

BENNINGTON COLLEGE

presents

KATHLEEN SYNA
Mezzo-soprano

Cantata No. 8 - Hemmet den Eifer, verbannet die Rache

Telemann

Harpsichord, Constance Holden
Bassoon, Elizabeth Yeomans
Recorder, William Carragan

Weep You No More Sad Fountains
The Willow Song
Flow My Tears
Come Away, Come Sweet Love

Dowland
Anonymous
Dowland
Dowland

Harpsichord, William Carragan

Cantata No. 51 - Jauchzet Gott in allen Landen

Bach

Violin, Elizabeth Walker
Violin, Eileen Carrier
Viola, Gunnar Schonbeck
Cello, Alberto Passigli
Harpsichord, Henry Brant
Trumpet, George Plue

INTERMISSION

Vier Ernste Gesange

Brahms

Denn es gehet dem Menschen
Ich wandte mich und sahe an
O Tod, wie bitter bist du
Wenn ich mit Menschen und mit Engelsqungen

Piano, Henry Brant

Con amores la mi madre (XV century Spanish song)

Juan de Anchieta

(Realization by Fernando Obradors)

Nana

De Falla arrangement of Spanish Folk Song

Yankele

Yiddish Folk Song

All the Little Horses

American Folk Song

Guitars, Steve Bick and Priscilla Smiley

Words to Vier Ernste Gesange

Denn es gehet dem Menschen:
(Ecclesiastes 3: 19-22)

For that which befalleth the sons of men befalleth beasts; even one thing befalleth them: as the one dieth, so dieth the other; yea, they have all one breath; so that a man hath no preeminence above a beast; for all is vanity.

All go unto one place; all are of the dust, and all turn to dust again.

Who knoweth the spirit of man that goeth upward and the spirit of the beast that goeth downward to the earth?

Wherefore I perceived that there is nothing better, than that a man should rejoice in his own works; for that is his portion: for who shall bring him to see what shall be after him?

Ich wandte mich und sahe an:
(Ecclesiastes 4: 1-3)

So I returned, and considered all the oppressions that are done under the sun: and behold the tears of such as were oppressed and they had no comforter; and on the side of their oppressors there was power; but they had no comforter.

Wherefore I praised the dead which are already dead more than the living which are yet alive.

Yea, better is he than both they, which hath not yet been, who hath not seen the evil work that is done under the sun.

O Tod, wie bitter bist du:
(Ecclesiasticus 41: 1-2)

O death, O death, how bitter, how bitter art thou to a man reminded of thee, reminded of thee when he enjoyeth pleasant moments and liveth free from sorrow, when he observeth his fortunes prosper, and feasteth at his ease!

O death, how kind art thou to those in need, who are old and feeble, lost amid a sea of woes, not expecting, nor hoping, that better days will come. O death, how kind art thou.

Wenn ich mit Menschen und mit Engelsqungen:
(Corinthians 13: 1-3; 12-13)

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.

And though I bestow all my good to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face; now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

And now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; but the greatest of these is love.

Con amores la mi madre:

With love, oh my mother,
With love I fell asleep;
And asleep I dreamed
of the things the heart watched over,
And love consoled me
even more than I deserved.
It was a favor to fall asleep
And love was repaid with love;
My sorrow was lightened
by my faithful service.
With love, oh my mother,
With love I fell asleep!

Nana:

Sleep my baby, sleep my own.

Yankele:

Sleep, my little son, my boy, my only one,
Quietly, baby, sleep and close your eyes;
To a big and strapping boy like you why should your Ma
be sitting here and singing lullabies?