

A Voice Recital

Lisa Lynch, soprano

with

John Van Buskirk, piano

Sunday, May 26, 2002

8:00 pm

Deane Carriage Barn

Bennington College

If Music be the food of love

Henry Purcell
(1659-1695)

L'amante segreto

Barbara Strozzi
(1619-c.1664)

Er ist gekommen in Sturm und Regen
Ich stand in dunklen Träumen
Sie liebten sich beide
An einem lichten Morgen

Clara Schumann
(1819-1896)

Anne Trulove's Aria from *The Rake's Progress*

Igor Stravinsky
(1882-1971)

pause

Banalités

Francis Poulenc
(1899-1963)

Chanson d'Orkenise
Hôtel
Fagnes de Wallonie
Voyage à Paris
Sanglots

From *Bachianas Braileiras No.5*
Aria (Cantilena)

Heitor Villa-Lobos
(1887-1959)

Jeremy Schulick, guitar

Souvenir

Lisa Lynch
(b. 1978)

Elements

Jason Sabol
(b. 1978)

Black Anemones from *Two Poems of Agueda Pizzaro* Joseph Schwantner
(b. 1943)

many thanks to:

John Van Buskirk
Tom Bogdan
Stephen Siegel
Suzanne Jones
Jeremy Schulick
Julie Wozzley
Jason
Brianna
Sarah
Mom
Dad
you, the audience

Texts and Translations

*L'amante segreto
(The Secret Lover)*

I would rather die
than let my suffering be discovered.
O fated misfortune!
The more my eyes watch her beautiful
countenance,
the more my mouth keeps my desire buried.
He who has no cure hides his pain.
Nothing remains but to watch for he who
has no fortune,
nor can from such beautiful heaven come death.

My beautiful lady I often look at
and she turns to me with a pitying glance,
as if she wants to say:
"Reveal your torment,"
She no doubt recognizes my struggle and desire.
But I would rather die
than let my suffering be discovered.

The young grass, that at the sinking of cold frost
languidly bows its head,
when the sun appears
happily greens all the more.
So I, if any fear freezes my heart,
I take strength when she appears.
But I would rather die
than let my suffering be discovered.

Oh, cast away the powerful bow and weapons,
Cupid, and cease shooting me!
If not for my love,
do it for your honor, proud god:
for it is not glory for a strong warrior
to kill one already so near to death.

*Er ist gekommen in Sturm und Regen
(He has come in storm and rain)*

He has come in storm and rain,
my heart beats uneasily towards him.
How could I suspect that his journeys
would unite with mine?

He has come in storm and rain,
he has taken my heart daringly.
Did he take mine? Did I take his?
The two came towards each other.

He has come in storm and rain!
Now comes spring's blessing.

The lover follows, I see him happily,
because he remains mine on all paths.
-Friedrich Rückert

*Ich stand in dunklen Träumen
(I stood in dark dreams)*

I stood in dark dreams
and stared at her picture,
and the beloved face
secretly came to life.

Around her lips pulled
a wonderful smile,
and as if from tears of longing
shined her eyes.

My tears flow also
down my cheeks.
and ah! I cannot believe
that I have lost you!
-Heinrich Heine

*Sie liebten sich beide
(They both loved each other)*

They both loved each other, but neither
wanted to confess it to the other.
They looked at each other with such hostility,
and wanted to pass love by.

They left each other in the end and saw each other
only now and again in dream.
They were long since dead
and barely knew it themselves.
-Heinrich Heine

*An einem lichten Morgen
(On a light morning)*

On a light morning
it sounds clear in the valley:
wake up, you dear flower,
I am the sun's ray!

Open with trust
your little flower room
and leave hot love
in holiness.

I do not want to ask
to lie in your lap
and kiss your flower,
before it fades.

I do not want to desire
to rest on your breast

and instead transfigure you
with sunlit desire.

-Hermann Rollett

Banalités

Chanson d'Orkenise (Song of Orkenise)

Through the gates of Orkenise
a carter wants to enter.
Through the gates of Orkenise
a tramp wants to leave.

And the guards of the town
run up to the tramp:
"What are you taking from the town?"
"I leave my whole heart there."

And the guards of the town
run up to the carter:
"What are you bringing into the town?"
"My heart to be married!"

What a lot of hearts in Orkenise!
The guards laughed, laughed.
Tramp, the road is gray,
Love grays, o carter.

