

BENNINGTON COLLEGE MUSIC DIVISION

Presents

RAGNAROK

A Birthday Celebration Senior Concert

by

Peggy Richardson (1955)

in honor of

Jeannie O'Donnell (1957)

Louise Hamagami (1956)

Tom Andres (1955)

Susan Braus (1954)

Bob Dylan (1941)

Wednesday
May 24, 1978

8:00 p.m.
Carriage Barn

Four Songs by Joseph Haydn

Text:

A Pastoral Song
Pleasing Pains
She Never Told Her Love

Anne Hunter

Piercing Eyes

Twelfth Night
William Shakespeare
Author Unknown

Richard Frisch, piano

CONFIGURATIONS

A song cycle for soprano and piano

by Cathy Marker
dedicated to Peggy
Text: A.R. Armons

(If winter comes, can spring be far behind?"
Shelley)

Cathy Marker, piano

Five Songs by Hugo Wolf

Du denkst mit einem Fadchen mich zu fangen
Das verlassene Magdlein
Verschwiegene Liebe
Verborgenheit
Mausfallen-Spruchlein

Genevieve Beaudet, piano

INTERMISSION

The Song of the Amoeba

Music and Text by
Peggy Richardson
Dedicated to
Michael Starobin
(who loves dedications)

I. Overture--Recitative

I am a vegetable.
I am a time of night or day.
I am a tree.
I am a type of earth.
I am a musical instrument.

II. Pasticchio

I am the middle of a clear winter night:
my secret identity is a rubber band
between the stars of ground and sky.
I am a red oak.
I am warm wet dirt in the spring:
Breathing and stretching gladly
in the year's big, big morning.

I am bagpipes:
played on a high meadow
full of hot air and wind.

III. Recitative--Aria

I'm more than ever convinced that you and he should get
married...then you could have a whole passel of blond-haired
brown-eyed kids who'd play bass viols in time with the
Lord's Prayer.

IV. Recitative (accompanied)
The Lord's Prayer

Richard Frisch, baritone
Henry Brant, mouth harmonium
Linda Bouchard, C and E^b flutes
Maurice Pachman, bassoon
Jacob Glick, viola and harp
Gunnar Schonbeck, string bass and harp
Richard Sacks, percussion
Marianne Finckel, harpsichord
Barry Horowitz, piano dulcimer
Lionel Nowak, piano
Genevieve Beaudet, piano
Ann Schwarz, 'cello and harp
Harps and piano dulcimer provided
courtesy of Gunnar Schonbeck.

Path of the Mountain
(A Short Opera)

by Michael Starobin
Dedicated to Peggy

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

TEXTS

Day by A.R. Ammons

On a cold late
September morning
wider than sky-wide
discs of lit-shale clouds

skim the hills,
crescents, chords
of sunlight
now and then fracturing

the long peripheries:
the crow flies
silent,
on course but destinationless,

floating:
hurry, hurry,
the running light says,
while anything remains.

from Four Motions for the Pea Vines by A.R. Ammons

Fat and sassy

the raucous crows
along the wood's edge
trouble the tops of
yellowing pines
with points of dipping black;

cluster into groups

from summer,

the younglings in their wings

poised,

careful,

precise,

the dazed awkwardness of heavy nest birds
hardened lean into grace;

assemble along the edge of the field and
begin winter talk,

remembrances of summer and separations,

agree

or disagree

on a roost

the old birds more often silent,

calmer and more tolerant in their memory,

wiser of dangers

experienced or conceived,

less inclined to play,

irritable,

but at times

exultant in pitched flight,

as if catching for a moment

youth's inexperienced gladness, or as if feeling

ever time and danger

a triumph greater than innocent joy:

to turn aside and live with them

would not seem

much different--

each of us going into winter with gains and losses,

dry, light peas of concentration nearby

(for a winter's gleaning)

to expand warmth through us

from Configurations by A.R. Ammons

when November stripped
 the shrub,
 what stood
 out
in revealed space was
a nest
 hung
 in essential limbs

how harmless truth
is
in cold weather
to an empty nest

dry
leaves
in
the
bowl,

like wings

leaves
like wings,
in the Nov
 ember nest

wonder where the birds are now that were here:

Winter Scene by A.R. Ammons

There is now not a single
leaf on the cherry tree;

except when the jay
plummets in, lights, and,

in pure clarity, squalls:
then every branch

quivers and
breaks out in blue leaves

Du denkst, mit einem Fadchen
mich zu fangen

You think to snare me with a thread

- 1) Du denkst mit einem Fädchen
mich zu fangen,
Mit einem Blick schon mich
verliebt zu machen?
Ich fing schon andre, die sich
höher schwangen;
Du darfst mir ja nicht traun,
siehst du mich lachen.
Schon andre fing ich, glaub
es sicherlich.
Ich bin verliebt, doch eben
nicht in dich.

You think to snare me with a
thread,
make me with one glance, fall
in love?
I've caught others who've
flown higher;
you mustn't trust me if you see
me laugh.
Others I've caught, believe
you me.
I am in love, but not with you.

from Italienisches Liederbuch (Italian Songbook)

- 2) Das Verlassene Mägdlein

The Forsaken Servant-girl

Früh, wann die Hähne krah'n,
Eh die Sternlein verschwinden,
Muss ich am Herde stehn,
Muss Feuer zünden.

At cock-crow, early
Before the tiny stars are gone,
I must be at the hearth,
Must light the fire.

