

Music at Bennington Presents...

**"Love Songs"**

**by**

**Rebecca Zafonte, soprano**

Elizabeth Kim

Tom Farrell

Nathan Jew

piano

Saturday, May 8, 1999

8:00 pm

Deane Carriage Barn

*This concert is made possible in part through the generous support of Judith Rosenberg Hoffberger '54 and the Henry and Ruth Blaustein Rosenberg Foundation.*

## Ariettes Oubliées

Claude Debussy  
Text by Paul Verlaine

- I. C'est L'Extase
- II. Il Pleuré Dans Mon Coeur
- III. L'Ombre Des Arbres
- IV. Chevaux De Bois
- V. Green
- VI. Spleen

## Op.3

- I.
- II.
- III.
- IV.
- V.

## Leider

Franz Schubert

An Die Musik  
Ständchen  
Der König in Thule  
Gretchen's Bitte  
Gretchen Am Spinnrade

Text by Franz von Schober  
English Text by Henry G. Chapman  
Text by Goethe  
Text by Goethe  
Text by Goethe

Elizabeth Kim - piano

## Owl and the Pussycat

Igor Stravinsky  
Text by Edward Lear

Nathan Jew - piano

Brief Intermission

## Good Morning Heartache

words and music by  
D. Fischer, E. Drake & I. Higginbotham

## Like Someone In Love

Jimmy Van Heussen & Johnny Burke

## Lush Life

Billy Strayhorn  
(Happy 100th Birthday Mr. Ellington!)

## Fever

Eddie Cooley  
Tom Farrell - piano

## ARIETTES OUBLIÉES

### *C'EST L'EXTASE*

C'est l'extase langoureuse,  
C'est la fatigue amoureuse,  
C'est tu les frissons des bois  
Parmi l'étreinte des brises.  
C'est, vers les ramures grises,  
Le chœur des petites voix.  
O le frele frais murmure,  
Cela gazouille et susurre,  
Cela ressemble au cri doux  
Que l'herbe agitée expire  
Tu dirais, sous l'eau qui vire -  
Le roulis sourd des cailloux.  
Cette âme qui se lamente  
En cette plainte dormante,  
C'est la notre, n'est ce pas?  
La mienne, dis, et la tienne  
Dont s'exhale l'humble antienne.  
Par ce tiède soir, tout bas.

This is langorous ecstasy,  
This is sensual weariness,  
This is all the rustling forests  
In the embrace of the breezes.  
This is, through the gray boughs,  
The chorus of little voices.  
Oh, the faint cool murmur,  
It twitters and whispers,  
It resembles the gentle cry  
Which the ruffled grass exhales.  
You might call it, - under the water which eddies  
The muted rolling of pebbles!  
This soul which is lamenting  
In this subdued plaint,  
It is ours, is it not?  
Say that it is mine and yours  
Which breathes this humble hymn,  
So softly, on this mild evening.

### *IL PLEURE DANS MON COEUR*

Il pleure dans mon cœur  
Comme il pleut sur la ville.  
Quelle est cette langueur  
Qui pénètre mon cœur?  
O le bruit doux de la pluie,  
Par terre et sur les toits!  
Pour un cœur qui s'ennuie,  
O le bruit de la pluie!  
Il pleure sans raison  
Dans ce cœur qui s'écœure.  
Quoi! nulle trahison?  
Ce deuil est sans raison.  
C'est le bien la pire peine,  
De ne savoir pourquoi,  
Sans amour et sans haine,  
Mon cœur a tant de peine.

### *TEARS FALL IN MY HEART*

Tears fall in my heart  
Like the rain upon the city.  
What is this languor  
That penetrates my heart?  
Oh, gentle sound of the rain,  
On the ground and on the roofs!  
For a heart that is weary,  
Oh, the sound of the rain!  
Tears fall without reason  
In this heart that is losing heart.  
What! No betrayal?  
This mourning has no reason.  
This is truly the keenest pain,  
To know not why,  
Without either love or hate,  
My heart bears so much pain.

### *L'HOMBRE DES ARBRES*

L'homme des arbres  
dans la rivière embrumée  
Meurt comme de la fumée,  
Tandis qu'en l'air,  
parmi les ramures réelles,  
Se plaignent les tourterelles  
Combien o voyageur,  
ce paysage bleme  
Te mira bleme toi - même,  
Et que tristes pleuraient  
dans les hautes feuillées, -  
Tes espérances noyées.

