

BENNINGTON COLLEGE

Presents

HOPE MILLER

AND

CARLOS BUHLER

In a Joint Recital

The Theatre

Bennington College

*Tuesday Evening, October 31, 1939
at eight-thirty*

PROGRAM

I

Après un Rêve *Fauré* (Romain Bussine)

The poet calls for night to give him again the exaltation that he finds only in dream.

Nell *Fauré* (Leconte de Lisle)

Sooner will the voice of the sea be still than perish my love for Nell.

Soir *Fauré* (Albert Samain)

The end of day, and only vague light lingers. All the pity and all the longing of the world, I see reflected in your eyes.

La Caravane *Chausson* (Théophile Gautier)

Across the desert of the world the human caravan moves on, hopeless, weary and athirst. Lo! What green isle appears on the horizon? A clump of trees, strewn with bleached bones. Lie down, weary mortals, your day is done.

II

Sainte *Ravel* (Stéphane Mallarmé)

In a window framed in aging gilt, a pale saint holds, unscrolled, an old Magnificat. Finger raised against a harp of angel's wings, she stands, musician of silence.

Le Cygne *Ravel* (Jules Renard)

Gliding on the still water from one cloud to another, he vainly tries to catch one, but as he plunges his snowy neck in the pool, the cloud shatters into ripples. Again he tries. Will he die in this endless chase? But no! With each dip he brings up a worm from the bottom. He is as fat as an old goose.

D'Anne jouant de l'Espinette *Ravel* (Clément Marot)

Ann's playing of the spinet is a delight not only to my ear but, to my eye as well.

Le Jet d'Eau *Debussy* (Charles Baudelaire)

A sheaf of water ashimmer with moonlight, falls like a rain of heavy tears. Rest, my Beloved, and let the murmur of the fountain surround our ecstasy.

INTERMISSION

III

Voiles *Debussy*

La Danse de Puck *Debussy*

Triana *Albeniz*

IV

Seven Spanish Folk Songs *De Falla* (to be sung without interruption)

1. *El paño Moruno*
One tiny spot, and the cloth has lost its value. It can only be sold for little money.
2. *Seguidilla*
Because you are so fickle I compare you to a coin passing from hand to hand.
3. *Asturiana*
To ease my sorrow, I sought the shadow of a tree. The tree was young, and seeing my tears, wept with me.
4. *Jota*
Because we are silent, they say we are not lovers. Let them ask your heart and mine, and they will know the truth.
5. *Nana*
Sleep my little jewel. Sleep my little star of the morning. Nanita, nana, nanita.
6. *Cancion*
Your eyes, how treacherous! They have caused already too much sorrow. I shall bury them deep in the ground.
7. *Polo*
Oh that sorrow eating at my heart! Curses on love! And curses upon him who brought it to me!