

BENNINGTON COLLEGE MUSIC DIVISION

Presents

*ROBIN LEHLEITNER MACKIN And JEANNE KOMPARE

IN A JOINT VOICE RECITAL

With

ELIZABETH WRIGHT and ALLEN SHAWN, piano
JACOB GLICK, violin
PAUL OPEL, guitar

Monday
November 28, 1988

8:15 p.m.
Greenwall Music Workshop

Aus Liebe will mein Heiland sterben
from St. Matthew's "Passion"

J.S. BACH

Robin Mackin, soprano
Jeanne Kompare, flute
Paul Opel, guitar

Rest, Sweet Nymphs
Come Again
Weep you no more sad fountains

DOWLAND

Jeanne Kompare, soprano
Paul Opel, guitar

Heidenroslein

SCHUBERT

Due bist die, Ruh
Hacht und Traume
Gretchen am Spinnade

Robin Mackin, soprano
Elizabeth Wright, piano

Song for piano and violin

R. MACKIN

Allen Shawn, piano
Jacob Glick, violin

Gli Amanti Impossibili
Il Settimo Bicchiere di Vino
La Lettera
Rassegnazione

MENOTTI

from : Canti Della Lontananza

Robin Mackin, soprano
Elizabeth Wright, piano

Sapphische Ode
Die Mainacht

BRAHMS

Auf einer Wanderung

WOLF

Jeanne Kompare, soprano
Allen Shawn, piano

Steal me, Sweet Thief
from the Old Maid and the Thief

MENOTTI

Robin Mackin, soprano
Elizabeth Wright, piano

*This concert is being presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the
Master of Fine Arts Degree in Music.

J.S. BACH from "St. Matthew's Passion"

Aus Liebe will mein Heiland sterben -
Out of Love did my Savior die

Recitative:

He did well by all of us.
He gave sight to the blind,
he made the lame to walk;
He told us His Father's Word,
he drove the devil forth;
grieving, he stood up;
he took up and accepted Sin;
my Jesus did me more than this.

Aria:

Out of Love did my Savior die,
he who knew nothing of even one sin,
that the everlasting ruin and strife
of judgment
would not remain on my soul.

FRANZ SCHUBERT

HEIDENROSLEIN - LITTLE ROSE ON THE HEATH
Text by: W. von Goethe

1.

A lad saw a little rose growing,
Little red rose on the heath;
It was as young and fair as the morning.
He ran quickly to have a close look at it.
And gazed at it with delight.
Little rose, little rose, little red rose.
Little rose on the heath.

The lad said: "I will pick you,
Little rose on the heath!"
The little rose said: "I will prick you,
So that you will always remember me,
And I won't suffer you to pick me.

And the cruel lad picked
The little rose on the heath;
The little rose defended itself,
But its walls and sighs were of no avail,
It had to suffer just the same.
Little rose, little rose, little red rose,
Little rose on the heath.

DU BIST DIE RUH - THOU ART REST
(To Love)

Text by F. Rückert

2.

Thou art rest and gentle peace,
Thou art longing, and that which stills
it.
I consecrate to thee, with my joys and
griefs.
As thy dwelling-place, my eyes and heart.

Enter into me and close thou
The gates softly behind thee:
Drive other griefs from this breast.
Let this heart be filled with thy joys.

My world of sight thy radiance
Alone can illuminate. O, fill it to
the full!

FRANZ SCHUBERT

NACHT UND TRÄUME - NIGHT AND DREAMS

Text by M. von Collin

3.

Holy Night, thou art descending.
Dreams too, are floating downward,
Like thy moonlight through the space,
Through the quiet hearts of men.

They behold it with joy,
And call aloud when the day breaks;
Return again, Holy Night,
Sweet dreams, return again!

GRETCHEN AM SPINNRADE -GRETCHEN AT THE
SPINNING-WHEEL

Text from Goethe's "Faust"

My peace is gone, my heart is heavy,
I can never find peace, never again.
In his absence, I feel as if dead,
And the whole world is turned to gall.

My poor head is distracted,
My poor mind is shattered,
My peace is gone, my heart is heavy,
I can never find peace, never again.

For him alone I look out of the window,
For him alone I go out of the house.
His lofty carriage, his noble form,
The smile of his lips, the power in his
glance.

And the magic flow of his speech,
The clasp of his hand, and oh! his kiss!
My peace is gone, my heart is heavy,
I can never find peace, never again.

My bosom yearns towards him,
Oh, might I grasp and hold him!
And kiss him all I could,
And on his kisses I would pass away!

GIAN CARLO MENOTTI

CANTI DELLA LONTANANZA - SONGS OF DISTANCE

GLI AMANTI IMPOSSIBILI-IMPOSSIBLE LOVERS

1.

Ships' sails are never seen on land,
nor houses on the sea.
I look for you, and faithfully you wait.
Wherever shall I find you now?

You've built your house on water;
I've launched my ship on land.
Your dwelling drifts along the changing
waves.
My ship is rigged but cannot sail.

IL SETTIMO BICCHIERE DI VINO -
THE SEVENTH GLASS OF WINE

2.

The lake and the moon have turned head-
over-heels.
I stare at the clock, but without knowing
why.
The lamp is a castle, the curtain a dove,
and I've finally arrived, but I cannot
say where.
The bed is a coffin, the table a tomb;
but mind--if I'm crying, I'm not crying
for you.
It's the voice of another; these hands
are not mine.
I'm walking on wind, hurtling down to
the sea.
The moon lies in pieces, the carpet's
a maze.
I no longer can find the way back.

GIAN CARLO MENOTTI

CANTI DELLA LONTANANZA - SONGS OF DISTANCE

LA LETTERA - THE LETTER

3.

Here's the postman coming slowly,
with wasted hand and empty eye.
Here's the paper, and some letters,
alien, unfriendly little graveyard slabs.
And here, oh! here's the envelope.
(The shattered sun cascades in splinters.)
Here's your fine-etched scrawl,
too hasty and off-hand.
I tear the envelope, which holds within
so short a life,
and joy and fear consume me.
I quickly breathe its failing breath:
already it's too late, too long delayed.
The paper vanishes, becomes a sigh.
A row of ninepins, the rigid sentences
ironically confront my gaze.
And see: the ink begins to fade away;
the envelope, a mourning dove.
flies off to undiscovered nesting places.
Ah, how many hours till tomorrow?

RASSEGNAZIONE - RESIGNATION

4.

Because my heart has loved so very much,
it asks no further recompense.
I know that eager questions
will be answered by another question
still.
I welcome even now your merciful decep-
tions,
and still your cunning grace provokes
a smile;
but at the golden banquet of illusion,
the weary heart, once so insatiable,
no longer feeds.
And even if I think upon your absence,
and wonder if again we'll meet,
I have ceased to measure, anxious and
impatient,
unlikely roadways of return.
Now only memory will dig its halting
course
along the winding passage of my days.

Translation by FRANCIS RIZZO