

Music At Bennington Presents...

Cari Sherburne, Soprano

Senior Concert

Elizabeth Kim, Piano

Saturday, May 15, 1999

Eight o'clock

Fireplace Room

Deane Carriage Barn

This concert is made possible in part through the generous support of Judith Rosenberg Hoffberger '54 and the Henry and Ruth Blaustein Rosenberg Foundation.

Mi tradi quell' alma ingrata (Don Giovanni) W.A. Mozart 1756-91

Lascia ch'io pianga (Rinaldo) G.F. Handel 1685-1759

Allegro (Exsultate, jubilate) W.A. Mozart

Interlude (in'ter-lood')n.

An intervening feature, episode, or period of time.

Intermission

Hermit Songs* Samuel Barber 1910-81

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|---------------------------------|-----------------|
| I. At Saint Patrick's Purgatory | 13th century |
| II. Church Bell at Night | 12th century |
| III. St. Ita's Vision | 8th century |
| IV. The Heavenly Banquet | 10th century |
| V. The Crucifixion | 12th century |
| VI. Sea-Snatch | 8th-9th century |
| VII. Promiscuity | 9th century |
| VIII. The Monk and His Cat | 8th-9th century |
| IX. The Praises of God | 11th century |
| X. The Desire for Hermitage | 8th-9th century |

* Barber composed the song cycle *Hermit Songs* after a trip to Donegal during the summer of 1952. The texts were written by religious scholars from the 8th to the 13th century, and were, as Barber said, "perhaps not always meant to be seen by their Father Superiors....These were extraordinary men, monks, or hermits, or what not, and they wrote these little poems on the corners of MSS they were illuminating or just copying. I find them very direct, unspoiled and often curiously contemporaneous in feeling." Barber has omitted time-signatures throughout the song cycle, allowing the performer a more flexible interpretation of the poetry.

Mi tradi quell' alma ingrata

That ungrateful man betrayed me,
Oh, God, he makes me unhappy.
But, betrayed and abandoned
I still feel pity for him.
When I feel the torment
of vengeance my heart speaks,
but if I perceive that he is in danger
my heart palpitates.

Lascia ch'io pianga

Leave me to weep for my cruel fate,
to sigh for my freedom.
Do not violate my sorrow of captivity,
my torment, with your pity.

Allegro (Exsultate, jubilate)

Rejoice, Shout,
O you blessed souls,
Singing sweet hymns;
responding to your song
the skies sing psalms with me.

Hermit Songs

I. At Saint Patrick's Purgatory

Translation: Sean O'Faolain

Pity me on my pilgrimage to Loch Derg!
O King of the churches and the bells
bemoaning your sores and your wounds.
But not a tear can I squeeze from my eyes!
Not moisten an eye after so much sin!
Pity me, O King!
What shall I do with a heart that seeks only its own ease?
O only begotten Son by whom all men were made,
who shunned not the death by three wounds,
pity me on my pilgrimage to Loch Derg
and I with a heart not softer than a stone!

II. Church Bell at Night

Translation: Howard Mumford Jones

Sweet little bell, struck on a windy night,
I would liefer keep tryst with thee
Than be
With a light and foolish woman.

III. St. Ita's Vision

Translation: Chester Kallman

"I will take nothing from my Lord," said she,
"unless he gives me His Son from Heaven
in the form of a baby that I may nurse Him."
So that Christ came down to her
in the form of a Baby and then she said:
"Infant Jesus, at my breast,
nothing in this world is true
save, O tiny nursling, You.
Infant Jesus, at my breast,
by my heart every night,
You I nurse are not
a churl but were begot
on Mary the Jewess by Heaven's Light.
Infant Jesus, at my breast,
what King is there but You who could
give everlasting Good?
Wherefore I give my food.
Sing to him maidens, sing your best.
There is none that has such right
to your song as Heaven's King
Who every night
is Infant Jesus at my breast."

IV. The Heavenly Banquet

Translation: O'Faolain

I would like to have the men of Heaven in my own house,
with vats of good cheer laid out for them.
I would like to have the three Mary's their fame is so great.
I would like people from every corner of Heaven.
I would like them to be cheerful in their drinking.
I would like to have Jesus sitting here among them.
I would like a great lake of beer for the King of Kings.
I would like to be watching Heaven's family
Drinking it through all eternity.

V. The Crucifixion

Translation: Jones

At the cry of the first bird
They began to crucify Thee, O Swan!
Never shall lament cease because of that.
It was like the parting of day from night.
Ah, sore was the suffering borne
By the body of Mary's Son,
But sorer still to Him was the grief
Which for His sake
Came upon His Mother.

VI. Sea Snatch

It has broken us, it has crushed us, it has drowned us,
O King of the starbright Kingdom of Heaven;
the wind has consumed us, swallowed us,
as timber is devoured by crimson fire from Heaven.
It has broken us, it has crushed us, it has drowned us,
O King of the starbright Kingdom of Heaven!

VII. Promiscuity

I do not know with whom Edan will sleep,
but I do know that fair Edan will not sleep alone.

VIII. The Monk and His Cat

Translation: W.H. Auden

Pangur, white Pangur, how happy we are
Alone together, scholar and cat.
Each has his own work to do daily;
For you it is hunting, for me study.
Your shining eye watches the wall;
my feeble eye is fixed on a book.
You rejoice when your claws
Entrap a mouse;
I rejoice when my mind
Fathoms a problem.
Pleased with his own art,
Neither hinders the other;
Thus we live ever
Without tedium or envy.
Pangur, white pangur, how happy we are
Alone together, scholar and cat.

IX. The Praises of God

Translation: Auden

How foolish the man
Who does not raise
His voice and praise
With joyful words,
As he alone can,
Heaven's High King.
To Whom the light birds
With no soul but air
All day, everywhere
Laudation sing.

X. The Desire for Hermitage

Translation: O'Faolain

Ah! to be all alone in a little cell with nobody near me;
beloved that pilgrimage before the last pilgrimage to Death.
Singing the passing hours to cloudy Heaven;
feeding upon dry bread and water from the cold spring.
That will be an end to evil when I am alone
in a lovely little corner among tombs
far from the houses of the great.
Ah! to be all alone in a little cell,
to be alone, all alone:
Alone I came into this world,
alone I shall go from it.

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Thank you all for coming.