

BENNINGTON COLLEGE

presents

A SENIOR RECITAL

by

CAROL CHILD, soprano

Wednesday, June 3, 1970

8-30 P.M.

Carriage Barn

- I. Komm, liebe Zither Mozart
Dans un bois solitaire
Un moto di gioja

Susan Charow, piano

- II Liederkreis, Op. 39 Schumann

In der Fremde
Intermezzo
Waldesgespräch
Die Stille
Mondnacht
Schöne Fremde
Auf einer Burg
In der Fremde
Wehmut
Zwielflicht
Im Walde
Frühlingsnacht

Marianne Finckel, piano

INTERMISSION

- III. Green Faure
En Sourdine

Susan Charow, piano

IV. Four Sacred Songs, Op. 35

Holst

We'll to the woods no more
The half moon westers low
Good-bye

Vaughan Williams

(From Along the Field, a song cycle based on poems
by A. E. Housman.)

Jacob Glick, violin

V. El paño moruno

De Falla

Asturiana

Canción

Nana

Seguidilla Murciana

(From 'Canciones Populares Españolas')

Marianne Finckel, piano

I. Komm, liebe Zither

Komm, liebe Zither, komm,
du Freundin stiller Liebe,
du sollst auch meine Freundin sein.
Komm, dir vertrau ich . .
die geheimsten meiner Triebe,
nur dir vertrau ich meine Pein.

Sag ihr an meiner Statt,
ich darf's ihr noch nicht sagen,
wie ihr so ganz mein Herz gehört.
Sag ihr an meiner Statt,
ich darf's ihr noch nicht klagen
wie sich für sie mein Herz verzehrt.

Come dearest zither, come
Friend of secret love
You shall also be my friend
Come and I shall confide in you
of my most secret desires.
Only to you shall I confide about
love's pain.

Tell her in my stead,
I myself dare not say it,
How all my heart belongs to her.
Tell her in my stead,
I myself dare not sigh it,
How my heart longs for her.

Dans un bois solitaire

Dans un bois solitaire et sombre
je me promenais l'autre jour,
un enfant y dormait à l'ombre
c'était le redoutable Amour!
J'approche, sa beauté me flate,
mais je devais m'en défier;
il avait les traits d'une ingratitude
que j'avais juré d'oublier.
Il avait la bouche vermeille
le teint aussi frais que le sien,
un soupir m'échappe, il s'éveille;
l'Amour se réveille de rien!
Aussitôt déployant ses ailes
et saisissant son arc vengeur,
l'une de ses flèches
de ses flèches cruelles en partant.
il me blesse au cœur.
Va dit-il, aux pieds de Sylvie,
de nouveau languir et brûler!
Tu l'aimeras toute ta vie,
pour avoir osé m'éveiller.

In the solitary and dark woods,
I went strolling the other day.
A child lay sleeping there in the
shadows. It was none but Cupid.
I approached him as he lay there
so fair, but I felt I could not trust
him. He had traits of someone false
whom I had sworn to forget.
He had such rosy lips and fresh color,
a cry escaped me,
he awakened, but then, love is a
light sleeper.
As soon as he had shaken his little
wings, he seized his bow,
and shooting one of his cruel arrows,
wounded me deeply in the heart.

"Go", he cried, "to Sylvia hasten
there to again love and languish.
Now you shall love her your whole
life long, since you dared to awaken
me from my sleep."

Un moto di gioia

Un moto di gioia mi sento nel petto,
che annunzia diletto in mezzo il timor;
Speriam che in contento finisca
l'affanno.
non sempre e tiranno il fato ed amor.

I feel a stirring of gladness in
my heart,
For joy shall overcome grief.
No longer shall I yield to the bondage
of fate and love.

II. Liederkreis

In der Fremde

Aus der Heimat hinter den Blitzen rot, From my home beyond the lightning's
Da kommen die Wolken her, flash, the clouds drift over me.
Aber Vater und Mutter sind lange tot, But father and mother are long since
Es kennt mich dort keiner mehr. dead, and no one there remembers
me any more.

Wie bald, ach, wie bald kommt . . . How soon, how soon comes the quiet time
die stille Zeit, when I too shall rest
Da ruhe ich auch, und über mir and over me will rustle the lovely,
Rauscht die schöne Waldeinsamkeit, lonely forest.
Und keiner kennt mich mehr hier. And no one will remeber me any more
even here.

