

BENNINGTON COLLEGE MUSIC DIVISION

Presents

A SENIOR VOCAL CONCERT

By

AUDREY BRAAM

Sunday, May 13, 1984 Paul Robeson House 2 PM

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Frühlingsmorgen  
Du bist die Ruh

Gustav Mahler  
Franz Schubert

Leslie Burke, piano

Winter

Louis Calabro

Marianne Finckel, piano

I Wonder About the Trees

Lionel Nowak

Jacob Glick, viola

Song (Quechua)

Audrey Braam

Woman's Song (Chippewa)

Jill Beckwith Audrey Braam  
Robin Hackley Susannah Waters

Ach, Ich fühl's  
Vissi d'Arte

(Die Zauberflöte)  
(Tosca)

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart  
Giacomo Puccini

Mira, O Norma

(Norma)  
Susannah Waters (Norma)  
Audrey Braam (Adalgisa)  
Marianne Finckel, piano

Vincenzo Bellini

\*\*\* INTERMISSION \*\*\*

My Man's Gone Now

George Gershwin

I Loves You Porgy

arranged by Linda Dowdell

Bess You Is My Woman Now

Summertime

Audrey Braam - soprano  
Michael Downs - baritone  
Jane Davies - flute  
Vance Provey - trumpet  
Jeff Taylor - ~~tenor~~saxophone  
Linda Dowdell - piano  
Daniel Corn - bass  
Andrew Dillon - drums

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Special thanks to Frank Baker, Bill Dixon, Linda Dowdell, Josef Wittman, Suzanne Jones, Anne Dambrowski, and to all the musicians who performed with me today.

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

Frühlingsmorgen

Text by R. Leander

There taps at the window the linden tree  
With branches, blossomladen:  
Arise! Arise!  
Why do you lie in a dream?  
The sun has come up!  
Arise! Arise!  
The lark is awake, the bushes flutter!  
The bees are humming and the beetles!  
Arise! Arise!  
And what is more, I saw your merry sweet heart already.  
Arise, you lie-a-bed!  
Lie-a-bed, arise!  
Arise! Arise!

Du bist die Ruh

Text by Ruckest

You are the quiet, the mild peace  
You are the longing and what it calms  
I dedicate you, full of pleasure and pain,  
to a dwelling place here in my eyes and heart.

Come to me and shut the gates quietly behind you  
Drive out all other pain from this breast  
Would that this heart were full of your delights.  
By your brightness alone is my world illuminated,  
Oh, fill it completely.

Winter (from Vermont Vignettes)

Text by Louis Calabro

The wind cut through his life  
Like a knife.  
Forever, or so it seemed,  
He was destined to curse  
The blowing snow  
The freezing rain.

He dreamed, again and again,  
Of warmth as sweet as new love.  
But he knew, deep in his heart, that  
The cold North wind would win in the end.

And when it did, he found himself  
Lying face down on the ground  
His left eye frozen to the ice  
His right eye blinking at the sun.

I Wonder About the Trees

Text by Robert Frost

I wonder about the trees.  
Why do we wish to bear forever the noise of these  
more than another noise so close to our dwelling place.  
We suffer them by day till we lose all measure of pace  
and fixity in our joys, and acquire a listening air.  
They are that which speaks of going  
but never gets away and that talks no less for knowing,  
as it grows wiser and older that now it means to stay.  
My feet tug at the floor and my head sways  
to my shoulder sometimes when I watch trees sway  
from the window or the door.  
I shall set out for somewhere, I shall make the reckless choice.  
Some day when they are in voice and tossing  
so as to scare the white clouds over them on.  
I shall have less to say but I shall be gone.

Ach Ich fulh's

Libretto by E. Schikaneder

Ah, I feel it, my happiness has disappeared.  
Nevermore come those blissful hours back to my heart.  
See, Tamino, these tears flowing, for you alone, beloved.  
If you don't feel love's yearning  
then for me there will be peace in death.

Vissi D'Arte

Libretto by L. Illica and G. Giacosa

I lived for art, I lived for love,  
Never did I harm a living soul.  
To how many unfortunates did I discreetly extend help...

Always with sincere faith were my prayers  
offered to the holy shrines.  
Always with sincere faith have I brought flowers  
to the altar.

Why, in this hour of tribulation,  
Why, O Lord, why have you rewarded me so?  
I have given jewels to adorn the mantle of Our Lady,  
And I sang for the stars, the heavens above,  
that they would smile more kindly.  
In this hour of tribulation, why,  
Why, O Lord, why have you rewarded me so?

Mira, O Norma

Libretto by Felice Romani

Adalgisa      See, Norma, see at your knees  
                 these children of yours.  
                 Oh, be moved by pity for them,  
                 though you have none for yourself.

Norma          Ah, why would you weaken my resolution  
                 with soft sentiments?  
                 No more dreams, no hopes remain  
                 to a heart that is near death.

Adalgisa      Yeild, oh yeild!

Norma          Oh, leave me. He loves you.

Adalgisa      He already repents of it.

Norma          And you?

Adalgisa      I loved him, but now my heart  
                 feels only friendship.

Norma          Dear girl, And you would...?

Adalgisa      Restore to you your rights,  
                 or with you I swear to hide myself  
                 forever from the world and men's eyes.

Norma          Yes, you have won. Embrace me.  
                 I have found a friend again.

Adalgisa & Norma      Until our last hour you will have me as your companion  
                 to shelter us together the world is wide enough.  
                 With you the affronts of fate I will boldly face  
                 As long as I feel your heart beating close to mine.



I Introduction to Life

IGLULIK ESKIMO

I arise from rest with movements swift  
As the beat of a raven's wings  
I arise  
to meet the day  
My face is turned from the dark of night  
to gaze at the dawn of day  
now whitening in the sky

II Song

QUECHUA

Early morning dawning green  
Ah...is the willow so green?  
In the green fields,  
You gave me your love.

III Woman's prayer to the sun for a newborn girl

HOPI

Your beautiful rays,  
my they color our faces;  
being dyed in them,  
somewhere at an old age  
We shall fall asleep old women

IV Woman's Song

CHIPPEWA

A loon  
I thought it was  
But it was  
my love's splashing oar  
To Sault Ste. Marie  
He has departed  
My love  
has gone  
has gone on before me  
Never again  
can I see him