

BENNINGTON COLLEGE MUSIC DIVISION

Presents

A SENIOR CONCERT

By

KERRY RYER
SOPRANO

WEDNESDAY, MAY 23, 1990

8:15 p.m.

GREENWALL MUSIC WORKSHOP

Vissi d'Arte
(I Lived For Art)

Giacomo Puccini

Tosca sings this aria as she is about to sacrifice her honor to save the life of her lover Cavaradossi.

I lived for Art; I lived for Love
Never did I harm any living creature.
With secret hand I consoled the miseries of many.
Always with sincere faith my prayers in the tabernacle
arose
Always with sincere faith I gave flowers for the altar
In the hour of sorrow, why, why Lord, do you reward me thus?

I gave jewels to the mantle of the Madonna
And I gave my singing to the stars
that they might smile more beautifully.
In the hour of sorrow, why, Lord,
Why do you reward me thus?

*** Program ***

Süsse Stille

G.F. HANDEL
(1685 - 1789)

Jacob Glick, viola
Marianne Finckel, harpsichord

Immer leise wird mein Schlummer

J. BRAHMS
(1833 - 1897)

Auf dem Wasser zu Singen
Nacht und Träume
Die Jünge Nonne

FRANZ SCHUBERT
(1797 - 1828)

Marianne Finckel, piano

The Statue at Czärske - Selo

CÉSAR CUI
(1853 - 1918)

Il pleure dans mon cœur
Mandoline

CLAUDE DEBUSSY
(1862 - 1918)

Marianne Finckel, piano

*** INTERMISSION ***

Recit Et Air De Lia
(Lia's Recitative and Aria)

Claude Debussy

Year after year passes in vain!
At each returning season
Their games and diversions sadden me against my will:
They reopen my wound and my sorrow deepens...
I seek the solitary shore...
Involuntary grief!
Idle exertions!
Lia ever laments the child she has no more!...
Azael! Azael! Why have you forsaken me?...
Your image has remained in my maternal heart.
Azael! Azael! Why have you forsaken me?...
How calm the evenings were
On the elm-studded plain,
When, burdened with the harvest,
The large red oxen were guided home.
When the toil was over,
Children, old people and servants,
Workers in the fields or shepherds,
Praised the blessed hand of the Lord;
And so the days followed each other,
And in the devout family,
The youth and the maiden
Exchanged vows of chaste love.
Others do not feel the weight of old age,—
Finding happiness in their children,
They watch the years pass by,
Without regret and without sadness...
How heavily time weighs on disconsolate hearts!
Azael! Why have you forsaken me?

Tu vois le feu du soir

(You see the fire of evening)

You see the fire of evening emerging from its shell
and you see the forest buried in its coolness

you see the bare plain at the edges of the struggling sky
the snow high as the sea
and the sea high in the azure

perfect stones and sweet woods veiled succours
you see cities tinged with gilded melancholy
pavements full of excuses
a square where solitude has its statue
smiling and love a single house

you see animals
malign doubles sacrificed one to another
immaculate brothers with intermingled shadows
in a wilderness of blood

you see a beautiful child when he plays when he laughs
he is smaller
than the little bird on the tip of the branches

you see a countryside with its savour of oil and of water
where the rock is excluded where the earth abandons
her greenness to the summer which covers her with fruit

women descending from their ancient mirror
bring you their youth and their faith in yours
and one of them veiled by her clarity who allures you
secretly makes you see the world without yourself.

Two Dances

for Cello and Piano (1989)

KERRY RYER

Maxine Neuman, 'cello
Allen Shawn, piano

A Spell to Destroy Life (1990)

KERRY RYER

Text: Cherokee Indian

Anne Riesenfeld, soprano
Jacob Glick, violin
Tom Calabro, 'cello
Louis Calabro, timpani, percussion
Marianne Finckel, piano
Allen Shawn, conductor

Sunrise

CHARLES IVES
(1874 - 1954)

Jacob Glick, violin
Marianne Finckel, piano

Peut-il se reposer?

Plume d'eau claire

Tu vois le feu du soir

FRANCIS POULENC
(1899 - 1963)

Marianne Finckel, piano

Lia's Recitative and Aria

CLAUDE DEBUSSY
(1862 - 1918)

Vissi d'Arte

GIACOMO PUCCINI
(1858 - 1924)

Marianne Finckel, piano

Alleluia from Exsultate Jubilate

W.A. MOZART
(1756- 1791)

Kate Brandt, Johanna Hulick, violins

Jacob Glick, viola

Tom Calabro 'cello

Xtopher Faris, bass

Paul Opel, harmonium

I would like to first thank Marianne Finckel for her untiring support and collaboration, and Frank Baker for four years of inspiration and guidance.

Thanks to Jack, Maxine, Allen, Anne, Tom, Lou, Kate, Johanna, Tom, Xtopher and Paul, the van der Lindes for the use of their harmonium; thanks to Holly Galbo for making the dress, Jim Fritzges for the poster photo, to Sue Jones, to Michael Downs, to the Music Division and all my teachers at Bennington; and to my family and friends in Bennington and elsewhere whose support and belief in me has made this concert possible.

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

Peut-il se reposer?
(Can he rest?)

Francis Poulenc

Can he rest this man who sleeps
he does not see the night does not see the invisible
he has thick coverings
and pillows of blood on pillows of mud

His head is under the roofs and his hands are closed
upon the tools of weariness
he sleeps to test his strength
the shame of being blind in so great a silence.

On the shores rejected by the sea
he does not see the silent postures
of the wind which causes a man to enter into his images
when he is appeased

A willing acceptance of sleep
from one end to the other of death.

Plume d'eau clair
(Jet of clear water)

Jet of clear water fragile rain
freshness veiled with caresses
with looks and with words
love that veils that which I love.