

BENNINGTON COLLEGE MUSIC DIVISION

PRESENTS

AN EVENING OF
ROMANCE AND DEPRESSION

with

Jonathan Bepler, baritone

Nathaniel Parke, 'cello

Elizabeth Wright, piano

Le Bestiaire

ou Cortege d'Orphée

text by Guillaume Apollinaire

FRANCIS POULENC

Le Dromadaire - (The Camel)

La Chevre du Thibet - (The Tibetan Goat)

La Sauterelle - (The Grasshopper)

Le Dauphin - (The Dolphin)

L'Écrevisse - (The Crab)

La Carpe - (The Carp)

Dichterliebe

a cycle of songs on poems by Heinrich Heine

ROBERT SCHUMANN

1. Im wunderschönen Monat Mai
2. Aus meinen Tränen spriessen
3. Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube
4. Wenn ich in deine Augen seh'
5. Ich will meine Seele tauchen
6. Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome
7. Ich grolle nicht
8. Und wüssten's die Blumen
9. Das is ein Flöten und Geigen
10. Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen
11. Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen
12. Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen
13. Ich hab' im Traum geweinet
14. Allnächtlich im Traume
15. Aus alten Märchen
16. Die alten, bösen Lieder

INTERMISSION

Sonata in G minor

for 'cello and piano

FREDERIC CHOPIN

Allegro moderato

Scherzo: allegro con brio

Largo

Finale: Allegro

WEDNESDAY
APRIL 22, 1992

8:15 p.m.
GREENWALL MUSIC WORKSHOP

DICHTERLIEBE

A Cycle of 16 Songs on the Poems by Heinrich Heine

*In the wondrously beautiful month of May,
When all the buds burst open,
Then in my heart
Love unfolded too.*

*In the wondrously beautiful month of May,
When all the birds sang,
Then I confessed to her
My longing and my desire.*

*Out of my tears go forth
Many flowers in bloom.
And my sighs become
A choir of nightingales.
And if you are fond of me, little one,
I will give you all the flowers,
And before your window shall ring
The song of the nightingale.*

*The rose, the lily, the dove, the sun,
I loved them once all with the rapture of love.
I love them no more, I love alone
The little one, the fine, the pure, the only one.
She herself, the well of all love
Is rose and lily and dove and sun,
I love alone the little one,
The fine, the pure, the only one!*

*When I look into your eyes,
Then all my grief and sorrow vanish;
But when I kiss your lips,
I become all well again.
When I lean on your breast,
I feel the joy of heaven descending;
But when you say: I love you!
Then I must weep bitterly.*

*I want to plunge my soul
Into the cup of the lily;
The lily shall breathe resoundingly
A song of my beloved.
The song shall shiver and tremble,
Like the kiss from her lips,
That she has given me once
In a wonderfully sweet hour.*

*In the Rhine, by the holy stream,
There is mirrored in the waves,
With its great Cathedral,
The great, holy Cologne.
In the Cathedral there is a picture,
Painted on golden leather;
Into my life's wilderness
It has sent its friendly radiance.
Flowers and little angels
Float around our Blessed Virgin;
Her eyes, her lips, her sweet cheeks,
Resemble my sweetheart's exactly.*

*I bear no grudge, even though my heart may break,
Eternally lost love! I bear no grudge.
Though you are shining in your diamonds' splendour,
No ray falls into the darkness of your heart,
I've known it well for a long time.
I bear no grudge, even though my heart may break.
For I saw you in my dream.
And I saw the darkness in your heart,
And saw the snake that feeds upon your heart,
I saw, my love, how utterly wretched you are.
I bear no grudge, I bear no grudge.*

*If the little flowers but knew it,
How deeply hurt is my heart,
They would be weeping with me,
To heal my pain.
And if the nightingales knew it,
How sad I am and ill,
They would ring out in joyful sound
A refreshing melody.
And if they knew my sorrow,
The little golden stars,
They would come down from their height
To bring me consolation.
They all cannot know it,
Only one is aware of my pain,
For she herself has torn,
Has torn my heart in twain.*

*Flutes and violins are heard,
And trumpets shrilly blaze,
There dances her wedding dance
The beloved of my heart.
There is a ringing and roaring,
A drumming and sounding of shawms;
In between are sobbing and moaning
The lovely little angels.*

*When I hear the little song,
That once my sweetheart sang,
I feel as if my heart would burst
From the wild surge of pain.
A dark longing then sends me
Up into the wooded heights,
And there dissolves in tears
My all too great torment.*

*A youth loves a maiden
Who has chosen another one,
The other one loves another,
And has wed with this one.
The maiden takes in anger
The very first man
Who happened to come her way;
The youth is badly off.
It is quite an old story,
Yet it remains ever new,
And he to whom it happens,
It breaks his heart in two.*

