

BENNINGTON COLLEGE MUSIC DIVISION

PRESENTS

*ROBIN LEHLEITNER, Soprano*

Elizabeth Wright and Allen Shawn, piano  
Harriet Dearden Welther, violin  
Jared Shapiro, 'cello  
Paul Opel, harpsichord continuo

In

*A GRADUATE CONCERT*

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 11, 1990

8:15 P.M.

GREENWALL MUSIC WORKSHOP

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

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Auch mit gedämpften, schwachen Stimmen  
from Kantate No. 36, "Schwingt freudig euch empor"

J.S. BACH

Jesus soll mein erstes Wort - from Kantate No. 171  
"Gott, wie dein Name, so ist auch dein Ruhm"

Wesendonck Lieder

RICHARD WAGNER

1. Der Engel
2. Stehe still!
3. Im Treibhaus
4. Schmerzen
5. Träume

~~~Intermission~~~

Four Meditations\*

LIONEL NOWAK

Prayer to Satan (1947)  
I See His Blood upon the Rose (1941)  
Heaven-Haven (1946)  
God's Grandeur (1946)

The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock  
(text by T.S. Eliot)

ROBIN LEHLEITNER

Marie's Lullaby  
from Wozzeck

ALBAN BERG

\*World Premiere

Marie's Lullaby  
from Wozzeck

Come, my child. We shan't hear their slanders.  
You are innocent and bring your mother unearthly joy,  
even though no priest has blessed your face.  
Hush-a-bye, baby.

Maiden, what song shall you sing?  
You have a child, but no ring.  
Why such sorrow pursue?  
Singing the whole night through:  
Hush-a-bye, baby, my darling son,  
I need no man...not a one.

Hänsel, go saddle your horses now,  
Give them plenty to eat—  
no oats to eat today,  
no water to drink today:  
purest, coolest wine shall it be...

PROGRAM NOTES

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ROBIN LEHLEITNER

GRADUATE CONCERT

Auch mit gedämpften, schwachen Stimmen

Even weak, faltering voices shall declare the majesty of  
God.

So shall the Spirit resound, that this cry might be heard  
in heaven itself.

Jesus soll mein erstes Wort

Jesus shall be my first word in the new year.  
His name laughs loudly in my mouth,  
and in my final hour shall Jesus be my last word.

Wesendonck Lieder  
(text by Mathilde Wesendonck)

1. Der Engel (The Angel)

In the early days of childhood, I often heard tell  
of angels who leave heaven's joys to comfort  
those in torment here on earth, they who pray passionately  
for release.

Yes, there has risen before me, too, an angel,  
who with shining wings is leading me upward, away from  
pain.

III.

No! I am not Prince Hamlet, nor was meant to be;  
Am an attendant lord, one that will do  
To swell a progress, start a scene or two,  
Advise the prince; no doubt, an easy tool,  
Deferential, glad to be of use,  
Politic, cautious, and meticulous;  
Full of high sentence, but a bit obtuse;  
At times, indeed, almost ridiculous—  
Almost, at time, the Fool.

IV.

I have heard the mermaids singing, each to each.  
I have seen them riding seaward on the waves  
Combing the white hair of the waves blown back  
When the wind blows the water white and black.  
We have lingered in the chambers of the sea  
By sea-girls wreathed with seaweed red and brown  
Till human voices wake us, and we drown.  
I have heard the mermaids singing, each to each.  
I do not think that they will sing to me.