Intermezzo

Dein Bildnis wunderselig Your blessed image
Hab' ich im Herzensgrund, I keep deep in my heart;
Das sieht so frisch und fröhlich so gay and happy, it looks
Mich an zu jeder Stund'. at me all the time.

Mein Herz still in sich singet My heart sings softly to itself
Ein altes schönes Lied, an old, beautiful song
Das in die Luft sich schwinget that soars into the air
Und zu dir eilig zieht. and hastens to you.

Waldesgespräch

"Es ist schon spät, es ist schon kalt "It is already late, it is already cold;
Was reitest du einsam durch den Wald? why do you ride alone through the wood?
Der Wald ist lang, du bist allein, The forest is vast, you are alone;
Du schöne Braut! Ich führ' dich heim." beautiful bride! I will see you home!"

"Gross ist der Männer Trug und List "Great are the deceit and cunning of men;
Vor Schmerz mein Herz gebrochen ist, my heart is wracked with pain;
Wohl irrt das Waldhorn her und hin, the sound of the horn
O flieh! du weisst nicht wer ich bin." is all around us.
Begone! You do not know who I am."

"So reich geschmückt ist Ross und Weib, " So richly adorned are both horse
So wunderschön der junge Leib, and lady, so enchanting
Jetzt kenn' ich dich-Gott steh' mir bei! . . . is your young body-
Du bist die Hexe Lorelei." now I know you-God be with me!-
You are the sorceress Lorelei."

"Du kennst mich wohl-von hohem Stein "You know me well-from a high cliff
Schaut still mein Schloss tief in den my castle looks silently deep into
Rhein. the Rhine.

Es ist schon spät, es ist schon kalt, It is already late, it is already cold.
Kommst nimmermehr aus diesem Wald!" Nevermore shall you leave this wood!"

Die Stille

Es weiss und rät es doch keiner,
Wie mir so wohl ist, so wohl!
Ach, wüsst' es nur einer, nur einer,
Kein Mensch es sonst wissen soll!

No one knows it or guesses it,
I am so happy, so happy!
I wish it were known to only one
no other mortal should know it!

So still ist's nicht draussen im Schnee, It is not so quiet out in the snow,
So stumm und verschwiegen sind not so reserved and silent
Die Sterne nicht in der Höh', are the stars in the heavens,
Als meine Gedanken sind as my thoughts.

Ich wünscht', ich wäre ein Vöglein
Und zöge über das Meer,
Wohl über das Meer und weiter,
Bis dass ich im Himmel wär'!

I wish I were a bird
and could fly over the sea,
over the sea and farther
until I was in heaven!

Mondnacht

Es war, als hätt der Himmel
Die Erde still geküsst,
Dass sie im Blütenschimmer
Von ihm nur träumen müsst.

It seemed as though the heavens
had silently kissed the earth
so that, amid glistening flowers
she must now dream heavenly dreams.

Die Luft ging durch die Felder
Die Ähren wogten sacht,
Es rauschten leis die Walder,
So sternklar war die Nacht.

The breeze passed through the fields;
the corn stirred softly;
the forest rustled lightly,
so clear and starry was the night.

Und meine Seele spannte
Weit ihre Flügel aus,
Flog durch die stillen Lande,
Als flöge sie nach Haus.

And my soul spread
wide its wings;
took flight through the silent land
as though it were flying home.

Schöne Fremde

Es rauschen die Wipfel und schauern,
Als machten zu dieser Stund'
Um die halbversunkenen Mauern
Die alten Götter die Rund'.

The treetops rustle and quiver
as though at this hour
about the ruined walls
the ancient gods were making their
rounds...

Hier hinter den Myrtenbäumen
In heimlich dämmernder Pracht
Was sprichst du wirr wie in Träumen
Zu mir, phantastische Nacht?

Here beyond the myrtle trees
in the quiet shimmer of twilight,
what are you telling me, confused as
in dreams, fantastic night?

Es funkeln auf mich alle Sterne
Mit glühenden Liebesblick,
Es redet trunken die Ferne
Wie von künftigem, grossem Glück.--

The stars all shine upon me
with the glow of love;
the far horizon speaks ecstatically
as if of great happiness to come.

Auf einer Burg

Eingeschlafen auf der Lauer
Oben ist der alte Ritter;
Drüben gehen Regenschauer
Und der Wald rauscht durch das Gitter

Eingewachsen Bart und Haare
Und versteinert Brust und Krause,
Sitzt er viele hundert Jahre
Oben in der stillen Klausur.

Draussen ist es still und friedlich
Alle sind ins Tal gezogen,
Waldesvögel einsam singen
In den leeren Fensterbögen.

