

BENNINGTON COLLEGE MUSIC DIVISION

PRESENTS

A VOCAL CONCERT

given by

Susan Margaret Schmid
Voice

Marianne Finckel
Piano

Sunday, May 23, 1993
2:30 p.m.
Jennings Music Building
Room 136

PROGRAM

- I. You Don't Have to Cry (tape) Crosby, Stills, Nash
- II. Caro mio ben Guiseppe Giordani
(1774-1798)
- III.
Un moto di gioja Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
Ridente la calma (1756-1791)
Non so piu cosa son
- IV. Selections from Liederkreis Robert Schumann
(1810 -1856)
In der Fremde
Intermezzo
Mondnacht
- V. Three Poems by Walt Whitman Ralph Vaughan Williams
(1872 - 1958)
1. Nocturne
2. A Clear Midnight
3. Joy, Shipmate, Joy!

Special thanks to Frank Baker, also to Jonathan Bepler. Thank you Marianne Finckel, Pamela Johnson, Steve Cox, Celia Twomey (Celia!), Joseph Bloom and everyone in the Friday voice class. And thank you to everyone who has shared in and helped me along the way on my long journey.

This Concert is being presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Arts Degree.

A Clear Midnight

This is thy hour O soul, thy free flight into the wordless,
Away from books, away from art, the day
erased, the lesson done.
Thee fully forth emerging, silent, gazing,
pondering the themes thou lovest best,
Night, sleep, death and the stars.

Joy, Shipmate, Joy!

Joy, shipmate, joy!
(Pleas'd to my soul at death I cry,)
Our life is closed, our life begins,
The long, long anchorage we leave.
The ship is clear at last, she leaps!
She swiftly courses from the shore,
Joy, shipmate, joy.

And my soul spread wide its wings,
wide its wings,
flew over the silent land,
as if it were flying home.

Beautiful Foreign Land

The tree -tops murmur and shiver,
as though at this hour
the half-sunken walls
were paced by gods of old.

Here, beyond the myrtles,
in secretly darkening splendour,
what do you murmur, as in a dream,
to me, fantastic night?

The stars all sparkle upon me
with glowing and loving gaze,
rapturous the distance speaks
as of great happiness to come.

Three Poems by Walt Whitman

Nocturne

Whispers of heavenly death murmur'd I hear,
Labial gossip of night, sibilant chorals,
Footsteps gently ascending, mystical breezes wafted soft and low,
Ripples of unseen rivers, tides of a current flowing, forever flowing,
(Or is it the plashing of tears? the measureless waters of human
tears?)

I see, just see skyward, great cloud-masses,
Mournfully slowly they roll, silently swelling and mixing,
With at times a half-dimm'd sadden'd far-off star,
Appearing and disappearing.

(Some parturition rather, some solemn immortal birth;
On the frontiers to eyes impenetrable,
Some soul is passing over.)

You Don't Have to Cry

taped performance, Greenwall Music Workshop December 1984

*This is a tape of me singing three months after my first voice lesson
with Frank Baker.*

Caro mio ben

My dear beloved, believe but this,
Without you, my heart languishes.
Your true love is forever sighing.
Cease, cruel one, such scorn!

Un moto di gioia

(sung by Susannah in The Marriage of Figaro)

I sense in my breast
A stirring of joy
Which heralds delights
In the midst of my fear!

Let us hope that trouble
Will turn into contentment,
For fate and love
Do not tyrannize forever.

Ridente la calma

Calm awakes, smiling, in my soul
And no trace of wrath or fear remains.
Meanwhile, beloved you come to tighten
Those sweet bonds so dear to my heart.

Non so più cosa son

(sung by Cherubino, a teenage boy, in The Marriage of Figaro. The part is usually played by a woman.)

I don't know anymore what I am,
what I'm doing,
now I am burning hot, now I am ice cold,
every woman makes me blush,
every woman makes me tremble.
At the mere words of love, of delight,
my heart is troubled, is upset,
and to speak of love
a desire forces me which I cannot explain.
I don't know anymore...
I speak of love when I am awake,
I speak of love when I am dreaming,
to the water, to the shade, to the mountains,
to the flowers, to the grass, to the springs,
to the echo, to the air, to the winds
which carry away with them
the sound of futile words.
I speak of love...
And when I have nobody who listens to me
I speak of love to myself!

Selections from Liederkreis

poems by Joseph von Eichendorff

In a Foreign Land

From my homeland beyond the
lightning red
the clouds come drifting in,
but father and mother are long since dead,
now no one remembers me there.

How soon, oh, how soon till that quiet
time
when I too shall rest, and above me
will rustle the lovely, lonely wood,
and no one will remember me here.

Intermezzo

Your blissful image
I have deep in my heart,
gazing so joyously
at me always.

My heart sings silently
a beautiful song,
that soars to the sky
and hastens to you.

Moonlit Night

It was as though the sky
had softly kissed the earth,
so that she, in a gleam of blossom,
had now to dream of him.

The breeze ran through the fields,
the ears of corn gently swayed,
the woods rustled faintly,
the night was so starry and clear.