

Benedict Hensley  
*baritone*

Recital in partial fulfillment of the  
Master of Music degree, 2023  
Student of Carole Haber

with  
Tanya Blaich, piano

*This Afar-Noised World*

Sunday, March 5, 2023  
4:00 p.m.  
Williams Hall

PROGRAM

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**Franz Schubert**  
(1797–1828)

*Ganymed*

**Gerald Finzi**  
(1901–1956)

*Before and After Summer*

Childhood among the Ferns  
Before and After Summer  
The Self-Unseeing  
Overlooking the River  
Channel Firing  
In the Mind's Eye  
The Too Short Time  
Epeisodia  
Amabel  
He Abjures Love

**arr. Arne Dørumsgaard**  
(1921–2006)

from *Ten Early Spanish Songs*

De la vida de este mundo  
Triste estaba el rey David  
A la caza, sus, a caza

**Francis Poulenc**  
(1899–1963)

from *Le Travail du Peintre*

I. Pablo Picasso  
III. Georges Braque  
VI. Joan Miró  
VII. Jacques Villon

**Franz Schubert**  
(1797–1828)

*Prometheus*

## *Ganymed*

*Wie im Morgenglanze  
Du rings mich anglühst,  
Frühling, Geliebter!  
Mit tausendfacher Liebeswonne  
Sich an mein Herz drängt  
Deiner ewigen Wärme  
Heilig Gefühl,  
Unendliche Schöne!  
Dass ich dich fassen möcht'  
In diesen Arm!*

*Ach, an deinem Busen  
Lieg' ich, schmachte,  
Und deine Blumen, dein Gras  
Drängen sich an mein Herz.  
Du kühlst den brennenden  
Durst meines Busens,  
Lieblicher Morgenwind!  
Ruft drein die Nachtigall  
Liebend mach mir aus dem Nebeltal.  
Ich komm', ich komme!  
Wohin? Ach wohin?*

*Hinauf! Hinauf strebt's.  
Es schweben die Wolken  
Abwärts, die Wolken  
Neigen sich der sehnenen Liebe.  
Mir! Mir!  
In euerm Schosse  
Aufwärts!  
Umfangend umfassen!  
Aufwärts an deinen Busen,  
Allliebender Vater!*

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

## *Ganymede*

How your glow envelops me  
in the morning radiance,  
spring, my beloved!  
With love's thousandfold joy  
the hallowed sensation  
of your eternal warmth  
floods my heart,  
infinite beauty!  
O that I might clasp you  
in my arms!

Ah, on your breast  
I lie languishing,  
and your flowers, your grass  
press close to my heart.  
You cool the burning  
thirst within my breast,  
sweet morning breeze,  
as the nightingale calls  
tenderly to me from the misty valley.  
I come, I come!  
But whither? Ah, whither?

Upwards! Strive upwards!  
The clouds drift  
down, yielding  
to yearning love,  
to me, to me!  
In your lap,  
upwards,  
embracing and embraced!  
Upwards to your bosom,  
all-loving Father!

*Translation © Richard Wigmore, author of  
Schubert: The Complete Song Texts, published  
by Schirmer Books, provided via Oxford Lieder  
([www.oxfordlieder.co.uk](http://www.oxfordlieder.co.uk))*

### **Childhood among the Ferns**

I sat one sprinkling day upon the lea,  
Where tall-stemmed ferns spread out luxuriantly,  
And nothing but those tall ferns sheltered me.

The rain gained strength, and damped each lopping frond,  
Ran down their stalks beside me and beyond,  
And shaped slow-creeping rivulets as I coned,

With pride, my spray-roofed house. And though anon  
Some drops pierced its green rafters, I sat on,  
Making pretence I was not rained upon.

The sun then burst, and brought forth a sweet breath  
From the limp ferns as they dried underneath:  
I said: 'I could live on here thus till death';

And queried in the green rays as I sate:  
'Why should I have to grow to man's estate,  
And this afar-noised World perambulate?'

### **Before and After Summer**

Looking forward to the spring  
One puts up with anything.  
On this February day  
Though the winds leap down the street,  
Wintry scourgings seem but play,  
And these later shafts of sleet  
- Sharper pointed than the first -  
And these later snows - the worst -  
Are as a half-transparent blind

Riddled by rays from sun behind.  
Shadows of the October pine  
Reach into this room of mine:  
On the pine there swings a bird;  
He is shadowed with the tree.  
Mutely perched he bills no word;  
Blank as I am even is he.  
For those happy suns are past,  
Fore-discerned in winter last.  
When went by their pleasure, then?  
I, alas, perceived not when.