Eine Hochzeit fährt da unten
Auf dem Rhein im Sonnenschein,
Musikanten spielen munter,
Und die schöne Braut die weinet.

In der Fremde

Ich hör' die Bächlein rauschen
Im Walde her und hin.
Im Walde, in dem Rauschen,
Ich weiss nicht, wo ich bin.

Die Nachtigallen schlagen
Hier in der Einsamkeit,
Als wollten sie was sagen
Von der alten, schönen Zeit.

Die Mondesschimmer fliegen,
Als sah' ich unter mir
Das Schloss im Tale liegen,
Und ist doch so weit von hier!

Als müsste in dem Garten,
Voll Rosen weiss und rot,
Meine Liebste auf mich warten,
Und ist doch lange tot.

Asleep on guard
up there is the old knight;
showers pass over,
and the trees rustle through
the grating.
Beard and hair grown long,
breast and collar petrified,
he sits for many hundred years
up there in his silent solitude.

Outside all is peaceful and quiet;
everyone has gone down into the valley.
Lonely forest birds sing
in the empty window arches.

A wedding procession moves below
along the Rhine in the sunshine.
The musicians are playing merrily,
and the beautiful bride is weeping.

I hear the brooks rushing
in the woods here and there;
in the rustling woods
I do not know where I am.

The nightingales sing
here in the loneliness,
as if they would speak to me
of the old and beautiful times.

In the flickering moonlight
I seem to see below me
the castle lying in the valley-
but it is far from here.

It seems that in the garden,
full of white and red roses,
my beloved must be waiting for me-
but she is long dead.

Wehmut

Ich kann wohl manchmal singen,
Als ob ich fröhlich sei,
Doch heimlich Tränen dringen,
Da wird das Herz mir frei.

Es lassen Nachtigallen,
Spielt draussen Frühlingsluft,
Der Sehnsucht Lied erschallen,
Aus ihres Kerkers Gruft.

Da lauschen alle Herzen,
Und alles ist erfreut,
Doch keiner fühlt die Schmerzen,
Im Lied das tiefe Leid.

I can sometimes sing
as though I were happy,
though secretly tears well up,
to relieve my heart.

The nightengales,
while the spring air plays outside,
sing their song of longing,
from the depths of their prison.

Every heart listens,
and everyone is made happy,
but no one feels the grief,
the deep sorrow in the song.

Zwielicht

Dämmerung will die flügel spreiten,
Schaurig rühren sich die Bäume,
Wolken ziehn wie schwere Träume-
Was will diese Graun bedeuten?

Hast ein Reh du lieb vor andern,
Lass es nicht alleine grasen,
Jäger ziehn im Wald und blasen,
Stimmen hin und wieder wandern.

Hast du einen Freund hienieden,
Trau ihm nicht zu dieser Stunde,
Freundlich wohl mit Aug' und Munde,
Sinnt er Krieg im tückschen Frieden.

Was heut' gehet müde unter,
Hebt sich morgen neugeboren,
Manches geht in Nacht verloren-
Hute dich, sei wach und munter!

Twilight spreads its wings,
the trees stir eerily;
clouds drift like heavy dreams-
What does this shuddering mean?

If you have a favorite roe,
do not let it graze alone;
hunters are abroad in the woods,
blowing thier horns,
Voices wander here and there.
If you have a friend on earth,
trust him not from this time forth!
Friendly in look and word,
he plans a quarrel in deceitful peace.

That which goes wearily down today
will arise tomorrow newborn.
Many are hopelessly lost in the night-
Be on guard-be alert and vigilant!

Im Walde

Es zog eine Hochzeit den Berg entlang,
Ich hörte die Vögel schlagen,
Da blitzten viel Reiter, das Waldhorn
 klang,
Das war ein lustiges Jagen!

Und eh' ich gedacht, war alles
 verhallt,
Die Nacht bedeckt die Runde,
Nur von den Bergen noch rauschet
 der Wald
Und mich schauert's im Herzensgrunde.

A wedding procession moved along
 the mountain.
I heard the birds singing.
Many a horseman flashed by,
 the hunting horn sounded-
that was a merry hunt!
And before I realized it all sound
 had died away.
Night closed in.
Only the trees rustled on the mountain;
and I trembled deep in my heart.

Frühlingsnacht

Überm Garten durch die Lufte
Hört ich Wandervogel ziehn,
Das bedeutet Frühlingsdüfte,
Unten fängts schon an zu blühn.

