

Bennington College Music Department presents

Megan Schubert, soprano

Bruce Russell, piano

Laura Woodward, piano

Alex Kalfayan, bass

Allen Shawn, piano

John Van Buskirk, piano

Bruce Williamson, clarinet

Heather Sommerlad, violin

A Senior Concert

Tuesday, November 16th, 2004

8:00 pm

Deane Carriage Barn

I. Henry Purcell (1658/9-1695)

"If Music be the food of love" (1692)

"Sweeter than Roses" (1695)

"I attempt from Love's sickness to fly" (1695)

(With Laura Woodward and Alex Kalfayan)

II. Edvard Grieg (1843-1907)

"Lauf der Welt" (1889)

"Die Vershwigene Nachtigall" (1889) (All from "Sechs Lieder," Op. 48)

"Zur Rosenzeit" (1889)

"Ein Traum" (1889)

(With Bruce Russell)

III. Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

"Pantomime" (1882)

"Clair de lune" (1882)

"Pierrot" (1882)

"Apparition" (1884)

(With Bruce Russell)

--Intermission--

IV. Megan Schubert

"Trio" (2003)

(John Van Buskirk, Bruce Williamson, and Heather Sommerlad)

V. Allen Shawn

"how generous is that himself the sun" (1990)

"i carry your heart" (1990)

"up into the silence" (1990) (All from "Seven Poems by e.e. cummings")

"i am a little church" (1990)

(With Allen Shawn)

VI. Matt Fagen

"For 1 Voice" (2002)

VII. Gioacchino Antonio Rossini (1792-1868)

"Aragonese"

"La Danza"

(With Bruce Russell)

"If music be the food of love"
Z. 379, from *Gentleman's Journal*, June 1692.
-Henry Purcell
-Text by Colonel Henry Heveningham

If music be the food of love,
Sing on till I am fill'd with joy;
For then my list'ning soul you move
To pleasures that can never cloy.
Your eyes, your mien, your tongue declare
That you are music ev'rywhere.
Pleasures invade both eye and ear,
So fierce the transports are, they wound,
And all my senses feasted are,
Tho' yet the treat is only sound,
Sure I must perish by your charms,
Unless you save me in your arms.

"I attempt from Love's sickness to fly"
Z. 630 (1695), from *The Indian Queen*.
-Henry Purcell
-Text by Sir Robert Howard (1626-1698), John Dryden (1631-1700)

I attempt from Love's sickness to fly in vain,
Since I am myself my own fever and pain.

No more now, fond heart, with pride no more swell,
Thou canst not raise forces enough to rebel.
I attempt from Love's sickness to fly in vain,
Since I am myself my own fever and pain.

For Love has more power and less mercy than fate,
To make us seek ruin and love those that hate.
I attempt from Love's sickness to fly in vain,
Since I am myself my own fever and pain.

"Lauf der Welt" op. 48 no. 3 (1889)
-Edvard Grieg
-Text by Johann Ludwig Uhland (1787-1862)
-Translation by John H. Campbell

An jedem Abend geh' ich aus
Hinauf den Wiesensteg.
Sie schaut aus ihrem Gartenhaus,
Es stehet hart am Weg.
Wir haben uns noch nie bestellt,
Es ist nur so der Lauf der Welt.

Ich weiß nicht, wie es so geschah,
Seit lange küß' ich sie,
Ich bitte nicht, sie sagt nicht: ja!
Doch sagt sie: nein! auch nie.
Wenn Lippe gern auf Lippe ruht,
Wir hindern's nicht, uns dünkt es gut.

Das Lüftchen mit der Rose spielt,
Es fragt nicht: hast mich lieb?
Das Röschen sich am Taue kühlt,
Es sagt nicht lange: gib!
Ich liebe sie, sie liebet mich,
Doch keines sagt: ich liebe dich!

"Sweeter than roses" Z. 585 no. 1 (1695)
from *Incidental Music to Pausanius, the Betrayer
of his Country*.
-Henry Purcell
-Text by Anonymous/Unidentified Artist

Sweeter than roses, or cool evening breeze
On a warm flowery shore, was the dear kiss,
First trembling made me freeze,
Then shot like fire all o'er.
What magic has victorious love!
For all I touch or see since that dear kiss,
I hourly prove, all is love to me.

Each evening I go out,
over the meadow-path.
She looks out from her summerhouse,
which stands by the pathway.
We have never questioned this,
it is just the way things are.

I don't know how it happened so,
for a long time I kiss her,
I don't ask, she doesn't say yes,
however, she also never says no.
If lips like to rest on lips,
we forbid them not, it pleases us well.