### **The Self-Unseeing**

Here is the ancient floor,  
Footworn and hollowed and thin,  
Here was the former door  
Where the dead feet walked in.

She sat here in her chair,  
Smiling into the fire;  
He who played stood there,  
Bowing it higher and higher.

Childlike, I danced in a dream;  
Blessings emblazoned that day;  
Everything glowed with a gleam;  
Yet we were looking away!

### **Overlooking the River**

The swallows flew in the curves of an eight  
Above the river-gleam  
In the wet June's last beam:  
Like little crossbows animate  
The swallows flew in the curves of an eight  
Above the river-gleam.

Planing up shavings of crystal spray  
A moor-hen darted out  
From the bank thereabout,  
And through the stream-shine ripped his way;  
Planing up shavings of crystal spray  
A moor-hen darted out.

Closed were the kingcups; and the mead  
Dripped in monotonous green,  
Though the day's morning sheen  
Had shown it golden and honeybee'd;  
Closed were the kingcups; and the mead  
Dripped in monotonous green.

And never I turned my head, alack,  
While these things met my gaze  
Through the pane's drop-drenched glaze,  
To see the more behind my back ...  
O never I turned, but let, alack,  
These less things hold my gaze!

## Channel Firing

That night your great guns, unawares,  
Shook all our coffins as we lay,  
And broke the chancel window-squares,  
We thought it was the Judgment-day

And sat upright. While drearisome  
Arose the howl of wakened hounds:  
The mouse let fall the altar-crumb,  
The worms drew back into the mounds,

The glebe cow drooled. Till God called, 'No;  
It's gunnery practice out at sea  
Just as before you went below;  
The world is as it used to be:

'All nations striving strong to make  
Red war yet redder. Mad as hatters  
They do no more for Christ's sake  
Than you who are helpless in such matters.

'That this is not the judgment-hour  
For some of them's a blessed thing,  
For if it were they'd have to scour  
Hell's floor for so much threatening ...

'Ha, ha. It will be warmer when  
I blow the trumpet (if indeed  
I ever do; for you are men,  
And rest eternal sorely need).'

So down we lay again. 'I wonder,  
Will the world ever saner be',  
Said one, 'than when He sent us under  
In our indifferent century!'

And many a skeleton shook his head.  
'Instead of preaching forty year,'  
My neighbour Parson Thirdly said,  
'I wish I had stuck to pipes and beer.'

Again the guns disturbed the hour,  
Roaring their readiness to avenge,  
As far inland as Stourton Tower,  
And Camelot, and starlit Stonehenge.

### **In the Mind's Eye**

That was once her casement,  
And the taper nigh,  
Shining from within there,  
Beckoned, 'Here am I!'

Now, as then, I see her  
Moving at the pane;  
Ah; 'tis but her phantom  
Borne within my brain! —

Foremost in my vision  
Everywhere goes she;  
Change dissolves the landscapes,  
She abides with me.

Shape so sweet and shy, Dear,  
Who can say thee nay?  
Never once do I, Dear,  
Wish thy ghost away.

### **The Too Short Time**

Nine leaves a minute  
Swim down shakily;  
Each one fain would spin it  
Straight to earth; but, see,  
How the sharp airs win it  
Slantwise away! — Here it say,  
'Now we have finished our summer show  
Of what we knew the way to do:  
Alas, not much! But, as things go,  
As fair as any. And night-time calls,  
And the curtain falls!'

Sunlight goes on shining  
As if no frost were here,  
Blackbirds seem designing  
Where to build next year;  
Yet is warmth declining;  
And still the day seems to say,  
'Saw you how Dame Summer drest?  
Of all God taught her she bethought her!  
Alas, not much! And yet the best  
She could, within the too short time  
Granted her prime.'

## **Epeisodia**

Past the hills that peep  
Where the leaze is smiling,  
On and on beguiling  
Crisply-cropping sheep;  
Under boughs of brushwood  
Linking tree and tree  
In a shade of lushwood,  
There caressed we!

Hemmed by city walls  
That outshut the sunlight,  
In a foggy dun light,  
Where the footstep falls  
With a pit-pat wearisome  
In its cadency  
On the flagstones drearishome  
There pressed we!