Jauchzen möcht ich, möchte weinen,
Ist mirs doch, als könnte nicht sein,
Alte Wunder wieder scheinen
Mit dem Mondesglanz herein.

Und der Mond, die Sterne sagen's,
Und im Traume rauscht's der Hain,
Und die Nachtigallen schlagen's:
Sie ist deine, sie ist dein!

Over the garden, through the breezes,
I heard migrating birds flying:
that presages fragrant spring.
Underfoot the flowers already begin
 to bloom.
I want to shout for joy!
 I want to weep!
I cannot believe what I feel;
old wonders appear again
in the light of the moon.
And the moon, the stars, are
 telling it,
and in my dreams the wood rustles it;
and the nightengales sing it forth:
She is yours! She is yours!

III. Green

Voici des fruits, des fleurs,
des feuilles et des branches,
Et puis voici mon coeur,
qui ne bat que pour vous.
Ne le déchirez pas
avec vos deux mains blanches
Et qu'à vos yeux si beaux
l'humble présent soit doux.

J'arrive tout couvert
encore de rosée
que le vent du matin
vient glacer à mon front.
Souffrez que ma fatigue,
à vos pieds reposée,
Rêve des chers instants
qui la délasseront.

Sur votre jeune sein
laissez rouler ma tête
Toute sonore encore
de vos deniers baisers;
Laissez-la s'apaiser
de la bonne tempête,
Et que je dorme un peu
puisque vous reposez.

En Sourdine

Calmes dans le demi-jour
Que les branches hautes font,
Pénétrons bien notre amour
De ce silence profond.

Melons nos âmes, nos coeurs
Et nos sens extasiés,
Parmi les vagues langueurs
Des pins et des arbousiers.

Ferme tes yeux à demi,
Croise tes bras sur ton sein,
Et de ton coeur endormi
Chasse à jamais tout dessein.

Laissons nous persuader
Au souffle berceur et doux
Qui vient à tes pieds rider
Les ondes des gazons roux.

Et quand, solennel, le soir
Des chênes noirs tombera,
Voix de notre désespoir
Le rossignol chantera.

Here are fruits. flowers,
leaves, and branches,
and here too is my heart,
which beats only for you.
Do not tear it
with your two white hands,
and to your lovely eyes
may the humble present be sweet.

I arrive,
still all covered with dew,
which the morning wind
has frozen on my brow.
Let my weariness,
resting at your feet,
dream of the dear moments
when I shall be refreshed.

Upon your young breast
let me roll my head,
still ringing
with your last kisses;
let it calm itself
after the delightful tempest,
and let me sleep a bit
while you are at rest.

Calm in the twilight
which the high branches make,
let us steep our love
in this deep silence.

Let us fuse our souls, our hearts,
and our enraptured senses
among the vague languors
of the pines and the arbutus trees.

Half-close your eyes,
cross your arms upon your breast,
and from your sleeping heart
banish all purpose.

Let us persuade ourselves
in the quieting soft breeze
that comes around your feet to ruffle
the waves of ruddy grass.

And when, solemnly, evening
shall fall from the dark oaks,
voice of our hopelessness,
the nightengale will sing.

IV. Four Sacred Songs

Jesu Sweet, now will I sing to thee a song of love longing;
Do in my heart a quick well spring, Thee to love above all thing.
Jesu sweet, my dim heart's gleam, brighter than the sunnè beam!
As thou wert born in Bethlehem, make in me thy lovèdream.
Jesu sweet, my dark heart's light, Thou art day withouten night;
Give me strength and eke might for to loven thee aright.
Jesu sweet, well may he be that in Thy bliss Thyself shall see;
With lovè cords then draw Thou me, that I may come and dwell with
Thee.

My soul has nought but fire and ice, and my body earth and wood;
Pray we all the Most High King, Who is the Lord of our last doom,
That He should give us just one thing, That we may do His will.

I sing of a maiden that matchless is,
King of all Kings was her Son iwis.
He came all so still where His mother was,
As dew in April that falleth on grass:
He came all so still to His mother's bower,
As dew in April that falleth on flower:
He came all so still where His mother lay,
As dew in April that formeth on spray.
Mother and maiden was ne'er none but she:
Well may such a lady God's mother be.