*On a shining summer morning
I walk around the garden.
There whisper and speak the flowers,
But I walk silently.
There whisper and speak the flowers,
And look with pity on me:
Be not angry with our sister,
You sorrowful, pale man.*

*I have wept in my dream,
I dreamed you lay in your grave.
I awakened, and the tears
Still flowed from my cheeks.
I have wept in my dream,
I dreamed you had forsaken me.
I awakened, and I wept
Still a long time bitterly.
I have wept in my dream,
I dreamed you were still fond of me.
I awakened, and unceasing
Still rushes the flood of my tears.*

*Every night in my dream I see you,
And see you friendly, friendly greet me,
And loudly weeping I fling myself
At your sweet feet.
You look at me with pity
And shake your little blonde head:
From your eyes steal silently
The little pearly tear-drops.
You tell me in secret a gentle word,
And give me a bouquet, a bouquet of cypress.
I waken, and the bouquet is gone,
And the word I have forgotten.*

*From out of ancient fairy tales
There beckons a white hand,
There's a singing and a ringing
Of an enchanted land;
Where many-hued flowers are blooming
In the golden evening light,
And glow in the lovely fragrance
With a bridal countenance;
And where green trees are singing
Primeval melodies,
The breezes whisper furtively
Rent by the warbling of birds;
And misty shapes are rising
From out of the earth,
And dance an airy roundelay
In a bizarre chorus;
And blue sparks are burning
On every leaf and twig,
And red lights are running
In a circle mad and confused;
And noisy springs are breaking
Out of wild marble stone,
And strangely in the brooks
The reflection is shining forth.
Oh, could I only go there,
And there rejoice in my heart,
Released from all my torment
Be free and filled with bliss!
Oh! that land of delights
I often see in my dream,
But with the morning sun
It melts like empty foam.*

*The old, wicked songs,
The dreams wicked and bad,
Let us bury them now,
Fetch a large coffin.
Therein I shall put many things,
But I will not yet say what;
The coffin must be larger still
Than the great tun at Heidelberg.
And fetch also a bier,
And planks hard and thick;
It must be even longer
Than at Mayence the bridge.
And also fetch twelve giants,
They must be even stronger
Than the powerful Christopher,
In the Cathedral at Cologne on the Rhine.
They shall bear away the coffin
And lower it into the sea;
For such a large coffin
A large grave is due.
Do you know why the coffin
So large and heavy must be?
I also sunk my love
And my pain therein.*

LE BESTIAIRE

ou Cortège d'Orphée
(Guillaume Apollinaire)

I. Le Dromadaire

Avec ses quatre dromadaires
Don Pedro d'Alfaroubeira
corrut le monde et l'admira.
Il fit ce que je voudrais faire
si j'avais quatre dromadaires.

II. La Chèvre du Thibet

Les poils de cette chèvre, et même
ceux d'or pour qui prit tant de peine
Jason, ne valent rien aux prix
des cheveux dont je suis épris.

III. La Sauterelle

Voici la fine sauterelle,
la nourriture de Saint Jean.
Puissent mes vers être comme elle,
le régal des meilleures gens.

IV. Le Dauphin

Dauphins, vous jouez dans la mer,
mais le flot est toujours amer.
Parfois ma joie éclate t'elle?
La vie est encore cruelle.

V. L'Écrevisse

Incertitude, ô! mes délices!
vous et moi nous nous en allons
comme s'en vont les écrevisses,
à reculons, à reculons.

VI. La Carpe

Dans vos viviers, dans vos étangs,
carpes, que vous vivez longtemps!
Est-ce que la morte vous oublie,
poissons de la mélancolie?

THE BESTIARY

or, The Procession of Orpheus

I. The Camel

With his four camels
Don Pedro de Alfaroubeira
travelled admiringly about the world.
He did just what I would do
if I had four camels.

II. The Tibetan Goat

The fleece of this goat, and even
that of gold for which Jason
labored so, are not so precious
as the hair I'm fond of.

III. The Grasshopper

Here is the delicate grasshopper,
nourishment of Saint John.
May my verses be like her,
a dainty dish for the best people.

IV. The Dolphin

Dolphins, you sport in the sea,
but the water is always bitter.
Does my joy sometimes break forth?
Life is cruel all the same.

V. The Crab

Uncertainty, my greatest pleasure!
You and I both move
as crabs move:
backwards, backwards.

VI. The Carp

In your ponds, in your pools,
carp, how long you live!
Is it that death forgets you,
fish of melancholy?

Morgen (tomorrow)

*And tomorrow the sun will shine again,
And on the path that I will follow,
It shall again unite us, happy ones,
Upon this sun-breathing earth ...
And to the wide shore, with its blue waves,
We will quietly and slowly descend,
Speechless, we shall look into each other's eyes,
And upon us will descend the muted silence of happiness ...*