

BENNINGTON COLLEGE MUSIC DIVISION

Presents

KERRY RYER, soprano

with

MARIANNE FINCKEL and JARED van DONGEN, piano

Saturday
May 14, 1988

2:00 p.m.
Greenwall Music Workshop

Wie Melodien zieht es mir (Op. 105)

JOHANNES BRAHMS
(1833-1897)

O wusst' ich doch den Weg zurück (Op. 63)

Der Gan zum Liebchen (Op. 48)

Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer (Op. 105)

Meine Liebe ist grün (Op. 63)

Marianne Finckel, piano

Pur ti miro from L'incoronazione di Poppea

CLAUDIO MONTEVERDI
(1567-1643)

Michael Downs, baritone
Marianne Finckel, piano

Il pleure dans mon coeur
Mandoline

CLAUDE DEBUSSY
(1862-1918)

Marianne Finckel, piano

Les Cloches
Chevaux de Bois

Jared van Dongen, piano

La Maja y el Ruisen~or from Goyescas

ENRIQUE GRANADOS
(1867-1916)

Jared van Dongen, piano

Prendero quel brunettino from Così fan tutte

W.A. MOZART
(1756-1791)

Anne Riesenfeld, soprano

TEXTS

Wie Melodien zieht es mir / As Melodies a Feeling - Klaus Groth -- BRAHMS

Wie Melodien zieht es
mir leise durch den Sinn,
wie Frühlingsblumen blüht es
und schwebt wie Duft dahin.

As melodies a feeling
steals softly through my mind,
as spring flowers it blooms
and as scent floats away.

Doch kommt das Wort und fasst es
und führt es vor das Aug',
wie Nebelgrau erblasst es
und schwindet wie ein Hauch.

But words come and seize it,
bring it before the eye,
as the grey of mist it pales,
and vanishes like a breath.

Und dennoch ruht im Reime
verborgen wohl ein Duft,
den mild aus stillem Keime
ein feuchtes Auge ruft.

And yet in rhyme reposes,
concealed, a scent,
which gently out of silent bud
is summoned by a moist eye.

O wüsst ich doch den Weg zuruck / Oh, If I But Knew the Way - Klaus Groth -BRAHMS

O wusst ich doch den Weg zuruck,
Den lieben Weg zum Kinderland!
O warum sucht ich nach dem Gluck
Und liess der Mutter Hand?

Oh, if I but knew the way,
the sweet way back to childhood's land!
Oh, why did I seek for happiness,
leaving hold of mother's hand?

O wie mich sehnet auszuruhn,
Von keinem Streben aufgeweckt,
Die muden Augen zuzutun,
Von Liebe sanft bedeckt!

Oh, how I long to take my rest,
by all striving unaroused,
and shut tight my weary eyes.
softly blanketed in love.

Und nichts zu forschen, nichts zu
spahn,
Und nur zu traumen leicht und lind;
Der Zeiten Wandel nicht zu sehn,
Zum Zweiten Mal ein Kind!

And search for nothing, watch for
nothing.
dream only light and gentle dreams;
see not the changing of the times,
for a second time, a child.

O zeig mir doch den Weg zuruck,
Den lieben Weg zum Kinderland!
Vergebens such ich nach dem Gluck,
Ringsum ist öder Strand!

Oh, show me then the way,
the sweet way back to childhood's land!
I seek for happiness in vain,
ringed around by a desolate shore!

Der Gang zum Liebchen / The Way to the Beloved - BRAHMS
Bohemian Folk Song attributed to Josef Wenzig

Es glantz der Mond nieder,
ich sollte doch wieder
zu meinem Liebchen,
wie mag es ihr gehn?

The moon shines down,
and I ought again
to my love---
how is she faring?

Ach weh, sie verzaget
und klaget und klaget,
dass sie mich nimmer
im Leben wird sehn!

Alas, she's despairing,
complaining, complaining
that me nevermore
will she see in this life.

Es ging der Mond unter,
ich eilte doch munter,
und eilte, dass keiner
mein Liebchen entfuhr.

The moon went down
and briskly I hastened
and hastened so that none
should carry off my love.

Ihr Taubchen, o girret,
ihr Luftchen, o schwirret,
dass keiner mein Liebchen,
mein Liebchen entfuhr!

Oh coo, you doves,
Oh blow, you breezes,
so that my love,
my love none carry off!

Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer / Ever Lighter Grows My Slumber - BRAHMS
Hermann Lingg

Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer,
Nur wie Schleier liegt mein Kummer
Zitternd über mir.
Oft im Traume hor ich dich
Rufen drauss vor meiner Tur,
Niemand wacht und offnet dir,
Ich erwach und weine bitterlich.

Ever lighter grows my slumber,
but my sorrows lie like a haze,
trembling over me.
Often in my dreams I hear you
calling outside my door,
no one is awake to let you in,
I wake and weep bitterly.

Ja, ich werde sterben müssen,
Eine andre wirst du küssen,
Wenn ich bleich und kalt.
Eh die Maienlufte wehn,
Eh die Drossel singt im Wald:
Willst du mich noch einmal sehn,
Komm, o komme bald!

Yes, I shall have to die,
another will you kiss
when I am pale and cold.
Ere May breezes blow,
ere the thrush sings in the wood--
if you once more would see me,
come, oh come soon!

Meine Liebe ist grün / My Love Is Green - Felix Schumann -- BRAHMS

Meine Liebe ist grün wie der
Fliederbusch,
Und meine Lieb ist schon wie die Sonne:
Die glantz wohl herab auf den
Fliederbusch
Und fullt ihn mit Duft und mit Wonne.

My love is green as the
lilac,
and my love is fair as the sun;
the sun gleams down on the
lilac
and fills it with scent and joy.

Meine Liebe hat Schwingen der
Nachtigall,
Und wiegt sich in bluhendem Flieder,
Und jauchzet und singet vom Duft
berauscht
Viel liebestrunkene Lieder.

My love has nightingale's
wings
and sways in blossoming lilac,
exults and, scent-enraptured,
sings
many a love-drunk song.

Pur ti miro from L'incoronazione di Poppea

Nero, emperor of Rome, and his love Poppea are finally united at the end of the opera, and sing of their love for each other while ascending the throne.

Il Pleure Dans Mon Coeur

Il pleure dans mon coeur
Comme il pleut sur la ville.
Quelle est cette langueur
Qui penetre mon coeur?
O bruit doux de la pluie,
Par terre et sur les toits!
Pour un coeur qui s'ennuie,
O le bruit de la pluie!
Il pleure sans raison
Dans ce coeur qui s'écœure.
Quoi! nulle trahison?
Ce deuil est sans raison.
C'est bien la pire peine,
De ne savoir pourquoi,
Sans amour et sans haine,
Mon coeur a tant de peine.

Mandoline

Les donneurs de serenades
Et les belles écouteuses
Echangent des propos fades
Sous les ramures chanteuses.
C'est Tircis et c'est Aminte,
Et c'est l'éternel Clitandre,
Et c'est Damis qui pour mainte

Cruelle fait maint vers tendre.
Leurs courtes vestes de soie,
Leurs longues robes à queues,
Leur elegance, leur joie
Et leurs molles ombres bleues,
Tourbillonnent dans l'extase
D'une lune rose et grise,
Et la mandoline jase
Parmi les frissons de brise...
La, la, la, la, la....

Tears Fall In My Heart

Tears fall in my heart
Like the rain upon the city.
What is this languor
That penetrates my heart?
Oh, gentle sound of the rain,
On the ground and on the roofs!
For a heart that is weary,
O, the sound of the rain!
Tears fall without reason
In this anguished heart.
What! No betrayal?
This mourning has no reason.
This is truly the keenest pain,
To know not why,
Without either love or hate,
My heart bears so much pain.

Mandolin

The serenading swains
And their lovely listeners
Exchange insipid remarks
Under the singing boughs.
There is Tircis and there is Aminta,
And the eternal Clitander,
And there is Damis, who for many cruel
ladies

Fashions many tender verses.
Their short silken vests,
Their long dresses with trains,
Their elegance, their gaiety
And their soft blue shadows
Whirl madly in the ecstasy
Of a moon rose and gray,
And the mandolin chatters
Amid the trembling of the breeze...
La, la, la, la, la....

Les Cloches

Les Feuilles s'ouvraient sur le bord des branches,

Delicatement.

Les cloches tintaient, legeres et franches,

Dans le ciel clement

Rythmique et fervent comme une antienne,
Ce lointain appel

Me rememorait la blancheur chretienne
Des fleurs de l'autel.

Ces cloches parlaient d'heureuses annees,
Et, dans le grand bois,
Semblaient reverdir les feuilles fanees,
Des jour d'autrefois.

Chevaux De Bois

Tournez, tournez, bons chevaux de bois,
Tournez cent rours, tournez mille tours.
Tournez souvent et tournez toujours,
Tournez, tournez au son des hautbois.

