

Williams College Department of Music



Erin Kennedy '19, soprano

Franz Schubert (1797 – 1828) *Der Hirt auf dem Felsen*

Erin Kennedy '19, soprano; Chris Hough Deane '19, clarinet; Sebastian Black '19, piano

Aaron Copland (1900 – 1990) Twelve Poems of Emily Dickinson

1. *Nature, the Gentlest Mother*
2. *There Came a Wind Like a Bugle*
3. *Why Do They Shut Me Out of Heaven?*
4. *The World Feels Dusty*
5. *Heart, We Will Forget Him*
6. *Dear March, Come In!*
7. *Sleep Is Supposed to Be*
8. *When They Come Back*
9. *I Felt a Funeral in My Brain*
10. *I've Heard an Organ Talk Sometimes*
11. *Going to Heaven!*
12. *The Chariot*

Ed Lawrence, piano

Leonard Bernstein (1918 – 1990) “Glitter and be Gay,” from *Candide*

Sebastian Black '19, piano

Sunday, May 13, 2018

7:00 p.m.

*Brooks-Rogers Recital Hall
Williamstown, Massachusetts*

Please turn off cell phones. No photography or recording is permitted.



Erin Kennedy '19 Erin Kennedy '19 is a music major from St. Paul, Minnesota. She currently studies voice with Erin Nafziger and sings in the Williams Concert and Chamber Choirs. At Williams, she has appeared in *La Clemenza di Tito* (Servilia), scenes from *Pirates of Penzance* (Mabel), *Into the Woods* (Rapunzel), and was a soloist this January at the I/O New Music Festival. Erin also student teaches in the Mount Greylock Middle and High School choirs, performs as an accompanist, and is a member of the varsity swim team.

Der Hirt auf dem Felsen

Wenn auf dem höchsten Fels ich steh',
 In's tiefe Thal hernieder seh', und singe:
 Fern aus dem tiefen dunkeln Thal
 Schwingt sich empor der Wiederhall der Klüfte.

Je weiter meine Stimme dringt,
 Je heller sie mir wiederklingt von unten.
 Mein Liebchen wohnt so weit von mir,
 Drum sehn' ich mich so heiß nach ihr hinüber!

In tiefem Gram verzehr' ich mich,
 Mir ist die Freude hin,
 Auf Erden mir die Hoffnung wich,
 Ich hier so einsam bin.

So sehnend klang im Wald das Lied,
 So sehnend klang es durch die Nacht,
 Die Herzen es zum Himmel zieht
 Mit wunderbarer Macht.

Der Frühling will kommen,
 Der Frühling, meine Freud',
 Nun mach' ich mich fertig
 Zum Wandern bereit.

The Shepherd on the Rock

When on the highest rock I stand,
 I look into the deep valley below and sing:
 Far from the deep, dark valley
 Reverberates the echo from the chasm.

Ever farther my voice travels,
 Ever brighter it rings back to me from below.
 My love lives so far from me,
 And so I long for her more ardently over there!

In deep sorrow I am consumed,
 My joy is broken,
 On Earth hope has left me,
 I am so lonesome here.

So longingly sounded the song in the woods,
 So longingly it sounded through the night,
 My heart is pulled toward heaven
 With wonderful strength.

Springtime will come,
 Springtime, my joy,
 Now I make myself ready
 To wander.

- Trans. Erin Kennedy

Twelve Poems of Emily Dickinson

The following poems appear as printed in Thomas H. Johnson's 1960 edition of "The Complete Poems of Emily Dickinson," an edition which is very faithful to the original manuscripts. Copland's settings occasionally modify wording, possibly based on other published versions; significant differences are noted in brackets beside the original. Punctuation and capitalization has been preserved.

1. Nature – the Gentlest Mother is,
Impatient of no Child –
The feeblest – or the waywardest, –
Her Admonition mild –

In Forest and the Hill –
By Traveller – be heard –
Restraining Rampant Squirrel –
Or too impetuous Bird –

How fair Her Conversation –
A Summer Afternoon –
Her Household – Her assembly –
And when the Sun goes down –

Her Voice among the Aisles
Incite the timid prayer
Of the minutest Cricket –
The most unworthy Flower –

When all the Children sleep –
She turns as long away
As will suffice to light Her lamps –
Then bending from the Sky –

With infinite Affection –
And infiniter Care –
Her Golden finger on Her lip –
Wills Silence – Everywhere –
2. There came a Wind like a Bugle –
It quivered through the Grass
And a Green Chill upon the Heat
So ominous did pass
We barred the Windows and the Doors
As from an Emerald Ghost –
The Doom's electric Moccasin
That very instant passed –
On a strange Mob of panting Trees
And Fences fled away
And Rivers where the Houses ran
Those looked that lived – that Day –
The Bell within the steeple wild
The flying tidings told [*whirled*] –
How much can come
And much can go,
And yet abide the World!
3. Why – do they shut Me out of Heaven?
Did I sing – too loud?
But – I can say [*sing*] a little 'Minor'
Timid as a Bird!

Wouldn't the Angels try me –
Just – once – more –
Just – see – if I troubled them –
But don't – shut the door!

