

BENNINGTON COLLEGE

PRESENTS

A MUSIC FACULTY CONCERT

*with*

*John Arnold, guitar*

*Thomas Bogdan, voice*

*Ida Faiella, voice*

*Tom Farrell, piano*

*Marianne Finckel, piano*

*Alison Hale, flute*

*Allen Shawn, piano*

*Philip Salathé Jr., bass*

*Jay Metz, drums*

Wednesday, September 4, 1996

8:00 P.M.

Deane Carriage Barn

Wie Lange Nach(How Much Longer?)-- Kurt Weill

I will confess there was a night when I willingly gave  
myself to you. You took me and drove me out of my mind.  
I believed that I could not live without you.

You promised me blue skies, and I cared for you like my  
own father. You tormented me, you tore me apart.  
I would have put the world at your feet.

Look at me, will you! When will I ever be able to tell  
you: It's over. When that day comes...I dread it.  
How much longer? How much longer? How long?

I believed you. I was in a daze from all of your talk and  
your promises. I did whatever you wanted.  
Wherever you wanted to go, I was willing to follow.

You promised me blue skies, and I - I didn't even dare to cry.  
But you had broken your word and your vows.  
I have been silent and tortured myself.

Look at me, will you! When will I ever be able to tell  
you: It's over. When that day comes...I dread it.  
How much longer? How much longer? How long?

Amarilli, mia bella

Giulio Caccino  
(1546 - 1618)

Sonnet (1928)

Poem by Elizabeth Bishop

Chris De Blasio  
(composed 1991)

Gotham Lullaby

Meredith Monk

Thomas Bogdan, tenor  
Marianne Finckel, piano

Variations from A Theme

by G. F. Handel Op. 107  
(The Harmonious Blacksmith)

Mauro Guiliani  
(1781 - 1829)

John Arnold, guitar

Wie Lange Noch

Buddy On The Nightshift

Kurt Weill  
(1900 - 1950)

Ida Faiella, soprano  
Allen Shawn, piano

Two Pieces

Tom Farrell, piano  
Phil Salathé, Jr., bass  
Jay Metz, drums

*Program*

Five Promenades (1983)

Piano four hands

Louis Calabro

(1926 - 1991)

- I. Wall Street
- II. Lovers Lane
- III. Wise Mill Road
- IV. Memory Lane
- V. Champs Elysées

Marianne Finckel, Allen Shawn - at the piano

Partita in A minor for

Solo Flute - BWV 1013

J. S. Bach

(1685 - 1750)

- Allemande  
Corrente  
Sarabande  
Bourrée Anglaise

Alison Hale, flute

The Frozen Lake (c. 1995)

two movements

Allen Shawn

1. The Investment
2. Stopping By Woods On A Snowy Evening

Ida Faiella, soprano  
Allen Shawn, piano

In der Nacht op. 74 No. 1

Robert Schumann

(1810 - 1856)

Thomas Bogdan - tenor, Ida Faiella - soprano  
Marianne Finckel, piano

*"This concert is made possible in part through the generous support of Judith Rosenberg Hoffberger '54 and the Henry and Ruth Blaustein Rosenberg Foundation."*

## Text

The Frozen Lake (c. 1995)-- Allen Shawn  
two movements

### THE INVESTMENT

Over back where they speak of life as staying  
(‘You couldn’t call it living, for it ain’t’),  
There was an old, old house renewed with paint,  
And in it a piano loudly playing.

Out in the plowed ground in the cold a digger,  
Among unearthed potatoes standing still,  
Was counting winter dinners, one a hill,  
With half an ear to the piano’s vigor.

All that piano and new paint back there,  
Was it some money suddenly come into?  
Or some extravagance young love had been to?  
Or old love on an impulse not to care-

Not to sink under being man and wife,  
But get some color and music out of life?

### STOPPING BY WOODS ON A SNOWY EVENING

Whose woods these are I think I know.  
His house is in the village though;  
He will not see me stopping here  
To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer  
To stop without a farmhouse near  
Between the woods and frozen lake  
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake  
To ask if there is some mistake.  
The only other sound’s the sweep  
Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark and deep,  
But I have promises to keep,  
And miles to go before I sleep,  
And miles to go before I sleep.

In der Nacht op. 74 No. 1 -- Robert Schumann

All things are at rest, my heart;  
all sleep, save you alone.  
For hopeless sorrow robs you of rest,  
and your thoughts fly in speechless grief to your love.

Sonnet (1928) -- Elizabeth Bishop

I am in need of music that would flow  
Over my fretful, feeling fingertips.  
Over my bitter tainted, trembling lips,  
With melody deep, clear, and liquid slow.

Oh, for the healing swaying, old and low,  
Of some song sung to rest the tired dead,  
A song to fall like water on my head,  
And over quivering limbs, dream flushed to glow!

There is a magic made by melody:  
A spell of rest, and quiet breath, and cool  
Heart, that sinks through fading colors deep  
To the subaqueous stillness of the sea,  
And floats forever in a moon green pool,  
Held in the arms of rhythm and of sleep.

I am in need of music that would flow  
Over my fretful, feeling fingertips,  
Over my bitter tainted trembling lips,  
With melody deep, clear, and liquid slow.

Oh, for the healing swaying, old and low,  
Of some song sung to rest the tired dead,  
A song to fall like water on my head,  
And over quivering limbs, dream flushed to glow!

## ACCEPTANCE

When the spent sun throws up its rays on cloud  
And goes down burning into the gulf below,  
No voice in nature is heard to cry aloud  
At what has happened. Birds, at least, must know  
It is the change to darkness in the sky.  
Murmuring something quiet in her breast,  
One bird begins to close a faded eye;  
Or overtaken too far from his nest,  
Hurrying low above the grove, some waif  
Swoops just in time to his remembered tree.  
At most he thinks or twitters softly, 'Safe!  
Now let the night be dark for all of me.  
Let the night be too dark for me to see  
Into the future. Let what will be, be.'

## THE INVESTMENT

Over back where they speak of life as staying  
( 'You couldn't call it living, for it ain't'),  
There was an old, old house renewed with paint,  
And in it a piano loudly playing.

Out in the plowed ground in the cold a digger,  
Among unearthed potatoes standing still,  
Was counting winter dinners, one a hill,  
With half an ear to the piano's vigor.

All that piano and new paint back there,  
Was it some money suddenly come into?  
Or some extravagance young love had been to?  
Or old love on an impulse not to care-

Not to sink under being man and wife,  
But get some color and music out of life?

## CANIS MAJOR

The great Overdog.  
That heavenly beast  
With a star in one eye,  
Gives a leap in the east.

He dances upright  
All the way to the west  
And never once drops  
On his forefeet to rest.

I'm a poor underdog,  
But tonight I will bark  
With the great Overdog  
That romps through the dark.

## STOPPING BY WOODS ON A SNOWY EVENING

Whose woods these are I think I know.  
His house is in the village though;  
He will not see me stopping here  
To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer  
To stop without a farmhouse near  
Between the woods and frozen lake  
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake  
To ask if there is some mistake.  
The only other sound's the sweep  
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