

Again and again I am amazed at what we can do together here. Why have so many people given so much time etc. to even just my projects? I am happy to believe that it is a common desire for music, for life. Thank you.

Let me indulge in some specific thank yous:

To Magda, Rhody, Mike, Amy, Helen, Madeline, Luke, Selene, Molly, Luke, Roy, Jennifer, Diego, Colette for the every single one of them wonderful posters.

To Peter - for the Verdi and for all the time and interest that you gave to our music.

To Willie for all of our journeys deciphering the seemingly indecipherable.

To Amy - my dear partner in the quest.

To my mother, my father, my sister --my ever-loving ever-supporting base of me.

And to Frank. The most beautiful lover of spring and sound that I know. Yum.

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Bennington College Music Division

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

BENNINGTON COLLEGE MUSIC DIVISION

PRESENTS

A SENIOR VOICE CONCERT
BY

ANNE RIESENFELD

WEDNESDAY, MAY 22, 1991

8:15 p.m.

GREENWALL MUSIC WORKSHOP

PROGRAM

Erbarme dich
(St. Matthew Passion)

BACH

Joseph Schor, violin
Marianne Finckel, harpsichord
Nathaniel Parke 'cello

Four Russian Songs

STRAVINSKY

Peter Golub, piano

Seven Early Songs

BERG

Marianne Finckel, piano

Six Songs
on poems by Gertrude Stein

RIESENFELD

Advice About Roses
Sonnets that Please
A Bird
She Said
Animated*
Being

Gerald Zaffuts, trombone

*audience participation

- Intermission -

Tilim-bom

Tilim-bom, Tilim-boom,
Save the goatshed from its doom!
Mother Goat while grazing
Sees her home a-blazing,
Wags her stumpy little tail,
Calls for water, pail on pail,
Pussy on the bell-rope springs,
And with might and main she rings.

Tilim-bom, Tilim-boom,
Save the goatshed from its doom!
Mistress Hen a bucket brings,
Some water quickly flings,
With her follows Mister Cock,
At the pump he fills a crock;
Proudly struts along,
Sings a lusty song:

Tilim-bom, Tilim-boom,
Save the goatshed from its doom!
See, the folk come learing,
Shouting, jostling, staring,
Ne're was seen so great a crowd.
Hark! the firebell ringing loud.
Come, good folk, don't stand about,
Help to put the fierce flames out.

Tilim-bom, Tilim-boom,
Save the goatshed from its doom!
Now goat and hen and pussy too,
With Cock-a-doodle-doo,
On the grass sit down in a row,
And the song they sing runs so:
Tilim-bom-Tilim-boom,
Mother Goat we've saved your home!
(English Text: R. Newmarch)

Sieben frühe Lieder/Seven Early Songs /Alban Berg

Nacht/Night

Over night and vale the clouds grow dark,
mists hover, waters softly murmur.
Now, of a sudden, an unveiling:
oh, give heed, give heed!
A vast wonderland opens.
Silver soar mountains, dream-large,
still paths, silver-bright, go valleywards
from the hidden castle;
and so dream-pure is the lofty world.
A mute beech tree stands by the way,
shadow-black; from the distant wood a breath
blows solitary soft.
And from the deep valley's gloom
lights flash in the silent night.
Drink, soul, Drink solitude!
Oh, give heed! Give heed!

Schilflied/Reed Song

By a secret forest path
I love to steal in evening light,
to the desolate reedy shore
and think, maiden, of you.

Then when the wood grows dark,
the reeds rustle mysteriously,
lamenting and whispering
that I should weep, weep.

And I think I hear wafting
softly the sound of your voice,
and, drowning in the pond,
your sweet singing.

She comes, I recognized the hasty breath that comes from quick walking; I hear the rustle of the loin-cloth that wraps her round; it is she, it is Nahandove, o lovely Nahandove!

Take breath, my little dear; rest on my lap. How bewitching is your glance! How quick and delightful is the motion of your breast under the pressure of a hand! You smile, Nahandove, o lovely Nahandove!

Your kisses fly to the soul; your caresses burn my every sense; stop, or I shall die. Does one die of pleasure, Nahandove, o lovely Nahandove?

Delight fades like a flash of lightning. Your sweet breath falters, your damp eyes close, your head falls softly forward, and your ecstasies melt into languor. You were never so beautiful, Nahandove, o lovely Nahandove.

You leave and I shall pine in yearning and desire. I shall pine until evening. You will return tonight, Nahandove, o lovely Nahandove!

Aoua!

Beware of white men, dwellers of the shore. In the time of our fathers white men landed on this island. They were told: Here are lands, may your women till them; be just, be worthy, and become our brothers.

The white men promised, and yet they built entrenchments. A threatening stronghold arose; thunder was shut up in mouths of brass; their priests wanted to give us a God we did not know; they spoke in the end of obedience and slavery...Death rather than that. The bloodshed was long and terrible; but despite the thunder they spewed out which destroyed whole armies, they were all exterminated.

Aoua! Beware of white men.

I have seen new tyrants, stronger and more numerous, planting their tent on the shore. Heaven has found on our behalf. It has sent rain to fall on them, tempests and poisoned winds. They are no more, and we live, and live in freedom. Aoua!
Beware of white men, dwellers of the shore.

Il est doux/ It is sweet

It is sweet to sleep, during the heat, beneath a leafy tree, and to wait for the wind of evening to bring coolness.

