





BENNINGTON COLLEGE

presents

WENDY ERDMAN, Mezzo-Soprano

Wednesday, April 14, 1965

8:15 p.m.

Carriage Barn

- I. Kantate am Feste der Heiligen drei Könige: Georg Philip Telemann  
"Ihr Volker, Hort!"

Bambi Bernhard, flute; Julian DeGray, harpsichord;  
Christopher Finckel, cello

- II. Lieb' Liebchen, leg's Händchen, Opus 24, No. 4 Robert Schumann  
(H. Heine)

Schöne Wiege meiner Leiden, Opus 24, No. 5 Robert Schumann  
(H. Heine)

Erinnerung Gustav Mahler  
(R. Leander)

Hans und Grethe Gustav Mahler

Marianne Finckel, piano

- III. Five Songs for Mezzo-Soprano, Cello and Piano Lionel Nowak  
(from "The Scales of the Eyes" by H. Nemerov)

George Finckel, cello; Vivian Fine, piano

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

- IV. Fêtes Galantes II Claude Debussy  
(Verlaine)

Les Ingenus  
Le Faune  
Colloque Sentimental

Marianne Finckel, piano

- V. Elsas Traum from Lohengrin Richard Wagner

Marianne Finckel, piano

- VI. Fünf Orchesterlieder nach Ansichtskartentexten, Opus 4 Alban Berg  
(P. Altenberg)

Lionel Nowak and Henry Brant, pianos

This concert is given by Wendy Erdman in partial fulfillment of  
the requirements for the Bachelor of Arts Degree in Music.

I. Kantate am Feste der Heiligen drei Königen: "Ihr Völker, Hört!"  
Cantate on the Feast of the Three Holy Kings: "Listen, you people!"  
by Georg Philip Telemann

Recit.: Listen, you people, to the new word of God: Let there be light!

Aria: Lift up your souls in holy rapture, God's splendour shines over the world. There glows on high a star praised by all the morningstars and surrounded by light and redemption.

Recit.: The darkness and gloom disappear; God's countenance, master and creator of suns, becomes our sunlight. Radiating salvation and clemency, it permeates the rising and setting of the sun, and absorbs both noon and midnight. For just look around!

Aria: What is moving there? What murmurs around the sea? It is the mass of the people, the heathen might. They rejoice that they too may wander in this light, they who once consecrated wrongly to the legions of pagan gods. Now with gold and incense they worship the glitter radiating from Zion.  
All comes from Saba. Man regards and praises the light. The air is filled with sound.

Recit.: But what silence! Are the rejoicing and jubilation already over? So it is, as at first this light was met with exultation, now it receives little recognition. Instead of cries of joy hardly a murmur is heard. No, no! I do not want this ingratitude. I want to increase your praise, to be eternally grateful to you, oh Jacob's star. Your fire streams down on me; so should my passion radiate up to you.

Aria: Hallelujah! I offer sacrifice, oh star, to your rays which make me like the stars.  
My heart shall burn an eternal fire to your glory. Be highly lauded for the benediction which brought me out of fear and night into the light, the inheritance of the pious.

Translated by M. Tarnay

- II. Lieb' Liebchen, leg's Händchen by Robert Schumann  
Dear beloved, lay your hand (on my heart) poem by H. Heine

Inside my heart there lives a carpenter; he is building me a coffin.  
He hammers and pounds by day and by night; he will not leave me in  
peace. Ah, Mister Carpenter, hurry with your labors, so that I can  
go to sleep.

Schöne Wiege meiner Leiden by Robert Schumann  
Lovely Cradle of my Sorrow poem by H. Heine

Lovely cradle of my sorrow, lovely town, we must part. Here I first  
caught sight of the one I love, those footsteps still ring through  
your streets. I never sought love; I only wanted to live in peace;  
but you drove me forth with bitter words. Madness stirs in my soul,  
and my heart is sore and wounded. I will drag my feeble limbs far  
away, until I lay my weary head in some distant, cool grave. Farewell,  
farewell.

Erinnerung by Gustav Mahler  
Remembrance poem by R. Leander

My love wakens the songs ever anew; my songs waken my love over and over.  
My lips, which long for your kisses, must sing of you. And if my thoughts  
wish to dismiss love, my songs come to me with love's lament. Thus I am  
held in bondage forever between the two.