### *THE SHADOWS OF THE TREES*

The reflection of the trees  
in the misty river  
Is vanishing like smoke,  
While, in the air,  
amidst the real branches,  
The turtle doves lament.  
How much, O traveler,  
this pallid landscape  
Mirrored your own pale self,  
And how sadly,  
in the high boughs, they wept, -  
Your drowned hopes!

## CHEVAUX DE BOIS

Tournez, tournez, bons chevaux de bois  
 Tournex cent tour, tournez mille tours.  
 Tournez souvent et tournez toujours  
 Tournez, tournez au son des hautbois  
 L'enfant tout rouge et la mère blanche  
 Le gars en noir et la fille en rose,  
 L'une à la chose et l'autre à la pose  
 Chacun se paie un sou de dimanche  
 Tournez, tournez chevaux de leur coeur,  
 Tandis qu'autour de tous vos tournois  
 Clignote l'oeil du filou sournois  
 Tournez au son du piston vainqueur  
 C'est étonnant comme ça vous soûle,  
 D'aller ainsi dans ce cirque bête  
 Rien dans le ventre et mal dans la tête  
 Du mal en masse, et du bien en foule  
 Tournez dadas, sans qu'il soit besoin  
 D'user jamais de nuls éperons  
 Pour commander à vos galops ronds.  
 Tournez, tournez, sans espoir de foin,  
 Et d'épêchez, chevaux de leur âme,  
 Déjà voici que sonne à la soupe  
 La nuit qui tombe et chasse la troupe  
 De gais buveurs, que leur soif affame  
 Tournez, tournez! Le ciel en velours  
 D'astres en or se vêt lentement,  
 L'Eglise tinte un glas tristement.  
 Tournez au son joyeux des tambours, tournez. Turn to the gay tune of the drums, keep turning.

## GREEN

Voici des fruits, des fleurs, des feuilles  
 et des branches,  
 Et puis voici mon coeur  
 qui ne bat que pour vous.  
 Ne la déchirez pas avec vos  
 deux mains blanches,  
 Et qu'à vos vœux si beaux l'humble  
 présent soit doux.  
 J'arrive tout couvert encore de rosée,  
 Que le vent du matin vient  
 glacer à mon front.  
 Souffrez que ma fatigue  
 à vos pieds reposée,  
 Rêve des chers instants  
 qui la délasseront.  
 Sur votre jeune sein,  
 laissez rouler ma tête,  
 Toute sonore encore  
 de vos derniers baisers;  
 Laissez-la s'apaiser  
 de la bonne tempête,  
 Et que je dorme un peu  
 puisque vous reposez.

## WOODEN HORSES

Turn around, keep turning, good wooden horses  
 Turn a hundred times, turn a thousand times.  
 Turn often and do not stop,  
 Turn round, turn to the tune of the oboes.  
 The child quite red and the mother white  
 The boy in black and the girl in rose,  
 Each one doing as he pleases,  
 Each one spending his Sunday penny.  
 Turn around, turn horses of their choice,  
 While at all your turning  
 The sly rogue casts a surreptitious glance.  
 Keep turning to the tune of the victorious trumpet!  
 It is astounding how it intoxicates you,  
 To move thus in this foolish circus  
 With empty stomachs and dizzy heads  
 Feeling altogether badly, yet happy in the crowd;  
 Turn, hobby horses without heeding  
 Ever the aid of spurs  
 To make you gallop on.  
 Turn round, turn, without any hope of hay,  
 And hurry, horses of their fancy,  
 Here, already the supper bell is sounded  
 By night, which falls and disperses the crowd  
 Of gay drinkers whose thirst has made them famished  
 Turn, turn around! The velvet sky  
 Arrays itself slowly with golden stars.  
 The church tolls a mournful knell.  
 Turn to the gay tune of the drums, keep turning.

## GREEN

Here are fruits, flowers, leaves  
 and branches,  
 And here, also, is my heart  
 which beats only for you.  
 Do not tear it apart with your  
 with your two white hands,  
 And may his humble offering  
 seem sweet to your so lovely eyes.  
 I come still covered with dew  
 Which the morning wind has turned  
 to frost on my brow.  
 Permit that my fatigue  
 reposing at your feet,  
 May dream of cherished moments  
 that will refresh it.  
 On your young bosom  
 let me cradle my head,  
 Still filled with music  
 from your last kisses;  
 Let it be soothed  
 after the good storm  
 And let me sleep a little,  
 while you rest.

