

BENNINGTON COLLEGE

presents

CAROL CHILD ROSENBLITH, SOPRANO

Bennington 1970

WARREN JONES, PIANO

ASSISTED BY ERIC ROSENBLITH, VIOLIN

Thursday  
April 18, 1974

8:15 P.M.

Room 136, Jennings Hall

H. Purcell  
(1659-1695)

Thrice Happy Lovers  
Fairest Isle  
Come All ye Songsters

G. F. Handel  
(1685-1759)

Susse Stille, sanfte Quelle  
Meine Seele hort im Sehen

W. A. Mozart  
(1756-1791)

L'amerò sarò costante  
(from "II Re Pastore")

R. Strauss  
(1864-1949)

Drei Lieder der Ophelia, Op. 67,  
Nos. 1-3  
Wie erkenn ich mein Treulieb  
vor andern nun  
Guten Morgen, 's ist Sankt  
Valentinstag  
Sie trugen ihn auf der Bahre bloss

INTERMISSION

H. Villa-Lobos  
(1881-1959)

Suite for Voice and Violin (1923)  
A Menina e a Canção  
Quero ser Alegre  
Sertaneja

C. Franck  
(1822-1890)

La Procession

C. Koechlin  
(1867-1950)

Si tu le veux  
Le Thé

O. Messiaen

from "Poemes pour Mi" (1936)  
L'Epouse  
Ta Voix  
Priere Exaucée

Susse Stille, sanfte Quelle ruhiger Gelassenheit

Sweet quiet tender spring of restful calmness, even the soul will rejoice when I imagine the serenity which is eternally ready for us after the workday vanity of the present.

Meine Seele hort im Sehen

Upon seeing, my soul hears how everything shouts with joy and laughs in order to exult the creator. Listen! The blossoming splendor of spring is the speech of nature that clearly speaks with us through its countenance.

L'amerò, sarò costante

You shall I love. I shall be constant, a faithful spouse and a faithful lover. Only for you shall I sigh. In such a dear and sweet object my joy, my delight, and my peace I shall find.

Drei Lieder der Ophelia (Three Songs of Ophelia)

How shall I know my true love from others now? By his cocklehat and staff and his sandalshoes. He is dead and long gone, dead and gone my lady! At his head green grass, at his feet a stone. Oho! Upon his grave cloth, white as snow, many lovely flowers mourn. They go to the grave wet, o woe, from love-showers.

Good Morning, it's Saint Valentine's day, so early by sunlight, I, young maid at the window, want to be your Valentine. The young man puts on his clothes, opened the chamber-door, and let in the maid, who as maid went forth nevermore. By Saint Nicolas and Charity! An unashamed sex! A young man does it if he can, for truth, that is not right. She said: Before you trifled with me, you promised to court me. (He said:) I would not have broken the promise, by yonder sun, had you not come into my chamber.

They carried him barefaced upon the bier, alas, alas my love! Many tears fell in the lap of the grave, farewell, farewell my dove! My young fresh Hansel is all my joy, and he comes nevermore? He is dead, alas! To your deathbed go. He comes to you nevermore. His beard was white as snow, his head as crowned with flax. He is gone, he is gone, no mourning brings reward. May serenity be with his soul and with all Christian souls. For that I pray! God be with you!

Suite for Voice and Violin

A Menina e a Canção<sup>A</sup> (The girl and the Song)

The hungry, thin girl with her skirt flying over her knees was coming along, half dancing and singing in the setting sun. She tapped a rhythm with a stick in the dust of the path. Suddenly she turned to an old black woman who was coming tripping along behind with a huge sack of clothes upon her head. Wha' cha give me?"  
"No..."

Quêro ser alegre (I want to be happy)

Sertaneja (Country lass)

La, la, the rifle, pa, pa, the sharp knife...

La Procession (The Procession)

God advances across the field, by the heath, the meadows, the green prunings of hedges. He comes followed by the people and carried by priests. - With hymns of man, you birds, mix your songs! - They stop! The crowd around an ancient oak bows down, worshipping under the mystic monstrance. You sun! Throw upon them your long setting rays! - With hymns of man, you birds, mix your songs! You flowers, with incense exhale your aroma! O festival day! Everything shines, everything prays, and everything smells sweetly.

Si tu le veux (If you wish it)

If you wish it, o my love, this evening, as soon as the end of day is come, when the stars rise and set points of gold into the blue depths of the sky, we will depart alone, the two of us, lovingly into the dark night without being seen, and tenderly I will sing to you a song of love wherein I shall put all my joy. But when you return home, if they ask you why, dear fairy, your hair is more tangled than before, you will answer that only the wind has disarranged it. If you wish it, o my love...

Le Thé (Tea)

Miss Ellen, pour me tea into the lovely Chinese cup, where golden fish pick a quarrel with the frightened rose-colored monster. I love the mad cruelty of chimeras that one tames! Miss Ellen, pour me tea into the lovely Chinese cup. There under a red, angry sky, a lady, haughty and sly, shows in her long eyes of turquoise extasy and naivete. Miss Ellen, pour me tea...

L'epouse (The Wife)

Go where the Spirit leads you. No one can separate that which God has united. Go where the Spirit leads you. The wife is the extension of the husband. Go where the Spirit leads you. - as the church is the extension of Christ.



### Ta Voix (Your Voice)

Window full of afternoon which opens upon the afternoon and upon your fresh voice (bird of spring which awakens)...if it were to open upon eternity. I would see you more beautiful still. You are the servant of the Son, and the Father would love you for that. His light without end would fall upon your shoulders, His mark upon your forehead, you would complete the number of the angels. To the glory of the Holy Trinity, an eternity of happiness, lift your fresh voice (bird of spring which awakens); you would sing.

### Priere exaucee (Granted Prayer)

Shake the solitary, old mountain of pain! Let the sun fashion the bitter waters of my heart! O Jesus! Living bread and who gives life, say but one word and my soul will be healed! Shake the solitary, old mountain of pain! Let the sun fashion the bitter waters of my heart! Give me your grace! Chime, my heart! Let your resonance be hard and long and profound! Hit, tap, strike for your King! Hit, tap, strike for your God! Here is your day of glory and resurrection! Joy has returned!