

BENNINGTON COLLEGE MUSIC DIVISION

Presents

A SENIOR CONCERT

By

BETTE GOLDBERG

Wednesday
June 1, 1983

8:15 pm
Greenwall Music Workshop

"Casta Diva" from Norma

VINCENZO BELLINI
(1801 - 1835)

"Mi Chiamano Mimi" from La Bohème

GIACOMO PUCCINI
(1858 - 1924)

Bette Goldberg - soprano
Alejandro Sanchez-Navarro - piano

Elizabethan Songs (1937 - 1941)
Poems by John Donne
John Lyly
William Shakespeare
Sir Philip Sidney

VIVIAN FINE

Bette Goldberg - soprano
Jacob Glick - violin
Maxine Neuman - 'cello
Vivian Fine - piano

Two Songs (1983)
Poems by Paul Verlaine

BETTE GOLDBERG

Bette Goldberg - soprano
Vivian Fine - piano

"Pace, Mio Dio" from La Forza Del Destino

GUISEPPE VERDI
(1813 - 1901)

Bette Goldberg - soprano
Marianne Finckel - piano

- INTERMISSION -

Fantaisie for Flute and Piano

GABRIEL FAURE
(1845 - 1924)

Bette Goldberg - flute
Vladimir Havsky - piano

Bachianas Brasileiras, No. 5 (1938 - 1945)
for Soprano and Cello
I. Aria (Cantilena)
II. Dansa (Martelo)

HEITOR VILLA-LOBOS
(1887 -)

Bette Goldberg - soprano
Cello: Jared Shapiro
Maxine Neuman
Tom Calabro
Daniel Rowe
Lori Goldston
Susan Alancraig
Ursula Wiskoski
Kay Kimball

"When I Am Laid In Earth" from Dido and Aeneas
(to be performed after Fantaisie for flute
and piano)

HENRY PURCELL
(? - 1664)

Bette Goldberg - soprano
Marianne Finckel - piano

Thanks to all of the faculty and students involved in the presentation of this concert.

Special thanks to Frank Baker, Michael Downs, and my mother for all of their support and encouragement.

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

MI CHIAMANO MIMI

Mi chiamano Mimi,
il perchè non so.
Sola mi fo
il pranzo da me stessa.
Non vado sempre a messa,
ma prego assai il Signor.
Vivo sola, soletta,
là in una bianca cameretta;
guardo sui tetti e in cielo,
ma quando vien lo sgelo,
il primo sole è mio;
il primo bacio dell 'aprile è mio!
Il primo sole è mio!
Germoglia
in un vaso una rosa;
foglia a foglia
la spio! Così gentil
il profumo d'un fior.
Ma i fior ch'io faccio, a hime!
i fior ch'io faccio, a hime!
non hanno odore!
Altro di me non le saprei narrare:

sono la sua vicina
che la vien fuori d'ora
a importunare.

CASTA DIVA

Casta diva, che inargenti
queste sacre antiche piante,
a noi volgi il bel sembiante
senza nube e senza vel,
Senza vel, sì, senza vel!

Tempra, o diva,
tempra tu de' cori ardenti,
tempra ancora lo zelo audace,
spargi in terra, ah, quella pace
che regnar tu fai nel ciel.

They call me Mimi,
Why, I don't know.
All on my own
I get my own supper.
I don't always go to Mass,
but I pray very hard to God.
I live quite alone
there in a little white room
which looks out onto the
roofs and the sky;
but when the thaw comes,
the first sunshine is mine,
April's first kiss is mine!
The first sunshine is mine!
In a vase
a rose blossoms;
leaf by leaf there
I watch it! The perfume
of a flower is so sweet.
But the flowers which I make, alas,
the flowers which I make
have no scent!
There is nothing else
to tell you:
I am your neighbor
who comes inopportunately
to bother you.

Chaste goddess, who dost silver
these ancient sacred trees,
turn upon us thy fair face
unclouded and unveiled,
unveiled, yes, unveiled!

Temper, O goddess,
temper these ardent spirits,
temper yet their bold zeal,
oh, shed upon earth that peace
that thou makest to reign in heaven.

