

BENNINGTON COLLEGE MUSIC DIVISION

Presents

A SENIOR CONCERT

By

KATHRYN GILL

Sunday
May 22, 1983

2:00 pm
Greenwall Music Workshop

Etude in A^b major, opus 25, no. 1

FREDERIC CHOPIN

Adagio

LOUIS MILTON GILL

Ballade in G minor, opus 23

FREDERIC CHOPIN

Kathryn Gill - piano

"A Child's Song"

KATHRYN GILL

Kathryn Gill - soprano
Susan Alancraig - alto
Ed Cremona - tenor
Eric Klein - bass
Alejandro Sanchez-Navarro - piano

"Dream"

LOUIS CALABRO

Kathryn Gill - soprano
Marianne Finckel - piano

- INTERMISSION -

"Good Morning Heartache"

HIGGINBOTHAM - DRAKE -
FISHER

Kathryn Gill

"Before my Window", opus 26, no. 10

SERGEY RAKHMANINOV

Alle mein Gedanken, opus 21, no. 1

RICHARD STRAUSS

Die Nacht, opus 10, no. 3

Standchen, opus 17, no. 2

Kathryn Gill - soprano
Marianne Finckel - piano

Many thanks to Lionel Nowak, Frank Baker, Marianne Finckel and all the others who have given and given to make this concert possible.

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

A CHILD'S SONG

poem by Archibald McCleish

Coming down the mountain in the twilight
April it was and quiet in the air
I saw an old man and his little daughter
Burning the meadows where the hayfields were
Forksfull of flame he scattered o'er the meadows
Sparks of fire in the quiet air
Burned in their circles.
And the silver flowers burned like candles
Where the hayfields were
Danced as she did in enchanted circles
Curtseyed and danced along the quiet air
Slightly she danced in the stillness
In the twilight
Dancing in the meadows where
The hayfields were.

Dream

Louis Calabro

In darkness I dreamt
I saw a rose adrift among the thorns
escape the blood red tide then die
Asleep now, a distant dream frozen
Casts shadows long forgotten cold with time.

The blood red darkness
In thorns escape
A rose dreamt
I saw among the tides
Adrift and then I die
Frozen shadows now asleep
Casts a dream long distant with cold forgotten time.

GOOD MORNING HEARTACHE

Higginbotham - Drake - Fisher

Good morning Heartache, you old gloomy sight
Good morning Heartache, thought we said good-bye last night.
I turned and tossed until I thought you were gone
But here you are with the dawn.

Wish I'd forget you but you're here to stay.
It seems I met you when my love went away.
Now every day I start by saying to you
Good morning Heartache - What's new?
Stop haunting me now.
Can't shake you no how.
Just leave me alone.
I've got those Monday blues straight through Sunday blues.

Good morning Heartache, here we go again.
Good morning Heartache you're the one who knew me when.
Might as well get used to you hanging around.
Good morning Heartache, sit down.

"U MOYEVO OKNA" OPUS 26, NO. 10

G. Galina

U moyevo okna cheremukha tsvetyot,
Tsvetyot zadumchivo pod rizoy
serebristoy...
I vetkoy svezhey i dushistoy
Sklonilas' i zovyot...
Eyo trepeshchuschikh vozdushnikh
lepestkov
Ya radostno lovlyu veseloye dikhan'ye,
Ikh sladkiy aromat tumanit mne
soznan'ye,
I pesni o lyubvi oni poyut bez slov...

BEFORE MY WINDOW

English version by Rosa Newmarch

Before my window stands a flow'ring
cherry tree,
And blossoms dreamily in robes of
bridal whiteness...
Its silv'ry branches bend their
brightness
And rustling call to me...
The slight and trembling blooms I draw
down from above
And lost in rapture breathe their
perfumes fresh and healing,
Until their heady sweetness sets my
senses reeling,
The cherry blossoms sing a wordless song
of love...