Women, draw near. While I rest here under a leafy tree, fill my ear with your drawling accents. Repeat the song of the young girl who, when her fingers braid her plaits or when she sits beside the rice, chases off the greedy birds.

The song delights my soul. The dance is for me almost as sweet as a kiss. Let your steps be slow; let them mimic the attitudes of enjoyment and the abandon of pleasure.

The wind of evening rises; the moon begins to shine through the mountain trees. Go and prepare the repast.

Pur ti miro/Monteverdi

Just to gaze on you
Just to rejoice in you
Just to embrace you,
 to enchain you
No more I suffer
I die no more
O my life
O my treasure...

Papageno, Papagena/ Mozart

Papageno and Papagena discuss their future together and the large family they will raise.

Salce, salce and Ave Maria/ Verdi

This scene takes place in Desdemona's bedroom, where, with her lady-in-waiting Emilia's help, she is preparing for bed. She sings a sadly appropriate ballad (The Willow Song) about Barbara, whose lover went mad. Desdemona's husband, Otello apparently has done the same thing. When Emilia leaves, Desdemona utters her prayer - Ave Maria.

TEXT

Erbarme dich/Bach

Have mercy, Lord.
For the sake of my tears.
Look on me, heart and eyes
Both weep to Thee bitterly.
Have mercy.

Four Russian Songs/Stravinsky

The Drake

Drake, dear Drake,
Dear gray Drake,
Crested Drake,
Go out and find your seven baby ducks.
Drake, catch up with your duck,
Dear Drake,
Yes, go and catch up with her.

Go catch her up,
Your nice young duck.
Go home, duck,
Good gray girl go home,
You've got seven ducklings at home
And your drake makes eight.
Now our duck goes on a diving spree, running
From meadows to burrows to bushes to isbas,
Dating drakes,
Dating passers by.

A Russian Spiritual

Snowstorms, blizzards, wild snowstorms,
Closed are my ways,
Closed all my ways to Thy Kingdom.
No path is open to man or horse,
Closed are all paths, closed to man and horse,
To my Father,
To my Father Who art in heaven.
Into His Kingdom oh my sisters and my brothers
Into His Kingdom all my sisters all my brothers.
Sisters and brothers He chooses in love and spirit.
To God the glory,
To Christ the omnipotence,
To God glory, to God glory
For ever and ever, Amen.
Thanks be to Thee, O Lord, to Thee.

Geese and Swans

Geese and swans once flying near the ground
Saw a bare field where they all came down.
In the field they built a bathtub.
A good place to scrub their bugs.
Busy sparrows split the wood
While the cockroach warmed the flood.
When the mouse brought water, the louse bathed his daughter.
Look, while worms under the bathing mat
And a jumping flea, jehosophat.
But the flea fleeing broke her leg,
No wonder that the bugs all said:
"Mon Dieu, I've had enough of bathing".
(English Text: R. Craft)

Die Nachtigall/The Nightingale

It is because the nightingale
all night has sung;
and from her sweet noise,
in echo and re-echo
roses have sprung.
Such a wild thing she was once,
now she wanders deeply pensive,
her summer hat in hand,
and bears in silence the glow of the sun
and knows not what to do.
It is because the nightingale
all night has sung;
and from her sweet noise,
in echo and re-echo
roses have sprung.

Traumgekrönt/Dream-crowned

That was the day of white chrysanthemums,
its splendour made me feel almost afraid...
And then you came to take my soul from me
at dead of night.

I was so afraid, yet you came sweetly, softly,
I had been thinking of you in my dreams,
you came, and soft as a fairy tune
the night sounded.

Im Zimmer/In the Room

Autumn sunshine.
Fair evening looks silent in.
Red fire
blazing, crackling in the stove.
Thus, with my head on your knees,
thus I am content,
my gaze reposed in yours,
as the minutes gently pass.

Liebesode/Love Ode

Blissful in love's arms we fell asleep,
the summer wind watched at the open window,
and bore out the peace of our every breath to the
moon-bright night.
And from the garden, feeling its timid way,
a scent of roses to our love bed came
and gave us wondrous dreams,
ecstatic dreams, so rich in longing.

Sommertage/Summer Days

Through the world now travel days
sent forth from blue eternity,
in the summer breeze, time drifts away,
the Lord at night now twines
with blessed hand, garlands of stars
above wander - and wonderful.
O heart, what, in these days, can
your clearest wanderer's song then say
of your very deep delight:-
in the meadow's song the heart is dumb,
words cease where image upon image
comes to you and fills you wholly.

Chansons Madecasses/Madagascan Songs/Ravel

Nahandove

Nahandove, a lovely Nahandove! The bird of night has begun
its calls, the full moon shines on my head, and the new-born dew
moistens my hair. Now is the hour; who can stop you, Nahandove, o
lovely Nahandove!

The bed of leaves is prepared; I have strewn it with flowers and
sweet-smelling herbs; it is worthy of your charms, o lovely
Nahandove!

Chansons Madecasses

RAVEL

Nahandove
Aoua!
Il est doux

Sue Ann Kahn, flute
Peter Golub, piano
Nathaniel Parke, 'cello

Pur ti miro
(L'Incarnazione di Poppea)

MONTEVERDI

Papageno, Papagena
(the Magic Flute)

MOZART

Jonathan Beppler, baritone
Marianne Finckel, piano

Salce, Salce and Ave Marie
(Otello)

VERDI
arr. PETER GOLUB

Joseph Schor, Julianna Gnoutcheff, violin
Catharine Hall-Schor, viola
Maxine Neuman, 'cello
Peter Golub, conductor