The fine-looking guards of the town
knitted superbly;
Then the gates of the town
closed slowly.

Hôtel (Hotel)

My room has the form of a cage
The sun puts its arms through the window
but I who want to smoke
to make mirages
I light at the fire of day my cigarette
I do not want to work
I want to smoke

Fagnes de Wallonie (Uplands of Wallonie)

So much sorrow
seized my heart in the desolate uplands
when weary I rested in the fir trees
the weight of the kilometers while blustered
the west wind
I had left the pretty wood

the squirrels stayed there
My pipe tried to make clouds
in the sky
which remained obstinately pure
I didn't confide any secret except
an enigmatic song
to the damp peat bogs

The heather blossoming with honey
attracted the bees
and my aching feet
crushed the blueberries and the blaberries
Tenderly married

North

North

Life twists itself there
in trees strong
and twisted

Life there bites
death

ravenously
when the wind sounds.

Voyage à Paris (Trip to Paris)

Ah! the charming thing
to leave a gloomy country
for Paris
delightful Paris
that one day love must have created

Sanglots (Sobs)

Our love is ordered by the calm stars
now we know that in us many men breathe
who came from very far and are one under our brows
it is the song of the dreamers
who had torn out their heart
and carried it in their right hand
remember dear pride all these memories
of the sailors who sang like conquerors
of the abysses of Thule of the gentle skies of Ophir
of the cursed sick people of those who fled their shadow
and of the joyous return of happy emigrants
of this heart it ran with blood
and the dreamer went on thinking
of his delicate wound

you will not break the chain of these causes
and painful and said to us
who are the effects of other causes
my poor heart my broken heart
resembling the heart of all men
here here our hands that life made slaves
has died of love or so it seems

has died of love and here it is
so it is with all things
so tear out yours also
and nothing will be free until the end of time
let us leave all to the dead
and hide our sobs

-Guillaume Apollinaire

Bachianas Brasileiras No.5

Late, a cloud becomes rose-colored, slow and transparent,
over the space dreamy and beautiful!
The moon comes out into the infinite softly,
adorning the evening, like a gentle maiden
who gets ready and makes herself beautiful dreamily,
with yearnings of her soul to be beautiful.
She cries to the sky and to earth, all of Nature!
The birds cease at her sad laments,
and the sea reflects all its richness...
Softly the light of the moon awakes now
the cruel longing which laughs and cries!
Late, a cloud becomes rose-colored, slow and transparent,
over the space dreamy and beautiful!

-Ruth V. Corr  a

Souvenir

(for Brianna)

Here in the hollow of your yard, where a tent
was pitched for camping,
so many dusks saw us clutched and happy.
Now we have nighttime in the dining room,
we sit opposite each other at the table
while the blue light of the moon seeps in as a souvenir
of the present.

The nakedness of words breaking the silence belongs to us.

The seed of each suspended green twilight is also ours.

Near your mother's house, in summertime,
we pitched stones into the water (for wishes)
leaving them to travel further than we could throw,
past the oaks.

The creek was not a boundary, but the furthest we had touched
were the stones.

-Lisa Lynch

Elements

(for Jason)

What is the wind made of?
And what are these notes made of as they rise
up the staircase? You play late into the night
as I fall asleep, the sound an idea forming
from far away, now and then the sound
of a far off highway.

The notes are made of stars; they twinkle with fire
we've never touched, or that we once touched
but no longer remember. It sounds just like rain,
those chords falling out of you, traveling far

distances. Feet one by one crunching
through the snow. All the wind
made of sound, all the sounds
made of movements, however slight,
all movement
a message, a trust in change.

-Lisa Lynch

Black Anemones

Mother, you watch me sleep
and your life
is a large tapestry
of all the colors
of all the most ancient
murmurs,
knot after twin knot,
root after root of story.
You don't know how fearful
your beauty is while I sleep.
Your hair is the moon
of a sea sung in silence.
You walk with silver lions
and wait to estrange me
deep in the rug
covered with sorrow
embroidered by you
in a fierce symmetry
binding with thread
of Persian silk
the pinetrees and the griffins.
You call me blind,
you touch my eyes
with Black Anemones.
I am a spider that keeps spinning
from the spool in my womb,
weaving through eyes
the dew of flames
on the web.

-Agueda Pizarro