

Bennington College

presents

STEPHANIE HARTSHORN

Soprano

In partial fulfillment of work required
for the awarding of a degree with a major in music

Lucienne Davidson at the piano

I

Hark, the Echoing Air, from "The Fairy Queen"	Purcell
The Fatal Hour	Purcell
Gott versorget alles Leben, from Cantata No. 187	Bach
with Louise Fenn, flutist	
and Katey Day, cellist	
Ich bin vergnügt, from Cantata No. 58	Bach
with Cora Gordon, violinist	
and Katey Day, cellist	

II

Schlafendes Jesukind	Wolf
Mausfallen-Sprüchlein	Wolf
In der Frühe	Wolf
Ich hab' in Penna einen Liebsten wohnen	Wolf
Morgen	R. Strauss
Ständchen	R. Strauss

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III

Salce, Salce and Ave Maria	
scene from "Otello"	Verdi

IV

Her Anxiety	Robert Keys Clark
Maple Leaves	Ives
Ann Street	Ives
Sephardic Ode	P. Ben-Haim

Gott versorget alles Leben

God provides all life for those who breathe. . . . Chase away your worries. His faith creates mindfulness in me and daily new things come to me through His gifts of love.

Ich bin vergnügt

I am happy in my sorrow because God is my confidence. . . . I have sign and seal, and this is the firm lock, which Hell itself cannot break.

Schlafendes Jesukind (Mörke)

Son of the Virgin, Heaven's child! You have fallen asleep in the woods of pain, which our pious Master mindfully laid beneath your light dreams. You flower, yet in the bud is hidden the glory of God! Oh, if one could see what pictures, behind this brow, these eyelashes, are painted in gentle variation. Son of the Virgin, heaven's child.

Mausfallen-Sprüchlein (Mörke)

The child goes three times around the trap and says: Small guests, small house, dear she-mouse or he-mouse, walk in boldly tonight by moonlight. But, close the door nicely behind you, d'you hear? As you go, watch out for your tail, d'you hear? After dinner we'll sing, after dinner we'll jump about and do a little dance. Witt, Witt! My old cat will probably dance with you, d'you hear?

In der Frühe (Mörke)

Sleep has not yet cooled my eyes. Already day is approaching my bedroom window. My disturbed mind is raging still between this and that doubt, and is creating nightmares. Torment yourself no longer, my soul. Be happy! Already -- there and there, the morning bells are awake.

Ich hab' in Penna einen Liebsten wohnen (Italian lyrics)

I have a lover in Penna, another in the Maremma plains, one in the beautiful harbor of Ancona, for the fourth one I must go to Viterbo. Another lives in Casentino, the next one lives with me at the same place. And I have one more in Maggione, four in La Fratta. . . . Ten in Castiglione!

Morgen

. . . and tomorrow the sun will shine again, and along the road, on which I will walk, it will unite us, the happy ones, amid this sun-breathing earth . . . and to the beach, broad with blue waves, we will quietly and slowly climb down; speechless we will gaze into each other's eyes, and upon us will fall the speechless silence of happiness.

Ständchen

. . . open, but softly, my child, so you won't wake anyone from their sleep. The brook scarcely murmurs, scarcely a leaf on the bushes and hedges trembles in the wind. Therefore, lay your hand gently on the latch. With steps as soft as elfin steps, hop over the flowers, fly lightly out into the moonlit night to slip out to me in the garden. Around us sleep the flowers by the sparkling brook, and breathe fragrance in their sleep, only love is awake. Sit down. Here it is mysteriously dark under the lime trees. The nightingale over our heads shall dream of our kisses. And the rose, when it awakes in the morning, will glow brightly from the trembling ecstasy of the night.

Scene from "Otello". Act IV

In the preceding act, Otello had publicly accused Desdemona of infidelity. Nothing that Desdemona says will convince Otello of her innocence.

At the beginning of Act IV, Desdemona is in her bedroom with her maid, Emilia. Emilia asks if Otello is calmer now. Desdemona: Yes, he told me to go to bed and await him. Emilia, please lay out my wedding dress. If I should die before you, bury me in those veils. I'm so sad. . . . My mother had a poor maid; she was in love and beautiful; her name was Barbara. She loved a man who abandoned her; she sang a song, the willow song -- Undo my hair -- Tonight my mind is haunted by this song: The sad one cried, singing on the heath. Willow, willow. She sat, bowing her head on her chest. Willow, willow. Let's sing. The weeping willow will be my garland -- Hurry! Otello will come soon -- The birds came down from the branches toward her song. And her eyes cried so much, that even the stones were moved to pity -- Replace this ring -- Poor Barbara. Her story should end with this simple motto: He was born for his glory, and I to love him. -- Listen! I hear a cry. Who is at the door? (Emilia says, It's the wind.) -- Emilia, goodbye -- How my eyes burn; it predicts crying. Good night. Ah, Emilia, good-bye!

Hail Mary, full of grace . . . Oh, pray for those who kneel before you in adoration, pray for the sinner, for the innocent, and for the weak and oppressed and for the powerful, the miserable ones also, show thy pity. Pray for those who bow their heads under outrage and misfortune. Pray for us now and in the hour of our death. Hail . . . Amen.