

BENNINGTON COLLEGE MUSIC DIVISION

Presents

A SENIOR RECITAL

by

ANNEMIEKE TEN BOKUM

Wednesday
May 4, 1988

8:15 p.m.
Greenwall Music Workshop

Oh thou that tellest good tidings...
(from the "Messiah")

G.F. HANDEL (1685-1759)

Meditation
(from "Thais")

J. MASSENET (1842-1912)

3 Movements for Clarinet and Strings

A. TEN BOKUM

fast & fun
broadly (marcia triste)
presto

Gunnar Schonbeck, B^b clarinet
John Swan, violin
Lilo Glick, violin
Jacob Glick, viola
Elizabeth Brunton, cello

Un bel di
(from "Madame Butterfly")

G. PUCCINI (1858-1924)

Sonata in G minor
(Opus 1, No. 10)

G.F. HANDEL (1685-1759)

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

Einsam in trüben Tagen
(Elsa's dream from "Lohengrin")

R. WAGNER (1813-1883)

Concerto in A minor

J.S. BACH (1685-1750)

The Chamber Orchestra

Adieu forêts
(from "Jeanne d'Arc")

P.I. TCHAIKOVSKY

Christine ten Bokum, piano

Special thanks to: my mother Christine, Rein and Rosamond van der Linde, Frank Baker, Jacob Glick, Lou Calabro, Alan Vega, Stacy Yeoman, Tamara Rothman, Andres Nader, Michael Downs, Marianne Finckel, and all my other friends for their help and support.

This concert is being presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Arts Degree.

TEXTS

Un bel di (from "Madame Butterfly")

One fine day he'll come back
We'll see a thread of smoke
on the sea, on the horizon,
And then the ship appearing;
Then the trim white vessel
glides into the harbour,
thunders forth her cannons.
You see? He has come back!
I do not go down to meet him. Not I!
I stay up on the top of the hill,
and wait there... and wait for a long time,
but never weary of the long waiting.
From the crowded city I see coming
a man, a little speck, climbing the hill.
Can you guess who it is?
And when he's reached the summit,
can you guess what he'll say?
He'll call "Butterfly" from the distance.
I, without answering, hold myself concealed
A bit to tease him and a bit so as not to die
at our first meeting;
And then a little troubled he will call:
"Dear baby wife of mine, dear little orange blossom",
the names he used to call me when he first came here.
This will all come to pass as I tell you.
Bannish your fears, I am sure he'll return.

Einsam in trüben Tagen (Elsa's dream from "Lohengrin")

Lonely in troubled days, I fled to God,
my heart's deepest sorrows I poured out in prayer,
the sorrowful sound of my sighs echoed through the forest
and rang in the air.
I heard it ring in the distance, but scarcely had it caught my ear,
my eyes had closed and sweet sleep enveloped me.

In shining armor, a knight approached from far,
so beautiful and noble as no one I yet saw.
A golden horn beside him, he leaned upon his sword.
Stepping out of thin air, I stretched to catch a glimpse.
With sweet and tender gestures he wiped away my tears.
This knight will be my champion, I'll ask him to fight for me!
Hear what I offer the god-send for my defense:
He'll wear my father's crown.
Luck will smile upon me, if he accepts my cause,
if he will be my husband, I'll give him all I am!

TEXTS (cont.)

Adieu forêts (from "Jeanne d'Arc")

Yes, the Lord wills it!
I must obey your order, and answer your call, Holy Virgin!
Why, my heart, are you beating so fast?
Why am I trembling? Fear fills my soul!

Farewell, my forests, farewell golden meadows,
and my peaceful valleys, goodbye!
Joan is saying goodbye today, forever.
Yes, forever goodbye.
My meadows and shaded forests, you'll bloom for others now.
Farewell forests, pure water from the spring: I'm leaving now
and I'll never see you again,
Joan is leaving, and forever, yes forever.
Oh, sweet valleys, where I have known happiness,
today I am leaving you, sweet valleys.
And my lambs, out on the green plains, are crying in vain for
their shepherd.
To the field of honour I must lead the brave ones,
win the bloody palm of victory!
I go where the voices call me!
Oh Lord, you see into the bottom of my soul!
My heart is burning, my soul is suffering,
my heart is burning, my heart bleeds!
Oh beloved mountains, farewell, shady forests,
and my peaceful valleys, goodbye!
Joan is saying goodbye today, for ever.
Yes, for ever goodbye.
My green trees, so dear to my childhood, you'll bloom for others now.
Farewell my fields, farewell, valley, pure spring,
I have to go, I have to go and for ever!
Ah! Accept my last goodbye!