

BENNINGTON COLLEGE MUSIC DIVISION

Presents

A SENIOR CONCERT

By

GEOFFREY E. BENDER

Monday
May 15, 1989

8:15 p.m.
Greenwall Music Workshop

7 Selections from the "Dichterliebe" Song Cycle

ROBERT SCHUMANN
(1810 - 1856)

- I. Im wunderschönen Monat Mai
- II. Aus Meinen Tränen Spriessen
- III. Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube
- IV. Wenn ich in deine Augen seh'
- V. Ich will meine Seele tauchen
- VI. Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome
- VII. Ich grolle nicht

Ethan Fran, piano
Geoffrey Bender, baritone

En Prière
Nell
Chanson d'Amour
Après un Rêve

GABRIEL FAURÉ (1845 - 1924)

Marianne Finckel, piano
Geoffrey Bender, baritone

Cortigiani, vil razza
(from "Rigoletto")

GIUSEPPE VERDI (1813 - 1901)

Marianne Finckel, piano
Geoffrey Bender, baritone

INTERMISSION

Song Cycle based on four texts by
Ralph Waldo Emerson (1988 - 1989)

GEOFFREY BENDER

- I. Cosmos
- II. The Walk
- III. Maia
- IV. September

Robin Mackin, soprano
Maxine Neuman, cello
Elizabeth Wright, piano

The White Gulls
Remembrance
The Cage
The Greatest Man

CHARLES IVES

Marianne Finckel, piano
Geoffrey Bender, baritone

Song of Creation (Hopi Indian) (1986)
Now I Walk in Beauty (Hopi Indian)

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Charlotte Eliasson, Kerry Ryer - soprano
Anne Riesenfeld, Colette Sahely - alto
Jason Cagenello, Max Tesla - tenor
Brian Barrentine, Geoffrey Bender - bass

I would like to thank my parents and my friends, for their support and encouragement; and my teachers: Jeffrey Levine, Louis Calabro, Peter Golub, Allen Shawn, Maxine Neuman, Marianne Finckel, Michael Downs, and Frank Baker, without whose presence there would be no senior concert.

I would like to extend additional thanks to Maxine, Robin Mackin, and Elizabeth Wright, who coordinated three hectic schedules to make the performance of the Emerson Song Cycle possible; to Ethan Fran and Marianne Finckel, who provided their time and patience and musical wisdom; and to my chorus, for their time and dedication.

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

Schumann

7 Dichterliebe (Poet's Love)

texts by HEINRICH HEINE

I. Im Wunderschönen Monat Mai

In the wonderfully beautiful month of May,
When all the buds burst open,
Then in my heart
Love unfolded too.
In the wonderfully beautiful month of May,
When all the birds sang,
Then I confessed to her
My longing and my desire.

II. Aus meinen Tränen spriessen

Out of my tears go forth
Many flowers in bloom.
And my sighs become
A choir of nightingales.
And if you are fond of me, little one,
I will give you all the flowers,
And before your window shall ring
The song of the nightingale.

III. Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube

The rose, the lily, the dove, the sun,
I loved them once with the rapture of love.
I love them no more, I love alone
The little one, the fine, the pure, the only one.
She herself, the well of all love
Is rose and lily and dove and sun,
I love alone the little one,
The fine, the pure, the only one!

IV. Wenn ich in deine Augen seh'

When I look into your eyes,
Then all my grief and sorrow vanish:
But when I kiss your lips,
I become all well again.
When I lean on your breast,
I feel the joy of heaven descending;
But when you say: I love you!
Then I must weep bitterly.

V. Ich will meine Seele tauchen

I want to plunge my soul
Into the cup of the lily;
The lily shall breathe resoundingly
A song of my beloved,
The song shall shiver and tremble,
Like the kiss from her lips,
That she has given me once
In a wonderfully sweet hour.

VI. Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome

In the Rhein, by the holy stream,
There is mirrored in the waves,
With its great Cathedral,
The great, holy Cologne.
In the Cathedral there is a picture,
Painted on golden leather;
Into my life's wilderness
It has sent its friendly radiance.
Flowers and little angels
Float around our Blessed Virgin;
Her eyes, her lips, her sweet cheeks,
Resemble my sweetheart's exactly.