The little breeze plays with the rose,
it doesn't ask: do you love me?
The little grasses are chilled by the dew,
they don't often say: stop!
I love her, she loves me,
however neither says: I love you!

"Die verschwiegene Nachtigall" op. 48 no. 4

-Edvard Grieg

-Text by Walther von der Vogelweide (1170?-1228?)

-Translation by Peter Low

Unter den Linden,
an der Haide,
wo ich mit meinem Trauten saß,
da mögt ihr finden,
wie wir beide
die Blumen brachen und das Gras.
Vor dem Wald mit süßem Schall,
Tandaradei!
sang im Tal die Nachtigall.

Ich kam gegangen
zu der Aue,
mein Liebster kam vor mir dahin.
Ich ward empfangen
als hehre Fraue,
daß ich noch immer selig bin.
Ob er mir auch Küsse bot?
Tandaradei!
Seht, wie ist mein Mund so rot!

Wie ich da ruhte,
wüßt' es einer,
behüte Gott, ich schämte mich.
Wie mich der Gute
herzte, keiner
erfahre das als er und ich -
und ein kleines Vögelein,
Tandaradei!
das wird wohl verschwiegen sein.

Under the lindens
on the heath
at the spot where I sat with my boyfriend
you might discover
how he and I
squashed the flowers and the grass.
From the woods came a sweet sound -
"Tandaradei!"
- the nightingale singing in the valley.

I came
to the meadow;
my sweetheart had arrived before me.
He greeted me
as a noble lady
(I'm still very happy about that).
Did he offer me kisses?
"Tandaradei!"
- See how red my lips are!

If anyone found out (God forbid!)
what happened as I lay there,
I would be deeply ashamed.
May nobody know
how the young man embraced me
except him and me -
and a little bird -
"Tandaradei!"
- who will certainly keep a secret.

"Zur Rosenzeit" op. 48 no. 5

-Edvard Grieg

-Text by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832)

-Translation by Emily Ezust

Ihr verblühet, süße Rosen,
Meine Liebe trug euch nicht;
Blühet, ach! dem Hoffnungslosen,
Dem der Gram die Seele bricht!

Jener Tage denk' ich trauernd,
Als ich, Engel, an dir hing,
Auf das erste Knöspchen lauernd
Früh zu meinem Garten ging;

Alle Blüten, alle Früchte
Noch zu deinen Füßen trug
Und vor deinem Angesichte
Hoffnung in dem Herzen schlug.

You are wilting, sweet roses -
my love could not sustain you.
Bloom for hopelessness then,
for he whose soul is breaking from sorrow!

I think mournfully of those days
when I hung on you, angel,
waiting for your first little bud
and going to my garden early;

Every blossom, every fruit
I carried to your feet;
and before your countenance,
hope throbbed in my heart.

"Ein Traum" op. 48 no. 6

-Edvard Grieg

-Text by Friedrich Martin von Bodenstedt (1819-1892)

-Translation by Peter Low

Mir träumte einst ein schöner Traum:
Mich liebte eine blonde Maid;
Es war am grünen Waldesraum,
Es war zur warmen Frühlingszeit:

Die Knospe sprang, der Waldbach schwoll,
Fern aus dem Dorfe scholl Geläut -
Wir waren ganzer Wonne voll,
Versunken ganz in Seligkeit.

Und schöner noch als einst der Traum
Begab es sich in Wirklichkeit -
Es war am grünen Waldesraum,
Es war zur warmen Frühlingszeit:

Der Waldbach schwoll, die Knospe sprang,
Geläut erscholl vom Dorfe her -
Ich hielt dich fest, ich hielt dich lang
Und lasse dich nun nimmermehr!

O frühlingsgrüner Waldesraum!
Du lebst in mir durch alle Zeit -
Dort ward die Wirklichkeit zum Traum,
Dort ward der Traum zur Wirklichkeit!

I once had a beautiful dream:
I was in love with a fair-haired young woman,
we were in a green forest glade,
it was warm spring weather,

the buds were sprouting, the brook was running strong,
the sounds of the distant village could be heard,
we were full of joy,
immersed in bliss.

And even more beautiful than the dream
was what occurred in reality:
it was in a green forest glade
it was warm spring weather,

the buds were sprouting, the brook was running strong,
the sounds of the distant village reached our ears
I held you tight, I held you long,
and now will never again let you go!

Oh the spring-green glade
is alive in me for all time!
That is where reality became a dream
and the dream became reality!

"Pantomime" (1882)

-Claude Achille Debussy

-Text by Paul Verlaine (1844-1896)

-Translation by Edward Morris

Pierrot, qui n'a rien d'un Clitandre,
Vide un flacon sans plus attendre,
Et, pratique, entame un pâté.