My Leman is so true of love and full steadfast
Yet seemeth ever new. His love is on us cast.
I would that all Him knew and loved Him firm and fast,
They never would it rue but happy be at last.
He lovingly abides although I stay full long;
He will re never chide although I choose the wrong.
He says, 'Behold My side and why on rood I hung;
For My love leave thy pride, and I thee underfong.'
I'll dwell with Thee believe, Leman, under Thy tree.
May no pain e'er me grieve nor make me from Thee flee.
I will in at Thy sleeve all in Thine heart to be;
Mine heart shall burst and cleave ere untrue Thou me see.

We'll to the woods no more,
The laurels all are cut,
The bowers are bare of bay
That once the Muses wore;
The year draws in the day
And soon will evening shut:
The laurels all are cut,
We'll to the woods no more.
Oh we'll no more, no more
To the leafy woods away,
To the high wild woods of laurel
And the bowers of bay no more.

-Last Poems, prologue

The half-moon westers low, my love,
And the wind brings up the rain;
And wide apart lie we, my love,
And seas between the twain.

I know not if it rains, my love,
In the land where you do lie;
And oh, so sound you sleep, my love,
You know no more than I.

- Last Poems, XXVI

Oh see how thick the goldcup flowers
Are lying in field and lane,
With dandelions to tell the hours
That never are told again.
Oh may I squire you round the meads
And pick you posies gay?
-'Twill do no harm to take my arm.
'You may, young man, you may.'

Ah, spring was sent for lass and lad,
'Tis now the blood runs gold,
And man and maid had best be glad
Before the world is old.
What flowers to-day may flower to-morrow,
But never as good as new.
-Suppose I wound my arm right round-
'Tis true, young man, 'tis true.'

Some lads there are, 'tis shame to say,
That only court to thieve,
And once they bear the bloom away
'Tis little enough they leave.
Then keep you heart for men like me
And safe from trustless chaps.
My love is true and all for you.
'Perhaps, young man, perhaps.'

Oh, look in my eyes then, can you doubt?
-Why, 'tis a mile from town.
How green the grass is all about!
We might as well sit down.
-Ah, life, what is it but a flower?
Why must true lovers sigh?
Be kind, have pity, my own, my pretty,-
'Good-bye, young man, good-bye.'

-A Shropshire Lad, V

V. El Paño moruno

Al paño fino en la tienda
Una mancha le cayó;
Por menos precio se vende,
Porque perdió su valor, Ay!

On the delicate fabric in the shop
there fell a stain;
for a lower price it sells
because it lost its value. Ay!

Asturiana

Por ver si me consolaba,
Arriméme a un pino verde,
Por ver si me consolaba;
Por verme llorar, lloraba.
Y el pino, como era verde,
Por verme llorar, lloraba.

To see if I could be consoled
I sought comfort of a green pine tree,
To see if I could be consoled;
seeing me weep, it wept too.
And the pine tree, since it was green,
seeing me weep, wept too.

Canción

Por traidores, tus ojos,
Voy a enterrarlos;
No sabes lo que cuesta,
"Del aire," niña, el mirarlos
"Madre, a la orilla,"
Niña, el mirarlos.
"Madre."
Dicen que no me quieres,
Ya me has querido...
Váyase lo ganado
"Del aire" por lo perdido,
"Madre, a la orilla," por lo perdido.
"Madre."

Because they are traitors, your eyes,
I will bury them;
you don't know how painful it is,
"Have mercy", niña, to look at them.
"Mother of sorrows"-
little one, to look at them.
"Mother."
They say you don't love me,
yet once you did love me!
Gone is my love!
"Have mercy", it is lost.
"Mother of sorrows!" It is lost.
"Mother!"

Nana

Duérmete, niño, duerme,
Duerme, mi alma,
Duérmete, lucerito
De la mañana.
Nanita, nana,
Nanita nana.
Duérmete, lucerito
De la mañana.

Sleep, little baby, sleep,
sleep, my soul,
sleep, little star
of the morning.
Nanita, nana,
nanita nana.
Sleep, little star
of the morning.

Seguidilla Murciana

Cualquiera que el tejado tenga
de vidrio,
No debe tirar piedras al del vecino.
Arrieros somos,
Puede que en el camino
Nos encontremos.

Por tu mucha inconstancia
Yo te comparo
Con peseta que corre de mano en mano;
Que al fin se borra
Y creyéndola falsa
Nadie la toma.

Whoever has a glass roof
should not throw stones
at his neighbor's..
Mule drivers are we,
perhaps on the road
we shall meet.

Because of your inconstancy,
I compare you
to a coin that passes from hand to hand;
that finally becomes so rubbed down,
and believing it to be false,
no one will take it.