

BENNINGTON COLLEGE MUSIC DIVISION

Presents

A SENIOR CONCERT

By
FAITH KAUFMANN

Wednesday
November 16, 1983

8:15 pm
Greenwall Music Workshop

Psalm 86
Psalm 77
Psalm 137

CLAUDE GOUDIMEL
(c. 1510 - 1572)

The Mysterious Madrigalists

Sonata in B minor for Flute and Harpsichord

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH
(1685 - 1750)

Andante
Largo e dolce
Presto

Lise Kreps - flute

Faith Kaufmann - harpsichord

FAITH KAUFMANN

A Short Suite

Allemande
Sarabande
Gigue

Murray Barsky - clarinet

Edward Hines - bassoon

Maxine Neuman - 'cello

Ballade No. 1

FÉRÉDÉRIC CHOPIN
(1810 - 1849)

Faith Kaufmann - piano

- PAUSE -

Two Choral Songs

The Sinking Ship

Lost

FAITH KAUFMANN

Story by Remy Charlip
and Jerry Joyner

Poem by Eve Recht

The Mysterious Madrigalists
Edward Hines - bassoon

Chansons Madécasses

Susannah Waters - soprano
Su Lian Tan - flute
Tom Calabro - 'cello
Faith Kaufmann - piano

MAURICE RAVEL
(1875 - 1937)

The Mysterious Madrigalists are:

Sopranos: Hilarie Blumenthal

Julie Spector

Susannah Waters

Tenors: Alfred-Gérard Eberle

Sherman Foote

Edward Tesla

Altos: Faith Kaufmann

Lise Kreps

Cynthia Murphy

Penelope Owen

Basses: Brian Mindlin

John Schenck

Jason Wulkowicz

The harpsichord played in this concert was built by Paul Opel.

Many, many thanks to all the people who performed, coached, advised, and otherwise helped to prepare this concert, especially to Marianne Finckel.

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

Psaume 86

Mon Dieu, preste moy l'aureille, My God, lend me your ear and
Par ta bonté nompareille; hear me, for I am poor and
Responmoy, car plus n'en puis, needy. Keep Thy servant in
Tant povre et affligé suis.

Garde je te pri', ma vie:
Car de bien faire ay envie:
Mon Dieu, garde ton servant
En l'espoir de toy vivant.

Psaume 77

A Dieu ma voix j'ai haussée,
Et ma clamour addressée
A Dieu ma voix a monté,
Et mon Dieu m'a escouté.
Au jour de ma grand'destresse
Dieu a esté mon addresse,
Et du soir au lendemain
Je lui ai tendu la main.

To God I raised up my voice,
and my God heard me; in time of
trial He was my comfort, and
I held out to Him my hand.

Psaume 137

Estans assis aux rives aquatiques
De Babylon, plorions mélancoliques,
Nous souvenans du pays de Sion:
Et au milieu de l'habitation,
Où de regrets tant de pleurs
épandismes,
Aux saules verds nos harpes nous
pendismes.

By the rivers of Babylon, there
we sat down, yea, we wept, when
we remembered Zion. By the
weeping willows we hung up our
harps and wept. Alas, how can
we sing the praises of our Lord
in a strange Land?

Lors ceux qui là captifs nous
emmènerent,
De les sonner fort nous
importunèrent,
Et de Sion les chansons réciter.
Las, dimes-nous, qui pourroit inciter
Nos tristes coeurs à chanter la
louange
De nostre Dieu en une terre estrange?

The Sinking Ship
from
Thirteen by Remy Charlip and Jerry Joyner

This is a very old ship.
In fact it's so old it can hardly float anymore.
In fact it's sinking.
But it doesn't mind.
It's been everywhere
Seen everything.
Been in many battles too!
Too many.
That's why it's sinking.
And although it has been around the world,
It's going down happy.
Because
It has never been to the bottom of the sea before.

Lost...
Eve Recht (age 11)
from Miracles: Poems by children of the English-speaking world
Collected by Richard Lewis.

He lost it over the dark gray hills
Of wonder-
Where fingerless oaks grow;
Where the fruitless orange groves blow
In the merciless
Hungry
Wind.

It must, by now,
Be torn
Between
The lush brown Earth
And the raging winter sky.

The wind must have
Dragged it
Over Moors,
Fields and Mountains
While he was at home
Enjoying his pipe.

Chansons Madécasses

(Songs from Madagascar)

Nahandove, ô belle Nahandove! I hear your voice, the night bird has begun its cries, the full moon is shining on my head, and the nascent dew is moistening my hair. The time has come: who can stop you, Nahandove, oh beautiful Nahandove? The bed of leaves is prepared; I have strewn it with sweet-smelling flowers and herbs. It is worthy of your charms, Nahandove, oh beautiful Nahandove! Elle vient. J'ai reconnu la respiration précipitée que donne une marche rapide; j'entends le froissement de la pagne qui l'enveloppe: c'est elle, c'est elle, c'est elle, c'est Nahandove, la belle Nahandove! Ô reprends haleine, jeune amie; repose-toi sur mes genoux. Que ton regard est enchanteur, que le mouvement de ton sein est vif et délicieux sous la main qui le presse! Tu souris, Nahandove, ô belle Nahandove!

