

Bennington College presents the

WOMEN'S CHAMBER CHOIR

December 7, 2005

8 p.m.

Deane Carriage Barn

**THE BENNINGTON COLLEGE
WOMEN'S CHAMBER CHOIR:**

Jessalyn Brown, Dana Brzezinski, Sarah Crow,
Samantha Damon, Deanna DeLuke, Adriana
DiGennaro, Emma Guthrie, Lara Hoffman,
Katrina Hopkins, Deva Jasheway, Jenika
McCrain, Rebecca Moulton, Sonia Muscatine,
Megan Novick, Kate Ritter, Annie Schwartz,
Kate Tremont, Lisa Valdez, Katie Van
Munster, Abbi Westwood, Claire Wicks, and
Cassandra Zagaro.

Directed by Mary Montgomery

Ave verum corpus

Francis Poulenc

O Swallow, Swallow – Songs from "The Princess,"
No. 4

Gustav Holst

Zöld erdőben

Zoltán Kodály

The Virgin Martyrs

Samuel Barber

There is no rose

Trinity Roll

Featuring Jessa Brown, Meg Novick, Kate Tremont,
Rebecca Moulton, Sam Damon, Deva Jasheway,
Emma Guthrie, Claire Wicks, Sonia Muscatine, and
Lisa Valdez

Queen-Anne's-Lace

Mary Montgomery

Charm me asleep

Johannes Brahms

Ave maris stella

Kitty Brazelton

Featuring Jessa Brown, Meg Novick, Lara Hoffman,
Sonia Muscatine, Lisa Valdez, Emma Guthrie,
and Annie Schwartz

Texts and translations

Ave verum corpus

Ave verum corpus (*Hail the true flesh of Christ*)
natum ex Maria Virgine (*born of the Virgin Mary*)
vere possum immolatum (*who truly suffered, and was sacrificed*)
in cruce pro homine. (*on the cross for mankind.*)

O Swallow, Swallow

O Swallow, Swallow flying, flying South,
Fly to her and fall upon her gilded eaves,
And tell her, tell her what I tell to thee.
O tell her, Swallow, thou that knowest each,
That bright and fierce and fickle is the South,
And dark and true and tender is the North.
O tell her, Swallow, that thy brood is flown:
Say to her, I do but wanton in the South,
But in the North long since my nest is made.
O tell her, brief is life but love is long,
And brief the sun of summer in the North,
And brief the moon of beauty in the South.
O Swallow, flying from the golden woods,
Fly to her, and pipe and woo her, and make her mine,
And tell her, tell her, that I follow thee.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson

Zöld erdőben

Zöld erdőben, sík mezőben lakik egy ma-dar.
Kék a lába, zöld a szarnya, Jaj, be gyöngyen jár.
Várj, madár varj, tē cask addig várj
Még az Isten mēgengedi Tiéd lészék már.
Még az Isten mēgengedi Enyém lészél már.
(*In the green forest in a lovely meadow lives a bird.*
Its legs are blue, its wings are green, My! It moves quickly.
Wait, little bird, wait, just wait until the Lord lets you,
Then I will be yours. Then you will be mine.)

The Virgin Martyrs

Therefore come they, the crowding maidens,
Gertrude, Agnes, Prisca, Cecily, Lucy,
Thekla, Juliana, Barbara, Agatha, Petronel,
And other maids whose names I have read not,
Names I have read and now record not,
But their souls and their faith were maimed not,
Worthy now of God's company.
Wand'ring through the fresh fields go they,
Gath'ring flow'rs to make them a nosegay,
Gath'ring roses red for the Passion,
Lilies and violets for love.

Helen Waddell, after Sigebert of Gembloux

There is no rose

There is no rose of such virtue as is the rose that bare Jesu.
Alleluia.
For in this rose contained was heaven and earth in little space.
Res Miranda.
By that rose we may well see that He is God in persons three.
Pares forma.
The angels sungen the shepherds to *Gloria in excelsis Deo.*
Gaudeamus.
Leave we all this worldly mirth and follow we this joyful birth.
Transeamus.

Queen-Anne's-Lace

Her body is not so white as
anemone petals nor so smooth – nor
so remote a thing. It is a field
of the wild carrot taking
the field by force; the grass
does not raise above it.
Here is no question of whiteness,
white as can be, with a purple mole
at the center of each flower.
Each flower is a hand's span
of her whiteness. Wherever
his hand has lain there is
a tiny purple blemish. Each part
is a blossom under his touch
to which the fibres of her being
stem one by one, each to its end,
until the whole field is a
white desire, empty, a single stem,
a cluster, flower by flower,
a pious wish to whiteness gone over –
or nothing.

William Carlos Williams

Charm me asleep

Charm me asleep, and melt me so
With thy delicious numbers,
That, being ravish'd, hence I go
Away in easy slumbers.
Ease my sick head,
And make my bed,
Thou power that canst sever
From me this ill,
And quickly still,
Though thou not kill
My fever.

Fall on me like the silent dew,
Or like those maiden showers
Which, by the peep of day, do strew
A baptism o'er the flowers
Melt, melt my pains
With thy soft strains;
That, having ease me given,
With full delight
I leave this light,
And take my flight
For Heaven.

Robert Herrick

Ave maris stella

Ave, maris stella,
Dei mater alma,
Atque semper Virgo,
Felix caeli porta.

Star shining far above the farthest ocean
Mother to every living thing
Ray too pure to lose connection
Show us how to live here.

Solve vincla reis,
Profer lumen caecis,
Mala nostra pelle,
Bona cuncta posce.

*The Women's Chamber Choir would like to thank the entire
Music faculty and staff for making this concert possible.*