

Bennington College
presents

LISA HARTMANN
Soprano

Accompanied by
Marianne Finckel

In partial fulfillment of work required
for the awarding of a degree with a major in music

Quia Respexit

J. S. Bach

Gunnar Schonbeck, oboe; George Finckel, 'cello

Zigeunerlieder

Johannes Brahms

1. He, Zigeuner
2. Hochtetürmte Rimaflut
3. Wisst ihr, wann mein Kindchen
4. Lieber Gott, du weisst
5. Brauner Bursche
6. Röslein dreie
7. Kommt dir manchmal in den Sinn
8. Rote Abendwolken ziehn

Three Songs

Claude Debussy

Il Pleure Dans Mon Coeur, by Paul Verlaine
Mandoline, by Paul Verlaine
Beau Soir, by Paul Bourget

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

Three Songs

Samuel Barber

With Rue my Heart is Laden, by A. E. Housman
The Daisies, by James Stephens
Sleep Now, by James Joyce

Between Worlds

Brenda Corman

by Carl Sandburg

Il Tramonto, by Percy B. Shelley

Ottorino Respighi

Accompanied by Orrea Pernel, Betsy Walker, violins;
Eileen Carrier, viola; George Finckel, 'cello;
Marianne Finckel, bass, under the direction
of Henry Brant.

Carriage Barn

5:30 p. m.

May 13, 1962

Quia Respexit from The Magnificat

For he hath regarded the lowliness of his hand-maiden
Behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed.

Zigeunerlieder - Gypsy Songs

1. Ho there, Gypsy, strike the string,
Play the song of the faithless maiden!
Let the strings weep, lament in sad anxiety,
Till the warm tears flow down these cheeks.
2. High towering Rima waves,
How turbid you are!
By these banks I lament loudly
For you, my sweet.
Waves are fleeing, waves are streaming, rushing
To the shore, to me;
Let me by the Rima banks
Forever weep for her.
3. Do you know when my little one is her loveliest?
When her sweet mouth teases and laughs and kisses me.
Little Maiden, you are mine, fervently I kiss you.
The good Lord created you just for me!
Do you know when I like my lover best of all?
When he holds me closely enfolded in his arms.
Sweetheart, you are mine, fervently I kiss you,
The good Lord created you for me alone.
4. Dear God, you know how often I regretted
The kiss I gave but once to my beloved.
My heart commanded me to kiss him!
I shall think forever of the first kiss.
Dear God, you know how often at dead of night
In joy and in sorrow I thought of my dearest one.
Love is sweet, though bitter be remorse.
My poor heart will remain ever, ever true.
5. The bronzed young fellow leads to the dance
His lovely blue-eyed maiden,
Boldly clanking his spurs together.
A Czardas melody begins.
He caresses and kisses his sweet dove,
Whirls her, leads her, shouts, and springs about;
Throws three shiny silver guilders
On the cymbal to make it ring.

6. Roses three in a row bloom so red,
 There's no law against the lad's visiting his girl.
 Oh, good Lord, if that too were forbidden,
 This beautiful wide world would have perished long ago,
 To remain single would be a sin!
 The loveliest city in Alfold is Ketschkemet;
 There abide so many maidens sweet and nice.
 Friends go there to choose a little bride;
 Ask for her in marriage and then establish your home;
 Then empty cups of joy!
7. Do you sometimes recall,
 My sweet love,
 When you once vowed to me with solemn oath?
 Deceive me not, leave me not,
 You know not how dear you are to me.
 Do love me as I love you.
 Then God's graces will descend upon you.
8. Red clouds of evening move
 Across the firmament,
 Longing for you, my sweet,
 My heart is afire,
 The heavens shine in glowing splendour,
 And I dreamt
 Only of that sweet love of mine.

Three Songs by Debussy

1. Il Pleure dans Mon Coeur, by Paul Verlaine - Tears Fall in my Heart

Tears fall in my heart
 Like the rain upon the city.
 What is this languor
 That penetrates my heart?
 Oh, gentle sound of the rain,
 On the ground and on the roofs.
 For a heart that is weary,
 Oh, the sound of the rain.
 Tears fall without reason
 In this anguished heart.
 What? No betrayal?
 This mourning has no reason.
 This is truly the keenest pain,
 To know not why,
 Without either love or hate,
 My heart bears so much pain.

2. Mandoline, by Paul Verlaine

Mandolin

The serenading swains
 And their lovely listeners
 Exchange insipid remarks
 Under the sighing boughs.
 There is Tircis and there is Aminta,
 And the eternal Clitander,
 And there is Damis, who for many cruel ladies
 Fashions many tender verses.
 Their short silken vests,
 Their long dresses with trains,
 Their elegance, their gaiety
 And their soft blue shadows
 Whirl madly in the ecstasy
 Of a moon rose and gray,
 And the mandolin chatters
 Amid the trembling of the breeze....
 La, la, la, la, la.....

