

Music at Bennington Presents:

# Looking for Joy

A Senior Concert  
Bronwyn Davies-Mason  
Yoshiko Sato on piano

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

May 3rd, 2002  
The Deane Carriage Barn

## Program

### Part 1:

An Silvia	Franz Schubert Text by William Shakespeare
Giunse alfin il momento (recit) Deh vieni non tardar(aria)	W. A. Mozart Text by Lorenzi DaPonte ( The Marriage of Figaro)
Not a Day Goes By	Stephen Sondheim (Merrily We Roll Along)
Gretchen am Spinnrade	Franz Schubert Text by Goethe
Strange Hurt Prayer	Ricky Ian Gordon Text by Langston Hughes
Beau Soir	Claude Debussy Text by Paul Bourget
Wandrers Nachtlied	Franz Schubert Text by Goethe
Joy	Ricky Ian Gordon Text by Langston Hughes

## ~Intermission~

### Part 2:

Sonatine in D Major For Violin and Piano, Op. 137, No. 1	Franz Schubert
1. Allegro Molto 2. Andante 3. Allegro Vivace	
The Girl With the Flaxen Hair	Claude Debussy
Roumanian Dances	Béla Bartók

### 😊 Thank You 😊

To Tom and Diane for your amazing guidance, support, and musical insights.  
To Yoshiko for playing with me, and for helping me understand the music .  
To Karen Kelley for the photography.  
To Natasha for designing the poster.  
To Amber for designing the program.  
To Sarah Courtney for the beautiful dress.  
To Katrina for the lighting.  
To Sue Jones for helping to make all this possible.  
To all the friends and mentors, near and far, who have taught me and helped me to grow.  
To my family for your love and support.  
To God, for the many blessings You've poured into my life.

## Ganymed

How, in morning- splendor, you  
Glow around me, spring, beloved!

You draw to my heart, with  
A thousand joys of love,  
Your eternal warmth, holy feeling

And unendless beauty!  
That I could hold you, in  
These arms! Ah, on  
Your bosom I lie and languish  
And your flowers, your grass  
Urge themselves on my heart.

You cool the burning thirst  
Of my bosom, lovely  
Morning wind; the nightingale  
Calls lovingly to me from the  
Misty valley.

I come! Ah! Where to?  
Upward, draws it, upward!  
The clouds glide down and  
Descend to the longing  
Love.

II II In your lap, upwards!  
Embracing embrace!  
Upwards on your bosom,  
All-loving father!

## Translations

### An Silva--To Silva

(from The Two Gentlemen of Verona)

Who is Silvia? What is she  
That all our swains commend her?  
Holy, Fair and wise is she;  
The heaven such grace did lend her,  
That she might admired be.

Is she kind as she is fair?  
For beauty lives with kindness;  
Love doth to her eyes repair,  
To help him of his blindness;  
And, being helped, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,  
That Silvia is excelling;  
She excels each mortal thing  
Upon the dull earth dwelling;  
To her let us garlands bring.



Giunse alfin il momento...Deh vieni, non tardar  
This at last is the moment...Beloved, don't delay

This at last is the moment, I have breathlessly awaited, to  
embrace my loved one. Timid heart! Leave my bosom, do  
not trouble my delight! Feel love's fire, the beauty of the  
place as the earth and sky surround us, as the night stealthily  
arrives!

Come, don't be late, beautiful love. Come to where love is  
calling. Until no stars are in the sky and the night fades.

Until the air is still and earth is silent. Here the brook  
murmurs and the breeze jokes and with sweet whispers the  
heart is restored. Here again are the little flowers and the  
fresh grass, while the pleasures of love call to all. Come, my  
beloved, the starry sky above you, come! Your head is  
crowned with roses!

Gretchen am Spinnrade  
Gretchen at the Spinning Wheel

My peace is gone, my heart is heavy, I will never find peace  
again. When I don't have him, it is my grave, the whole  
world is nothing to me. My poor head is crazy, my poor soul  
is broken. It is only for him that I look out the window, only

for him that I go to the house. His dignified gait, his  
powerful eyes and his magic words, his handshake and ah,  
his kiss! My bosom longs for him. Ah, if I could only grasp  
and hold him, and kiss him as I want, I would expire from  
his kisses! My peace is gone, my heart is heavy.

Beau Soir--Beautiful Evening

When the sun goes down  
The rivers are rose colored  
And a tepid shudder runs over  
The fields of wheat.  
An advice to be happy seems  
To emerge from things  
And to ascend to the troubled heart.  
An advice to taste the charms  
Of being in the world  
While one is young and the  
Evening is beautiful!  
For we go away  
Just as the river does.  
It goes to the sea  
We to the tomb.

Wandrers Nachtlied  
Night Song of the Wanderer

You who are from Heaven, still all grief and pain, and he who  
is doubly wretched will be doubly filled with joy.  
Ah, I am tired of this bustle! What use is all this pain and joy?  
Sweet peace, enter my breast!