

Bennington College

presents

KATHLEEN SYNA
Mezzo-Soprano

Accompanied by

Henry Brant

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

Carriage Barn

8:30 p. m.

May 25, 1962

I. A Charm of Lullabies

Benjamin Britten

- 10
1. The Highland Balou (Robert Burns)
 2. Sephestia's Lullaby (Robert Greene)
 3. A Charm (Thomas Randolph)
 4. The Nurse's Song (John Philip)

II. An Altar to All Childhood

Kathleen Syna

(August Strindberg, from The Great Highway)

- 10
1. The Flowers of My Childhood
 2. Last Memory of Light
 3. Farewell, Sweet Vision

Orrea Pernel, violin
Linda Coleman, violin

Eileen Carrier, viola
~~George Finkel~~, 'cello

Rohini Coomara

III. Three Yiddish Lullabies

- 10
1. Vigndig A Fremd Kind
 2. Shlof Mayn Kind, Shlof Keseyder
 3. Shlof Mayn Zun

Nana (Spanish Lullaby)

De Falla

Steve Bick, Pril Smiley, guitars

IV. Lullaby of Death

Mussorgsky

10

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

V. Two Movies, produced by Robert Woodworth

Music by
Kathleen Syna

- 15
1. On the Germination of Sunflower Seeds
 2. On the Opening of the Morning Glory

Carol Lee, flute
Jacob Liberles, trumpet

Henry Brant, Chinese blocks
Constance Holden, glockenspiel

VI. Kindertotenlieder

Gustav Mahler

- 20
1. Nun will die Sonn' so hell aufgehn!
 2. Nun seh' ich wohl, warum so dunkle Flammen
 3. Wenn dein Mütterlein
 4. Oft denk' ich, sie sind nur ausgegangen!
 5. In diesem Wetter!
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The Highland Balou, by Robert Burns

Hee balou, my sweet wee Donald!
 Picture o' the great Clanronald!
 Brawlie kens our wanton Chief
 What gat my young Highland thief.
 (Hee balou!)

Leeze me on thy bonnie craigie!
 An thou live, thou'll steal a naigie
 Travel the country thro' and thro',
 And bring hame a Carlisle cow!
 Thro' the Lawlands, o'er the Border,
 Weel, my babie, may thou further!
 Herry the louns o' the laigh Countrie,
 Syne to the Highlands hame to me!
 Hee balou, my sweet wee Donald, hee balou!

Sephestia's Lullaby, by Robert Greene

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee;
 When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.
 Mother's wag, pretty boy,
 Father's sorrow, father's joy;
 When thy father first did see
 Such a boy by him and me,
 He was glad, I was woe;
 Fortune changed made him so,
 When he left his pretty boy,
 Last his sorrow, first his joy.

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee;
 When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.
 The wanton smiled, father wept,
 Mother cried, baby leapt;
 More he crowed, more we cried,
 Nature could not sorrow hide:
 He must go, he must kiss
 Child and mother, baby bliss,
 For he left his pretty boy,
 Father's sorrow, father's joy.

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee;
 When thou art old, there's grief enough for thee.

A Charm, by Thomas Randolph

Erinnys whip thee with a snake
 And cruel Rhadamanthus take
 Thy body to the boiling lake,
 Where fire and brimstone never slake;
 Thy heart shall burn, thy head shall ache,
 And ev'ry joint about thee quake;
 And therefore dare not yet to wake!
 Quiet, sleep! Quiet, sleep! Quiet!

Quiet, sleep! or thou shalt see
 The horrid hags of Tartary,
 Whose tresses ugly serpents be,
 And Cerberus shall bark at thee,
 And all the Furies that are three --
 The worst is called Tisiphone, ---
 Shall lash thee to eternity;
 And therefore sleep thou peacefully.
 Quiet, sleep! Quiet, sleep! Quiet!

The Nurse's Song, by John Philip

Lullaby, baby, lullaby, baby,
 Thy nurse will tend thee as duly as may be.
 Be still, my sweet sweeting, no longer do cry;
 Let dolours be fleeting, I fancy thee, I,
 To rock and to lull thee, I will not delay me.
 Lullaby, baby, lullaby, baby.
 Thy nurse will tend thee as duly as may be.
 The gods be thy shield and comfort in need!
 They give thee good fortune and well for to speed.
 And this to desire I will not delay me.

The Flowers of my Childhood, by August Strindberg

Garlands of leaves the paths all raked,
 For friends are coming to a birthday party.
 They have watered the flowers of my childhood.
 Blue Monkshood with two doves inside
 Fritillary bearing a diadem, a sceptre, and an orb.
 The passion flower of suffering in white and amethyst with Cross.

Sipped by the Bee which from its heart draws honey
 Where we find only gall.

Last Memory of Light, by August Strindberg

A child's voice in the darkness...
 You little child, last memory of light
 to follow me into the dark night wood
 on the last stage to that distant land,
 the land of longing and of dreams.

Farewell, Sweet Vision, by August Strindberg

Farewell, sweet vision
 I will not stand in the sun's path
 and cast a shadow on the youngest's plot.
 I know the father here, the mother too.
 A lovely image, an image wavering but lovely.

