

Friday Afternoon Concert

June 15, 1962

3:00 p. m.

Carriage Barn

I. Quartet

Brenda Corman \*

Orrea Pernel, Rosalind Corman, violins  
Eileen Carrier, viola  
George Finckel, 'cello

II. "Il Tramonto" from a poem by P. B. Shelley

Respighi

Lisa Hartmann,\* soprano

Orrea Pernel, Rosalind Corman, violins  
Eileen Carrier, viola  
George Finckel, 'cello  
Marianne Finckel, bass

Conducted by Jacob Liberles

III. Piece for 'Cello and Piano

Katrina Carter \*\*

Alberto Passigli, 'cello; Katrina Carter, piano

IV. Three Songs of Death

Mussorgsky

1. Lullaby
2. Serenade
3. Trepak

Kathleen Syna,\* soprano; Henry Brant, piano

V. Sonata for Piano and 'Cello, 1st movement

Beethoven

Connie Tonken,\* piano; George Finckel, 'cello

VI. "Relays", sonata for solo violin

Patsy Rogers +

Orrea Pernel, violin

VII. D Minor Concerto for piano and strings  
1st movement

Bach

Paula Epstein,\* piano

Orrea Pernel, Rosalind Corman, Jane Hanks,  
Alison Nowak, Fausta Price,\* violins  
Linda Bratton, Eileen Carrier, Toby Hanks, violas  
George Finckel, Saida Heyman,\* Alberto Passigli, 'celli  
Marianne Finckel, bass

Strings conducted by Jacob Liberles

\*Candidate for B.A. Bennington 1962 + Candidate for M.A. Bennington 1962

\*\*B. A. December 1961

The Sunset ("Il Tramonto") by P. B. Shelley

There was late One within whose subtle being,  
As light and wind within some delicate cloud  
That fades amid the blue noon's burning sky,  
Genius and death contended. None may know  
The sweetness of the joy which made his breath  
Fail, like the trances of the summer air,  
When, with the lady of his love, who then  
First knew the unreserve of mingled being,  
He walked along the pathway of a field,  
Which to the east a hoar wood shadowed o'er,  
But to the west was open to the sky.  
There now the sun had sunk; but lines of gold  
Hung on the ashen clouds, and on the points  
Of the far level grass and nodding flowers,  
And the old dandelion's hoary beard,  
And, mingled with the shades of twilight, lay  
On the brown massy woods; and in the east  
The broad and burning moon lingeringly rose  
Between the black trunks of the crowded trees,  
While the faint stars were gathering overhead.  
"Is it not strange, Isabel," said the youth,  
"I never saw the sun? We will walk here  
Tomorrow; thou shalt look on it with me."

That night the youth and lady mingled lay  
In love and sleep; but when the morning came  
The lady found her lover dead and cold.  
Let none believe that God in mercy gave  
That stroke. The lady died not, nor grew wild,  
But year by year lived on; in truth I think  
Her gentleness and patience and sad smiles,  
And that she did not die, but lived to tend  
Her aged father, were a kind of madness,  
If madness 'tis to be unlike the world.  
For but to see her were to read the tale  
Woven by some subtlest bard to make hard hearts  
Dissolve away in wisdom-working grief.  
Her eyes were black and lustreless and wan,  
Her eyelashes were worn away with tears,  
Her lips and cheeks were like things dead -- so pale;  
Her hands were thin, and through their wandering veins  
And weak articulations might be seen  
Day's ruddy light. The tomb of thy dead self  
Which one vexed ghost inhabits, night and day,  
Is all, lost child, that now remains of thee!

"Inheritor of more than earth can give,  
Passionless calm and silence unreprieved, --  
Whether the dead find, oh, not sleep, but rest,  
And are the uncomplaining things they seem,  
Or live, or drop in the deep sea of Love;  
Oh that, like thine, mine epitaph were --- Peace"  
This was the only moan she ever made.