

BENNINGTON COLLEGE MUSIC DIVISION

Presents

A SENIOR CONCERT

By

ROBIN HACKLEY, SOPRANO

Sunday  
May 20, 1984

2:00 p.m.  
Greenwall Music Workshop

Ich folge dir gleichfalls mit  
freudigen Schritten

J.S. Bach

Marie Labbé, flute  
Antony Widoff, piano

Intermezzo, Op. 118 No. 2

Johannes Brahms

Robin Hackley, piano

Die Nonne und der Ritter

Johannes Brahms  
(text by Eichendorff)

Der Jäger und sein Liebchen

Johannes Brahms  
(text by Fallersleben)

Michael Downs, baritone  
Marianne Finckel, piano

INTERMISSION

O Mio Babinno Caro  
Vissi d'Arte

Giocomo Puccini  
Giocomo Puccini

Marianne Finckel, piano

Seeräuber Jenny  
Alabama Song

Kurt Weill  
(text by Brecht)

Charlotte Gould, piano

Duet (from La Traviata)

Giuseppe Verdi

Michael Downs, baritone  
Marianne Finckel, piano

This concert is being presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements  
for the Bachelor of Arts degree.



Ich folge dir...

I will follow you in the same way, with joyous strides  
And never leave you, my life, my light  
Furthering your path and never cease  
to extend myself, to push, to implore.

Die Nonne und der Ritter (the Nun and the Knight)

Nun: As the world goes to sleep  
My desire awakes with the stars  
I lie and wait in the cold  
How the waves thunder below.

Knight: The waves carry me away,  
that beat so sadly against the land  
Under the lattice of your window  
Maiden, do you recognize your knight?

Nun: It is as if curious voices  
Are swimming through the impatient air  
Once again, the wind takes it --  
O -- my heart is so uneasy.

Knight: There lies your castle in ruins  
Plaintive in the wasted halls  
The forest greets me out of the earth,  
As if I were to die.

Nun: Ancient tones stalk  
Like those of times lost long ago  
Wanting melancholy to shrine upon me again  
And I want to cry out from my heart.

Knight: Over the forest, lightning strikes from afar  
Where they struggle over the grave of Christ  
I want to turn my ship that way  
And end it all there.

Nun: There goes a ship, a man stood inside  
False night entangles the senses  
Adieu world! God has proved true  
Though led astray traveling in the darkness.



Der Jager und sein Liebchen (The Hunter and His Love)

Jager: Isn't the sky so blue?  
Stand at the window and look!  
Early in the night, late in the night  
I'll come home from the hunt!

Frau: I had thought otherwise,  
I want to dance the night away!  
Stay by the door, late by the door.  
Will you not dance with me?  
Is the sky always so blue,  
No, I will never stand and look  
If in the night, late in the night  
You'll return home from the hunt.

Jager: Maiden, the sky is blue  
Stay by the window and look,  
Until the night, late in the night,  
When I return home from the hunt.

O Mio Babinno Caro (O My Beloved Father)

Oh my beloved father,  
I love him, I love him.  
I'm going to Porta Rossa  
To buy our wedding ring!  
Oh yes, I really love him.  
And if you still say no,  
I'll go to Ponte Vecchio,  
And throw myself below  
I languish and I suffer;  
Alas I want to die.  
Father, I pray.

Vissi d'Arte

Love and music, these have I lived for  
Nor ever have harmed a living being!  
The poor and distressful times without number  
by stealth I have aided...  
Ever a fervent believer,  
My humble prayers have been offer'd up sincerely to the saints;  
Ever a fervent believer,  
On the alter flow'rs I've laid  
In this my hour of sorrow and bitter tribulation.  
Oh Heav'nly Father, why dost Thou forsake me?  
Jewels I gave to deck Our Lady's mantle;  
I gave my songs to the starry host  
In tribute to their brightness  
In this my hour of grief and bitter tribulation,  
Why, oh why, Heav'nly Father hast thou forsaken me?



### Seerauber Jenny (Pirate Jenny)

My men today you see  
With your glasses to wash  
And I make each one of your beds  
And you give me a penny  
And quickly I thank you.  
And you see my rags in this trashy hotel  
And you don't even know who you're talking to.

But one night there will be a scream on the pier,  
And one asks, "Why is someone screaming?"  
For a ship with eight sails and fifty canons  
Will be sitting at the docks.

One says, "Go wash your glasses, my child"  
And you'll throw me the penny  
And I'll take the penny and your bed will be made  
And no one will live there in this night  
And you still don't know who I am.

But one night there will be turmoil on the pier  
And one asks, "What's all the commotion?"  
And a ship with eight sails and fifty canons  
Will bombard the city.

And one hundred days on land will come  
And will step in the shadows  
And lay is chains, and brought forth to me  
And you'll ask, "Who shall we kill"  
But on this afternoon it will be still on the dock  
When you ask, "Who would like to die?"  
And that ship with eight sails and fifty canons,  
Will disappear with me.

### Alabama Song

Oh, show me the way to the next whiskey bar  
Oh, don't ask why -- oh, don't ask why  
For we must find the next whiskey bar  
For if we don't find the next whiskey bar  
I tell you we must die!

Oh! Moon of Alabama,  
We now must say good-bye,  
We've lost our good old mama  
And must have whiskey  
Oh, you know why...

Oh, show me the way to the next little dollar  
Oh, don't ask why -- oh, don't ask why.  
For we must find the next little dollar  
For if we don't find the next little dollar  
I tell you we must die!



Duet (from La Traviata)

Translation by W. Weaver

Germont: One day, when time has put  
Carnal desire to flight,  
Boredom will follow quickly...  
Then what will happen?  
You won't have the solace  
Of tenderer affections!  
Since these bonds were not...  
Blessed by heaven...  
Then let this seductive dream  
Be dispelled...  
Be consoling of my family,  
Think, you are still in time...  
Ah, young lady, it is God  
Who inspires a father's words.

Violetta: So, for the wretched girl,  
Who one day fell,  
Any hope of rising again is silent!  
Even if God is kind and indulgent to her,  
Mankind will always be implacable.  
Tell the young girl, so beautiful and pure,  
That there is a victim of misfortune  
Who has a single ray of happiness...  
Which she sacrifices to her  
And who will die.

Germont: Weep unhappy girl,  
I am asking, I see,  
The supreme sacrifice of you how...  
Already in my spirit I feel your sufferings  
Courage, your noble heart.  
Will win out!