

BENNINGTON COLLEGE MUSIC DIVISION

Presents

A SENIOR CONCERT

by

SUSAN VERRILLI

Sunday  
May 12, 1985

2:00 p.m.  
Paul Robeson House

L'Invitation au Voyage

HENRI DUPARC

Fleurs

FRANCIS POULENC

Susan Verrilli, voice  
Marianne Finckel, piano

Nothing Is Ever So Easy

MARIE LABBE  
poem by ANTHONY CASTLE

Susan Verrilli, voice  
Jeanne Kompare, flute  
Jennifer Weiss, cello

The Willow from "Otello"  
Ave Maria

GIUSEPPE VERDI

Susan Verrilli, voice  
Marianne Finckel, piano

A Charm of the Lullabyes (Opus 41)

BENJAMIN BRITTEN

#3 Sephestia's Lullaby  
#4 A Charm  
#5 The Nurses Song

Susan Verrilli, voice  
Marianne Finckel, piano

Marie Theres from "Der Rosenkavalier"

JOHANN STRAUSS

Octavian: Susan Verrilli  
Marachalen: Audrey Braam  
Sophie: Susannah Waters  
Marianne Finckel, piano

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

L'Invitation au Voyage

text by Henri Duparc

My child, my sister,  
Think how sweet it would be  
To go down there, to live together,  
To love free from care,  
To love and to die  
In the land that resembles you!  
The moist suns  
Of these misty skies,  
To my mind, have the charm,  
So mysterious,  
Of your treacherous eyes,  
Sparkling through their tears.  
There, everything is order and beauty,  
Luxury, calm and pleasure!  
See on these canals  
The sleeping boats  
That capriciously like to roam;  
'Tis to satisfy  
Your slightest wish  
They have come from the ends of the world.  
The setting suns  
Again clothe the fields,  
The canals, the whole town,  
With hyacinth and gold;  
The world falls asleep  
In a warm light!  
There everything is order and beauty,  
Luxury, calm and pleasure!

Fleurs -- Flowers

text by Francis Poulenc

Promised flowers  
Flowers held in your arms  
flowers left in the threshold of the doorway.  
Who brings you these winter flowers  
dusted with ocean sand?  
Sand of your kisses  
flowers of faded loves  
Beautiful eyes like cinders  
and in the chimney, a heart born of lament  
Burnt with its own holy images.  
Promised flowers  
Flowers held in your arms  
Who brings you these winter flowers  
Dusted with ocean sand?

"Salce" (Willow Song)

text by Giuseppe Verdi

He seemed so to me.  
He asked me to go to bed  
and to expect him.  
Emilia, I beg you,  
spread out on my bed  
my white wedding gown.  
Listen. If before you  
I were to die,  
shroud me in one of those veils.  
I am so sad, so sad.  
My mother had a poor maidservant,  
in love and beautiful;  
her name was: Barbara.  
She loved a man  
who then abandoned her.  
She used to sing a song: the song of the willow.  
Unpin my hair.  
This evening my memory is full  
of this song:  
"She wept, singing on the lonely heath,  
the sad girl wept.  
O willow, willow, willow!  
She sat bending her head on her chest,  
willow, willow, willow.  
Sing! Sing!  
the weeping willow will be my garland."  
Hurry; shortly Otello will come.  
"The brooks were running  
through the meadows in bloom,  
that broken heart was moaning;  
and her heart was flooded  
with the bitter flow of tears from her eyes.  
Willow, willow, willow!  
Sing!  
the weeping willow will be my garland."  
The birds descended  
in a flight of somber doves  
to that sweet song.  
And her eyes wept so much, enough  
to stir the rocks to pity."  
Put down this ring.  
Poor Barbara!  
She used to end the story  
with this simple word:  
"He was born for his glory,  
I to love..."  
Listen! I hear a moan.  
Quiet? Who is knocking at that door?  
"I to love him and to die..."  
Sing, sing!  
Willow, willow, willow!"  
Emilia, farewell.  
How my eyes are burning!  
Good night.  
Ah! Emilia, farewell!