

BENNINGTON COLLEGE MUSIC DIVISION

Presents

A GRADUATE CONCERT

By

MICHAEL DOWNS, Baritone

Wednesday
November 16, 1988

8:15 p.m.
Greenwall Music Workshop

PAROLES (1988)

Michael Downs

Song
Alicante
The Dance
The Last Supper
The Conductor
The Broken Mirror

Gunnar Schombeck, clarinet
Jacob Glick, viola
Maxine Neuman, 'cello
Peter Golub, percussion
Allen Shawn, conductor

TWO SONGS op. 91 (1884)

Johannes Brahms

Gestille Sehnsucht
Geistliches Wiegenlied

Jacob Glick, viola
Marianne Finckel, piano

FOLKSONG ARRANGEMENTS (1943-1976)

Benjamin Britten

Lord! I married me a wife
Bonny at morn
The Salley Gardens
The Miller of Dee
The Ash Grove
Oliver Cromwell

Peter Golub, piano

EPIGRAMMES DE CLEMENT MAROT (1898)

Maurice Ravel

D'Anne qui me jecta de la neige
D'Anne jouant de l'espinette

Elizabeth Wright, piano

FOUR DE LEON SONGS (1988)

Michael Downs

Robin Mackin, soprano
Alice Wu, viola
Jared Shapiro, 'cello

GYPSY SONGS (1880)

Antonin Dvořák

Elizabeth Wright, piano

This concert is being presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Master of Fine Arts Degree.

TWO SONGS
JOHANNES BRAHMS

I. Gestillte Sehnsucht - (Appeased Desire)

Steeped in the golden light of evening,
How solemnly the forests stand!
In the soft voices of birds breathes
The gentle stirring of the evening wind.
What whisper the wind and the birds?
They whisper the world to sleep.
Desires which always arise
In the heart that is without peace or rest,
Longings that trouble the soul,
When will you rest, when will you cease?
To the sounds of whispering wind and the birds,
You longing desires, when will you be lulled to sleep?
When no longer into golden distances
My spirit hastens on wings of dreams,
No longer on the eternal distant stars
My eyes are fixed with a longing gaze;
Then the winds, the birds shall lull
My life and my longings.

Text by RÜCKERT

II. Geistliches Wiegenlied -- (Sacred Lullaby)

Joseph, my good Joseph,
Help me to rock my darling child.
God will be the one to reward you
In the Heavenly Kingdom of the Virgin's Son.
Maria, Maria,
You who fly above these palm trees
In the night and the wind,
You holy angels, silence the treetops!
My child is asleep.
You palms of Bethlehem, in the raging wind,
How can you rustle so angrily today,
Do not sigh thus, be silent,
Sway softly and gently.
Silence the treetops! My child is asleep.
The Child of Heaven suffers pain;
He was so weary of the sorrows of the earth.
Now gently soothed in sleep,
The agony leaves him.
Silence the treetops, my child is asleep.
Bitter cold descends,
With what can I cover my child's limbs!
All you angels, who on wings
Hover in the air,
Silence the treetops, my child is asleep.

Text by LOPE de VEGA
Adaptation by GEIBEL

MAURICE RAVEL

TO ANNE WHO PELTED ME WITH SNOW

Anne, in fun pelted me with snow
Which I found cold for certain:
But it was fire, I know it well
For suddenly I was caressed
So, as fire secretly dwells
In the snow, where could I but find an abode
And why should it not? Anne, your kindness
Can extinguish the fire which consumes me
Not with water, with snow or ice
But with a fire, just like mine.

TO ANNE, PLAYING ON THE SPINET

When I see the brunette maiden so well fashioned
Young of figure, shaped like the gods,
And when her voice, her fingers and the spinet
Make a sound sweet and melodious
It is a joy for my ears and my eyes
Except with the Saints in their immortal glory
And even as they, I become transfigured
When I think that she loves me a little.

Texts by CLÉMENT MAROT

SEVEN GYPSY SONGS

1.

My song begins to sound, a psalm of love,
As the day begins to sink.
When the moss and the withered stalk
Secretly drink pearls of dew.

My song begins to sound, full of wander-
lust,
In green forest halls,
And on the wide meadows of the Pussta
I let my happy song ring out.

My song begins to sound, full of love
Even when storms on the heath are raging;
When the brother's breast heaves
To take the last breath of life.

2.

Ay! how wonderfully and beautifully
My triangle rings!
On hearing such sounds
One can easily stride into death!

Into death one steps
At the ringing of the triangle!
Songs, dances, Love,
Farewell to all that!

3.

All around the forest is so silent and
still,

My heart beats so anxiously;
The black smoke sinks deeper and deeper
And dries my cheeks.

Ay, my tears do not dry,
You have to look for other cheeks!
Whoever can sing about the pain
Won't curse death.

4.

When my old mother
Was still teaching me to sing,
Tears often hung in her lashes.

Now when I myself
Teach the little ones to sing,
Tears often trickle into my beard,
Tears often trickle from my brown cheeks!

5.

Tune up the strings,
Young lad, dance in the circle!
Today is gay, today is gay, and tommorrow?
Dreary, dreary, dreary in the old way!

Next day on the Nile,
At the Father's table
Tune up, tune up the strings
Dance, enter into the dance!

Tune up the strings!
Young lad, dance in the circle!

6.

In the broad, wide,
Airy linen garments
The gypsy is freer
Than in gold and silk!

Yai! the golden doublet
Squeezes the breast so tightly,
Restricts the free songs
The happy, wandering sounds;

And he who finds joy
In the sound of the songs,
Lets gold and vileness
Fall into Hell!

7.

When the falcon's flight
Surrounds the heights of Tatra,
Will he trade his nest in the rocks
for a cage?

If the wild stallion
Can run freely through the heath
Then in bit and bridle
He will find no joy.

Has nature, gypsy,
Given anything to you?
Yai! Out of freedom
She created all of life!