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

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 anglühest,
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 sehnden Liebe.
Mir! Mir!
In euerm Schosse
Aufwärts!
Umfangend umfan
Aufwärts an deinen Busen,
Alliebender 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)
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 conned,

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 scourings 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 drearism
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 Christés 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.’
Episodia

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 drearisome
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.
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*  
*From the life of this world*

*De la vida de este mundo,*  
*From the life of this world,*

non tome gran codicia;
Don’t be very greedy
que quien piensa vivir un año,
Who plans to live a year,
no vive tan sólo un día.
He doesn’t live just one day.

Anonymous  
*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 porfia
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,
Encorné 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,

cloth 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 dissipé 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

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

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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?

Wähntest du etwa,
Ich sollte das Leben hassen,
In Wüsten fliehen,
Weil nicht alle
Blütenträume reiften?

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 achtet,
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!

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Book of Lieder (Faber, 2005), provided via
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