ELIZABETHAN SONGS

DAYBREAK

John Donne

Stay, O sweet, and do not rise!
The light that shines comes
 from thine eyes;
The day breaks not: it is my heart,
Because that you and I must part.
Stay! or else my joys will die,
And perish in their infancy.

SPRING'S WELCOME

John Lyly

What bird so sings, yet so
 does wail?
O 'tis the ravish'd nightingale.
Jug, jug, jug, tereu! she cries,
And still her woes at midnight rise.

Brave prick-song! Who is't now
 we hear?
None but the lark so shrill
 and clear;
Now at heaven's gate she claps her
 wings,
The morn not waking till she sings.
Hark, hark, with what a pretty throat
Poor robin red-breast tunes his note!
Hark, hark, how the jolly cuckoos
 sing
Cuckoo! to welcome in the spring!
Cuckoo! Cuckoo! to welcome in
 the spring!

DIRGE

William Shakespeare

Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypres let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O prepare it!
My part of death no one so true
Did share it, did share it.

THE BARGAIN

Sir Philip Sidney

My true love hath my heart, and I
 have his;
By just exchange one for another
 given:
I hold his dear, and mine he cannot
 miss,
There never was a better bargain
 driven.

My true love hath my heart, and I have
 his.
His heart in me keeps him and me in one,
My heart in him his thoughts and
 senses guides:
He loves my heart, for once it was
 his own,
I cherish his because in me it bides:

My true love hath my heart, and I
 have his;
By just exchange one for another given.
I hold his dear and mine he cannot miss,
There never was a better bargain
 driven:

My true love hath my heart, and I
 have his.

CHANSON D'AUTOMNE

Les sanglots longs des violons
de l'automne
Blessent mon coeur d'une langueur
monotone

Tout suffocant et blême quand
sonne l'heure
Je me souviens des jours anciens
et je pleure

Et je m'en vais au vent mauvais
qui m'emporte
Decà, delà, pareil à la feuille morte.

from SAGESSE

Un grand sommeil noir
Tombe sur ma vie:
Dormez, tout espoir,
Dormez, tout envie!

Je ne vois plus rien,
Je perds la mémoire
Du mal et du bien...
O la triste histoire!

Je suis un berceau
Qu'une main balance
Au creux d'un caveau:
Silence! Silence!

The long sobs of the autumn
violins
Wound my heart with a melancholy
languor

Suffocating and ghastly pale
when I hear the hour ring
I remember the old days
and I weep.

And I go off in an evil wind
which bears me
Now here, now there, like a dead leaf.

A great black somnolence
falls over my life:
Sleep, all hope!
Sleep, all envy!

I see nothing any longer;
I am losing all memory
of good and bad...
Such a misfortune!

I am a cradle
rocked by a hand
in the depths of a vault.
Silence! Silence!

PACE, MIO DIO

Pace, pace, mio Dio, pace, mio Dio.
Cruda sventura
m'astringe, ahimè, a languir;
come il di primo da tant'anni dura
profondo il mio soffrir.
Pace, pace, mio Dio, pace, mio Dio.
L'amai, gli è ver,
ma di belta è valore
cotanto Iddio l'ornò,
che l'amo ancor, nè togliermi dal core
l'immagin sua saprò.
Fatalità! fatalità, fatalità!
Un delitto
disgiunti n'ha quaggiù!

Alvaro, io t'amo,
e su nel cielo è scritto
non ti vedrò mai più!
Oh, Dio, Dio fa ch'io muoia;
che la calma può darmi morte sol.

Invan la pace qui spero quest'alma
in predo a tanto duol,
in mezzo a tanto duol.

Misero pane, a prolungarmi vieni
la sconsolata vita.
Ma chi giunge?
Chi profanare ardisce il sacro loco?
Maledizione! Maledizione!

WHEN I AM LAID IN EARTH

Thy hand, Belinda! darkness shades me,
On thy bosom let me rest,
More I would, but death invades me
Death is now a welcome guest.
When I am laid, am laid in earth, may my wrongs create
no trouble, no trouble in thy breast.
When I am laid, am laid in earth, may my wrongs create
no trouble, no trouble in thy breast.
Remember me, remember me, But ah! forget my fate,
Remember me, but ah! forget my fate!

