

10. Ruhe, Meine, Seele – Rest my soul Richard Strauss
Not a breeze is stirring,
Softly slumbering lies the grove;
Through the dark cover of foliage
Steal the bright sunbeams,
Rest, rest, my soul,
Your turmoil has been furious,
You have raged and trembled,
Like the surf when it swells!
These times are turbulent
They cause distress to heart and mind.
Rest, rest, my soul,
And forget what threatens you!

Thank you:

Ida, Sue Jones, Rebecca Zafonte, Shannon, Yoshiko, Megan, Melody,
Jeremy Jessie, Rob, Nick, Charlie, Emily and Family.

Upcoming Concerts.....

Monday, April 23, 2001 Matt Hutchinson – Solo Piano Concert
8:30 p.m. – Deane Carriage Barn

Wednesday, April 25, 2001 –Stravinsky Concert –
With John Van Buskirk, Marianne Finckel, Diane Pascal, Bruce
Williamson, Alison Hale, Jason Sabol, Chris Molina, Janna Atcheson,
Eunshin Lee, Katrina Monta, Yoshiko Sato, Michael Close, Charity
Dove, Rebecca Zafonte, Cori Tolda, and Devin Arrington
--8:00 p.m. – Deane Carriage Barn

Saturday, April 28, 2001 – Shannon West Junior Concert
With: Sharp-Shootin' Yoshiko Sato, piano –
Trail-Ridin' Tommy Farrell, piano – Horseshoe Hans Buetow, bass
8:00 p.m. SHARP!– 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.*

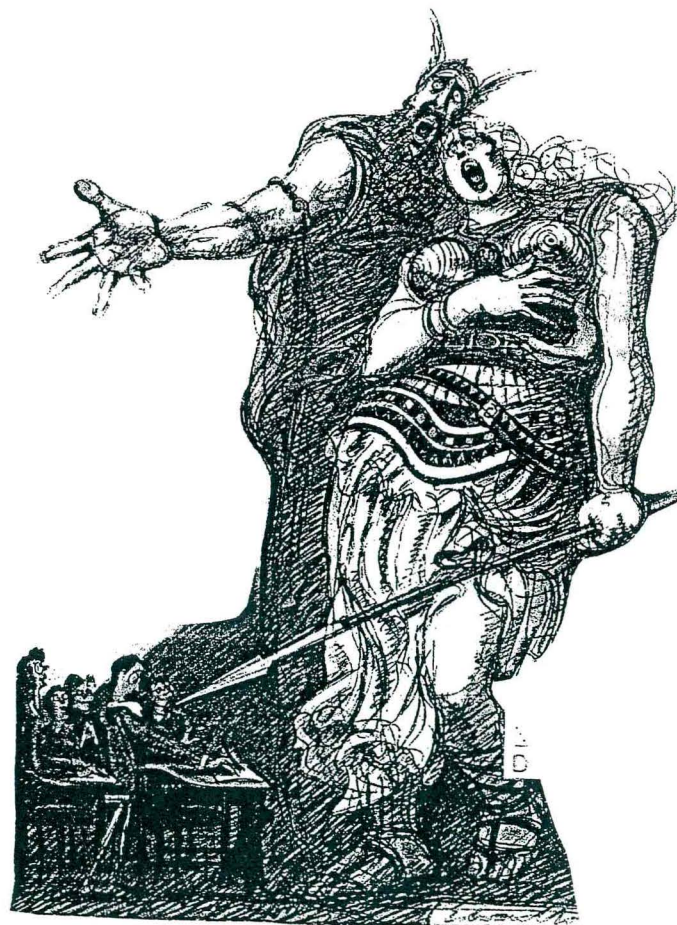
Music At Bennington Presents.....

SONGS AND ARIAS:

A SOPHOMORE CONCERT

BRIGID NEEHAN, SOPRANO

YOSHIKO SATO, PIANO



APRIL 21ST 8:00PM IN THE CARRIAGE BARN

Program

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| 1. | Dich, Theure Halle! | Richard Wagner |
| | from <i>Tannhäuser</i> | (1813–1883) |

Elisabeth enters the Hall of worriers, which is forbidden to her and sings a joyous song in admiration of it.

2. Adieu, Forêts. Peter Tchaikovsky
from *Jeanne d'Arc* (1840-1893)

Joan of Arc makes the painful discussion to leave her home and go off to battle as leader of the French army, a task that has been assigned to her by God.

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| 3. | We cannot retrace our Steps
from <i>Mother of Us All</i> | Virgil Thomson
(b. 1896 -1989) |
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Susan B. Anthony gives a speech at the dedication of her statue in remembrance of the fight for women's suffrage.

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| 4. | Un Bel Di Verremo | Giacomo Puccini |
| | from <i>Madam Butterfly</i> | (1858 - 1924) |

Butterfly scolds Suzuki for doubting that Pinkerton will return and tells her about the events that will transpire when he does return.

5. The Flower duet Giacomo Puccini
 from *Madam Butterfly*
 with Shannon West

Butterfly and Suzuki fill the house with flowers to celebrate Pinkerton's return.

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| 6. | Ritorna Vincitor! | Giuseppe Verdi |
| | from <i>Aida</i> | (1813 - 1901) |

Aida struggles with the fact that she is in love with Prince Radames, a man who is at war with her father.

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| 7. | Traume - Dreams | Richard Wagner |
| | from Wasendonk-Lieder | (1813-1883) |

Dreams of mystical enchantment hold my spirit fast in bondage,
Dreams that from the void emerging sink no more into the twilight;
Visions,
That with ev'ry hour to greater wonder grow and ever with heav'nly magic
Draw the soul to higher ecstasy.
Visions,
That in radiant beams upon the heart descending paint thereon a fair eternal
image,
Never fading, still remembered.
Visions,
More lasting than those crimson roses that the sun calls with fervent kisses
From the darkness into glorious morning, where they blossom,
Where they brighten, gleam, then gathered in their pride,
Glow an hour upon thy bosom, and then faded fall to dust.

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| 8. | Zueignung-Devotion | Richard Strauss |
| | Ah, you know it, dear soul. | (1864-1949) |

Ah, you know it, dear soul,
That, far from you, I languish,
Love causes hearts to ache—
To you my thanks!
Once, drinking to freedom,
I raised the amethyst cup,
And you blessed the drink,—
To you my thanks!
You exorcised the evil spirits in it,
So that I, as never before,
Cleansed and freed, sank upon your breast,
To you my thanks

- 9 Morgan! – Tomorrow Richard Strauss

And tomorrow the sun will shine again,
And on the path that I will follow,
It shall again unite us, happy ones,
Upon this sun-breathing earth ...
And to the wide shore, with its blue waves,
We will quietly and slowly descent,
Speechless, we shall look into each other's eyes,
And upon us will descend the muted silence of happiness ...