ALL' MEIN GEDANKEN, MEIN HERZ
UND MEIN SINN
Richard Strauss

All' mein Gedanken, mein Herz
und mein Sinn
Da, wo die liebste ist
wandern sie hin
Gehn ihres Weges trotz
Mauer und Thor
Da halt kein Riegel kein
Graben nicht vor,
Gehn wie die Vögelein
Hoch durch die Luft
Brauchen kein Bruch über
wasser und kluft.
Finden das Städtlein und
Finden das Haus
Finden ihr Fenster
Aus allen heraus.
Und klopfen und rufen: mach auf,
lass uns ein.
Wir kommen vom liebsten und
Grüssen dich fein
Wir kommen vom liebsten und
Grüssen dich fein.
Mach auf, mach auf, lass uns ein.

DIE NACHT
Richard Strauss

Aus dem Walde tritt die Nacht
Aus den Bäumen, schleicht sie
leise nun gib Acht.
Alle lichter dieser Welt
Alle Blumen, alle Farben löscht
sie aus.
Alles nimmt sie was nur hold.
Nimmt das Silber weg des Stroms
Nimmt von Kupferdach des Doms
weg das Gold.
Ausgeplündert steht der Strauch
Ruche naher, seel' an Seele
O die Nacht, mir bangt sie
Stehl dich mir auch.

ALL OF THE THOUGHTS IN MY HEART
AND MY MIND

All my thoughts, my heart and my mind
There where my love is they wander
They go their own way despite
gates and wall.
No lock holds them, also no graves.
They go like birds
High through the air
They need no bridges over water
or cliffs.
They find the town they find the house.
They find the window
Among all the windows
And knock and call, "open up!
let us in."
We come from your love and
greet you finely
We come from your love and
greet you finely.
Open up, open up, let us in!

THE NIGHT

Out of the woods steps the night
It looks around in a big circle
Now watch out!
All the lights in this world
All the flowers, all the colors
extinguish themselves.
It takes everything which is precious
It takes the silver flow of the streams
It takes the gold off of the copper
clove.
The beach stands plundered
Come closer soul-to-soul
O the night scares me that she
Might steal you (my soul) too.

STANDCHEN

Richard Strauss

Mach' auf, mach' auf
Doch Leise, mein Kind
Um keinen vom Schlummer
zu wechen
Kaum murmelt der Bach
Kaum zittert im Wind ein Blatt
An den Buschen und Hecken
Drum leise, mein Madchen,
Dass nichts sich regt
Nur Leise die Hand
Auf die Klinke gelegt
Mit Tritten wie Tritte
Der Elfen zu sacht
Um uber die Blumen
Zu hupfen
Flieg leicht hinaus in die
Mondscheinnacht
Zu mir in den Garten zu
schlupfen.

Rings schlummern die Blutlen
Am rieseln den Bach
Und duften in Schlaf
Nur die Liebe ist wach.

Sitz nieder hier damerts
geheimnissvoll.
Unter den Linden baumen
Die Nachtigall uns zu Haupten
Soll von uns'ren Kussen traumen
Und die Rose
Wenn sie am Morgen erwacht
Hoch gluhn, hoch gluhn
Von den wonne shauern der Nacht.

SERENADE

Open, open up!
But quietly my child
So that you wake no one from their
sleep.
Hardly murmurs the brook
Hardly trembles in the wind, a leaf
on the trees and bushes
So be quiet my sweet
so that nothing alarms
just quietly put your hand
on the door latch.
Walk with soft footsteps
of an elf.
In order to jump over the
flowers.
Fly quietly in the moonlight
To me in the illuminated
garden.

All around me flowers sleep
On the flowing brook's banks.
And breathes out fragrance
In their sleep. Only love is awake.

Sit closer. Here its dawning full
of secrets
Under the Linden trees
The Nightingale should
Sing for us. While we dream
about our kisses.
And the Rose
When she wakes in the morning
highly glows, highly glows
From the wonderousness of the night.