Peace, O mighty Father, give me peace!
Bitter misfortune
has brought me low.
I suffer now as I did the very day
I entered these long years of hardship.
Peace, o mighty Father, give me peace!
I loved him, it is true!
But heaven had given him
such beauty and courage
that I cannot help loving him still,
nor expunge his image from my heart.
A tragedy! A tragedy!
That a fatal accident
should have driven us apart in this
world.

Alvaro, I love you,
but it is the decree of Heaven
that I shall never see you again!
Oh, Father everlasting, let me die;
for only in death shall I ever find
peace.
In vain this soul of mine seeks rest
but it is a prey
to long and bitter woe.

Miserable food, you have come only
to prolong a life of wretchedness.
But whom do I hear approaching?
Who dares profane this sacred place?
The curse! The curse!

I ARIA (Cantilena)

Tarde uma nuvem rosea lenta
e transparente,
sobre o espaço sonhadora e bela!

Surge no infinito a lua
docemente,
Enfeitando a tarde, qual meiga
donzela
que se apresta e alinda
sonhadoramente,
Em anseios d'alma para ficar bela,

Grita ao céu e a terra,
toda Natureza!
Cala a passarada aos seus
tristes queixumes,
E reflete o mar toda
a sua riqueza...
Suave a luz da lua
desperta agora,
A cruel saudade que ri e chora!

Tarde...

Lo at midnight clouds are slowly
passing, rosy and lustrous,
O'er the spacious heav'n with loveliness
laden,
From the boundless deep the moon
arises wondrous,
Glorifying the evening like a beautiful
maiden,
Now she adorns herself
in half unconscious duty,
Eager, anxious that we recognize her
beauty,
While sky and earth, yea all nature
with applause salute her.
All the birds have ceased their sad
and mournful complaining,
Now appears on the sea in a silver
reflection
Moonlight softly waking the soul
and constraining
Hearts to cruel tears and bitter
rejection.
Lo at midnight...

II DANSA (MARTELO)

Irerê, meu passarinho
do Sertão do Cariri,
Irerê, meu companheiro,
Cadê viola?
Cadê meu bem?
Cadê Maria...?
Ai triste sorte a do
violeiro cantadô!
Ah! Sem a viola em que
cantava o seu amô, Ah!
Seu assobio é tua
flauta de irerê:
Que tua flauta do Sertão
quando assobia, Ah!
A gente sofre sem querê!
Ah! Teu canto chega lá
do fundo do sertão, ah!
Como uia brisa a molecendo
coração, ah! ah!
Irerê, Solta teu canto!
Canta mais! Canta mais!
Pra alembra o Cariri!
Canta, cambaxira!
Canta, juriti!
Canta Irerê!
Canta, canta sofre
Patativa! Bemtevi!
Maria accorda que é dia
Cantem todos vocês
Passarinhos do sertão!
Bemtevi! Eh! Sabia!
La! lia! Eh! Sabia
da mata cantadô!
La! lia! Eh! Sabia
da mata sofredô!
O vosso canto vem du
fundo do sertão
Como uma brisa amolecendo
o coração.
Irerê, meu passarinho...

Irere, my little nestling
from the wilds of Cariri,
Irere, my loved companion,
my singing sweetheart,
Where goes my dear?
Where goes Maria...?
Ah, sorry is the lot of him
who fain would sing!
Ah! without his lute no song
of gladness can he bring, Ah!
his whistle shrill must be
his flute for Irere,
But yours the flute that once
in forest wilds was sounding, Ah!
With its message of grief and woe.
Ah, your song came forth from
the depths of forest wilds, ah!
Like summer winds that comfort
every mournful heart, ah!
Irere, Sing and enchant me!
Sing once more, sing once more!
Bring me songs of Cariri!
Sing, my lovely songbird,
Sing your song again,
Sing, my Irere!
Sing of pain and sorrow,
As the birds of morning
waking Maria in the dawning.
Sing with all your voices,
Birds of the woods and the wilds,
Sing your songs! ye forest birds!
La! lia! Ye nestlings of the
singing forest wilds.
La! lia! Ye nestlings of the
mournful forest wilds!
Oh, yours the song that comes
from depths of forest wilds
Like summer winds that comfort
every mournful heart.
Irere, my little nestling...