Schon ist der Flammen Schein,
Es springen die Funken;
Ich schaue so drein,
In Leid versunken,

Pretty the flames' glow,
The sparks leap;
I stare into them,
Lost in grief.

Plötzlich, da kommt es mir,
Treuloser Knabe,
Dass ich die Nacht von dir
Geträumet habe.

Suddenly it comes to me,
Unfaithful boy,
That last night
I dreamt of you.

Träne auf Träne dann
Stürzt hernieder;
So kommt der Tag heran--
O ging er wieder!

Tear upon tear
then falls;
So the day starts--
Would it were gone again!

Eduard Mörike

- 3) Verschwiegene Liebe

Silent Love

Über Wipfel und Saaten
In den Glanz hinein--
Wer mag sie erraten,
Wer holte sie ein?
Gedanken sich wiegen,
Die Nacht ist verschwiegen,
Gedanken sind frei.

Over trees and corn
Into the gleam--
Who may guess them,
Retrieve them?
Thoughts go swaying,
The night is silent,
Thoughts are free.

Errät es nur eine,
Wer an sie gedacht
Beim Rauschen der Haine,
Wenn niemand mehr wacht
Als die Wolken, die fliegen--
Mein Lieb ist verschwiegen
Und schon wie die Nacht.

One alone guesses
Who has thought of her,
As the woods murmur,
When no one keeps watch
But the clouds that fly--
My love is silent
And beautiful as the night.

Joseph von Eichendorff

4) Verborgenheit

Lass, O welt, o lass mich sein!
Locket nicht mit Liebesgaben
Lässt dies Herz alleine haben
Seine Wonne, seine Pein!

Was ich traure, weiss ich nicht,
Es ist unbekanntes Wehe;
Immerdar durch Tränen sehe
Ich der sonne liebes licht.

Oft bin ich mir kaum bewusst
Und die helle Freude zücket
Durch die Schwere, so mich drückt
Wonniglich in meiner Brust.

Lass, o Welt, o lass mich sein!
Locket nicht mit Liebesgaben,
Lässt dies Herz alleine haben
Seine Wonne, seine Pein!

-- Eduard Mörike --

Secrecy

Leave, O world, oh leave me be!
Tempt me not with gifts of love,
Leave this heart to have alone
Its bliss, its agony!

Why I grieve, I do not know,
My grief is unknown grief;
All the time I see through tears
The sun's beloved light.

Often scarce aware am I,
Pure joy flashes
Through the oppressing heaviness,
Flashes blissful in my heart.

Leave, O world, oh leave me be!
Tempt me not with gifts of love,
Leave this heart to have alone
Its bliss, its agony!

5) Mausfallen-Sprüchlein

(Das Kind geht dreimal
um die Falle und spricht:)

Kleine Gäste, kleines Haus.
Liebe Mäusin oder Maus,
Stell dich nur kecklich ein
Heut nacht bei Mondenschein!
Mach aber die Tür fein hinter
dir zu,
Hörst du?
Dabei hüte dein Schwanzchen!
Nach Tische singen wir,
Nach Tische springen wir
Und machen ein Tänzchen:
Witt witt!
Meine alte Katze tanzt
wahrscheinlich mit.

-- Eduard Mörike --

Mousetrap-Motto

(The child goes three times
around the trap and says:)

Tiny visitors, tiny house.
Dear Mrs. Mouse or Mr. Mouse,
Boldly just present yourself
Tonight in the moonlight!
But shut the door well behind
you,
Do you hear?
Mind your tail!
After dinner we'll sing,
After dinner we'll jump
And have a wee dance:
Beware!
My old cat'll probably join in.

PATH OF THE MOUNTAIN

(A Short Opera)

by Michael Starobin

Dedicated to: Peggy Richardson, soprano

Texts by various Japanese poets
Translated by Kenneth Rexroth

The colored leaves have hidden the paths
have hidden the paths
on the autumn mountain.
How can I find my love
wandering on ways I do not know? (Hitomaro)

I should not have waited
It would have been better
to have slept and dreamed
than to have watched night pass
and this slow moon sink. (Lady Akazome Emon)

Will he always love me?
I cannot read his heart.
This morning my thoughts
are as disordered
as my black hair. (Hitomaro)

I sit at home
in our room
by our bed
gazing at your pillow. (Hitomaro)

When I left my love
in his grave on Mt. Hikite
and walked down the mountain path
I felt as though I were dead. (Hitomaro)

In the Autumn mountains
the colored leaves are falling.
If I could hold them back
I still could see him. (Hitomaro)

The flowers whirl away
in the wind like snow.
The thing that falls away
is myself. (The Prime Minister Kintsune)

This morning I will not
comb my hair.
It has lain
pillowed on the hand of my beloved.
(Hitomaro)

Have you any idea
how long a night can last, spent
lying alone and sobbing? (The mother of
Commander Michitsuna)

....I sit by myself
and let the days grow dark.
I lie awake at night,
sighing till daylight.
No matter how much I mourn
I shall never see him again.
They tell me his spirit
may haunt Mt. Hagai
under the eagles' wings.
I struggle over the ridges
and climb to the summit.
I know all the time
that I shall never see him,
not even so much
as a faint quiver in the air.
All my longing, all my love
will never make any difference.
(Hitomaro)

May those who are born after me
Never travel such roads of love.
(Hitomaro)

...in a summer meadow
my love and I sleep arm in arm.
(Hitomaro)

I waited for my lover
until I could hear
in the night the oars of the boat
crossing the River of Heaven.
(Hitomaro)