Tes baisers pénètrent jusqu'à l'âme; tes caresses brûlent tous mes sens: arrête, ou je vais mourir. Meurt-on de volupté, Nahandove, ô belle Nahandove? Le plaisir passe comme une éclair; ta douce haleine s'affaiblit, tes yeux humides se referment, ta tête se penche mollement, et tes transports s'éteignent dans la langueur. Jamais tu ne fus si belle, Nahandove, ô belle Nahandove! Tu pars, et je vais languir dans les regrets et les désirs; je languirai jusqu'au soir; tu reviendras ce soir, Nahandove, ô belle Nahandove!

Nahandove, oh beautiful Nahandove! The night bird has begun its cries, the full moon is shining on my head, and the nascent dew is moistening my hair. The time has come: who can stop you, Nahandove, oh beautiful Nahandove? The bed of leaves is prepared; I have strewn it with sweet-smelling flowers and herbs. It is worthy of your charms, Nahandove, oh beautiful Nahandove!

She is coming. I recognized the rapid breathing brought on by quick steps. I hear the rustling of the loin-cloth that covers her: it is she, it is she, it is she, it is Nahandove, the beautiful Nahandove! Oh, catch your breath, my young friend; rest upon my knees. How enchanting is your gaze, how alive and delicious is the movement of your breast beneath the hand that presses it! You smile, Nahandove, oh beautiful Nahandove!

Your kisses penetrate to my soul; your caresses burn all my senses: stop, or I shall die. Can one die of pleasure, Nahandove, oh beautiful Nahandove?

The pleasure passes like a flash of lightning; your sweet breath weakens, your moist eyes close, your head bends softly, and your ecstasy is extinguished in languor. Never were you so beautiful, Nahandove, oh beautiful Nahandove!

You leave, and I will languish in regrets and desires; I will languish until the evening; you will come back tonight, Nahandove, oh beautiful Nahandove!

Aoua! Aoua! Méfiez-vous des blancs, habitans du rivage.

Aoua! Aoua! Méfiez-vous des blancs, habitans du rivage.
Du tems de nos pères, des blancs descendirent dans cette île; on leur dit: Voilà des terres; que vos femmes les cultivent. Soyez justes, soyez bons, et devenez nos frères. Les blancs promirent, et cependant ils faisaient des retranchemens. Un fort menaçant s'éleva; le tonnerre fut renfermé dans des bouches d'airain; leurs prêtres voulurent nous donner un Dieu que nous ne connaissons pas; ils parlèrent enfin d'obéissance et d'esclavage: plutôt la mort! Le carnage fut long et terrible; mais, malgré la foudre qu'ils vomissaient, et qui écrasait des armées entières, ils furent tous exterminés. Aoua! Aoua! Méfiez-vous des blancs!

Nous avons vu de nouveaux tyrans, plus forts et plus nombreux, planter leur pavillon sur le rivage: le ciel a combattu pour nous; il a fait tomber sur eux les pluies, les tempêtes et les vents empoisonnés. Ils ne sont plus, et nous vivons, et nous vivons libres.

Aoua! Aoua! Méfiez-vous des blancs, habitans du rivage.

Aoua! Aoua! Beware of the whites, who live on the shore. During our fathers' time, the whites descended upon this island; we said to them: There is land; let your wives cultivate it. Be fair, be good, and become our brothers. The whites promised, and in the meantime they were building fortifications. A threatening fortress arose; the thunder was enclosed in throats of bronze; their priests wanted to give us a God that we did not know; finally they spoke of obedience and of slavery: Sooner death! The carnage was long and terrible; but in spite of the lightning which they vomited, and which crushed entire armies, they were all exterminated. Aoua! Aoua! beware of the whites!

We have seen new tyrants, stronger and more numerous, plant their flag on our shores: the sky has fought for us; it has made rain fall on them, storms and poisonous winds. They are no longer, and we live, and we live free.

Aoua! Aoua! Beware of the whites, who live on the shore.

III

Il est doux de se coucher durant la chaleur sous un arbre touffu,
et d'attendre que le vent du soir amène la fraîcheur.

Femmes, approchez.

Tandis que je me repose ici sous un arbre touffu, occupez mon
oreille par vous accens prolongés; répétez la chanson de la jeune
fille, lorsque ses doigts tressent la natte, ou lorsqu'assise
auprès du riz, elle chasse les oiseaux avides.

Le chant plaît à mon âme, la danse est pour moi presqu'aussi
douce qu'un baiser. Que vos pas soient lents, qu'ils imitent
les attitudes du plaisir et l'abandon de la volupté. Le vent
du soir se lève; la lune commence à briller au travers des arbres
de la montagne.

Allez, et préparez le repas.

How pleasant it is to lie down during the heat under a shady tree,
and to wait for the evening wind to bring coolness.

Women, approach.

While I rest here under a shady tree, fill my ear with your pro-
longed tones; repeat the song of the young girl, when her fingers
weave the matting, or when sitting near the rice, she chases away
the greedy birds.

The song is pleasing to my soul, the dance is for me, almost as
gentle as a kiss. May your footsteps be slow, may they imitate
the attitudes of pleasure and the ease of sensuality. The evening
wind is rising; the moon is beginning to shine through the trees
on the mountain.

Go, and prepare the meal.