

BENNINGTON COLLEGE MUSIC DIVISION

Presents

A SENIOR RECITAL

By

JILL BECKWITH

Wednesday  
March 31, 1982

8:15 p.m.  
Greenwall Music Workshop

Aus Liebe will mein Heiland Sterben  
from St. Matthews Passion

J.S. BACH

Su Lian Tan, flute  
Christine Watson, piano

Goldenhair

JILL BECKWITH  
text by James Joyce

Michael Downs, voice  
Bette Goldberg, flute

Seeräuberin Jenny

KURT WEIL  
text by Bertold Brecht

Christine Watson, pianist

Zwei Lieder nach Goethe

LIONEL NOWAK  
text by Goethe

Christine Watson, pianist

My Man's Gone Now  
from Porgy and Bess

GEORGE GERSCHWIN

Marianne Finckel, pianist

Wiegenlied

JILL BECKWITH  
text by Clemens Brentano

Beth Donaldson, cello

\* \* \* Intermission \* \* \*

Macabre Reflections  
A Cycle of Six Songs

LOUIS CALABRO  
text by Howard Nemerov

Christine Watson, pianist

Cowboy Song

Hirt auf dem Felsen

FRANZ SCHUBERT

Murray Barsky, clarinet  
Christine Watson, pianist

Jolene

DOLLY PARTON

Lori Goldston, cello  
Philip Price, guitar  
Jody Kruskal, guitar

Special Thanks to: Frank Baker and Michael Downs who have taught me all  
I know about singing.

There will be a reception after the concert in Greenwall. All are cordially  
invited.

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

Translations and Texts

Aus Liebe - Out of love my savior wishes to die. He knows no sins. So that eternal damnation, my just punishment, does not remain with my soul, out of love will my savior die.

Goldenhair --

Lean out of the window, Goldenhair,  
I heard you singing a merry air.  
My book was closed,  
I read no more,  
Watching the fire dance on the floor.  
I have left my books:  
I have left my room:  
For I heard you singing through the gloom,  
Singing and singing a merry air.  
Lean out of the window, Goldenhair.

Seeräuberin Jenny --

My gentlemen today you see me washing dishes and I make the bed for everyone and you throw me a penny and I thank you quickly and you see me wretched in this wretched hotel and you don't know who I really am. But one night there'll be a scream in the alley... and the ship with 8 sails and 15 canons will wait at the Pier...

And there will come 100 men in the shadows to land and they'll grab someone out of every house and bring them to me and ask which one should we kill? "Everyone!" And the ship with 8 sails and with 15 canons will disappear with me.

Zwei Lieder nach Goethe --

You who are from heaven,  
Who stills pain and suffering  
Of he who is overwhelmed with griefs.  
Oh I am tired of this toil,  
What for all this pain and desire?  
Sweet freedom come, oh come in my breast.

Over all the mountain is peace.  
In all the tree tops you perceive  
scarcely a breath:  
The birds are still in the forest:  
Wait then, soon you too shall have rest.



My Man's Gone now, ain' no use a listenin' for his tired footsteps climbin' up  
the stairs.

Ole Man Sorrow's come to keep me company,  
Whisperin' beside me when I say my prayers  
Ain' that I mind workin', work an' me is travelers  
Journeyin' together to the promise land.  
But ole Man Sorrow's marchin' all the way with me  
Tellin' me I'm ole now since I lose my man.  
Ole Man Sorrow sittin' by the fireplace,  
Lyin' all night long by me in the bed.  
Tellin' me the same thing, mornin', noon an'  
evenin', that I'm all alone now, since  
my man is dead.

Wiegenlied --

Sing quietly, quietly, sing a whispered cradle song. Let the moon  
teach you, who so silently moves in the heavens. Sing a song so  
sweetly gentle as the ripples on the Kieseln, as the bees about the  
Linden tree hum, murmur, quietly quiet.

Macabre Reflections

The Ground Swayed

The ground swayed like a sea,  
uneasily,  
Where the dead fought free  
of my preserved desires.  
In one bed  
did god head and maiden head  
wrestle out of necessity.  
I slept, but restlessly,  
lusting for what I dreamt I saw  
under the deserts of the law.

The Officer

The officer wore a thin smile  
over his dental plate.  
The nurse had carrot hair,  
but I saw black at the roots.  
The doctor's eye frightened me,  
and it was made of glass.  
The priest had fair hair as he knelt.  
I saw the seam and smelt the glue.  
My death bugged from my eyes  
at recognizing theirs.

Each a rose

I did not want to suffer again  
or ever feel pain.  
Last night I dreamed  
that I could see my sicknesses  
my sicknesses gathered together,  
each a rose.  
And I saw that all those roses  
were planted and grew again  
out of my pain.

No more than dust

Under the pie crust,  
Behind the attic door,  
inside the camera  
or the cathode tube,  
I must.  
(inside the firgidaire,  
under the manhole cover  
where rump steak and lover  
run out of air)  
It is there.  
I must.  
(under the rug  
behind the arras,  
dug into the basement floor)  
though there may be no more than dust,  
I must.

### It is Forbidden

It is forbidden to go further.  
Darkness stands in the wall  
spattered with blood.  
These are the gates of Hercules.  
You shall not pass again those giant  
not to the open Atlantic water, knees,  
not to the blessed mount.  
No son or daughter dares  
stand with unbandaged eyes  
before the bloodied black sea wall,  
before the opening seas.

### The sunlight pierced

My death,  
with a nail in his foot,  
came dragging at the ground,  
He carried a long tooth for a cane,  
he carried his eye cast down.  
The sunlight pierced his body through  
with shafts of shadow,  
hung under the shadows of his breast  
a perching sparrow sang.  
My crippled death for my sake bears  
(while life is life is long)  
both tooth and nail  
and for my heart  
the sweetly beating song.

### Cowboy Song

Cowboys they are ladies men alright,  
They love 'em up and talk 'em up all night,  
But they're lonely when there's nothin' else to do,  
And that's what makes the cowboy sing the blues.

He does a little shakespeare and he sings,  
He plays the mandolin and other things,  
He looks for love, beauty, and I.Q.  
And that's what makes the cowboy sing the blues.

Cowboys have to fall in love, get hurt and all that bit,  
Let their hearts hang out so they can write you all a hit,  
So ladies if they ask you don't refuse,  
Let's all help the cowboys sing the blues.

### Hirt auf dem Felsen

The shepard boy stands on the highest rock and sings into the valley  
below and enjoys his echo. His sweetheart lives in the valley. He becomes  
lonely, the echo of his voice through the forest and the night is still  
and lonely until the heavens lift the weight of his scrow from him.  
Spring is coming! Spring his delight! Now he gets ready to wander.

Jolene

Jolene, Jolene, Jolene, Jolene  
I'm begging of you please don't take my man.  
Jolene, Jolene, Jolene, Jolene  
Please don't take him even.

Your beauty is beyond compare,  
With flaming locks of auburn hair  
With ivory skin and eyes of emerald green  
Your smile is like a breath of spring  
Your voice is soft as summer rain  
And I can not compete with you Jolene.

He talks about you in his sleep,  
And there's nothing I can do  
to keep from crying, when he calls your name, Jolene.  
And I can easily understand  
How you could easily take my man,  
But you don't know what he means to me, Jolene.

You could have your choice of men,  
But I could never love again  
He's the only one for me, Jolene  
I had to have this talk with you  
My happiness depends on you  
And whatever you decide to do, Jolene.