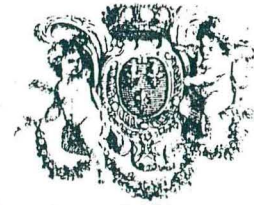


BENNINGTON COLLEGE MUSIC DIVISION



PRESENTS

CATHERINE
WENGLOWSKI

voice

Senior Concert



WEDNESDAY, MAY 18, 1994

8:15 p.m.

GREENWALL MUSIC WORKSHOP

Program

Domine Deus (Gloria)	ANTONIO VIVALDI (1678-1741)
Pie Jesu (Requiem)	GABRIEL FAURÉ (1844-1924)
Après un Reve Au bord de l'eau Mandoline	GABRIEL FAURÉ

Marianne Finckel, piano

Intermission

Four Songs for Voice and Violin Op.35.	GUSTAVE HOLST (1874-1934)
Jacob Glick, violin	
Bewitched	music by RICHARD ROGERS (1902-1979) lyrics by LORENZ HART(1895-1943)

Shadow Waltz	music by HARRY WARREN(1893-) lyrics by AIL DUBIN (1891-1945)
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Marianne Finckel, piano

IV.

My Leman is so true Of love and full steadfast
Yet seemeth ever new. His love is on us cast.
I would that all Him knew and loved Him firm and fast,
They never would it rue But happy be at last.
He lovingly abides Although I stay full long;
He will me never chide Although I choose the wrong.
He says Behold My side And why on *Rood I hung;
For my love leave thy pride And I thee *underfong.
I'll dwell with Thee believe, Leman, under Thy tree.
May no pain e'er me grieve Nor make me from Thee flee.
I will in at Thy sleeve All in Thine heart to be;
Mine heart shall burst and cleave Ere untrue Thou me see.

*Rood- wood cross

*underfong- undertaken

Special Acknowledgments to; family, and friends, some of who have traveled many miles to be here tonight, thank you all for your emotional support. I would also like to thank the Music Division, especially, Barbara Ann Martin, Willie Finckel, and Jack Glick, for their endless patience, and knowledge, and to Sue Jones, and Mary Springer for help with the concert program and posters. Thank you Trudy, and Pooh.

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

Four Songs for Voice and Violin

I.

Jesu Sweet, now will I sing to Thee a song of love longing;
Do in my heart a quick well spring Thee to love above all thing.
Jesu Sweet, my dim hearts gleam Brighter than the sunnè beam!
As thou wert born in Bethlehem Make in me thy lovè dream.
Jesu Sweet, my dark heart's light Thou art day withouten night;
Give me strength and *eke might For to loven thee aright.
Jesu Sweet, well may he be That in Thy bliss Thyself shall see:
With lovè cords then draw Thou me That I may come and dwell
with Thee.

*eke- also

II.

My soul has not but fire and ice And my body earth and wood;
Pray we all the most high king Who is the Lord of our last doom,
That He should give us just one thing That we may do his will.

III.

I sing of a maiden That matchless is: King of all Kings Was her
Son iwis.

He came all so still Where His mother was As dew in April that
falleth on grass:

He came all so still To His mother's bower As dew in April That
falleth on flower:

He came all so still Where His mother lay As dew in April That
formeth on spray.

Mother and maiden Was ne'er none but she: Well may such a
lady God's mother be.

Translations

Domine Deus

Domine Deus, Rex coelestis,

Deus Pater,
Deus Pater omnipotens.

Pie Jesu

Pie Jesu Domine,
dona eis requiem,

Dona, dona, Domine,
Sempiternam requiem.

Après un Reve
(From The Tuscan
by Romamin Bussine)

Dans un sommeil que charmaient
ton image,

Je rêvais le bonheur...

Ardent mirage;

Tes yeux étaient plus doux,

ta voix pure et sonore,

Tu rayonnais comme un
ciel éclairé par l'aurore;

Tu m'appelais,

et je quittais la terre

Pour m'enfuir avec toi vers la lumière;

Les cieux pour nous entr'ouvraient
leurs nues

Splendeurs inconnues,
Lueurs divines entre vues.

Hélas! Hélas,

Triste réveil des songes,

Je t'appelle, ô nuit,

rends-moi tes mensonges,

Reviens, reviens radieuse,

Reviens, ô nuit mystérieuse!

Domine Deus

O Thou, our Lord God,
King of Heaven,

God the Father,
God the Father all powerful.

Pie Jesu

Blessed Jesu,
Lord, I pray in thy mercy grant
them rest.

O blessed Jesu,
Lord, I pray in thy mercy grant
them everlasting rest.

After a Dream

In a light sleep, charmed by
your image,

I dreamt of happiness,
ardent mirage;

Your eyes were more tender,

Your voice pure and clear,

You were radiated like a sky,
brightened by a sunrise;

You were calling me,

and I left the Earth

To flee with you toward the light,

The skies opened up their
clouds for us

Unknown splendors,
glimpses of divine light...

Alas! Alas!

Sad awakening from dreams!

I call to you, oh night,
give me back my illusions.

Return, return, radiant one,

Return, oh mysterious night.

Au bord de l'eau
(poem by Sully Prudhomme)

S'asseoir tous deux au bord
 du flot qui passe,
Le voir passer;
Tous deux s'il glisse un nuage
 un l'espace,
Le voir glisser;
A l'horizon s'il fume toit de chaume,

Le voir fumer;
Aux alentours, si quelque
 fleur embaume,
S'en enbaumer;
Entendre au pied du saule
 où l'eau murmure
L'eau murmurer.
Ne pas sentir tant que ce rêve dure

Le temps durer,
Mais n'apportant de passion profonde
Qu' à s'adorer,
Sans nul souci des ,
 querelles du monde
Les ignore,
Et seuls tous deux devant
 tout ce qui lasse,
Sans se lasser;
Sentir l'amour devant tout ce
 qui passe,
Ne point passer!

At the Edge of the Water

To sit together on the bank of the
 stream that passes,
To see it pass by;
Together, when a cloud
 floats by,
To see it float by;
When a chimney is smoking on
 the horizon,

To watch the smoke;
When near by a flower
 spreads it's fragrance,
To absorb its scent;
Sitting at the foot of the ,
willow, where the water murmurs,
To hear it murmur.
Not to notice, while this dream
 lasts,

The passage of time,
While feeling deep passion
Only to adore each other;
Without care for the world's
 troubles,

To ignore them.
And alone, together, facing
 all that grows weary,
Not to grow weary;
To feel love while everything
 fades,
Not to let the love pass!

Mandoline
(poem by Paul Verlaine)

Les donneurs de sérénades
Et les belles écouteuses
Echangent des propos fades
Sous les ramures chanteuses
C'est Tircis et c'est Aminte
Et c'est l'éternel Clitandre

Et c'est Damis qui,
 pour mainte cruelle,
Fit maint vers tendre
Leurs courtes vestes de soie,
Leurs longues robes aqueues,
Leur élégance, leur joie
Et leurs moles ombres bleues
Tour billonnent dans l'extase
D'une lune rose et grise,
Et la mandoline jase
Parmi les frissons de brise.

Mandolin

The serenading swains
And their lovely listeners
Exchange insipid remarks
Under the singing boughs.
There's Tircis, and there is Aminta
And the eternal Clitander

And there is Damis, who
 for many a cruel lady
Fashions many tender verses.
Their short silken vests,
Their long dresses with trains,
Their elegance, Their gayety,
And their soft blue shadows
Whirl madly in ecstasy
Under a moon, rose and grey
And the mandolin chatters
Amid the trembling of the breeze.