

BENNINGTON COLLEGE

presents

A C O N C E R T

by

ISABELLA HOLDEN BATES  
(Bennington 1965)

STEPHEN BATES

DEBORAH CHAFFEE  
(Bennington 1967)

CAROL RANKIN

Wednesday, May 3, 1967

8:15 P.M.

Carriage Barn

## PROGRAM

### I. PARTITA NO.1

J. S. Bach

Prelude  
Courante  
Menuet 1  
Allemande  
Sarabande  
Menuet 2  
Gigue

Carol Rankin

### II VIER STUCKE FUR KLARINETTE und KLAVIER Op. 5

Alban Berg

Stephen Bates  
and  
Carol Rankin

### III THREE PIECES FOR UNACCOMPANIED CLARINET

Igor Stravinsky

Stephen Bates

## I N T E R M I S S I O N

### IV DICHTERLIEBE Op. 48

Robert Schumann

1. Im wunderschönen Monat Mai
2. Aus meinen Tränen spriessen
3. Die Rose, die Lillie, die Taube
4. Wenn ich in deine Augen seh
5. Ich will meine Seele tauchen
6. Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome
7. Ich grolle nicht
8. Und wussten's die Blumen
9. Das ist ein Floten und Geigen
10. Hör ich das Liedchen klingen
11. Ein Jungling liebt ein Mädchen
12. Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen
13. Ich hab' im Traum geweinet
14. Allnächtlich im Traume
15. Aus alten Märchen
16. Die alten, bosen Lieder

Isabella Holden Bates, Voice  
Deborah Chaffee, Piano

### Synopsis Translation of Songs

1. In the wonderful month of May, I told her of my love for her.
2. Out of my tears grow flowers, and my sighs become a choir of Nightingales. If you love me, I will give you the flowers and sing you the song of the Nightingale.
3. I used to love the Rose, the Lily, the Dove, and the Sun. Now I love One, and she is all these things.
4. When I am close to you, my grief and sorrow vanish, But when you say, "I love you", then I must weep bitterly.
5. I want to sing the song of the kiss which my Love once gave me.
6. There is a picture painted on golden leather in the Cathedrale Cologne on the Rhine. The Virgin's eyes, lips, and cheeks resemble my sweetheart's exactly.
7. I bear no grudge, eternally lost love, though you are cold and regal. In a dream I saw the darkness in your heart. I saw the snake that feeds upon your heart and saw how wretched you are.
8. If the flowers, Nightingale, and stars knew my sorrow, they would comfort me. But only she knows my sorrow because she has torn my heart in two.
9. I hear the music to which they dance at my sweetheart's wedding. There is a roaring and weeping in between the little angels.
10. When I hear my sweetheart's song, I must go to the woods and dissolve in tears.
11. A youth loves a maiden who loves another. The other marries still another. The maiden takes the one who loves her and he is the worst off. This is an old story and yet to whom it happens, it breaks his heart.
12. When I walk in the garden, the flowers whisper to me not to be angry with her.
13. I have wept in my dream, I dreamed you lay in your grave. I awakened and the tears still flowed. I dreamed that you were still fond of me. I awakened and unceasing still rushes the flood of my tears.
14. Every night, dreaming, you greet me with a smile, and I fling myself at your feet. You tell me no, but tell me a gentle word and give me a bouquet of cypress. I awake and the bouquet is gone, and the words forgotten.

15. There is a fairy land with many wondrous things. If I could only go there to unburden my sorrow. I often see this land in my dreams, but with the morning sun, it melts like empty foam.
16. Fetch a large coffin in which I will put many things. This coffin must be huge with a bier of thick planks with twelve giants to lower it into its huge grave, the sea. Do you know why it must be so big? Because I have sunk my love and pain in it.