

Carriage Barn

Bennington College

June 19, 1960  
3:00 p.m.

presents

LOUISE FENN  
Soprano

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

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I. Bach

1. "Bist du Bei Mir"  
orchestrated by Brant  
(from Anna Magdalena Suite)
2. "Aus Liebe will mein Heiland Sterben"  
(from St. Matthew Passion)

Henry Brant, flute      Orrea Pernel, violin  
Cora Gordon, viola      Tita Terrell, cello

II. Faure

1. Dans les Ruines d'une Abbaye
2. Après un Rêve

III. Debussy

Recit. et Air de Lia, de "L'Enfant Prodigue"

IV. Verdi

Ritorna Vincitor, from "Aida"

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

V. Fenn

Songs of Dylan Thomas' Poetry

1. Love in the Asylum  
Henry Brant, flute
2. from "Vision and Prayer"

VI. Alban Berg

Three scenes from "Wozzeck"

- (Act I) 1. Marien's Stube - Abends  
(Act II) 2. Marien's Stube - Vormittag,  
Sonnenschein  
(Act III) 3. Marien's Stube - Es ist Nacht,  
Kerzenlicht

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Kay Jibben at the piano

I

"Bist du Bei Mir" (poet unknown)

If thou art with me, I go with happiness to death and to my rest....

Ah! how happy my death would be if your lovely hands would press my eyes to a close.

In Love my Saviour Now is Dying

Of sin and guilt He knoweth naught. To His cross I would be flying; lest of sin the heavy thought still upon my soul be lying.

II

Dans les Ruines d'une Abbaye (Victor Hugo)

Alone - those two, charmed, singing - how they love each other. How they gather in the spring that God sows, sparking laughter in these shadows; they are quite newly wed. They call to each other, mingling with the wind that trembles, and turn the dark convent into a friendly place. They strip the jasmine of its petals on the tombstones, where the Abbess joins her hands in prayer. They pursue each other at dawn - kiss at every moment - and then, once more under the pillars, arches, marbles - that is the story of the birds in the trees.

Après un Rêve (Romain Bussine)

In a sleep charmed by your image, I dreamt of happiness, ardent mirage; your eyes were tender, your voice pure and clear. You were radiant as the sky at sunrise. You were calling me, and I left the earth to go with you towards the light. The skies opened their clouds for us. Alas - sad awakening from dreams! I call to you, night - give me back your illusions; return with your radiance. Return, oh mysterious night!

III

Recitative and Aria of Lia, in "The Prodigal Son"

Year after year passes in vain! At each returning season their games and diversions sadden me. They reopen my wound and my sorrow deepens - it is involuntary grief. Lia laments the child she has no more! Azael! Why have you forsaken me?

How calm the evenings were - as the great red oxen were guided home - when the toil was over - children, elders and servants, shepherds praised the blessed hand of the Lord.

And so the days followed each other, and the youth and maiden exchanged vows of chaste love. They do not feel the weight of old age. Finding happiness in their children, they watch the passing time, and are without sadness or regret.

How heavy is the time on unconsolated hearts. Azael! Why have you forsaken me?

IV

Ritorna Vincitor

Aida, daughter of King of Ethiopia, is in captivity by the Egyptians, and loves her captor and enemy, Radames. In Ritorna Vincitor, she secretly grieves over the paradox of wishing Radames to return victorious, yet dragging behind his chariot her father and brother. She prays to the gods for pity as she begs for death and salvation.



V

Love in the Asylum

A stranger has come  
To share my room in the house not right in the head,  
A girl mad as birds  
Bolting the night of the door with her arm her plume.  
Strait in the mazed bed  
She deludes the heaven-proof house with entering clouds  
Yet she deludes with walking the nightmarish room,  
At large as the dead,  
Or rides the imagined oceans of the male wards.  
She has come possessed  
Who admits the delusive light through the bouncing wall,  
Possessed by the skies  
She sleeps in the narrow trough yet she walks the dust  
Yet raves at her will  
On the madhouse boards worn thin by my walking tears.  
And taken by light in her arms at long and dear last  
I may without fail  
Suffer the first vision that set fire to the stars.

From "Vision and Prayer"

Who  
Are you  
Who is born  
In the next room  
So loud to my own  
That I can hear the womb  
Opening and the dark run  
Over the ghost and the dropped son  
Behind the wall thin as a wren's bone?  
In the birth bloody room unknown  
To the burn and turn of time  
And the heart print of man  
Bows no baptism  
But dark alone  
Blessing on  
The wild  
Child

VI

"Wozzeck"

Scene 3 - Marie's Room.

1. Early Evening.

Marie is with her child at the window, watching the parade. The Drum Major is in front. She waves to him and sings to her child: "Soldier boys be pretty fellows sparkling from afar." (Her friend Margaret accuses her of flirting. They argue. Marie slams the window and turns to the child): "Come, baby, what more do people want? You may be no more than a poor bitch's child, but you still please your mother with your nasty, wicked face. Sh!" She sings:

Maidy, what would you be at?  
You've no man, you've a brat.  
What do I need with a man,  
I'll sing through the night as I can.

Eia, Popeia,  
What could they do for me?

Hansel, harness me fine white horses  
Give 'em their food and drink,  
Not oats, not water  
but wine! cool fresh wine.

2. Marie's Room. Afternoon.

(She sits with the child, a broken looking glass in her hand, examining her adulterously won earrings.)

"How they shimmer! What did he say? Sh! shut your eyes - tighter! Quick!"

"Lady, pull the shutter to,  
Here's a gipsy come for you.  
Gipsies take you by the hand  
Off into Gipsy-land!"

"It is gold, surely. I shall go dancing in them! Sh! Look at all the sleepy fairies flying 'round the wall. Shut your eyes or they'll look down inside and blind you!"

3. Marie's Room. Candle light.

(She reads in the Bible.)

"...there is no guile found in His mouth. But the Pharisees brought unto him a woman taken in adultery, and set her in the midst. And Jesus said, "Neither do I condemn thee. Go and sin no more." ("God! Don't look at me! I can't!") (The child hugs her; she rejects him, then calls him back and tells him): "Once upon a time there was a poor little child. It had no father, no mother, no one left in the world. So it went off to look for them, day and night." -- "Franz will not come back!" (She reads further in the Bible -- of Mary Magdalene.) ". . . she kneeled and washed his feet with tears, and wiped them with her hair, and kissed and annointed His feet." ("Heaven! I would anoint them too! Lord, you have forgiven her -- have pity on me!")