

Bennington College Music Division  
Presents

A CONCERT FOR FALL

Wednesday  
November 8, 1989

8:15 P.M.  
Greenwall Music Workshop

Dichterliebe (op. 48)  
A cycle of 16 songs  
Texts by Heinrich. Heine

ROBERT SCHUMANN  
(1810-1856)

Michael Downs, baritone  
Marianne Finckel, piano

Suite #3 (1958)  
for unaccompanied cello

ERNEST BLOCH  
(1880-1959)

Allegro — Andante — Allegro — Andante — Allegro

Maxine Neuman, cello

—INTERMISSION—

My Address Is Above  
based on messages and images  
from postcards 1900-1950

Choreography NINA GALIN  
Music MICHAEL FINCKEL

Nina Galin, dancer  
Michael Finckel, Brad Oldenburg, 'cellos

Lighting: Dave Groupé, Michael Downs  
Slides by: Richard Hartshorn  
Slides: Rebecca Rodriguez

## TRANSLATIONS

### *Dichterliebe/ A Poet's Love*

1.

In the wondrous month of May,  
when buds were bursting open,  
then it was that my heart  
filled with love.

In the wondrous month of May,  
when the birds were singing,  
then it was I confessed to her  
my longing and desire.

2.

From my tears burst  
many full-blown flowers,  
and my sighs become  
a nightingale chorus.

And if you love me, child,  
I'll give you all the flowers,  
and at your window shall sound  
the song of the nightingale.

3.

Rose, lily, dove, sun—  
all once I blissfully loved.  
I love them no more, alone I love  
one who is small, fine, pure, rare;  
she, most blissful of all loves,  
is rose and lily and dove and sun.  
Alone I love  
one who is small, fine, pure, rare,

4.

When into your eyes I look,  
all my sorrow flies;  
but when I kiss your lips,  
then I am wholly healed.

When I recline upon your breast,  
over me steals heavenly bliss;  
but when you say: it's you I love!  
Then bitter tears must I shed.

5.

My soul will I bathe  
in the lily's chalice;  
the lily shall breathe  
a song of my beloved.

The song shall tremble and quiver  
like the kiss her lips  
bestowed on me once,  
in a sweet and lovely hour.

6.

In the Rhine, the holy river,  
mirrored in the waves,  
with its great cathedral  
is great and holy Cologne.

The cathedral has a picture,  
painted on gilded leather;  
into my life's wilderness  
friendly rays it has cast.

Flowers and angels float  
about Our Lady dear;  
eyes, lips, cheeks  
are the image of my love's.

7.

I bear no grudge, though my heart breaks,  
loved one forever list! I bear no grudge.  
However you may gleam in diamond  
splendour,  
no ray falls into the night of your heart.  
I've known that long.

I bear no grudge, though my heart breaks.  
For I saw you in my dream,  
saw, the night within your heart,  
and saw the serpent gnawing at your  
heart,  
saw, my love, how pitiful you are.  
I bear no grudge.

8.

If the little flowers knew  
how deep my heart is hurt,  
with me they would weep  
to heal my pain.

If the nightingales knew  
how sad I am and sick,  
joyously they'd let sound  
refreshing song.

And if *they* knew my grief,  
the little golden stars,  
from the sky they'd come  
and console me.

But none of them can know,  
one only knows my pain;  
for she it was who broke  
my heart, broke my heart in two.

9.

What a fluting and fiddling  
and a blaring of trumpets!  
There, dancing her wedding dance  
will be my dearest love.

What a clashing and clanging,  
drumming and piping;  
and sobbing and groaning  
of delightful angels.

10.

When I hear the song  
my love once sang,  
my heart almost breaks  
from the wild rush of pain.

Vague longing drives me  
up to the high forest,  
where my immense grief  
dissolves in tears.

11.

A boy loves a girl,  
she choses another;  
the other loves another  
and her he weds.

The girl, out of spite,  
takes the first man  
to come her way;  
the boy's badly hurt.

It is an old, old story,  
remains though ever new,  
and he to whom it's happened,  
his heart is broken in half.

12.

One bright summer morning  
I walk in the garden.  
Flowers whisper and speak,  
but I walk silently.

Flowers whisper and speak,  
and gaze at me in pity:  
'Be not angry with our sister,  
sad, pale man!'

13.

I wept in my dream,  
I dreamt you lay in your grave.  
I woke, and tears  
still flowed upon my cheek.

I wept in my dream,  
I dreamt you were leaving me.  
I woke, and wept on  
long and bitterly.

I wept in my dream,  
I dreamt you loved me still.  
I woke, and still  
my tears stream.

14.

Nightly in my dreams I see you,  
see your friendly greeting,  
and weeping loudly, hurl myself  
at your sweet feet.

You look at me wistfully,  
shaking your little fair head;  
from your eyes steal  
tear-drops of pearl.

A soft word you whisper me,  
and give me a bouquet of cypress.  
I wake, the cypress is gone,  
and the word forgotten.

15.

A white hand beckons  
from fairy tales of old,  
song there is, and sounds  
of a magic land,

where gay flowers bloom  
in golden evening light,  
and, sweet scented, glow  
with bride-like faces.

(And green trees sing  
old, old melodies,  
stealthy breezes murmur,  
and birds warble;

and misty shapes rear  
from the earth,  
and dance airy dances  
in strange throng;

and blue sparks blaze  
on every leaf and twig,  
and red fires race  
in made wild circles;

and loud springs burst  
from living marble, and  
strange in the brooks  
a reflection shines.)

Oh, could I but go there,  
there gladden my heart,  
from all pain removed,  
blissful and free.

Oh, that land of joy,  
in dreams I see it often,  
but, come morning sun,  
it's gone like foam.

16.

The bad old songs,  
the dreams wicked and bad,  
let us now bury them—  
fetch a big coffin.

Much will I lay in it,  
though what, I won't yet say;  
a bigger coffin must it be  
than the Vat of Heidelberg.

A fetch a bier  
and planks firm and thick;  
the bier must be longer  
than the bridge at Mainz.

And twelve giants fetch me,  
who shall be even stronger  
than St Christopher the Strong  
in Cologne Cathedral on the Rhine.'

They shall bear off the coffin,  
and sink it in the sea;  
for such a big coffin  
belongs in a big grave.

Do you know why the coffin  
should be so heavy and big?  
I would put my love in  
and my sorrow too.