

Music at Bennington Presents:

# Brigid Meehan



# Euro-Trash

*A Junior Voice Concert  
Accompanied By Yoshiko Sato on Piano*

Thank you:

Chrissy, Jolene, Jessie, Joe, Ida, Tom, Yoshiko, Nick, Mom, Dad,  
and Alison.

May 31st, 2002, Deane Carriage Barn

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# Euro-Trash - Program

## 1. Adieu, Forets

By Peter Tschaikowsky  
From Jeanne d'Arc

Joan of Arc makes the painful decision to leave her home and go off to battle as leader of the French army, a task that has been assigned to her by God.

## 2. Mon Coeur Sourvre A Ta Voix

By Camille Saint-Saen  
From Samson et Dalila

Dalila tries to seduce Samson, and succeeds.

## 3. Salce

By Giuseppe Verdi  
From Otello

Desdemona recalls a song from her childhood about a woman whose husband killed her. This foreshadows her own fate, which she is at least subconsciously aware of.

## 4. Ave Maria

By Giuseppe Verdi  
From Otello

Desdemona prays for all of humanity including herself.

## 5. Dich, Theure Halle!

By Richard Wagner  
From Tannhauser

Elisabeth enters the hall of warriors, which is forbidden to her and sings a joyous song in admiration for it.

**Intermission**

## 5. Traume

### Dreams

Say what wondrous dreams Hold my soul captive, And have not disappeared Into barren nothingness? Dreams, that in every hour Of everyday bloom most fair, And, with their intimations of heaven, Float blissfully through my mind! Dreams, that like rays of glory Penetrate the soul, There to leave an everlasting imprint: Forgetfulness of all, remembrance of one! Dreams, like the kiss of the spring sun Drawing blossoms from the snow, So that to undreamed-of bliss The new day may welcome them. So that they grow and flower, Spread their scent as in a dream, Softly fade upon your breast, Then sink into their grave.

*The Wesendonk-Lieder*

*Poems by Mathilde Wesendonk*

*Music by Richard Wagner*

1. Der Engel

**The Angel**

In my early childhood days I often heard tales of angles Who  
exchange the blissful sublimity of heaven For the sunshine of  
earth, Heard that, when a heart in sorrow Hides its grief from  
the world, Bleeds in silence, And dissolves in tears, Offers  
fervent prayers For deliverance, Then the angel flies down  
And bears it gently to heaven. Yes, an angel came down to me  
also, And on shining pinions Bears my spirit away from all  
torment Heavenward.

2. Stehe Still!

**Be Still!**

Rushing, roaring wheel of time, You measure of eternity;  
Shining spheres in the vast firmament, You that encircle our  
earthly globe; Eternal creation, stop! Enough of becoming, let  
me be! Ye powers of generation, cease, Primal thought, that  
endlessly creates, Stop every breath, still every urge, Give but  
one moment of silence! Swelling pulses, restrain your beating;  
End, eternal day of the will! So that, in sweet forgetfulness, I  
may take the full measure of all my joy! When eye blissfully  
gazes into eye, When soul drowns in soul; When being finds  
itself in being, And the goal of all hopes is near, Then lips are  
mute in silent amazement, The heart can have no further wish:  
Man knows the imprint of eternity, And solves your riddle,  
blessed Nature!



### **3. Im Treibhaus**

#### **In a Greenhouse**

High-arching leafy crowns, Canopies of emeralds, You children  
of distant lands, Tell me, why do you lament? Silently you  
incline your branches, Tracing sings in the air, And, mute  
witness to your sorrows, A sweet perfume rises. Wide, in  
longing and desire, You spread your arms And embrace, in self-  
deception, Barren emptiness, a fearful void. Well I know it, poor  
plant! We share the same fate. Although the light shines brightly  
round us, Our home is not hear! And, as the sun gladly quits  
The empty brightness of the day, So he, who truly suffers,  
Wraps round him the dark mantle of silence

### **4. Schmerzen**

#### **Torment**

Sun, you weep every evening Until your lovely eyes are red,  
When, bathing in the sea, You are overtaken by your early  
death; But you rise again in your old splendor, The aureole of  
the dark world; Fresh awakened in the morning Like a proud  
and conquering hero! Ah, then, why should I complain, Why  
should my heart be so heavy, If the sun itself must despair, If  
the sun itself must go down? And, if only death gives birth to  
life, If only torment brings bliss; Then how thankful I am that  
Nature Has given me such torment.