

BENNINGTON COLLEGE

presents

A SENIOR CONCERT

by

CATHERINE WISE RANDALL, Mezzo-Soprano

Wednesday
May 22, 1974

8:15 P.M.

Carriage Barn

FRAUENLIEBE UND LEBEN, OP. 42

ROBERT SCHUMANN

- I Seit ich ihn gesehen.
- II Er, der Herrlichste von allen.
- III Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben.
- IV Du Ring an meinem Finger.
- V Helft mir, ihr Schwestern
- VI Susser Freund, du blickest.
- VII An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust.
- VIII Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan.

Nina Shuman, piano

RUMANIAN FOLK DANCES

BELA BARTOK
(1926)

Kunda Magenau, violin
Cathy Randall, piano

THREE SONGS FROM WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

IGOR STRAVINSKY
(1953)

- I Musick to heare
- II Full fadom five
- III When Daisies pied

Lenny Sachs, viola
Clay Andres, flute
Gunnar Schonbeck, A Clarinet

INTERMISSION

SIX EPIGRAPHES ANTIQUES

CLAUDE DEBUSSY
(1915)

- I Pour invoguer Pan, dieu du vent d'ete.
- II Pour un tombeau sans nom.
- III Pour que la nuit soit propice.
- IV Pour la danseuse aux crotales.
- V Pour l'Egyptienne.
- VI Pour remercier la pluie au matin.

Marianne Finckel & Cathy Randall, piano

IL TRAMONTO

OTTORINO RESPIGHI
(1918)

Carolyn Bond, 1st violin
Lynn Bertles, 2nd violin
Jacob Glick, viola
Michael Finckel, cello

Translation of Chamisso's verse used by Schumann in depicting
The Life and Loves of a Woman.

I Since I have seen him
 I think myself blind'
 wherever I look
 I see him only.
 As in a waking dream
 his image hovers before me;
 out of the deepest darkness
 it rises ever more brightly.

 There is no other light or color
 in anything around me;
 playing with my sisters
 no longer delights me;
 I would rather weep
 quietly in my room.
 Since I have seen him
 I think myself blind.

II He, the noblest of all -
 how kind, how good!
 Fine lips, clear eyes,
 bright soul and strong spirit!

 As yonder in the deep blue
 that bright and glorious star,
 so is he in my heaven,
 bright and glorious, high and distant.

 Go, go your way:
 only let me contemplate your brilliance,
 only in humility consider it,
 only be blest and melancholy!

 Do not listen to my quiet prayer,
 dedicated only to your good fortune;
 take no notice of me the lowly maid,
 o high and splendid star!

 Only the worthiest of all
 Shall be favored by your choice;
 and I will bless that exalted one,
 bless her many thousand times.

 I will rejoice, then, and weep,
 for then I am happy - happy!
 Even though my heart should break -
 break, o heart, what can it matter?

III I cannot grasp or believe it;
I am beguiled by a dream.
How could he, from among them all,
have exalted and blessed so lowly a one as I?

It seemed to me - he spoke:
"I am yours forever" -
it seemed to me - I am still dreaming,
it cannot ever be so.

O let me perish in my dream,
lulled upon his breast!
Let me relish the most blessed death
in the endless happiness of tears.

IV O ring upon my finger
my little golden ring,
I press you devoutly to my lips,
devoutly to my heart.

I had done with dreaming
the peaceful dream of childhood;
only to find myself lost
in endless desert space.

O ring upon my finger,
it was you who first taught me,
revealed to my sight
the infinite value of life.

I will serve him, live for him,
belong to him entirely,
give myself and find
myself transfigured in his light.

O ring upon my finger,
my little golden ring,
I press you devoutly to my lips,
devoutly to my heart.

V Help me, sisters,
please, to adorn myself,
serve me, the happy one, today
Busily wind
around my forehead
the blossoming myrtle wreath.

As I lay peacefully,
happy in heart,
in my beloved's arms,
he was always crying out
with longing in his heart,
impatient for this day.

Help me, sisters,
help me banish
a foolish anxiety,
so that I may with clear eye
receive him,
him, the source of happiness.

When you, my beloved,
appeared to me,
o sun, did you give me your light?
Let me in devotion,
let me in humility
bow before my lord.

Scatter flowers before him, sisters,
bring him the budding roses.
But sisters,
I greet you with sweet melancholy
as I happily take leave of your group

VI Dear friend, you look
at me in astonishment.
You don't understand
How I can weep!
Leave the moist pearls -
unwonted ornament -
to glisten, bright with happiness,
on my eyelashes.

How anxious I am,
how full of delight!
If only I had the words
to say it!
Come, and bury your face
here on my breast;
into your ear I will whisper
all my happiness.

Now do you understand the tears
that I can weep?
Ought you not see them,
dearest man?
Rest upon my heart,
feel its beat,
and nearer and nearer
let me draw you.

Here by my bed
is place for the cradle
which shall quietly hide
my lovely dream.
The morning will come
when the dream awakens
and from it your image
will smile at me.

VII Upon my heart, upon my bosom,
Oh my joy, oh my rapture!

Happiness is love, love is happiness,
I have said it before and I don't take it back.

I have thought myself ever-happy,
but I am over-happy now.

Only she who gives suck, only she who loves
the child to whom she gives nourishment,

only a mother knows
what it is to love and to be fortunate.

Oh how I pity the man,
who cannot feel a mother's rapture.

You look at me and smile,
you dear, dear angel!

Upon my heart upon my bosom,
Oh my joy, of my rapture!

VIII Now you have hurt me for the first time -
really hurt me!
You sleep, hard pitiless man,
the sleep of death.

The forsaken one looks before her -
The world is empty.
I have loved and lived - I am
no longer alive.

I withdraw silently within myself.
The veil falls
There I have 'you' and my lost happiness,
O you, my world!

Il Tramonto was translated into Italian from this P. B. Shelley poem:

THE SUNSET

There was One within whose subtle being, ♀
As light and wind within some delicate cloud
That fades amid the blue moon'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 mossy 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
To-morrow; 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 it is 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 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 unreprieved, --
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.