

Carriage Barn

November 26, 1961
8:30 p.m.

Bennington College

presents

KATRINA CARTER

Accompanied by
Marianne Finckel

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

- I. Deh Vieni, Non Tardar Mozart
From "The Marriage of Figaro"
- II. Songs Brahms
1. O wüsst' ich doch den Weg
2. Sonntag
3. Feldeinsamkeit
4. Von ewiger Liebe
5. Der Tod, das ist die kühle Nacht
6. Meine Liebe ist grün
- III. Two Italian Songs
1. Lamento d'Arianna Monteverdi
2. Vittoria, Vittoria! Carissimi
celli: George Finckel, Alberto Passigli,
Molly Stewart, Robin Whittacre
- IV. Fêtes Galantes Debussy
En Sourdine
Claire de Lune
Pantoques
- V. Vissi d'Arte Puccini
From "Tosca"

I N T E R M I S S I O N

VI. Trio for Piano, Cello and Violin

K. Carter

Lionel Nowak, piano
George Finckel, cello
Orrea Pernel, violin

I. Andante

II. Allegro

III. Andante-Allegretto

IV. Allegro Marcato

VII. Bessy Bobtail

Samuel Barber

The Nun Takes the Veil
Monks and Raisins

VIII. Piece for Cello and Piano

K. Carter

Alberto Passigli, cello
Katrina Carter, piano

IX. Two songs

K. Carter

(Poems by Edna St. Vincent Millay)

Afternoon on a Hill

Second Fig

I. Deb Wieni, Non Tardar (From "The Marriage of Figaro", Act IV)

Susanna, after long plotting, finally achieves a secret meeting with Figaro, her lover. This aria precedes the meeting.

Recitative: Now at last comes the moment when I yield,
unresisting, in the arms of my idol. Leave me,
fear, fly from my breast; do not stand in the way
of my desires. Here in this wood, made for lovers'
encounters, everything breathes of rapture. The
earth and the sky respond, while night conceals
our stolen joys.

Aria: Then come without delay, my heart's joy. Come
where awaits your love who calls -- the moon is
not watching over us yet, while in twilight the
world is sleeping. The fountain murmurs and bubbles,
night winds whisper and set my pulses throbbing. The
grass is cool with flowers, the sense exciting. All
to sweet delight of love inviting -- Come, my love,
among these bowers of roses. Come, oh come! love is
the crown of flowers. Love is the crown of flowers.

II.

1. O wüsst' ich doch den Weg

I would I knew where lies the way, the blessed road to
Childhood! Why did I stray, seeking fortune, and loose
my mother's hand? Ah, how I long to lie at rest, and close
my weary eyelids where I would awake no more with strife
oppressed, but shielded by love's care! No more to seek,
no more to strive, but lightly dream as once of yore; no
heed to changing times to give, and be a child once more.
I would I knew where lies the way, the blessed road to
Childhood! In vain I seek for happiness; all's drear on
every hand.

2. Sonntag

I have not seen her for a week, my dainty dear so sweet and
good, for I saw her one Sunday, as at her door she stood.
My rarest, fairest little one, my neatest, sweetest pretty
one; would to God I were with her today! And though it has
been a week now, I have not ceased to smile, for I saw her
on Sunday in church. My rarest, fairest little one, my
neatest, sweetest pretty one; would to God I were with her
today!

3. Feldeinsamkeit

I lie quite still in the tall green grass, and gaze above me
into depths unbounded, surrounded by incessantly calling insect
voices, and by the wondrous blue of heaven. The lovely,
snowy clouds drift like silent dreams through deeps of azure;
I feel as though I long ago had died, and drift with them
through realms of bliss unending.

4. Von ewiger Liebe

Darker and darker loom forest and hill! Evening has fallen, the world has grown still. Never a fire or taper alight, nay, not a bird breaks the stillness of night. Out from the village, the lover has come, come with his sweetheart, taking her home; on past the copse in the meadow he leads, fast come his words; many things he pleads: "Art thou ashamed, distressed over me? Art thou ashamed, my sweetheart to be? Then let the love that has held us now die, quick as we first come together, say I. Part in the rain with the clouds in the sky." Spoke the maiden then, and she said: "Love such as ours can ne'er pass away! Iron and steel are strong, so they are; love such as our love is stronger by far. Iron and steel are changed in the flame; love such as our love remains e'er the same. Iron and steel will both rust away; love such as our love will last forever."

5. Der Tod, das ist die kühle Nacht

Death is the cool night; life is the sultry day. It grows dark, I am drowsy, the day has wearied me. Over my couch rises a tree where sings a young nightingale; he sings of nothing but love: I hear it, I hear it in my dream.