Where in wild-winged crowds  
Blown birds show their whiteness  
Up against the lightness  
Of the clammy clouds;  
By the random river  
Pushing to the sea,  
Under bents that quiver  
There shall rest we.

## **Amabel**

I marked her ruined hues,  
Her custom-straitened views,  
And asked, 'Can there indwell  
My Amabel?'

I looked upon her gown,  
Once rose, now earthen brown;  
The change was like the knell  
Of Amabel.

Her step's mechanic ways  
Had lost the life of May's;  
Her laugh, once sweet in swell,  
Spoilt Amabel.



I mused: 'Who sings the strain  
I sang ere warmth did wane?  
Who thinks its numbers spell  
His Amabel?' —

Knowing that, though Love cease,  
Love's race shows no decrease;  
All find in dorp or dell  
An Amabel.

—I felt that I could creep  
To some housetop, and weep  
That Time the tyrant fell  
Ruled Amabel!

I said (the while I sighed  
That love like ours had died),  
'Fond things I'll no more tell  
To Amabel,

'But leave her to her fate,  
And fling across the gate,  
"Till the Last Trump, farewell,  
O Amabel!"'

### **He Abjures Love**

At last I put off love,  
For twice ten years  
The daysman of my thought,  
And hope, and doing;  
Being ashamed thereof,  
And faint of fears  
And desolations, wrought  
In his pursuing,

Since first in youthtime those  
Disquietings  
That heart-enslavement brings  
To hale and hoary,  
Became my housefellows,  
And, fool and blind,  
I turned from kith and kind  
To give him glory.

*(The text continues on the following page. Please turn the page quietly.)*

I was as children be  
Who have no care;  
I did not shrink or sigh,  
I did not sicken;  
But lo, Love beckoned me,  
And I was bare,  
And poor, and starved, and dry,  
And fever-stricken.

Too many times ablaze  
With fatuous fires,  
Enkindled by his wiles  
To new embraces,  
Did I, by wilful ways  
And baseless ires,  
Return the anxious smiles  
Of friendly faces.

No more will now rate I  
The common rare,  
The midnight drizzle dew,  
The gray hour golden,  
The wind a yearning cry,  
The faulty fair,  
Things dreamt, of comelier hue  
Than things beholden! ...

—I speak as one who plumbs  
Life's dim profound,  
One who at length can sound  
Clear views and certain.  
But—after love what comes?  
A scene that lours,  
A few sad vacant hours,  
And then, the Curtain.

*Thomas Hardy*

***De la vida de este mundo***

*De la vida de este mundo,  
non tome gran codicia;  
que quien piensa vivir un año,  
no vive tan sólo un día.*

Anonymous

**From the life of this world**

From the life of this world,  
Don't be very greedy  
Who plans to live a year,  
He doesn't live just one day.

*Translation by Benedict Hensley*

*Triste estaba el rey David*

*Triste estaba el rey David;  
Triste y con gran pasión,  
Quando le vinieron nuevas  
De muerte de Absalón.*

Alonso Mudarra

*A la caza, sus, a caza*

*A la caza, sus, a caza,  
Ea, nuevos amadores,  
Todos a caza de amores.*

*Con un velo de dulzor  
Volaréis altanería,  
Y cazaréis al amor  
Con tristeza y alegría  
Ea, todos a porfía  
con halcones con azores  
vamos a casa de amores*

*A la caza, sus, a caza...*

*Vamos todos a esta caza,  
A cazar siendo cazados,  
Pues que todos d'esta raza  
Dell amor somos tocados.  
Pues que en todos los estados  
Tiene el amor cazadores,  
Vamos a caza de amores.*

Gabriel Mena

**King David was forlorn**

King David was forlorn,  
forlorn and full of grief,  
when news came to him  
of Absalom's death.

*Translation by Jacqueline Cockburn & Richard Stokes from The Spanish Song Companion published by Victor Gollancz Ltd.*

**To the hunt, come, to the hunt**

To the hunt, come, to the hunt,  
hey, all you young lovers,  
join the hunt for love.

In the sweetest of flights  
you will soar, (young hawks,)  
and hunt for love  
with sadness and joy.  
Hey, all hands to the task,  
with falcons and hawks,  
let's join the hunt for love.

To the hunt, come...

