

BENNINGTON COLLEGE

presents

A FACULTY CONCERT

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TRIO in B flat major, K. 502

Mozart

Allegro  
Larghetto  
Allegretto

Orrea Pernel, violin  
Marie Rosanoff, violoncello  
Lionel Nowak, piano

I N T E R M I S S I O N

AN DIE FERNE GELIEBTE

Beethoven

A cycle of six songs on  
poems of A. Jeitteles

SONGS AND DANCES OF DEATH

Moussorgsky

Text by A. A. Golenishtchev-Kutusov  
English adaptation by Marion Farquhar

Lullaby  
Serenade  
Trepak  
Commander-in-Chief

Frank Baker, Tenor

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## An die ferne Geliebte

poems by  
A. Jeitteles

composed by  
L. van Beethoven

From the mountain I gaze into the blue distance where I found you beloved, between us many hills and valleys, separating us from our joy. You cannot see the glowing looks I turn towards you, nor hear my sighs, but I will sing my thought of thee, of how I pine. For songs of love disdain time and distance, and the loving heart attains its desire.

Where the mountain is blue and the sunsets red, where the peaceful valleys banish pain and woe, where the primroses blow in the breeze... would I were there. To the shadowy grove I am driven by pangs of love and lonely despair. I would never leave if only you were there.

Little clouds, tiny birds; should you see my loved one, greet her a thousand times for me. Clouds keep my image in the sky before her eyes. If she comes near the bushes, birdlet, tell her of my suffering. Western breeze, take my sighs to her as the sun sinks. Whisper to her, little brook, let her see in thee how my tears forever flow.

These clouds and these birds fly to thee, take me too in your flight. These western breezes will play on her cheek and hair; would that I could share this joy. Down to you this little brook flows. When her face is reflected in your mirror, flow back quickly to me.

May is coming, with breezes and blossoms and murmuring brook. The swallow builds a bridal nest -- a dwelling for love. She brings from far and near things to line the bridal bed and keep the young ones warm. Those parted by winter are brought together again in spring by love. But in our love no spring appears and tears are the only consolation.

Take them, these songs, beloved, that I sing to thee and sing them again with your lute. When the twilight descends on the lake and the last sun's rays glow from the mountain tops ... and you sing what I have sung of longing, then these songs regain what was lost to us, and the loving heart attains its desire.

## 1. Lullaby

Moaning and restless, the child, flushed and ailing,  
Lies in the dim candle light.  
Near him, his mother, her love unavailing,  
Waits through the long, sleepless night.

Death, the deliverer, silently stealing,  
Taps at the outer door; Tchock!  
Desperate, she turns to him, mute and appealing.

"Don't be afraid when I knock,  
Dawn is returning, the night light is paling.  
Watching and weeping so long,  
You must be weary. Your vigil is failing,  
Sleep, -- I will sing him my song.  
Your voice is tense with fear, see, he is crying,  
Mine is more soothing in tone."

"Quiet! He breaks my heart, helpless there, dying!  
Such despair I never have known."  
"Leave him to me, I will silence his crying;  
Hush-a-bye, baby, my own."

"Now he is whiter, no longer complaining,  
So still, not even a moan."  
"That is a sign that the fever is waning,  
Hush-a-bye, baby, my own."

"Stop! you are damnable! If you caress him,  
All joy for me will be gone."  
"No, I will take him and peace will possess him!  
Hush-a-bye, baby, my own."

"Mercy! he's mine, and you shall not take him!  
Chant no more, leave him alone!"  
"See him, he sleeps, and no one can wake him,  
Hush-a-bye, baby, my own."

## 2. Serenade

Evening of amethyst, stars all aglisten,  
Tender spring, breathing delight!  
Trembling, the invalid leans out to listen,  
Hearing the whisper of night.  
Sleep does not cover her eyes, wide and burning,  
Youth pleads with joy not to fade;  
But at the midnight, to answer her yearning,  
Death sings his soft serenade:

"Held here in prison so dark and confining,  
Soon you will fade quite alone.  
Trust, then, your Knight, unnamed, doubt resigning,  
I come to free you, my own."

Rise, see how lovely you are! Your reflection  
Mirrors a face all alight,  
Rosy with pleasure, your curls -- soft perfection --  
Veiling a form, milky white;

Eyes, sapphire blue, fixed and bright as the moon is,  
Shine now with radiant fire,  
Sweet is your breath and warm, warm as the noon is,  
How you awake my desire!

My ardent pleading will not be denied,  
Your desire summoned me here;  
Thus I claim my reward, and the prize -- my bride.  
Rapture at last is near.

Fragile your body, and your tremor, enthralling.  
Come, my embrace, how divine,  
Stifles your breathing! Your lover is calling,  
Listen -- be still -- you are mine."

### 3. Trepak

Fields and the woodland, with no one in sight!  
Wailing low, the wind storm is eerie  
And it seems as if snow rides through the night  
Hunting the lost and the weary.

Look, over there in the dark, Death approaches,  
Holding a serf, to caress him.  
Death, with the drunkard now dances and chants,  
Weaving a spell to possess him.

"Oh, you are cold, you are old, defenceless;  
Drink made you gay till you lay there senseless,  
Then the Witch of Blizzards played with you to charm you,  
Pushed you to the forest, seeming not to harm you.

Poor serf, distressed and oppressed and friendless;  
Rest, here your sleep will be deep and endless.  
See, I will warm and bed you down in soft snow lying  
And I will start a mighty reel around you flying.

Snowy and light, fluff the bed, oh my beauty!  
Come, dance along, make a song, oh my beauty!  
Sing all night to soothe him, till the break of day.  
Sing till the drowsy drunkard sleeps his life away.

Hear me, you darkness, you wind and forest;  
Snowflake and cloud and the sky, combining;  
Out of downy moon make a winding sheet,  
Like the newly born, wrap him head to feet.

Sweet dreams, my friend, leafy boughs are twining,  
Summer has come full in bloom,  
The grain is ripe, the sun is shining,  
Scythes are swinging. Now vieing  
Reapers are all singing and the birds are flying."



## 4. Commander-in-Chief

The battle thunders, flashing, swaring,  
The greedy cannon roar and glow,  
Battalions turn their horses rearing  
And red with blood the rivers flow!

The day is burning, men are straining,  
Destructive fury sets the pace,  
The combat rages, light is waning  
And still they fight and grant no grace.

As darkness falls, the field is lonely;  
The troops, withdrawing, cease to fight,  
All's quiet, moans of wounded only,  
Disturb the silence and the night.

Beneath the moon's unearthly light,  
His mighty battle horse astride,  
His bones all shining smooth and white,  
Appears grim Death! There, close beside,  
The dying groan and join in prayer.  
He listens, proud and satisfied.

Noting the carnage, all appraising,  
Now he circles his domain,  
A hill ascending, downward gazing,  
He smiles and, pausing, smiles again.  
And like a fateful bugle call  
His voice is heard to summon all:

"Strife is here ended, for I am triumphant now!  
Victor and vanquished alike, I subdue.  
Life made you enemies, Death has united you,  
Rise up together and pass in review.

March at a solemn pace, halt and surrender,  
All of my troops I record as they pass,  
Then your bones to the earth you will tender,  
Slumber is sweet under soft growing grass.  
Year after year after year will pass by, --  
Men will forget; none will know where you lie.

But I will not forget! I the undying,  
Feasting at midnight will visit your bed.  
You will stay, sleeping there, where you are lying.  
Thus I command it, all defying.  
Dancing, I'll tread down the earth overhead  
So that you never can rise from the dead."