

The Little Vagabond (William Blake)

Dear mother, dear mother, the church is cold, but the  
    alehouse is healthy and pleasant and warm;  
Besides I can tell you where I am used well, such  
    usage in heaven will never do well.  
But if at the Church they would give us some ale  
    and a pleasant fire our souls to regale,  
We'd sing and we'd pray all the livelong day,  
    nor ever once wish from the church to stray.  
Then the parson might preach and drink and sing, and  
    we'd be as happy as birds in the spring;  
And modest dame Lurch, who is always at church, would  
    not have bandy children, nor fasting, nor birch.  
And God like a father rejoicing to see his children as  
    pleasant and happy as he,  
He'd have no more quarrel with the devil or the barrel,  
    but kiss him and give him both drink and apparel.

BENNINGTON COLLEGE MUSIC DIVISION

PRESENTS

A FACULTY CONCERT  
CELEBRATING ST. PATRICK'S DAY

WITH

BARBARA ANN MARTIN, soprano

SUE ANN KAHN, flute

NATHANIEL PARKE, 'cello

MARIANNE FINCKEL, ALLEN SHAWN  
and  
ELIZABETH WRIGHT, piano

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 17, 1993  
8:15 p.m.  
GREENWALL MUSIC WORKSHOP

## PROGRAM

EDVARD GRIEG  
(1843-1907)

- |    |  |                                       |
|----|--|---------------------------------------|
| 1. | Verdens Gang (Uhland)                        | The Way Of The World                  |
| 2. | Spillemaend (Ibsen)                          | The Fiddler                           |
| 3. | Der Gynger En Baad<br>Pa Bolge (Benzon)      | A Boat Gently Rocking<br>On The Waves |
| 4) | Og Jeg Vil Ha Mig En<br>Hjertenskjaer (Krag) | I Shall Have a Sweetheart             |

Barbara Ann Martin, soprano  
Allen Shawn, piano

Deux Poèmes De Ronsard

ALBERT ROUSSEL  
(1869-1937)

- |    |                       |                           |
|----|-----------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. | Rossignol, Mon Mignon | Nightengale, My Sweet One |
| 2) | Ciel, Aer, Et Vens    | Sky, Air, and Winds       |

Barbara Ann Martin, soprano  
Sue Ann Kahn, flute

OTTO LUENING  
(b. 1900)

1. The Slothful Man Saith (Proverbs 26: 13-16)
2. Love's Secret (William Blake)
3. The Little Vagabond (William Blake)

Barbara Ann Martin, soprano  
Allen Shawn, piano

Otto Luening

### The Slothful Main Saith (Proverbs 26: 13-16)

The slothful man saith,  
There is a lion in the way;  
a lion is in the streets.

The slothful man saith,  
there is a lion in the way;  
a lion is in the streets.  
As the door turneth upon his hinges,  
so does the slothful upon his bed.

The sluggard is wiser in his own conceit  
than seven men that can render a reason.  
The sluggard is wiser in his own conceit  
than seven men that can render a reason.  
Seven men than can render a reason.

### Love's Secret -(William Blake)

Never seek to tell they love,  
Love than never told should be;  
For the gentle wind does move  
Silently, invisibly.

I told my love, I told my love,  
I told her all my heart,  
Trembling, cold, in ghastly fears  
Ah! she did depart!

Soon after she was gone from me,  
A traveller came by,  
Silently, invisibly;  
He took her with a sigh.

Deux Poèmes de Ronsard

Albert Roussel

1. Rossignol - Nightingale

Nightingale, my sweet one, who in this willow grove  
Flits at will from branch to branch  
And who imitates me as I sing about  
The one whose name I must always have on my lips,  
Both of us sigh; your sweep voice  
Sings of the love of one who cherishes you so,  
While I sadly go about regretting  
That a beauty has caused my heart such pain.

But, nightingale, we differ in one regard:  
Your love is returned, but mine is not.  
Although we sing the same music,  
You move your beloved with your sweet sounds,  
But my love despises my songs  
And stops her ears so as not to hear them.

2. Ciel, aer, et vens - Sky, air, and winds

Sky, air, and winds, plains, and bald mountains,  
Cleft mounds, and green forests,  
Twisting banks, and flowing streams,  
Cropped groves, and you, green woodlands,  
Half-open mossy caverns,  
Meadows, buds, flowers, and ruddy grass,  
Vine-covered slopes and sandy banks,  
Gâtine, Loir, and you, my sad verses,  
Since upon departing, I was consumed with anguish,  
I was unable to say good-bye to that beauty  
Who, whether near or far, makes me tremble,  
I beg you sky, air, winds, and plains,  
Groves, forests, banks, and fountains.