## SPLEEN

Les roses étaient toutes rouges,  
 Et les lierres étaient tout noirs.  
 Chère, pour peu que tu te bouges,  
 Renaissent tous mes désespoirs.  
 Le ciel était trop bleu, trop tendre,  
 La mer trop verte et l'air trop doux;  
 Je crains toujours, ce qu'est d'attendre,  
 Quelque fuite atroce de vous!  
 Du houx à la feuille vernie,  
 Et du luisant buis je suis las,  
 Et de la campagne infinie,  
 Et de tout, fors de vous.  
 Hélas!

### Op. 3

by Anton Webern

I

Dies ist ein Lied für dich allein:  
 von kindischem Wähnen,  
 von frommen Tränen...  
 Durch Morgengärten klingt es  
 ein leicht - beschwingtes.  
 Nur dir allein  
 möcht es ein Lied das rühre sein.

This is a song for you alone:  
 of childish longing,  
 of pious tears...  
 Through morning gardens it sings,  
 lightly winged.  
 This song is meant  
 to move but you alone.

II

Im Windesweben  
 war meine Frage  
 nur Träumerei.  
 Nur Lächeln war  
 was du gegeben  
 Aus nasser Nacht  
 ein Glanz entfacht  
 Nun drängt der Mai,  
 nun muss ich gar  
 um dein Aug' und Haar  
 alle Tage in Sehnen leben.

In the wind's murmur  
 my quest  
 was a mere dream.  
 A smile was all  
 that you had given  
 Out of the wet night  
 a radiance sparked -  
 Now May lends urge,  
 now I must live all day  
 in longing  
 for your eyes and hair.

### III

An Bachesranft  
die einzigen Frühen  
die Hasel blühen.  
Ein Vogel pfeift  
in kühler au.  
Ein Leuchtan streift  
erwärmt uns sanft  
und zuckt und bleicht-  
Das feld ist brach,  
der Baum noch grau...  
Blumen streut vielleicht  
der Lenz uns nach.

Beside the stream  
the earliest to bloom  
are the hazels.  
A bird whistles  
in the cool meadow.  
A glow touches,  
warms us, softly,  
trembles and fades.  
The field is fallow,  
the tree still grey...  
perhaps Spring will shower  
us with blossoms.

### IV

Im Morgentaun  
trittst du hervor  
den Kirschenflor  
mit mir zu schaun,  
Duft einzuziehn  
des Rasenbeetes.  
Fern fliegt der Staub  
Durch die Natur  
noch nichts gediehn  
von Frucht und Laub -  
Rings Blüte nur...  
Von Süden weht es.

In the morning dew  
You came  
To me to see  
The cherry tree in bud,  
Drink the scent  
Of grass.  
Dust swirls far...  
Nature  
Hasn't yet brought forth  
Leaf or fruit -  
Only blossoms about...  
The south wind blows

### V

Kahl reckt der Baum  
Im Winterdunst  
sein frierend Leben.  
Lass deinen Traum.  
auf stiller Reise  
vor ihm sich heben!  
Er dehnt die Arme -  
Bedenk ihn oft mit dieser Gunst,  
dass er im Harme  
dass er im Eise  
noch Fröling hofft!

The bare tree strains  
its freezing life  
in winter's mist.  
Let your dream arise  
in calm uplifting  
at sight of it.  
It stretches forth its arms -  
Think often of it with grace.  
That in pain,  
that in ice  
it still hopes for Spring.

### An Die Musik

text by Franz von Schober

O lovely art, when days were long and dreary  
When all around me life was going wrong,  
Some long forgotten melody, returning,  
Has stirred my heart and tuned my voice in song,  
Has stirred my heart and voice in song.

A gentle sigh of unexpected music  
Can fill me with a sense of gratitude.  
O lovely art, you fill my soul with beauty  
And send me out to live my life renewed,  
And send me out to life renewed.

### Ständchen

text by Henry G. Chapman

Softly goes my song's entreaty  
'Thro' night to thee,  
In the silent wood I wait thee,  
Come, my love, to me.  
Treetops slender sough and whisper  
In the moonlight here, in the moonlight here,  
No unfriendly ear shall listen,  
Darling have no fear, darling have no fear.

Hark! the nightingales are singing,  
Ah, they plead with thee!  
With their notes so sweet, so ringing,  
They would plead for me.  
Well they know a lover's longing,  
Know the pain of love, know the pain of love,  
With their silvertone voices  
Tender hearts they move, tender hearts they move.  
Ah, let thine, as well, grow tender,  
Sweetheart, why so coy?  
Anxious, fever'd, I await thee,  
Come and bring me joy, come and bring me joy, and bring me joy!