Hans und Grethe by Gustav Mahler  
Hans and Grethe

Ring-around-a-rosey. Let all merry souls join in, leaving their cares  
at home. Whoever kisses a sweetheart is happy.  
Oh, Hans, you must look for a sweetheart, high-ho! Ring-around-a-rosey.  
There stands Gretchen all alone, yet she is peeping over at Hanschen.  
May is so green, and the breezes blow. Stupid Hans, see him running to  
the dance, searching for a sweetheart, high-ho. He found her! High-ho:  
High-ho!

IV. Fêtes Galantes II

by Claude Debussy  
poems by Verlaine

Les Ingénus  
The Innocents

The high heels struggled with the long skirts, in such a way that, because of the rough ground and the wind, an occasional glimpse of leg could be seen, all too often intercepted!--and we loved this cat-and-mouse game.

At times, too, the sting of a jealous insect would trouble the necks of the beautiful women, under the branches, and there were sudden flashes of white napes, and this bounty overwhelmed our young infatuated eyes. Evening was falling, an equivocal autumn evening; the fair ones, hanging dreamily on our arms, then softly spoke words which were so specious that our souls ever since, have trembled and been amazed.

Le Faune  
The Faun

An old terra-cotta faun is laughing in the midst of the lawns, foretelling, no doubt, an unhappy sequel to these serene moments which have led me and led you, melancholy pilgrims, as far as this hour whose flight spins to the sound of the tambourines.

Colloque Sentimental  
Sentimental Dialogue

In the old park, deserted and frozen, two forms have just passed by. Their eyes are dead and their lips are feeble, and their words can scarcely be heard. In the old park, deserted and frozen, two ghosts have been evoking the past.

' Do you remember our old ecstasy?'

' Why do you want me to remember it?'

' Does your heart still beat at my very name? Do you still see my soul in your dreams?'

' No.'

' Oh, the wonderful days of unspeakable happiness when our mouths were joined!'

' It is possible.'

' How blue the sky was, and how great our hope!'

' Hope has fled, conquered, towards the black sky.'

So they walked on amid the wild oat-grass and only the night heard their words.

Translated by J. H. Brumfitt



V. Elsas Traum from Lohengrin  
Elsa's Dream

by Richard Wagner

Elsa, the daughter of the late Duke of Brabant, has been accused of murdering her mysteriously disappeared brother, in order that she may be the sole heir of her father's kingdom. Telramund, a noble of Brabant, wishing the sovereignty for himself, has summoned Elsa before the king to answer the charge of murder.

In this aria, Elsa tells the court that her prayers have been answered in a dream, in which a noble knight in shining armour (Lohengrin) came to her and offered her solace. She promises to give him all that she has--the crown of Brabant, her father's lands and possessions, and her hand in marriage--if he will appear to champion her cause.

VI. Funf Orchesterlieder nach Ansichtskartentexten  
Five Songs with Orchestra to Words Written on  
Picture-Postcards

by Alban Berg

poems by P. Altenberg

1. Soul, you are more beautiful, profounder, after snowstorms. - - -  
And you have them, child of nature, too. --  
And over both, there still lies a breath of melancholy gloom  
till the clouds blow away!
2. After the summer rain did you see the forest?  
All is glitter, quiet, and more beautiful than before.  
See, good woman, you too sometimes need summer rainstorms!
3. Over the brink of beyond musingly wandered your gaze;  
Never a care for house and hold!  
Living a dream of life-- suddenly, all is over. - - -  
Over the brink of beyond musingly wandered your gaze.
4. Nothing is come, nothing will, to still my soul's longing. --  
So long have I waited, have waited so long, ah, so long!  
The days will slip stealthily, and in vain flutters my ashenblonde  
silken hair round my pallid countenance!
5. Here is Lethe, here my tears flow, my heart weeps out its sadness!  
Here I give cry to my unfathomable, measureless sorrow that would  
consume my very soul . . .  
Behold, not a sign of mankind, not a soul around me:  
Here is Lethe! Here the snow drops softly into pools of water\_\_

Translated by A. Kitcin