Oh, if I – were the Gentlemen
In the 'White Robe' –
And they – were the little Hand – that
knocked –
Could – I – forbid?
4. The World – feels Dusty
When We stop to Die –
We want the Dew then –
Honors – taste dry –

Flags – vex a Dying face –
But the least Fan
Stirred by a friend's Hand –
Cools – like the Rain –

Mine be the Ministry
When thy Thirst comes –
And Hybla Balms –
Dews of Thessaly, to fetch –
*[Dews of thyself to fetch
And holy balms]*
5. Heart! We will forget him!
You and I – tonight!
You may forget the warmth he gave –
I will forget the light!

When you have done, pray tell me
That I may straight begin!
[That I my thoughts may dim]
Haste! lest while you're lagging
I [*may*] remember him!

6. Dear March—Come in—
 How glad I am—
 I hoped [*looked*] for you before—

 Put down your Hat—
 You must have walked—
 How out of Breath you are—
 Dear March, how are you, and the Rest—
 Did you leave Nature well—
 Oh march, Come right up stairs with me—
 I have so much to tell—

 I got your Letter, and the Birds—
 The Maples never knew that you were
 coming—till I called [omitted]
 I declare—how Red their Faces grew—
 But March, forgive me—and
 All those Hills you left for me to Hue—
 There was no Purple suitable—
 You took it all with you—

 Who knocks? That April.
 Lock the Door—
 I will not be pursued—
 He stayed away a Year to call
 When I am occupied—
 But trifles look so trivial
 As soon as you have come

 That Blame is just as dear as Praise
 And Praise as mere as Blame—
7. Sleep is supposed to be
 By souls of sanity
 The shutting of the eye.

 Sleep is the station grand
 Down which, on either hand
 The hosts of witness stand!

 Morn is supposed to be
 By people of degree
 The breaking of the Day.

 Morning has not occurred!

 That shall Aurora be—
 East of Eternity—
 One with the banner gay—
 One in the red array—
That is the break of Day!
8. When they come back—if Blossoms do—
 I always feel a doubt
 If Blossoms can be born again
 When once the Art is out—

 When they begin, if Robins may [*do*],
 I always had a fear
 I did not tell, it was their last Experiment
 Last Year,

 When it is May, if May return,
 Had nobody a pang
 Lest in [*That on*] a Face so beautiful
 He [*We*] might not look again?

 If I am there—One does not know
 What Party—One may be
 Tomorrow, but if I am there
 I take back all I say—
9. I felt a Funeral, in my Brain,
 And Mourners to and fro,
 Kept treading—treading—till it seemed
 That Sense was breaking through—

 And when they all were seated,
 A Service, like a Drum—
 Kept beating—beating—till I thought
 My Mind was going numb—

 And then I heard them lift a Box
 And creak across my Soul
 With those same Boots of Lead again,
 Then Space—began to toll,

 As all the Heavens were a Bell,
 And Being, but an Ear,
 And I, and Silence, some strange Race
 Wrecked, solitary, here—

 [Copland does not include the final stanza.]

 And then a Plank in Reason, broke,
 And I dropped down, and down—
 And hit a World, at every plunge,
 And Finished knowing—then—

10. I've heard an Organ talk, sometimes
 In a Cathedral Aisle,
 And understood no word it said—
 Yet held my breath, the while—
 And risen up—and gone away,
 A more Bernardine Girl—
 Yet *[and]*—know not what was done to me
 In that old Chapel *[hallowed]* Aisle.
11. Going to Heaven!
 I don't know when—
 Pray do not ask me how!
 Indeed I'm too astonished
 To think of answering you!
 Going to Heaven!
 How dim it sounds!
 And yet it will be done
 As sure as flocks go home at night
 Unto the Shepherd's arm!
- Perhaps you're going too!
 Who knows?
 If you should get there first
 Save just a little space for me
 Close to the two I lost—
 The smallest "Robe" will fit me
 And just a bit of "Crown"—
 For you know we do not mind our dress
 When we are going home—
- I'm glad I don't believe it
 For it would stop my breath—
 And I'd like to look a little more
 At such a curious Earth
 I'm glad they did believe it
 Who I have never found
 Since the mighty Autumn afternoon
 I left them in the ground.
12. Because I could *[would]* not stop for Death—
 He kindly stopped for me—
 The Carriage held but just Ourselves—
 And Immortality.
- We slowly drove—He knew no haste
 And I had put away
 My labor and my leisure too,
 For His Civility—
- We passed the School, where Children strove
[played]
 At Recess—in the Ring—
[Their lessons scarcely done]
 We passed the Fields of Gazing Grain—
 We passed the Setting Sun—
- [Copland omits the following stanza.]
- Or rather—He passed Us—
 The Dews drew quivering and chill—
 For only Gossamer, my Gown—
 My Tippet—only Tulle—
- We paused before a House that seemed
 A Swelling of the Ground—
 The Roof was scarcely visible—
 The Cornice—in the Ground *[but a mound]*—
- Since then—'tis Centuries—and yet *[but each]*
 Feels shorter than the Day
 I first surmised the Horses' Heads
 Were toward Eternity—