

BENNINGTON COLLEGE

presents

STEPHANIE TURASH, Soprano

LIONEL NOWAK, Piano

Wednesday
March 21, 1973

8:15 P.M.

Carriage Barn

I

Frauenliebe und Leben (Woman's Love and Life)
Texts by Adelbert von Chamisso

Schumann

1. Seit ich ihn gesehen. Since first I saw him, I have been blind to all else. Wherever I look, I see him and him alone; his image fills my waking dreams, bright in the surrounding gloom. All else is dark and colorless, and I have no wish to join in games of my sisters, but would rather stay quietly weeping in my room.
2. Er, der Herrlichste von allen. He, the noblest of all, how kind he is, how good! In my heaven he shines like a star, radiant and unattainable...Go your way, attended only by my love, my humble prayers for your happiness, for beside you, I am as nothing. Only the worthiest deserves to be chosen by you -- only the worthiest, whom I will bless a thousand times, happily, though my heart is breaking.
3. Ich kann's nicht fassen. I cannot believe it; a dream must have deceived me -- he love me. Did I not hear him say, "I am yours forever?" No, I must be dreaming; such happiness could never be mine. Then let me die dreaming, my head on his breast, my eyes streaming with tears of joy.
4. Du Ring an meinem Finger. Oh, ring upon my finger, let me press you to my lips, to my heart. Childhood's lovely dream was over, and I found myself alone and lost in a strange place. Then from you, my ring, I learned the meaning and worth of life. Now I can live for him, serve him, belong wholly to him, be transfigured in him.
5. Helft mir, ihr Schwestern. Help me, O sisters, help me to make ready. Serve me, the happy onem today; crown me with flowers. This is the day so impatiently awaited--help me to overcome my foolish fears, to greet him with clear, unanxious eyes. And strew blossoms before him, bring him budding roses. For today I leave you for him -- leave you sadly, and yet with great happiness, too.

6. Susser Freund, du blickest. Dear Friend, you gaze at me in wonder, because I weep. But let the unaccustomed tears shine joyfully in my heart. Here, hide your face upon my breast, and let me whisper all my happiness in your ear. let me clasp you ever close to my beating heart. Here beside my bed the cradle stands, that holds my sleeping dream, and when the morning light wakens the dream, it looks at me and laughs -- and it is your image.

7. An meinem Herzen. Upon my heart, upon my breast, oh, stay, my delight, my joy! Happiness is love, and love is happiness -- I have said it and will not unsay it. Only a mother knows what love and happiness are. How I pity the man who cannot feel a mother's joy! You look at me and smile, my angel!

8. Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan. Now you have done me the first hurt. Oh, cold and pitiless man, you sleep Death's endless sleep, and I, forsaken, look upon an empty world. So I retreat into my inmost self where still abides the memory of happiness and of you, who were my all.

II

Liebesobotschaft

Schubert

Murmuring brooklet, so silvery and bright, are you hurrying to my beloved, so gaily and swiftly? Ah, faithful brooklet, be my messenger; carry to her the absent one's greetings. All the flowers that she tends in her garden and wears so charmingly on her bosom, and her roses of glowing crimson...Brooklet, refresh them with your cooling stream. When on your bank, deep in reverie, and thinking of me, she lets fall her head, comfort the sweet one with friendly glances, for her lover will soon come back to her. When the sun sinks with rosy gleam, cradle the darling to sleep; murmur her to sweet repose with your eddying. Whisper dreams of love to her.

Du bist die Ruh

You are rest and gentle peace; you are longing and that which still it. I consecrate to thee, with my joys and griefs. As thy dwelling-place, my eyes and heart. Enter into me and close thou the gates softly behind thee: Drive other griefs from this breast, let this heart be filled with thy joys. My world of sight thy radiance alone can illuminate. O, fill it to the full!

An Mein Klavier

Sweet piano, what delights you create for me. I devote myself to you, dear piano. If I sing as I play, golden piano, what heavenly peace you whisper to me. Tears of joy bedew the page -- silvery notes sustain the song. Sweet piano, what charms you create for me. In life when sorrow surrounds me, make music for me.

Seligkeit

Countless joys blossom in Heaven's halls. Angels and spirits as the scriptures tell. Oh that I might be there, happy forever. On each heavenly bride smiles sweetly, harp and psalteries sound, and everyone dances and sings. But when my beloved smiles and glances at me, rather would I stay here on earth - forever.

INTERMISSION

III

Wiegenlied

Straus

Dream dear, for the earth is darkening dream of heaven and the flowers it brings. Blossoms quiver there, while listening to the song your mother sings. Ever since the dawning of the day that brought my blossom to her. Your dear care is all my joy and fear. Flower of my devotion, of that happy and holy night -- when the bud of his devotion, made my world as heaven through its light.

All mein Gedanken

Strauss

All my fond thoughts of my heart, fly to my love. Over river, bridge, abyss, thy find his house and knock on his window, calling: "Sweet news from your love! Her greetings, her kiss".

Befreit

Strauss

Do not weep, beloved, but gently smile as I return your gaze, your kiss. You have adorned our home, our world. Leave your soul's blessing to me and to our children. I render again the gift of your life and love so tender. O blessed! Death the Releaser comes swiftly. Soon shall I share you -- your serene dreaming.

Schlagende Herzen

Strauss

A youth goes through meadows and fields. Kling-klang his heart did beat. On his finger shone a golden ring. How beautiful are the meadows, the fields and the hills. The golden sun is shining. He hurried with a lively step and took with him many a laughing flower. Over the meadows, fields and hills and deep in my heart blows the Spring wind -- that drives me to you gently softly. Midst the meadows and fields a maiden stood. Kling-klang, her heart did beat. He is hastening to me. Oh! if he only were already with me! Kling-klang her heart did beat.

In the Silence of the Night

Rachmaninoff

How often in the silence of the night I see you near,
 with your caressing voice, and artful smile. Your
 hair in flowing strands of black, that I was wont to
 stroke. I bid you to go and call you back! Words
 that voiced our passion, whisper and recall phrases of the
 past. Wild and despairing. With your beloved name wakes
 the silent night.

Again my heart throbs

Rachmaninoff

Again my heart throbs, and again dreams flare up in
 my soul, and seething words tear from my heart and
 burning tears stream. And she dreams again of sounds
 upon sounds, discourse filled with music, and dark eyes,
 and white hands, and curls, and white shoulder. Again
 my soul is ready to respond to everything in which there
 are thorns and roses. And seething words tear from my
 heart and fervent tears stream.

(Text translated by Inna Konin)

Floods of Spring

Rachmaninoff

The fields are still covered with snow, but already
 the brooks are filled with the murmers of Spring.
 They flow, and the sleepy shores awake; they run and
 ripple and cry out everywhere: "Spring is coming! We
 are harbingers sent forth by the young Spring! And for
 a gay escort, in a rosy, light ring of dancing, come the
 calm and balmy days of May.

Song of Natalka from "Natalka Poltavka"
 (Ukrainian Folk Opera)

Lysenko

I am a young girl from "Poltavka" and I am called
 "Natalka". Quite simple, not beautiful, with a good
 heart and modest. Many young lads often hover about
 me and try to win my heart. But, the one boy I love with
 all my heart and soul is Peter.