**FAUST by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe**  
translated by George Madison Priest

**The King of Thule**  
**Der König in Thule**

There was in Thule olden  
A king true till the grave,  
To whom a beaker golden  
His dying misetrss gave.  
Naught prized him more, this lover,  
He drained it at each bout;  
His eyes with tears brimmed over,  
As oft he drank it out.  
And when he came to dying,  
His towns and his lands he told,  
Naught else his heir denying  
Except the beaker of gold.  
Around him night and vassal,  
At a royal feast sat he  
In his father's lofty castle,  
The castle by the sea.  
There the old pleasure - seeker  
Drank, standing, life's last glow,  
Then hurled the sacred beaker  
Into the waves below.  
He saw it plunging, drinking,  
And sinking in the sea,  
And so his eyes were sinking  
Never one drop more drank he.

**Gretchen's Prayer**  
**Gretchen's Bitte**

Oh, bend Thou,  
Mother of Sorrows; send Thou  
A look of pity on my pain.  
  
Thine heart's blood welling  
With pangs past telling,  
Thou gazest where Thy Son hangs slain.  
  
Thou, heavenward gazing,  
Art deep sighs raising  
On high for His and for Thy pain.  
  
Who feeleth  
Who reeleth  
This pain in every bone?  
All that makes my poor heart shiver,  
Why it yearneth and doth quiver,  
Thou dost know and Thou alone!  
  
Whereever I am going,  
How woe, woe, woe is growing,  
Ah, how my bosom aches!  
When lonely watch I am keeping,  
I'm weeping, weeping, weeping,  
My heart within me breaks.

*Gretchen at her Spinning Wheel*  
*Gretchen Am Spinnrade*

My peace is gone,  
-My heart is sore-  
I'll find it, ah, never,  
No, nevermore!  
When he is not near,  
My grave is here;  
My world is all  
Turned into gall.  
My poor, poor head.  
Is all a - craze,  
And my poor wits  
All in a maze.  
My peace is gone,  
-My heart is sore-  
I'll find it, ah, never,  
No, nevermore!  
To see him only  
At the window I stay,  
To meet him only  
From home I stray.  
His noble form,  
His bearing so high,  
And his lips so smiling,  
And the power of his eye,  
His flowing speech's  
Magic bliss,  
His hands fond clasp,  
And, ah, his kiss!  
My peace is gone,  
-My heart is sore-  
I'll find it, ah, never,  
No, nevermore!  
My bosom yearns  
Toward him to go.  
Ah! might I clasp him  
And hold him so,  
And kiss his lips  
As fain would I,  
Upon his kisses  
To swoon and die!

THANK YOU'S

My love and gratitude is extended to :

Ida Faiella, Tom Bogdan, and Allen Shawn for sharing with me what they know and nurturing my growth as a musician and as a lover of music. Noëlle Rouxel for exploring the Verlaine poems with me and offering such wonderful insights . Nathan Jew, Tom Farrell, and Bruce Williamson for their time and pianistic skill. Nick Lasoff for help with the German pronunciation. Sue Jones for the programs and assistance with the myriad of behind-the-scenes details. Charity Dove for volunteering to be house manager. Irina Petrova for the lovely posters and invitations. Stephen Siegel for his listening ear.

My dear friends and family, who are a source of immense joy, support, and laughter, and of whom, some have traveled over ten hours to be here tonight : Kathrina-sister, Jenn, Erin, Kathy, Adrienne, (Tam, Amy, Nan and Jessica B.[here in spirit]) Erica, Anne, Absolom Smitty Dow, The New Jersey Clan, Cari, Vrindy, Emily, Fonta, Dan, Ben, and Sara L. You are all treasures to me.

Elizabeth Kim, who is one of the finest, most sensitive, generous, and humble musicians with whom I have ever had the pleasure of working. Elizabeth, you have taught me so much these past years. You are amazing, and Bennington is incredibly lucky to have you. I will miss you dearly.

Mom and Dad. What words can possibly describe my love and appreciation for you? Thank you for surrounding me with music when I was growing up, thank you for your unwavering support for all my endeavors, thank you for the sacrifices you have made so that I could be here, thank you for your humor, and for the 10,000 other things you have done for me. But thank you most of all for your love. I couldn't have done this without you.