Cassandre, au fond de l'avenue,
Verse une larme méconnue
Sur son neveu déshérité.

Ce faquin d'Arlequin combine
L'enlèvement de Colombine
Et pirouette quatre fois.

Colombine rêve, surprise
De sentir un coeur dans la brise
Et d'entendre en son coeur des voix.

Pierrot, who has nothing of Clitander about him,
Empties a flask without further ado,
And, very businesslike, cuts into a pie.

Cassandre, at the end of the street,
Sheds a misunderstood tear
For his disinherited nephew.

Harlequin, that rascal, contrives
The abduction of Colombine
And pirouettes four times.

Colombine dreams, surprised
To feel someone else's heart in the breeze
And to hear voices in her own heart.

"Clair de Lune" first version (1882)

-Claude Achille Debussy

-Text by Paul Verlaine (1844-1896)

-Translation by Peter Low

Votre âme est un paysage choisi
Que vont charmants masques et bergamasques,
Jouant du luth et dansant, et quasi
Tristes sous leurs déguisements fantasques!

Tout en chantant sur le mode mineur
L'amour vainqueur et la vie opportune.
Ils n'ont pas l'air de croire à leur bonheur,
Et leur chanson se mêle au clair de lune,

Au calme clair de lune triste et beau,
Qui fait rêver, les oiseaux dans les arbres,
Et sangloter d'extase les jets d'eau,
Les grands jets d'eau sveltes parmi les marbres.

Your soul is a chosen landscape
charmed by masquers and revellers
playing the lute and dancing and almost
sad beneath their fanciful disguises!

Even while singing, in a minor key,
of victorious love and fortunate living
they do not seem to believe in their happiness,
and their song mingles with the moonlight,

the calm moonlight, sad and beautiful,
which sets the birds in the trees dreaming,
and makes the fountains sob with ecstasy,
the tall slender fountains among the marble statues!

"Pierrot" (1882)

-Claude Achille Debussy

-Théodore Faullin de Banville (1823-1891)

-Translated by Authur Wenk

Le bon Pierrot, que la foule contemple,
Ayant fini les noces d'Arlequin,
Suit en songeant le boulevard du Temple.
Une fillette au souple casaquin
En vain l'agace de son oeil coquin;
Et cependant mystérieuse et lisse
Faisant de lui sa plus chère délice,
La blanche lune aux cornes de taureaux
Jette un regard de son oeil en coulisse
À son ami Jean Gaspard Debureau*.

The good Pierrot, whom the crowd beholds,
Having witnessed the marriage of Harlequin,
Proceeds while musing, along the church boulevard;
A young girl of supple body
Teases him in vain with her roguish eye;
While mysterious and smooth,
Shining on him his costliest delight
The white moon with bull horns
Looks askance
at his friend Jean Gaspard de bureau.

* Jean-Gaspard Debureau: a famous French mime (1796-1846)

"Apparition" (1884)

-Claude Achille Debussy

-Text by Stéphane Mallarmé (1842-1898)

-Translation by Daisy Aldan

La lune s'attristait. Des séraphins en pleurs
Rêvant, l'archet aux doigts, dans le calme des fleurs
Vaporeuses, tiraient de mourantes violettes
De blancs sanglots glissant sur l'azur des corolles.
- C'était le jour béni de ton premier baiser ;
Ma songerie aimant à me martyriser
S'enivrait savamment du parfum de tristesse
Que même sans regret et sans déboire laisse
La cueillaison d'un Rêve au cœur qui l'a cueilli.
J'errais donc, l'oeil rivé sur le pavé vieilli.
Quand avec du soleil aux cheveux, dans la rue
Et dans le soir, tu m'es en riant apparue
Et j'ai cru voir la fée au chapeau de clarté
Qui jadis sur mes beaux sommeils d'enfant gâté
Passait, laissant toujours de ses mains mal fermées
Neiger de blancs bouquets d'étoiles parfumées.

The moon grew sorrowful. Weeping Seraphim
Dreaming with drawn bows, in the calm of misty
Flowers, drew from expiring violets
White sobs gliding across azure corollas.
--It was the blessed day of your first kiss.
Mu musing delighting to torment me
Was drinking deep of the perfume of sadness
Which even without regret of deception, leaves to the heart
Which has gathered it, the reaping of a dream.
I wandered then, eyes glued to the worn pavement
When with sunlight in your hair, in the street
And in the evening, laughing, you appeared
And I thought I saw the fairy in her cap of light
Who once in my tranquil spoiled-child sleep
Passed by, and who from her half-closed hands
Let snow down white bouquets of perfumed stars.