COLE PORTER  
(1891-1964)

1. I Get A Kick Out Of You (from Anything Goes)
2. Love For Sale (from The New Yorkers)
3. So In Love (from Kiss Me, Kate)

Barbara Ann Martin, soprano  
Elizabeth Wright, piano

*INTERMISSION*

Emily's Images (1987)

First Lines From Poems by Emily Dickinson

VIVIAN FINE  
(b. 1913)

A Spider sewed at Night  
A Clock stopped--Not the Mantel's  
Exultation is the going  
The Robin is a Gabriel  
After great pain, a formal feeling comes  
The Leaves like Women interchange  
A Day! Help! Help! Another Day

Sue Ann Kahn, flute  
Allen Shawn, piano

Serenade (1985)

OTTO LUENING  
(b. 1900)

Sue Ann Kahn, flute  
Allen Shawn, piano

Chansons Madécasses  
(Songs of Madagascar)

MAURICE RAVEL  
(1875-1937)

1. Nahandove
2. Méfiez-Voux Des Blancs (Beware Of The White Men)
3. Il Est Doux De Se Coucher (It Is Good To Lie Down)

Barbara Ann Martin, soprano  
Sue Ann Kahn, flute  
Nathaniel Parke, 'cello  
Marianne Finckel, piano



TEXT

Edvard Grieg

The Way Of The World (Uhland)

In the evening.  
As I passed through fields and dells,  
I saw her standing in the meadow.  
We gave no word of greeting,  
But this is often the way of the world.  
I cannot tell how it happened,  
But I kissed her.  
I made no plea;  
I received no answer,  
Neither yes or no.  
The only thing we knew, was that lip to lip  
We had an enchanting time.  
In the play of the wind and the rose,  
I never asks, "are you mine?"  
Nor does the rose, dressed in every splendor,  
Murmur, "thine!"  
I love her, and she loves me,  
But neither said, "I love thee."

The Fiddler (Ibsen)

My thoughts were always with her  
Every glorious summer night.  
But my footsteps led to the elf  
In the dewy forest glen.  
"Hey, do you know magic and music?  
Can you call forth the beautiful Art?  
So that in mighty halls and cathedrals,  
She may be enticed to follow me in."  
I called the wet one from the deep;  
With his music he lured me from God.  
But when I became his master,  
She became my brother's bride.  
In mighty halls and cathedrals,  
I alone played and sang.  
But the awesome murmur of the watersprite  
Never departed from my song.

The Boat Gently Rocking On The Waves (Benzon)

A boat, gently rocking on the waves,  
Carries but one on board;  
And she is the loveliest, fairest girl,  
In all the wonderful world.  
But the serpent sees her too.  
Blonde are her tresses  
As the meadows golden straw.  
Clear are her eyes,  
And delicate as heaven's blue.  
Red as the blushing rose  
Is her gently rounded cheek.  
Pure as the purling spring  
Are her thoughts and mind and heart.  
And her laughter  
Is like birds singing at dawn.  
Her smile is like the happy sun,  
Shining through the clouds.  
Yes, she is the fairest maiden  
Upon a glorious earth.  
And she will not for very long  
Be alone on board  
For the serpent has seen her too.

I Shall Have A Sweetheart (Krag)

And I shall have a silken vest,  
yes, yes, a silken vest.  
And I shall have a snow-white horse,  
a snorting, snow-white horse.  
And I shall have a stirrup,  
yes, yes, a stirrup.  
And I shall have a velvet shirt,  
a velvet shirt with silver buttons.  
A heron feather shall I have in my hat,  
yes, yes, in my red hat.  
And the time will be midsummer night.  
God, what a midsummer night!  
And I shall have a sweetheart,  
Yes, yes, a sweetheart.  
Then I'll swing my hat with its heron feather,  
and lift my delicate maiden into my saddle,  
and dash across the dew-wet fields  
on that wonderful midsummer night!



## I. Nahandove

*Nahandove, ô belle Nahandove! L'oiseau nocturne a commencé ses cris, la pleine lune brille sur ma tête, et la rosée naissante humecte mes cheveux. Voici l'heure; qui peut l'arrêter, Nahandove, ô belle Nahandove!*

*Le lit de feuilles est préparé; je l'ai parsemé de fleurs et d'herbes odoriférantes; il est digne de tes charmes, Nahandove, ô belle Nahandove!*

*Elle vient. J'ai reconnu la respiration précipitée que donne une marche rapide; j'entends le froissement de la pagne qui l'enveloppe; c'est elle, c'est Nahandove, la belle Nahandove!*

*Ô reprends haleine, ma jeune amie; repose-toi sur mes genoux. Que ton regard est enchanteur! Que le mouvement de ton sein est vif et délicieux sous la main qui le presse! Tu souris, Nahandove, ô belle Nahandove!*

*Tes baisers pénètrent jusqu'à l'âme; tes caresses brûlent tous mes sens: arrête, ou je vais mourir. Meurt-on de volupté, Nahandove, ô belle Nahandove!*

*Le plaisir passe comme un éclair. Ta douce haleine s'affaiblit, tes yeux humides se referment, ta tête se penche mollement, et tes transports s'éteignent dans la langueur. Jamais tu ne fus si belle, Nahandove, ô belle Nahandove!*