Let's all join this hunt,  
being hunted as we hunt,  
since all those of our kind  
are touched by love.  
Since love has its hunters  
in each and every land,  
let's join the hunt for love.

*Translation by Susannah Howe*

**Pablo Picasso**

*Entoure ce citron de blanc d'œuf informe*

*Enrobe ce blanc d'œuf d'un azur souple et fin  
La ligne droite et noire a beau venir de toi*

*L'aube est derrière ton tableau*

*Et les murs innombrables croulent  
Derrière ton tableau et toi l'œil fixe  
Comme un aveugle comme un fou  
Tu dresses une haute épée dans le vide*

*Une main pourquoi pas une seconde main  
Et pourquoi pas la bouche nue comme une plume  
Pourquoi pas un sourire et pourquoi pas des larmes  
Tout au bord de la toile où jouent les petits clous*

*Voici le jour d'autrui laisse aux ombres leur chance*

*Et d'un seul mouvement des paupières renonce*

**Georges Braque**

*Un oiseau s'envole,  
Il rejette les nues comme un voile inutile,  
Il n'a jamais craint la lumière,  
Enfermé dans son vol,  
Il n'a jamais eu d'ombre.*

*Coquilles des moissons brisées par le soleil.  
Toutes les feuilles dans le bois disent oui,  
Elles ne savent dire que oui,  
Toute question, toute réponse  
Et la rosée coule au fond de ce oui.*

*Un homme aux yeux légers décrit le ciel d'amour.*

*Il en rassemble les merveilles  
Comme des feuilles dans un bois,  
Comme des oiseaux dans leurs ailes  
Et des hommes dans le sommeil.*

**Pablo Picasso**

Surround this lemon with shapeless egg-  
white,  
coat this egg-white in a supple and fine azure.  
However much the straight and black line  
comes from you  
the dawn is behind your painting.

And the countless walls crumble  
behind your painting, and you, your eye fixed  
like a blind man, like a mad man,  
you stand a tall sword in the emptiness

A hand, why not a second hand,  
and why not the mouth naked like a feather.  
Why not a smile and why not tears right at  
the edge of the canvas where the little nails  
are playing.

Here is the day of others give the shadows a  
chance,  
and in just one movement of the eyelids  
renounce.

**Georges Braque**

A bird flies away,  
he throws off the clouds like a pointless veil,  
he has never feared light,  
enclosed in his flight,  
he has never had a shadow.

Husks of the harvest, split by the sun.  
All the leaves in the woods say yes,  
they can only say yes,  
every question, every reply  
and the dew runs in the depth of this yes.

A man with flitting eyes describes the heaven  
of love.  
He gathers together its marvels  
like leaves in a wood,  
like birds in their wings  
and men in sleep.

**Joan Miró**

*Soleil de proie prisonnier de ma tête,  
Enlève la colline, enlève la forêt.  
Le ciel est plus beau que jamais.*

*Les libellules des raisins  
Lui donnent des formes précises  
Que je dissipe d'un geste.*

*Nuages du premier jour,  
Nuages insensibles et que rien n'autorise,  
Leurs graines brûlent  
Dans les feux de paille de mes regards.*

*A la fin, pour se couvrir d'une aube  
Il faudra que le ciel soit aussi pur que la nuit.*

**Jacques Villon**

*Irrémédiable vie  
Vie à toujours chérir*

*En dépit des fléaux  
Et des morales basses  
En dépit des étoiles fausses  
Et des cendres envahissantes*

*En dépit des fièvres grinçantes  
Des crimes à hauteur du ventre  
Des seins taris des fronts idiots  
En dépit des soleils mortels*

*En dépit des dieux morts  
En dépit des mensonges  
L'aube l'horizon l'eau  
L'oiseau l'homme l'amour*

**Joan Miró**

Sun of prey prisoner of my head,  
remove the hill, remove the forest.  
The sky is more beautiful than ever.

The dragonflies of the grapes  
give it definite shapes  
which I dissipate with a single gesture.

Clouds of the first day,  
unfeeling clouds which nothing sanctions,  
their seeds burn  
in the straw fires of my glances.

At the end, to cover itself with a dawn  
the sky will need to be as pure as the night.

