Traume  
Aus alten Märchen  
Die alten, bösen Lieder

Richard Frisch, Baritone  
David Levine, Piano

\*First Performance

DICHTERLIEBE  
(Poet's Love)

Robert Schumann, Op. 48. The poems which inspired this cycle are taken from Heine's Lyrisches Intermezzo (1822-1823), in which are found the texts of most of the well-known Heine songs. Of the sixty-five poems in the set, Schumann chose sixteen, and though they do not tell a definite story, for the most part he has kept them in Heine's order. Thus the first four poems of the Lyrisches Intermezzo are the first four of Dichterliebe, and number sixty-five in Heine is Schumann's number sixteen.

1

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,

In the lovely month of May,  
when all the buds were bursting,  
then within my heart  
love broke forth.

2

Aus meinen Tränen spriessen

From my tears spring up  
many blooming flowers,  
and my sighs become  
a chorus of nightingales.

And if you love me, child,  
I give you all the flowers,  
and before your window shall sound  
the song of the nightingale.

3

Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne,

The rose, the lily, the dove, the sun--  
I once loved them all with ecstatic love.  
I love them no more, I love only  
the little one, the dainty one, the pure one, the One.  
She alone, the well-spring of all love,  
is rose and lily and dove and sun.

Wenn ich in deine Augen seh'

When I look into your eyes  
 all my sorrow and pain disappear;  
 but when I kiss your mouth,  
 then I become wholly well.

When I lie upon your breast  
 a heavenly happiness comes over me;  
 but when you say: I love you!  
 then I must weep bitterly.

Ich will meine Seele tauchen

I will dip my soul  
 into the chalice of the lily;  
 the lily shall breath  
 a song about my beloved.

The songs shall quiver and palpitate  
 like the kiss of her mouth  
 that once she gave me  
 in a wonderfully sweet moment.

Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome

The Rhine, the beautiful river,  
 reflects in its waves,  
 with its great cathedral,  
 the great holy city of Cologne.

In the cathedral there hangs a painting  
 painted on gilded leather;  
 in the confusion of my life  
 it has shone kindly down upon me.

Flowers and cherubs float  
 about Our dear Lady.  
 Her eyes, her lips, her cheeks  
 are exactly like those of my love.

Ich grolle nicht,

I bear no grudge, even though my heart may break,  
 eternally lost love! I bear no grudge.  
 However you may shine in the splendor of your diamonds,  
 no ray of light falls in the darkness of your heart.

I have long known this, I saw you in a dream,  
 and saw the night within the void of your heart,  
 and saw the serpent that is eating your heart--  
 I saw, my love, how very miserable you are.

Und wüssten's die Blumen, die kleinen,

And if the flowers knew, the little ones,  
 how deeply my heart is wounded,  
 they would weep with me  
 to heal my affliction.

And if the nightingales knew  
 how sad and sick I am,  
 they would cheerfully sound forth  
 their comforting song.

And if my woes were known  
 to the golden stars,  
 they would come down from their heights  
 and speak consolation to me.

They cannot all understand it;  
 only one knows my suffering:  
 she herself, indeed, has broken,  
 broken my heart.

Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen

There is playing of flutes and fiddles,  
 trumpets blaring forth;  
 there in the wedding party,  
 my dearest love is dancing.

There is sounding and roaring  
 of drums and pipes;  
 and in the midst of it  
 the good angels sob and groan.

Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen

When I hear the song  
that once my sweetheart sang,  
my heart wants to burst  
from the stress of savage pain.

An oppressive longing drives me  
up to the wooded hilltop;  
there I find release in tears  
from my intolerable grief.

Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen

A boy loves a girl  
who has chosen another;  
the other loves still another  
and has married this one.

The girl weds out of spite  
the first, most eligible man  
who comes her way;  
the boy is miserable over it.

It is an old story,  
yet it remains ever new;  
and whoever experiences it,  
has his heart broken in two.

Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen

In the bright summer morning  
I walk about the garden.  
The flowers are whispering and talking,  
but I wander in silence.

The flowers are whispering and talking,  
and they look pityingly at me:  
"Don't be angry with our sister,  
you doleful, pale man."

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet

I cried in my dream:  
 I dreamed that you lay in your grave.  
 I woke up, and the tears  
 were still streaming down my cheeks.

I cried in my dream:  
 I dreamed that you had forsaken me.  
 I woke up, and I cried  
 still long and bitterly.

I cried in my dream:  
 I dreamed that you still loved me.  
 I woke up, and still  
 the flood of my tears is streaming.

Allnächtlich im Traume

Every night in my dreams I see you,  
 and see your friendly greeting;  
 and, loudly weeping, I throw myself  
 at your sweet feet.

You look at me sadly  
 and shake your little blond head;  
 from your eyes steal  
 teardrops like pearls.

You murmur intimately a quiet word to me,  
 and give me a spray of cypress.  
 I wake up and the spray is gone  
 and I have forgotten the word.

Aus alten Märchen

Out of the Old fairy tales  
a white hand beckons;  
there are singing and sounding  
from a magic country

where bright flowers bloom  
in the golden evening light,  
and in their lovely fragrance glow  
like the visage of a bride;

and green trees sing  
ancient melodies;  
the breezes sound peacefully,  
and the birds warble there;

and hazy images rise up  
from the earth  
and dance airy revels  
in a mystical chorus;

and blue sparks burn  
on every leaf and twig,  
and red lights rush about  
in confused, fantastic circles;

and noisy springs burst forth  
out of rough marble,  
and strangely in the streams  
the reflection shines forth.

Ah, could I go there,  
and there delight my heart,  
removed from all torment,  
and be free and blessed!

Ah, that land of rapture,  
I often see it in dreams,  
but when the morning sun rises  
it vanishes like spraying foam.

Die alten, bösen Lieder

The old evil songs,  
the wicked, depraved dreams,  
let us bury them now;  
fetch a large coffin.

Therein I will put a great deal,  
but I won't say yet of what;  
the coffin must be even larger  
than the Heidelberg Cask.

And fetch a bier  
of strong thick boards;  
they must also be even longer  
than the bridge at Mainz.

And fetch me, too, twelve giants;  
they must be even stronger  
than Saint Christopher  
in the cathedral at Cologne on the Rhine.

They shall bear the coffin out  
and sink it into the sea,  
for such a large coffin  
deserves a large grave.

Do you know why the coffin  
must be so large and heavy?  
I have also laid my love  
and my suffering in it.

Translations by  
Philip Miller