A summer's day in the wood beside the sea,
 A birthday table and a cradle,
 A beam of sunlight from a child's eyes,
 A gift from a child's hand
 And soon again and out into the darkness.

Vigndig A Fremd Kind

May you live long and be well, my lady,
 While here I sit and rock your baby.

Ay-lyu-lyu, hush-hush-hush!
 Your mother's gone to the marketplace.
 Ay-lyu-lyu, hush-hush-hush,
 Mama will soon back to you race.

Shlof Mayn Kind, Shlof Keseyder

Sleep my child, sleep
 I'll sing you a lullaby.
 When my little baby's grown,
 He'll know the difference -- and why.

Shlof Mayn Zun

Sleep my child, my little chick,
 Close your eyes, my son.
 There will be time enough for play,
 Sleep now, little one.

You shall have a sword, a bright red flag,
 And many a pretty toy.
 You will grow up a fine young man,
 Sleep now, little boy.

Sleep my child, my little chick,
 Sleep will come to you.
 You'll grow up tall and handsome,
 And be a pilot, too.

You will fly off into the distance,
 Towards the sun you'll go.
 You will both be happy, mirrored
 In the lake below.

Lullaby of Death, after a poem by Count A. Golenishtcheff-Kutuzov

Faintly the child sighs. The lamp dimly flickers, sheds
but a phantom of light; rocking the cradle, the pale,
weary mother waits thro' the long, sleepless night.

Early at break of day comes, softly knocking, Death,
all-compassionate: "Hark!" Trembling, she starts,
gazing anxiously round her...

"Fear not, o mother, the dark! See, now the pale morn
looks in at they window; many the tears thou hast shed,
weary thy vigils. So rest now, I pray thee, I will keep
watch in thy stead. Vainly thou seekest the dear one to
quiet; softer and sweeter sing I!"

"Silence! In fever my little one tosses, Torn is my heart
with his cry."

"Nay, but with me he will soon cease to suffer. Lullaby."

"Wax-white his cheeks now, his breast faintly falters --
Be still, and stand not so nigh"

"Good is the token; his struggles are ending. Lullaby."

"Go, thou accursed one! Foul thy caresses! Touch not my
child lest he die!"

"No! 'Tis a comforting dream I shall waft him; lullaby, lullaby."

"Cease now thy terrible song! grant me mercy! Canst thou my
pleading deny?"

"Look ye! My singing has lull'd him to slumber. Lullaby, lullaby."

Kindertotenlieder, by Friedrich Rückert (Songs on the Death of Children)

Nun will die Sonn' so hell aufgehn!

Now the sun will rise so brightly,
As if no disaster had come in the night!
The disaster came to me alone;
The sun goes on shining everywhere!
You must not let night dwell in your heart,
You must submerge it in eternal light!
A little lamp went out in my heart!
Hail! Hail to the joyful light of the world!

Nun seh' ich wohl, warum so dunkle Flammen

Now I can see why such dark flames
 You flashed at me at times -- oh yes,
 As if you wanted to compress all your power into one look.
 Yet I knew not, enshrouded in the mist
 Created by a deceptive fate,
 That your ray was already bent on returning
 To those realms whence all rays descend.
 Your shining lights tried to tell me:
 "We would like to stay near you,
 But Fate has denied us our wish.
 Just look at us, for soon we shall be far!
 What seem but eyes to you these days,
 In future nights will have changed to stars."

Wenn dein Mütterlein

When your dear Mother comes through the door
 And I turn my head to look at her,
 My first glance does not dwell on her face,
 But on the spot closer to the threshold,
 There, where your dear little face would be,
 If you should enter with her joyfully,
 As once you did, little daughter of mine.
 When your dear little mother comes through the door,
 By the candle's light you always enter too,

 Slipping behind her, as of yore, into the room!
 Oh you, oh you, core of your father's being,
 Light of joy, extinguished too soon!

Oft denk' ich, sie sind nur ausgegangen!

I often think they only have gone out,
 And soon they will be home again!
 The day is lovely! Oh, be not afraid!
 They only have gone out for a long walk!
 Indeed, they only have gone out,
 And soon now will come home again!
 Oh, do not be afraid, the day is lovely!
 They only have gone out to yonder hills!
 They only went ahead of us
 And do not feel like coming home again!
 We shall overtake them on yonder hills,
 In the sunshine!
 Lovely is the day on yonder hills!

In diesem Wetter!

In such a weather, in such a storm,
I would never have sent the children out!
They have been carried, been carried off!
I was not allowed to say a word!
In such a weather, in such a storm,
I would never have let the children go out!
I was afraid that they might fall ill;
These are now but idle thoughts.
In such a weather, in such a storm,
I would never have let the children go out,
I was afraid they might die on the morrow;
I need not worry about it any more.
In such a weather, in such a storm,
I would never have sent the children out.
They have been carried off, --
I was not allowed to say a word!
In such a weather, in such a storm,
In such a tempest, they rest, they rest
As in their Mother's, their Mother's house;
By no storm frightened,
By God's hand protected,
They rest, they rest, as in their Mother's house!