**Jacques Villon**

Irremediable life  
life to be always cherished

despite scourges  
and base morals  
despite false stars  
and invading ashes

despite grating fevers  
stomach-high crimes  
withered breasts stupid brows  
despite deadly suns

despite dead gods  
despite lies  
the dawn, the horizon, water  
bird man love

*L'homme léger et bon  
Adoucissant la terre  
Éclaircissant les bois  
Illuminant la pierre*

*Et la rose nocturne  
Et le sang de la foule.*

Paul Éluard

### **Prometheus**

*Bedecke deinen Himmel, Zeus,  
Mit Wolkendunst,  
Und übe, dem Knaben gleich,  
Der Disteln köpft,  
An Eichen dich und Bergeshöhn;  
Musst mir meine Erde  
Doch lassen stehn,  
Und meine Hütte, die du nicht gebaut,  
Und meinen Herd,  
Um dessen Glut  
Du mich beneidest.*

*Ich kenne nichts Ärmeres  
Unter der Sonn' als euch, Götter!  
Ihr nähret kümmerlich  
Von Opfersteuern  
Und Gebetshauch  
Eure Majestät,  
Und darbtet, wären  
Nicht Kinder und Bettler  
Hoffnungsvolle Toren.*

*Da ich ein Kind war,  
Nicht wusste wo aus noch ein,  
Kehrt' ich mein verirrtes Auge  
Zur Sonne, als wenn drüber wär'  
Ein Ohr, zu hören meine Klage,  
Ein Herz wie mein's,  
Sich des Bedrängten zu erbarmen.*

*Wer half mir  
Wider der Titanen Übermut?  
Wer rettete vom Tode mich,*

man light-hearted and good  
softening the soil,  
clearing the woods  
illuminating the stone

and the nocturnal rose  
and the blood of the crowd.

*Translations © by Christopher Goldsack from The  
Mélodie Treasury online*

### **Prometheus**

Cover your heaven, Zeus,  
With cloudy vapours,  
And test your strength, like a boy  
Beheading thistles,  
On oaks and mountain peaks;  
Yet you must leave  
My earth alone,  
And my hut you did not build,  
And my hearth,  
Whose fire  
You envy me

I know nothing more paltry  
Beneath the sun than you, gods!  
Meagrely you nourish  
Your majesty  
On levied offerings  
And the breath of prayer,  
And would starve, were  
Not children and beggars  
Optimistic fools.

When I was a child,  
Not knowing which way to turn,  
I raise my misguided eyes  
To the sun, as if above it there were  
An ear to hear my lament,  
A heart like mine,  
To pity me in my anguish.

Who helped me  
Withstand the Titans' insolence?  
Who saved me from death

*Von Sklaverei?  
Hast du nicht alles selbst vollendet,  
Heilig glühend Herz?  
Und glühtest jung und gut,  
Betrogen, Rettungsdank*

*Dem Schlafenden da droben?*

*Ich dich ehren? Wofür?  
Hast du die Schmerzen gelindert  
Je des Beladenen?  
Hast du die Tränen gestillet  
Je des Geängsteten?  
Hat nicht mich zum Manne geschmiedet  
Die allmächtige Zeit  
Und das ewige Schicksal,  
Meine Herrn und deine?*

*Wähtest du etwa,  
Ich sollte das Leben hassen,  
In Wüsten fliehen,  
Weil nicht alle  
Blütenträume reifen?*

*Hier sitz' ich, forme Menschen  
Nach meinem Bilde,  
Ein Geschlecht, das mir gleich sei,  
Zu leiden, zu weinen,  
Zu geniessen und zu freuen sich  
Und dein nicht zu achten,  
Wie ich!*

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

And slavery?  
Did you not accomplish all this yourself,  
Sacred glowing heart?  
And did you not – young, innocent,  
Deceived – glow with gratitude for your  
deliverance  
To that slumber in the skies?

I honour you? Why?  
Did you ever soothe the anguish  
That weighed me down?  
Did you ever dry my tears  
When I was terrified?  
Was I not forged into manhood  
By all-powerful Time  
And everlasting Fate,  
My masters and yours?

Did you suppose  
I should hate life,  
Flee into the wilderness,  
Because not all  
My blossoming dreams bore fruit?

Here I sit, making men  
In my own image,  
A race that shall be like me,  
That shall suffer, weep,  
Know joy and delight,  
And ignore you  
As I do!

*Translations © by Richard Stokes, author of The  
Book of Lieder (Faber, 2005), provided via  
Oxford Lieder ([www.oxfordlieder.co.uk](http://www.oxfordlieder.co.uk))*

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