VII. Ich grolle nicht

I bear no grudge, even though my heart may break,
Eternally lost love! I bear no grudge.
Though you are shining in your diamonds' splendour,
No ray falls in the darkness of your heart,
I've known it well for a long time.
I bear no grudge, even though my heart may break.
For I saw you in my dream.
And I saw the darkness in your heart,
And I saw the snake that feeds upon your heart,
I saw, my love, how utterly wretched you are.
I bear no grudge, I bear no grudge.

Fauré

En Prière

text by STÉPHAN BORDÈSE

If the voice of a child can reach you, O my Father,
Listen to the prayer of Jesus on his knees before You.
If You have chosen me to teach Your laws on the earth,
I will know how to serve You, holy King of Kings, O Light!
Place on my lips, O Lord, the salutary truth,
So that whoever doubts should serve you with humility!
Do not abandon me, give me the necessary gentleness,
To alleviate pains, to relieve the suffering, the misery!
Reveal Yourself to me, Lord, in Whom I have faith, and I hope,
To suffer for You and die on the cross at Calvary!

Nell

text by LECONTE de LISLE

Your purple rose in your brilliant sun,
Oh June, sparkles as if intoxicated,
Bend toward me, too, your golden cup
My heart and your rose are alike.
Under the soft shelter of shady boughs
Sounds a voluptuous sigh;
And turtle doves coo in the spreading wood,
Oh my heart, their amorous lament.
How sweet is your pearl in the flaming sky,
Star of the pensive night!
But sweeter still is the vivid light
Which shines in my heart, my charmed heart!
The singing sea, along the shore,
Will silence its everlasting murmur,
'Ere in my heart, dear love, oh Nell,
Your image will cease to bloom!

Chanson d'Amour

text by ARMAND SILVESTRE

I love your eyes. I love your face,
O my rebellious, o my fierce one,
I love your eyes, I love your lips
Where my kisses will exhaust themselves.
I love your voice, I love the strange
Gracefulness of everything that you say
O my rebellious one, o my dear angel,
My inferno and my paradise!
I love your eyes, I love your face,
I love everything that makes you beautiful,
From your feet to you hair,
O you, to whom ascend all my desires!

Après un Rêve

text by ROMAIN BUSSINE

In a slumber charmed by your image
I dreamed of happiness, ardent mirage;
Your eyes were more tender, your voice pure and clear.
You were radiant like a sky brightened by a sunrise;
You were calling me, and I left the earth
To flee with you towards the light;
The skies opened their clouds for us,
Splendors unknown, glimpses of divine light...
Alas! Alas, sad awakening from dreams!
I call to you, oh night, give me back your illusions;
Return, return with your radiance,
Return, oh mysterious night!

Giuseppe Verdi

"Cortigiani, vil razza"

In this scene from Verdi's opera "Rigoletto", I play the role of Rigoletto, an old, hunchbacked courtjester, working in the court of the dashing young Duke of Mantua, a notorious philanderer. Having been outduped by a group of scheming young courtiers, I have unwittingly assisted in the kidnapping of my only daughter, Gilda, who is the sole inspiration to me in this world. Upon realizing what has happened, I go to the court of the Duke in search of her. The courtiers, thinking they had abducted my mistress, and not my daughter, taunt and provoke me, all the while blocking the door to the chamber wherein she lies, with none other than the Duke himself.

As the aria begins, I reveal to the courtiers that Gilda is, in fact, my daughter and proceed to fly into a rage, eventually breaking down to pleading with my adversaries, begging them to return my daughter.

Yes, my daughter...
What a victory!
Aren't you laughing now?
She is here; I want her; you'll give her back.

Courtiers, vile, cursed breed,
for what price did you sell my darling?
You value nothing above gold,
but my daughter is a treasure beyond all value.
Give her back to me, or this hand,
unarmed though it be, will prove fatal to you;
a man fears nothing upon earth
when he is defending his child's honor.
Open that door to me, murderers, open the door!
Ah! you are all against me!
All against me! Ah!
Well then, I will weep. Marullo, sir,
you who are as kind as you are noble,
tell me where you have hidden her.
Marullo, sir, tell me,
where have you hidden her?
She is there, isn't she? Isn't she?
You're silent. Oh woe is me!
Pardon, sirs, have pity;
give an old man back his daughter;
to give her back costs you nothing now,
it costs you nothing now...
she's everything in the world to me.
Forgive me, sirs, have pity,
give me back my daughter;
she's everything in the world to me.
Have pity, sirs, have pity!