

BENNINGTON COLLEGE  
presents

A FACULTY CONCERT

Wednesday, March 25, 1964 at 8:15 p.m.  
in the Carriage Barn

I. Sonata in A Minor \*(Arpeggione") Franz Schubert

Allegro moderato  
Adagio - Allegretto

George Finckel, Cello  
Paul Boepple, Piano

II. Sonata in E for Violin and Piano Paul Hindemith

Ruhig bewegt  
Langsam - sehn lebhaft

Alice Smiley, Violin  
Lionel Nowak, Piano

III. Ariettes oubliées Claude Debussy

1. C'est l'extase
2. Il pleure dans mon coeur
3. L'ombre des arbres
4. Chevaux de bois
5. Green
6. Spleen

Frank Baker, Tenor  
Henry Brant, Piano

I N T E R M I S S I O N

IV. Three Biblical Masks Miriam Gideon

HAMAN - ESTHER - MORDECAI

Alice Smiley, Violin  
Lionel Nowak, Piano

V. Sonata in A for Piano and Violin, K. 526 Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

Molto allegro  
Andante  
Presto

Alice Smiley, Violin  
Lionel Nowak, Piano

\* A stringed instrument somewhat resembling a small cello,  
played with a bow, invented in 1823, now obsolete.

NEXT CONCERT: April 8      Guests Artists: Bertram Turetsky, double bass;  
Nancy Turetsky, flute; Tele Lespines, percussion

1. C'est l'extase (This is Ecstasy)

This is languorous ecstasy,  
This is sensual weariness,  
This is all the rustling of forests  
In the embrace of the breezes.  
This is, through the gray boughs,  
The chorus of little voices.  
Oh, the faint cool murmur,  
It twitters and whispers,  
It resembles the gentle cry  
Which the ruffled grass exhales.  
You might call it, --under the water which eddies--  
The muted rolling of pebbles!  
This soul which is lamenting  
In this subdued plaint,  
It is ours, is it not?  
Say that it is mine and yours  
Which breathes this humble hymn,  
So softly, on this mild evening.

2. Il pleure dans mon coeur (Tears fall in my heart)

Tears fall in my heart  
Like the rain upon the city.  
What is this languor  
That penetrates my heart?  
Oh, gentle sound of the rain,  
On the ground and on the roofs!  
For a heart that is weary,  
Oh, the sound of the rain!  
Tears fall without reason  
In this anguished heart.  
What! No betrayal?  
This mourning has no reason.  
This is truly the keenest pain,  
To know not why,  
Without either love or hate,  
My heart bears so much pain.

3. \*L'ombre des arbres (The shadow of the trees)

The reflection of the trees in the misty river  
Is vanishing like smoke,  
While, in the air, amidst the real branches,  
The turtle doves lament.  
How much, O traveler, this pallid land  
Mirrors your own pale self,  
And how sadly, the high boughs, they weep  
Your drowned hopes!

\* The nightingale, from a high branch, sees himself reflected below, and believes he has fallen into the river. He is at the top of an oak tree, and, nevertheless, fears he will be drowned....Cyrano de Bergerac

4. Chevaux de bois (Wooden horses)

Turn round, keep turning, good wooden horses,  
Turn a hundred times, turn a thousand times.  
Turn often, and do not stop,  
Turn round, turn to the tune of the oboes.  
The child quite red and the mother white,  
The boy in black and the girl in rose,  
Each one doing as he pleases,  
Each one spending his Sunday penny.  
Turn round, turn, horses of their choice,  
While at all your turning  
The sly rogue casts a surreptitious glance.  
Keep turning to the tune of the victorious trumpet!  
It is astounding how it intoxicates you,  
To move thus in this foolish circus,  
With empty stomachs and dizzy heads,  
Feeling altogether badly, yet happy in the crowd;  
Turn, hobby horses, without needing Ever the aid of spurs  
To make you gallop on.  
Turn round, turn, without any hope of hay,  
And hurry, horses of their fancy,  
Here, already the supper bell is sounded  
By Night, which falls and disperses the crowd  
Of gay drinkers, whose thirst has made them famished.  
Turn, turn round! The velvet sky  
Arrays itself slowly with golden stars.  
The church tolls a mournful knell.  
Turn to the gay tune of the drums, keep turning.

5. Green

Here are fruits, flowers, leaves and branches,  
And here, also, is my heart which beats only for you.  
Do not tear it apart with your two white hands,  
And may this humble offering seem sweet to your so lovely eyes.  
I come, still covered with dew,  
Which the morning wind has turned to frost on my brow.  
Permit that my fatigue, reposing at your feet,  
May dream of the cherished moments that will refresh it.  
On your young bosom let me cradle my head,  
Still filled with music from your last kisses;  
Let it be soothed after the good storm,  
And let me sleep a little, while you rest.

6. Spleen

The roses were all red,  
And the ivy all black.  
Beloved, when you become a little restless,  
All my despair is reborn.  
The sky was too blue, too tender,  
The sea too green, and the air too mild;  
I am always afraid of what may come,  
Of some cruel flight of yours!  
Of the green-leaved holly,  
And of the shining box trees, I am weary,  
And of the endless countryside,  
And of everything, except you. Alas!