3. Beau Soir, by Paul Bourget

Beautiful Evening

When, in the setting sun, the streams are rosy,
 And when a warm breeze floats over the fields of grain,
 A counsel to be happy seems to emanate from all things
 And rise toward the troubled heart;
 An advice to enjoy the pleasure of being alive,
 While one is young and the evening is beautiful,
 For we shall go as this wave goes, ---
 It, to the sea; we, to the grave.

Three Songs by Samuel Barber

1. With Rue my Heart is Laden, by A. E. Housman

With rue my heart is laden
 For golden friends I had,
 For many a rose-lipt maiden
 And many a light-foot lad.
 By brooks too broad for leaping
 The light-foot boys are laid;
 The rose-lipt girls are sleeping
 In fields where roses fade.

The Daisies, by James Stephens

In the scented bud of the morning o,
 When the windy grass went rippling far,
 I saw my dear one walking slow in the
 Field where the daisies are.
 We did not laugh and we did not speak,
 As we wandered happ'ly to and fro,
 I kissed my dear on either cheek,
 In the bud of the morning, o.
 A lark sang up from the breezy land;
 A lark sang down from a cloud afar;
 As she and I went hand in hand,
 In the field where the daisies are.

Sleep Now, by James Joyce

Sleep now, O sleep now, O you unquiet heart!
 A voice crying "sleep now" is heard in my heart.
 The voice of the winter---is heard at the door.
 O sleep now, for the winter is crying
 "Sleep no more, sleep no more, sleep no more."

My kiss will give peace now
 And quiet to your heart -
 Sleep on in peace now, O you unquiet heart.

Between Worlds, by Carl Sandburg

.. And he said to himself
 in a sunken morning moon
 between lost gold and between two pines lingering green:

I believe I will count up my worlds.
 There seem to me to be three.
 There is a world I came from, which is Number One.
 There is a world I am in now, which is Number Two.
 There is a world I go to next, which is Number Three.

There was the seed pouch, the place I lay dark in,
 nursed and shaped in a warm, red, wet cuddling place; if I tugged
 at a latchstring or doubled a dimpled fist or twitched a
 leg or a foot, only the Mother knew.

There is the place I am in now, where I look back and look
 ahead, and dream and wonder.

There is the next place----

And he took a look out of a window
 at a sunken morning moon
 between two pines,
 between lost gold and lingering green.

Il Tramonto, by Percy B. Shelley

The Sunset

There was late One within whose subtle being,
 As light and wind within some delicate cloud
 That fades amid the blue noon's burning sky,
 Genius and death contended. None may know
 The sweetness of the joy which made his breath
 Fail, like the trances of the summer air,
 When, with the lady of his love, who then
 First knew the unreserve of mingled being,
 He walked along the pathway of a field,
 Which to the east a hoar wood shadowed o'er,
 But to the west was open to the sky.
 There now the sun had sunk; but lines of gold
 Hung on the ashen clouds, and on the points
 Of the far level grass and nodding flowers,
 And the old dandelion's hoary beard,
 And, mingled with the shades of twilight, lay
 On the brown massy woods; and in the east
 The broad and burning moon lingeringly rose
 Between the black trunks of the crowded trees,
 While the faint stars were gathering overhead.
 "Is it not strange, Isabel," said the youth,
 "I never saw the sun? We will walk here
 tomorrow; thou shalt look on it with me."

That night the youth and lady mingled lay
 In love and sleep; but when the morning came
 The lady found her lover dead and cold.
 Let none believe that God in mercy gave
 That stroke. The lady died not, nor grew wild,
 But year by year lived on; in truth I think
 Her gentleness and patience and sad smiles,
 And that she did not die, but lived to tend
 Her aged father, were a kind of madness,
 If madness 'tis to be unlike the world.
 For but to see her were to read the tale
 Woven by some subtlest bard to make hard hearts
 Dissolve away in wisdom-working grief.
 Her eyes were black and lustreless and wan,
 Her eyelashes were worn away with tears,
 Her lips and cheeks were like things dead--so pale;
 Her hands were thin, and through their wandering veins
 And weak articulations might be seen
 Day's ruddy light. The tomb of thy dead self
 Which one vexed ghost inhabits, night and day,
 Is all, lost child, that now remains of thee!

"Inheritor of more than earth can give,
 Passionless calm and silence unproved,---
 Whether the dead find, oh, not sleep, but rest,
 And are the uncomplaining things they seem,
 Or live, or drop in the deep sea of Love;
 Oh, that, like thine, mine epitaph were---Peace"
 This was the only moan she ever made.