

Bennington College

presents

A Program of Original Compositions by

PATSY ROGERS

In partial fulfillment of work required
for the awarding of a Master of Arts degree in music

I. Chapel Service -- Call to Worship, Anthem, Anthem, Amen

Nancy Annis, Mary Baker, Pegeen Daly, Kathleen Syna, sopranos;
Nancy Hirsche, Gale McCullough, altos;
Jacob Liberles, Maurice Rancourt, Raymond Coutu, trumpets;
Lisa Hartmann, Barbara von Eckardt, Nancy Comstock, clarinets.

*II. Relays

Orrea Pernel, violin

*III. Five Songs from "The Man With the Blue Guitar" by Wallace Stevens

Kathleen Syna, soprano
George Finckel, 'cello; Gunnar Schonbeck, bass clarinet, clarinet;
Patsy Rogers, piano

INTERMISSION

*IV. Trio

Allegro
Lento
Scherzendo

Henry Brant, flute
Orrea Pernel, violin
Charles Thompson, bassoon

*V. Lament and Variations, for solo clarinet and brass choir

Gunnar Schonbeck, clarinet
Jacob Liberles, Maurice Rancourt, Halli Sauseville, trumpets;
Don Colby, Jack Miller, trombones;
Walter Dunham, baritone horn; Jerry Bidlac, tuba

* First Performance

Carriage Barn

8:30 p. m.

June 13, 1962

- I. The Chapel Service was written for and performed by the Smith College Choir under the direction of Eva Dee Hiatt. The first performance was given at Smith on February 11, 1962. The texts are taken from the Book of Psalms.

Call to Worship:

Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands: sing forth the honour of his name: make his praise glorious...O bless our God, ye people, and make the voice of his praise to be heard.

66: 1-2, 8

Anthem:

O give thanks unto the Lord; call upon his name: make known his deeds among the people. Sing unto him, sing psalms unto him: talk ye of all his wondrous works. Glory ye in his holy name: let the heart of them rejoice that seek the Lord. Seek the Lord, and his strength: seek his face evermore.

105:1-4

Anthem:

Praise ye the Lord. Praise ye the Lord from the heavens: praise him in the heights. Praise ye him, all his angels: praise ye him, all his hosts. Praise ye him, sun and moon: praise him, all ye stars of light. Praise him, ye heavens of heavens, and ye waters that be above the heavens. Let them praise the name of the Lord: for he commanded, and they were created.

148: 1-5

- III. These five poems were chosen from among the 33 in Wallace Stevens' "The Man With the Blue Guitar". They are the first, second, third, eleventh, twelfth in the cycle.

The man bent over his guitar,
A shearsman of sorts. The day was green.

They said, "You have a blue guitar,
You do not play things as they are."

The man replied, "Things as they are
Are changed upon the blue guitar."

And they said then, "But play, you must,
A tune beyond us, yet ourselves,

A tune upon the blue guitar
Of things exactly as they are."

I cannot bring a world quite round,
Although I patch it as I can.

I sing a hero's head, large eye
And bearded bronze, but not a man,

Although I patch him as I can
And reach through him almost to man,

If to serenade almost to man
Is to miss, by that, things as they are,

Say that it is the serenade
Of a man that plays a blue guitar.

Ah, but to play man number one,
To drive the dagger in his heart,

To lay his brain upon the board
And pick the acrid colors out,

To nail his thought across the door,
Its wings spread wide to rain and snow,

To strike his living hi and ho,
To tick it, tock it, turn it true,

To bang it from a savage blue,
Jangling the metal of the strings...

Slowly the ivy on the stones
Becomes the stones. Women become

The cities, children become the fields
And men become the sea.

It is the chord that falsifies.
The sea returns upon the men,

The fields entrap the children, brick
Is a weed and all the flies are caught,

Wingless and withered, but living alive.
The discord merely magnifies.

Deeper within the belly's dark
Of time, time grows upon the rock.

Tom-tom, c'est moi. The blue guitar
And I are one. The orchestra

Fills the high hall with shuffling men
High as the hall. The whirling noise

Of a multitude dwindles, all said,
To his breath that lies awake at night.

I know that timid breathing. Where
Do I begin and end? And where,

As I strum the thing, do I pick up
That which momentarily declares

Itself not to be I and yet
Must be. It could be nothing else.