*... Tu pars, et je vais languir dans les regrets et les désirs. Je languirai jusqu'au soir. Tu reviendras ce soir, Nahandove, ô belle Nahandove!*

## II. Méfiez-vous des blancs

*Aoua! Aoua! Méfiez-vous des blancs, habitants du rivage. Du tems de nos pères, des blancs descendirent dans cette île. On leur dit: Voilà des terres, que vos femmes les cultivent; soyez justes, soyez bons, et devenez nos frères.*

*Les blancs promirent, et cependant ils faisoient des retranchemens. Un fort menaçant s'éleva; le tonnerre fut renfermé dans des bouches d'airain; leurs prêtres voulurent nous donner un Dieu que nous ne connoissons pas; ils parlèrent enfin d'obéissance et d'esclavage. Plutôt la mort! Le carnage fut long et terrible; mais malgré la foudre qu'ils vomissoient et qui écrasait des armées entières, ils furent tous exterminés. Aoua! Aoua! Méfiez-vous des blancs.*

*Nous avons vu de nouveaux tyrans, plus forts et plus nombreux, planter leur pavillon sur le rivage. Le ciel a combattu pour nous. Il a fait tomber sur eux les pluies, les tempêtes et les vents empoisonnés. Ils ne sont plus, et nous vivons, et nous vivons libres. Aoua! Aoua! Méfiez-vous des blancs, habitants du rivage.*

## III. Il est doux de se coucher

*Il est doux de se coucher, durant la chaleur, sous un arbre touffu, et d'attendre que le vent du soir amène la fraîcheur.*

*Femmes, approchez. Tandis que je me repose ici sous un arbre touffu, occupez mon oreille par vos accens prolongés. Répétez la chanson de la jeune fille, lorsque ses doigts tressent la natte, ou lorsqu'assise auprès du riz, elle chasse les oiseaux avides.*

*Le chant plaît à mon âme. La danse est pour moi presque aussi douce qu'un baiser. Que vos pas soient lents; qu'ils imitent les attitudes du plaisir et l'abandon de la volupté.*

*Le vent du soir se lève; la lune commence à briller au travers des arbres de la montagne. Allez, et préparez le repas.*

—Évariste-Désiré de Forges, Vicomte de Parny (1753-1814)

*Nahandove, O beautiful Nahandove! the bird of night has begun its eerie calling, the full moon pours down on my head, and the earliest dew moistens my hair. This is the hour, who can be detaining you, Nahandove, O beautiful Nahandove?*

*Our bed of leaves is ready; I have strewn it with flowers and spice-odored herbs; it befits your charms, Nahandove, O beautiful Nahandove!*

*She comes. I recognized the rapid breathing of one who comes hurrying; I hear the rustling of the cloth wrapped around her loins; it is she! it is Nahandove, the beautiful Nahandove!*

*Oh, take breath, my young love, rest on my lap. How bewitching your gaze, how live and deliciously your breast stirs under the hand that presses it! You smile now, Nahandove, O beautiful Nahandove!*

*Your kisses quiver their way to my heart; your caresses bring fire to my every sense: enough! or I shall die! Can one truly die of voluptuous pleasure, Nahandove, O beautiful Nahandove?*

*Our pleasure passes in a flash. Now your sweet panting grows gentler, your brimming eyes close, your head droops in weariness, and our rapture gives way to languor; yet never have you been so beautiful, Nahandove, O beautiful Nahandove!*

*You leave me, and I shall languish alone in longing and desire, languish thus until nightfall. You will come back at nightfall, Nahandove, O beautiful Nahandove!*

*Aoua! Aoua! Beware of the white men, dwellers along the shores! In our fathers' time, white men set foot on this island. They were told: here is land, let your women work it; be just, be good, make yourselves our brothers.*

*The white men promised and yet were building entrenchments. A menacing fort arose, with thunder concealed in bronze mouths. Their priests tried to give us a god we do not know; they ended by speaking of submission and bondage. Death rather! The bloodbath was long and terrible, yet for all the lightning bolts they spewed out, slaying army after army, they themselves were destroyed. Aoua! Aoua! Beware of the white men!*

*Then we saw new tyrants, stronger even and in greater numbers, plant their banners on our shores. The sky took up our battle. It unleashed on them rains, tempests, and poisonous winds. They are dead and gone, and we live, and we live free. Aoua! Aoua! Beware of the white men, dwellers along the shores!*

*It is good to lie down in the heat of the day under a leafy tree, and to wait thus till the evening wind brings a cooling breath.*

*Women, come to me. While I take my rest under a leafy tree, delight my ear with your soothing voice. Sing again the song of the young girl while she braids her hair or, seated by the rice patch, chases off the greedy birds.*

*This singing makes my heart glad. Dancing for me is sweet almost as a kiss. Move slowly; let your steps mime the poses of pleasure and the surrender to voluptuous bliss.*

*The evening wind wakes, the moon begins to glimmer through the trees on the mountain side. Go now, prepare the meal.*

—Translation by Robert Erich Wolf