

BENNINGTON COLLEGE MUSIC DIVISION

Presents

SONGS: SACRED, SECULAR AND PROFANE

A MASTER'S RECITAL

By

MICHAEL DOWNS

Wednesday
November 18, 1987

8:15 p.m.
Greenwall Music Workshop

Four Songs Based on Hymntune Themes (1912-1916)

CHARLES E. IVES
(1874-1954)

Watchman
At the River
His Exaltation
The Camp-Meeting

Text by John Bowring
Robert Lowry
Robert Robinson
Charlotte Elliott

Vier Ernste Gesänge Op. 121 (1896)

JOHANNES BRAHMS
(1833-1897)

- I. Denn es gehet dem Menschen
- II. Ich wandte mich
- III. O Tod, O Tod, wie bitter
- IV. Wenn ich mit Menschen

Marianne Finckel, piano

Songs

CHARLES E. IVES

- A Song - For Anything (1892)
- The Cage (1906)
- A Song - For Anything
- Walking (1902)
- A Song - For Anything
- Afterglow (1919)

Text by Ives

Text by Ives

Text by James Fenimore Cooper, Jr.

Allen Shawn, piano

Chansons Gaillards (1926)

FRANCIS POULENC
(1899-1963)

Anonymous Texts of the Seventeenth Century

- I. La Maîtresse volage
- II. Chanson à boire
- III. Madrigal
- IV. Invocation aux Parques
- V. Couplets bachiques
- VI. L'Offrande
- VII. La Belle Jeunesse
- VIII. Sérénade

Elizabeth Wright, piano

This Concert is being presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Master of Fine Arts Degree.

VIER ERNSTE GESANGE
(FOUR SERIOUS SONGS)

FOR IT BEFALLETH MAN

For it befalleth man as it does the beast;
As that dies, so he dies too.
And they all have the same breath,
And man has no more than the beast,
For all is vanity.
All things go to the same place,
For everything is made of dust
And turns to dust again.
Who knows if the spirit of man goes upward,
And the breath of the beast downward,
Downward into the earth?
Therefore I saw there is nothing better
than that man should rejoice in his work,
For that is his portion.
For who shall bring him to see
What shall be after him?

Ecclesiastes, Chapter 3, 19-22

I TURNED 'ROUND

I turned 'round and looked at all
Who suffered wrongs beneath the sun.
And behold, there were the tears of those
Who suffered wrongs and had no comfort,
And they who wronged them were too mighty,
So that they could not have any comfort.
Then I praised the dead who had already died,
More than the living, who still had life.
And he who does not yet exist is better off than both,
And does not know of the evil that happens beneath the sun.

Ecclesiastes, Chapter 4, 1-3

OH DEATH, OH DEATH, HOW BITTER

O death, oh death, how bitter are you!
When a man thinks of you,
He who has a good life and enough,
And who lives without cares,
And who fares well in all things,
And who may still eat!
Oh death, oh death, how bitter are you!
Oh death, how welcome you are to the needy one,
He who is weak and old,
And whose life is filled with cares,
And has nothing better to hope for, nor to expect;
Oh death, oh death, how welcome are you!

Ecclesiasticus, Chapter 41, 1-2

THOUGH I SPEAK WITH THE TONGUES OF MEN

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels,
And have not love,
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 yet have not love, I am nothing.
And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor,
And suffer my body to be burned,
And have not love,
It profiteth me nothing.
For now we see through a mirror, darkly;
But then face to face.
Now I know it partly;
But then I shall know it,
Even as I am known.
And now abideth faith, hope and love, these three;
But the greatest of these is love.

I Corinthians, Chapter 13, 1-3 and
12-13

CHANSONS GALLIARDES
(RIBALD SONGS)

I. THE FICKLE MISTRESS

My mistress is fickle,
my rival is fortunate;
if he has her virginity,
she must have had two.

Let's chance our luck
as long as it will last.

II. DRINKING SONG

The kings of Egypt and Syria,
wished to have their bodies embalmed,

to last for a longer time dead.
What folly!

Let us drink then as we will,
we must drink and drink again.
Let us drink our whole life long,
embalm ourselves before death.
Embalm ourselves;
since this balm is sweet.

III. MADRIGAL

You are beautiful as an angel,
sweet as a little lamb;
there is not a heart, Jeanneton,
that has not fallen beneath your spell.
But a girl without tits
is a partridge without orange.

IV. INVOCATION TO THE FATES

I swear, as long as I shall live,
to love you, Sylvie.
Fates, who hold in your hands
the thread of our life,
extend, as long as you can,
mine, I beg you.

V. BACCHIC COUPLETS

As long as day lasts I am
serious and merry by turns.
When I see a wine bottle empty
I am serious, I am serious,
when it is full, I am merry.

As long as day lasts
I am serious and merry by turns.

When I am in bed with my wife,
I am serious, I am serious,
when I am in bed with my wife
I behave well all night long.

If I am in bed with a wench
then I am merry
Ah! fair hostess, pour me some wine.
I am merry, merry, merry.

VI. THE OFFERING

To the god of Love a virgin
offered one day a candle
thus to gain a lover.
The god smiled at her request
and said to her: Fair one while
you wait
the offering always has its uses.

VII. THE BEAUTY OF YOUTH

You should love always
and seldom marry.
You should make love
without priest or notary.

Cease, good Sirs, to be marrying
men,
only aim at the tirelires,
only aim at the tourelours,
cease, good Sirs, to be marrying
men,
enough, good Sirs, only aim at the
hearts.

Why marry,
when the wives of others
need no persuasion
to become ours.

When their ardours,
when their favours,
seek our tirelires,
seek our tourelours,
seek our hearts.

VIII. SERENADE

With so fair a hand,
possessed of so many charms,
that you must indeed
handle Cupid's darts.
And when this child is troubled
wipe away his tears.