L'enfant tout rouge et la mere blanche,
Le gars en noir et la fille en rose,
L'une a la chose et l'autre a la pose,
Chacun se paie un sou de dimanche.

Tournez, tournez, chevaux de leur coeur,
Tandis qu'autour de tous vos tournois
Clignote l'oeil du filou surnois.

Tournez au son du piston vainqueur!
C'est etonnant comme ca vous soule.

D'aller ainsi dans ce cirque bete:
Rien dans le ventre et mal dans la tete,
Du mal en masse et du bien en foule;

Tournez dadas, sans qu'il soit besoin
D'user jamais de nuls eperons

Pour commander a vos galops ronds.

Tournez, tournez, sand espoir de foin.

Et depechez, chevaux de leur ame,
Deja voice que sonne a la soupe

La nuit qui tombe et chasse la troupe
De gais buveurs, que leur soif affame.

Tournez, tournez! Le ciel en velours
D'astres en or se vet lentement,

L'Eglise tinte un glas tristement.

Tournez au son joyeux des tambours,
tournez.

The Bells

The leaves opened along the length of the branches,

Delicately.

The bells were ringing, lightly and clearly,

Beneath the fair sky.

Rhythmical and fervent as a hymn,
This distant call

Brought to my mind the Christian whiteness
Of the flowers of the Altar.

These bells were telling of happy years,
And, in the deep forest,

The faded leaves seemed green again,
As in days long past.

Wooden Horses

Turn round, keep turning, good wooden horses,

Turn a hundred times, turn a thousand times.

Turn often and do not stop.

Turn round, turn to the tune of the oboes.

The child quite red and the mother white,

The boy in black and the girl in rose,

Each one doing as he pleases,

Each one spending his Sunday penny.

Turn round, turn, horses of their choice,
While at all your turning

The sly rogue casts a surreptitious glance

Keep turning to the tune of the victorious

It is astounding how it intoxicates you.

To move thus in this foolish circus,

With empty stomachs and dizzy heads,

Feeling altogether badly, yet happy in

the crowd;

Turn, hobby horses, without needing

Ever the aid of spurs

To make you gallop on.

Turn round, turn, without any hope of hay

And hurry, horses of their fancy,

Here, already the supper bell is sounded

By Night, which falls and disperses the

crowd

Of gay drinkers, whose thirst has made

them famished.

Turn, turn round! The velvet sky

Arrays itself slowly with golden stars.

The church tolls a mournful knell.

Turn to the gay tune of the drums, keep

turning.

La Maja y el Ruisenor from Goyescas

Rosario, a lady of rank, sits in her garden listening to the nightingale.

La Maja y el Ruisenor

Porque entre sombras el ruisenor entona
su armonioso cantar?
Acaso al rey del dia guarda rencor
y de el quie-ra algun agravio vengar?
Guarda quizas su pecho oculto tal dolor,
que en la sombra espera alivio hallar,
triste entonado cantos de amor,
Ay! de amor.

Y tal vez algruna flor
tem blorosa del pudor de amar,
es la esclava, es la esclava enamora
de su cantor!

Misterio es el cantar
que entona envuelto en sombra el ruisenor!
Ah! son los amores como flor,
como flor a merced de la mar.

Amor!! Amor!

Ah! no hay cantar sin amor.
Ah! ruisenor:
es tu cantar himno de amor.
Oh ruisenor!

The Maja and the Nightingale

Why does the nightingale in the gloom
pour out her soul in amorous song?
Has she a grievance 'gainst the monarch
of day?
Is it thus that she avenges her wrong?
Maybe she holds within her breast a hidden
grief,
And in darkness hopes to find relief,
While sadly intoning her song of love.
Ay! song of love.

Maybe somewhere there is a rose,
Blushing at her modest thoughts of love,
who is the slave, the lovelorn, song
enchanted slave, of the nightingale.

Mystic passionsate song
That she intones deep within her dewy
vale!

Ah! how like a flower love doth seem,
Like a flower borne on by the stream!

Ah, Love! Ah, Love!

Ah! without song, there is no love.
Ah! Nightingale,
Thy chanted song is love's sad tale.
Oh, nightingale!

Prendero quel brunettino from Così fan tutte

Two sisters, Dorabella and Fiordiligi, agree to flirt with two strangers
(actually their fiancées in disguise) after having been persuaded to do so by
their maid, Despina.

Thanks to: Frank, Michael and Willie for their inspiration and patience; to
Jared, Anne, and my family and friends for their support and help.