6. Meine Liebe ist grün

My love is green as the alder-bush, beautiful as the sun shining down on the alder-bush, filling it with perfume and pleasure. My soul has the wings of the nightingale that swings in the blooming alder, and, dazed with its perfume, sings in rapture, her carols drunk with love's power.

III. Two Italian songs

1. Lamento d'Arianna: Let me die! What can console me in so hard a fate, in such great torments? Let me die!

2. Vittoria, Vittoria

Victory, victory, my heart, weep no more! The slavery of love is passed. Victory, my heart. My cruel lover is now revealed, and his deception lies in his sly tricks. The pain at last is over, and the flame has been quenched in its own cruel fire. Victory, victory, my heart, weep no more! The slavery of love is over, victory, my heart!

IV. Petes Galantes

1. En Sourdine

Serene in the twilight created by the high branches, let our love be imbued with this profound silence. Let us blend our souls, our hearts, and our enraptured senses, amidst the faint languor of the pines and arbutus. Half-close your eyes, cross your arms on your breast, and from your weary heart, drive away forever all plans. Let us surrender to the soft and rocking breath which comes to your feet and ripples the waves

of the russet lawn. And when, solemnly, the night shall descend from the black oaks, the voice of our despair, the nightingale, shall sing.

2. Clair de Lune

Your soul is a chosen landscape where charming masqueraders and dancers are promenading, playing the lute and dancing, and almost sad beneath their fantastic disguises, while singing in the minor key of triumphant love, and the pleasant life. They seem not to believe in their happiness, and their song blends with the moonlight, the quiet moonlight, sad and lovely, which sets the birds in the trees adreaming, and makes the fountains sob with ecstasy, the tall slim fountains among the marble statues.

3. Fantoche

Scaramouche and Pulcinella, whom wicked intentions have brought together, are dark figures gesticulating in the moonlight, while the excellent Doctor from Bologna is leisurely gathering healing herbs in the dark grass, while his pertly pretty daughter, beneath the bowers, stealthily glides, scantily dressed, in quest of her handsome Spanish pirate, whose distress an amorous nightingale proclaims at the top of its voice.

V. Vissi d'Arte (From Act II of "Tosca")

Upon hearing that her lover is to be executed for a crime he did not commit, Tosca sings the following aria:

Love and beauty, life's fairest treasures,
These have I humbly served and dearly cherished.
Kindness and pity gladly I gave to the poor and afflicted.
Ever with fervent devotion,
I prayed to God, trusting fully in his truth divine.
With simple joy, I brought bright flowers to the sacred shrine
In this my hour of sorrow, I stand alone.
Is this, o Lord, to be my just reward?
Rare gifts I gave, and jewels for the Madonna,
My songs I offered to stars and sky in praise of their beauty,
And now in time of grief is this my just reward, o Lord?
Ah, O why am I forsaken now? O why?

VII.

1. Bessy Bobtail

As down the road she wambled slow,
 She had not got a place to go,
 She had not got a place to fall and rest herself,
 No place at all.
 She stumped along and wagged her pate,
 And said a thing is desperate.
 Her face was screwed and wrinkled tight,
 Just like a nut and left and right
 On either side she swung her head,
 And said a thing and what she said
 Was desperate as any word that ever yet a person heard.
 I walked behind her for a while
 And watched the people mudge and smile,
 And ever as she went she said
 As left and right she swung her head,
 "O God he knows, and God he knows and surely
 God Almighty knows. And God he knows, and
 God he knows and surely God Almighty knows...
 and God he knows."

2. The Nun takes the Veil

I have desired to go where springs not fail,
 To fields where flies no sharp and sided hail,
 And a few lilies blow.
 And I have asked to be where no storms come.
 Where the green swell is in the haven numb,
 And out of the swing of the sea.

3. Monks and Raisins

I have observed pink monks eating blue raisins,
 And I have observed blue monks eating pink raisins,
 Studiously have I observed.
 Now this is the way a pink monk eats a blue raisin —
 Pink is he and it is blue and the pink swallows the blue.
 I swear this is true.
 And the way a blue monk eats a pink raisin is this;
 Blue is he and it is pink and the blue swallows the pink.
 Now this also is truth.
 Indeed I have observed and myself partaken
 Of blue and pink raisins.
 But my joy is different;
 My joy is to see the blue and the pink counterpointing.

IX.

1. Afternoon on a Hill (Edna St. Vincent Millay)

I will be the gladdest thing under the sun!
I will touch a hundred flowers and not pick one.
I will look at cliffs and clouds with quiet eyes.
Watch the wind bow down the grass and the grass rise.
And when lights begin to show up from the town,
I will mark which one is mine and then start down.

2. Second Fig

Poem: Safe upon the rock the ugly houses stand,
Come and see my shining palace built upon the sand.

Song

Text: Fast upon the rock the ugly houses stand.
See my shining palace built upon the sand.