

BENNINGTON COLLEGE MUSIC DIVISION

Presents

A VOICE RECITAL

by

ELIZABETH BRUNTON  
Elizabeth Wright, piano

Wednesday  
May 18, 1938

8:15 p.m.  
Greenwall Music Workshop

Lusinghe più care

G.F. HANDEL

Vedrai, carino

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART

Ach, ich fühl's

Deh vieni, non tardar

Lachen und Weinen

FRANZ SCHUBERT

Nacht und Traume

Der Musensohn

Morgen

RICHARD STRAUSS

Standchen

Pleurs d'Or Duo for Mezzo and Baritone

GABRIEL FAURE

Michael Downs, Baritone

Amorous Declarations for Soprano and Viola

LIONEL NOWAK

1. Lute, companion of my calamity
2. When I perceive your blond and graceful head.
3. O handsome chestnut eyes, evasive gaze
4. Although I cry and though my eyes still shed tears
5. To honor the return of sparkling sun.

Jacob Glick, viola

JOTA

MANUEL DE FALLA

Nana

Seguidilla Murciana

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

TEXTS

Lusinghe più care (Alessandro)

Sweetest flattery,  
True sign of love,  
You fly about prettily,  
There on the lips, in the glances,  
And you steal completely  
One's freedom.  
Jealous suspicious,  
Painful delights,  
Between joy and sorrow  
There are moments of hope,  
You are the weapon  
Of transient happiness.

Ach, ich fühl's (Die Zauberflöte)

Ah, I feel it, it has vanished  
Forevermore, the happiness of love.  
Hours of bliss, never again will you  
Come to my heart!  
See, Tamino, these tears  
Are flowing, my beloved, for you alone!  
If you do not feel love's yearning,  
Then death will bring me peace.

Vedrai, carino (Don Giovanni)

You shall see, my dear,  
If you are good,  
What a fine medicine  
I wish to give you.  
It is a natural one,  
Does not taste unpleasant,  
And no pharmacist  
Knows how to make it.  
It is a certain balm  
That I carry about me;  
I can give it to you,  
If you wish to try it.  
Would you like to know  
Where I keep it?  
Hear it beating,  
Touch me here!

Deh vieni, non tardar  
(Le Nozze di Figaro)

At last the moment has come  
Which I shall enjoy without qualms,  
In the arms of my beloved!  
Timorous cares, depart from my breast!  
Do not come to disturb my joy!  
Oh, it appears that with the amorous  
flame,  
The charm of this spot,  
The earth and the sky are in harmony!  
How the night assists my escapade!

Then come, do not delay, o my beloved,  
Come, where love calls you for its  
delights,  
So long as in the sky the moon is  
glowing,  
So long as the night is still dark and  
the world asleep.  
Here murmurs the brook, here play the  
breezes,  
Which with their sweet whispering  
refresh the heart,  
Here sparkle little flowers and the  
grass is cool,  
Here everything enhances the joys of  
love...  
Come, my beloved, midst these hidden  
bushes!  
Come! I want to crown your brow with  
roses!

LACHEN UND WEINEN (Friedrich Rückert)

Laughter and tears, at whatever hour,  
are founded, in love, on so many things.  
In the morning I laughed for joy,  
and why I now weep  
in the evening glow  
I myself do not know.

Tears and laughter, at whatever hour,  
are founded, in love, on so many things.  
At evening I wept for grief;  
and why you can awake  
at morn with laughter,  
that I must ask you, O heart.

DER MUSENSOHN (Johann Goethe)

Through field and through forest,  
piping my song,  
is how I roam from place to place!  
And the whole world keeps time,  
and moves in rhythm  
with me.

Impatiently I await  
the first bloom in the garden,  
the first blossom on the tree,  
I greet them in my songs,  
and when winter returns,  
I still sing of them as a dream.