From "7 e.e. cummings songs" 1990

-Allen Shawn

-Text by e.e. cummings (1894-1962) From *Complete Poems* (1913-1962)

how generous is that himself the sun

--arriving truly,faithfully he goes
(never for a moment ceasing to begin
the mystery of day for someone's eyes)

with silver splendors past conceiving who

comforts his children,if he disappears
till of more much than dark most nowhere no
particle is not a universe

but if,with goldenly his fathering

(as that himself out of all silence strolls)
nearness awakened, any bird should sing:
and our night's thousand million miracles

a million thousand hundred nothings seem
--we are himself's own self;his very him

up into the silence the green
silence with a white earth in it

you will(kiss me)go

out into the morning the young
morning with a warm world in it

(kiss me)you will go

on into the sunlight the fine
sunlight with a firm day in it

you will go(kiss me

down into your memory and
a memory and memory

i)kiss me(will go)

i carry your heart with me(i carry it in
my heart)i am never without it(anywhere
i go you go,my dear; and whatever is done
by only me is your doing,my darling)

i fear
no fate(for you are my fate,my sweet)i want
no world(for beautiful you are my world,my true)
and it's you are whatever a moon has always meant
and whatever a sun will always sing is you

here is the deepest secret nobody knows
(here is the root of the root and the bud of the bud
and the sky of the sky of a tree called life;which grows
higher than the soul can hope or mind can hide)
and this is the wonder that's keeping the stars apart

i carry your heart(i carry it in my heart)

i am a little church(no great cathedral)
far from the splendor and squalor of hurrying cities
--i do not worry if briefer days grow briefest,
i am not sorry when sun and rain make april

my life is the life of the reaper and the sower;
my prayers are prayers of earth's own clumsily striving
(finding and losing and laughing and crying)children
whose any sadness or joy is my grief or my gladness

around me surges a miracle of unceasing
birth and glory and death and resurrection:
over my sleeping self float flaming symbols
of hope,and i wake to a perfect patience of mountains

i am a little church(far from the frantic
world with its rapture and anguish)at peace with nature
--i do not worry if longer nights grow longest;
i am not sorry when silence becomes singing

winter by spring,i lift my diminutive spire to
merciful Him Whose only now is forever:
standing erect in the deathless truth of His presence
(welcoming humbly His light and proudly His darkness)

"Aragonese"

-Gioacchino Antonio Rossini
-Text by Pietro Metastasio (1698-1782)
-Translation Johann Gaitzsch

Mi lagnerò tacendo
della mia sorte amara, ah!
Ma ch'io non t'ami,
o cara, non lo sperar da me.

Crudel, in che t'offesi
farmi penar così?
Crudel! Non lo sperar da me.

In silence I will complain
About my bitter fate
But not to love you, dear,
do not hope to obtain that from me.

Cruel one, why do you still
Let me suffer like this?
You are cruel! do not wish it upon me.

"La danza"

Gioacchino Antonio Rossini
-Text by Conte Carlo Pepoli (1796-1881)
-Translation by Johann Gaitzsch

Già la luna è in mezzo al mare,
mamma mia si salterà,
l'ora è bella per danzare
chi è in amor non mancherà.

Presto in danza a tondo,
donne mie venite quà,
un garzon bello e giocondo
a ciascuna toccherà,
finchè in ciel brilla una stella
e la luna splenderà.
Il più bel con la più bella
tutta notte danzerà.

Salta, salta, gira, gira,
ogni coppia a cerchio va,
già s'avvanza si ritira
e all' assalto tornerà.

Serra, serra colla bionda
collabruna va quà e là,
colla rossa v'è a seconda
colla smorta fermo sta!
Viva il ballo a tondo a tondo
sono un Rè, sono un Bascià,
è il più bel piacer del mondo
la più cara voluttà.

(Mamma mia, mamma mia,
già la luna è in mezzo al mare,
mamma mia, mamma mia,
mamma mia si salterà.
Frinche frinche frinche frinche
mamma mia, si salterà,
La la ra la ra...)

Already the moon dips into the sea,
My goodness, she'll jump right in;
The hour is pleasant for dancing,
and no one in love would want to miss.

Swiftly dancing round and round,
My dear ladies, come to me,
See a handsome smiling fellow
Willing to dance with every one.
While the evening star shines in the sky
And the moon glows brightly,
The most handsome with the fairest
Will dance the night away.

Jump, jump, turn and turn,
Every couple circling round,
Back and forth and over again
And return where you began.

Hold on tightly to the blonde,
Take the brunette here and there,
take the redhead for a turn,
the wallflower you better don't touch.
Hooray for dancing round and round,
I'm a king, a pasha too,
This is the greatest pleasure on earth,
And the dearest passion!

Mamma mia, my goodness...