STÄNDCHEN

Open very quietly, my child,  
Awake no one from his slumber,  
The brook hardly murmurs: there scarcely  
flutters in the wind  
A leaf, in the bushes or hedges,  
Quietly, therefore, my sweet, so that  
nothing is stirred,  
Quietly, lay your hand on the door knob.  
With steps as gentle as those of elves  
About to hop o'er the flowers,  
Slip out quietly into the moonlit night,  
And fly to me in the garden.  
The flowers slumber about the rippling  
brook  
And exhale fragrances in their sleep;  
only love is awake.  
Sit down, here the shadows grow  
mysteriously dark  
Under the linden trees;  
The nightingale above our heads  
Shall dream of our kisses,  
And the rose, upon awakening in the  
morning,  
Shall glow with the rapture of the night.

NACHT UND TRÄUME (Matthäus Von Collin)

Holy night, down you sink;  
down too float dreams,  
as your moonlight through space,  
through the silent hearts of men.  
To these they hearken, joyful;  
crying out, when day awakes;  
come again, holy night!  
Sweet dreams, come again!

MORGEN!

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 descend,  
Speechless, we shall look into each  
other's eyes,  
And upon us will descend the muted  
silence of happiness...

PLEURS D'OR

Tears suspended on flowers,  
Tears on the mossy rocks of lost  
springs,  
Aching tears of the horn heard in the  
great wood.  
Tears of church bells, Carmelite,  
Feuillantine,  
Voice of the belfry in devotion.  
Tears of the starry night,  
Tears of veiled flutes in the blue  
of the sleeping park.  
Tears like pearls on eyelashes,  
Lovers tears flowing into the soul  
of the beloved  
Tears of ecstasy, delicious weeping,  
You fall from the night,  
Fall from the flowers,  
Fall from the eyes.



AMOROUS DECLARATIONS Five sonnets by Louise Labé (1525-1566)

Lute, companion of my calamity,  
unblamable witness of my sighs, veritable  
assessor of my gray despair,  
often you have shared your lament with  
me.

So many tears have fallen constantly  
on you, that when you are to sing a  
rare  
and happy sound, you hide it unaware,  
converting the white song to agony  
And if I want to force you to rejoice,  
you silence me by loosening a string.  
But when my gentle sighs enter your  
being,  
then you approve of my unhappy voice  
and my hurt makes me cheerful like a  
friend  
and from sweet pain I hope for a sweet  
end.

When I perceive your blond and grace-  
ful head  
crowned with green laurel, making  
your lute sigh,  
you could compel the rocks and trees  
to fly  
with you, and when I see you garlanded  
with ten thousand virtues, each in  
place,  
and at the peak of honor, beyond all  
a man desires of fame, supreme and  
tall --  
to you my maddened heart whispers its  
case:  
"With all those virtues raising you  
above  
the rest, each one of which makes  
you esteemed,  
could they not just as well cause you  
to love?  
So adding virtue many times redeemed,  
you might be known for being kind to  
me;  
for burning with my love in sympathy."

O handsome chestnut eyes, evasive gaze,  
O fiery sighs and falling tears, O  
night  
obscurely black through which I wait  
for light  
for nothing, O clear dawn of futile  
days!  
O lamentations, O obstinate desires,  
O wasted time, O grief scattered about,  
O thousand deaths, O thousand nets  
throughout  
my life among the worst insidious fires,  
O laughing lips, brow, hair, arms,  
hands, and fingers,  
O funereal lute, viol, bow, and voice!  
A woman's heart always has a burned mark.  
I sob because of you. Your fire  
lingers  
in every place my seared heart would  
rejoice,  
except in you who keep no single spark.

Although I cry and though my eyes  
still shed  
tears for the seasons I once spent  
with you,  
and while my voice -- suppressing  
sobs, subduing  
sighs -- still rings out vaguely  
spirited,  
while my hand can still pluck the  
supple string  
of the exquisite Lute to sing your  
grace  
and while my arms care only to embrace  
your lovely body and to share your  
being,  
while this is true I have no wish to  
die.  
But when I feel my eyes begin to spin,  
my voice is broken and my fingers lack  
all power, then waiting in my mortal  
skin  
my spirit has no lover's glow, and I  
pray death to make my brightest day  
turn black.