

Bennington College Music Division  
Faculty Concert

Wednesday, September 13, 1989

GERALD ZAFFUTS, *trombone*

with

Marianne Finckel, *piano*      Robin Lehleitner Mackin, *soprano*  
Linda Pushee, *French horn*      Sean Lowery, *trumpet*

Two Madrigals (1598)      John Wilbye  
    "Fly Love Aloft"  
    "What shall I doe?"

Divertimento (1964)      Mark Hughes

Fantasia per Trombone (1979)      Hidas Frigyes

Three Songs for Trombone, Soprano, & Piano (1978)      Paul Pisk  
    (Based on poems by Stephen Crane)  
    "A Youth"  
    "The Book of Wisdom"  
    "The Wayfarer"

From "Six Duos for Horn and Trombone" (1980)      Verne Reynolds  
    "Razzma"  
    "Dialogue"  
    "Tazz"

Trio for Brass (1965)      Vaclav Nelhybel

It Might As Well Be Spring (1945)      Richard Rogers

[A Brief Intermission]

Trio, opus 87 (1795)      Ludwig van Beethoven  
    Allegro  
    Adagio, cantabile  
    Minuetto. Allegro molto, scherzo  
    Finale. Presto

Sounds from the Hudson (1904)      Herbert L. Clarke

## THE POEMS OF STEPHEN CRANE

A youth in apparel that glittered  
Went to walk in a grim forest.  
There he met an assassin  
Attired all in garb of old days;  
He, scowling through the thickets,  
And dagger poised quivering,  
Rushed upon the youth.  
"Sir," said this latter,  
"I am enchanted, believe me,  
To die, thus,  
In this medieval fashion,  
According to the best legends;  
Ah, what joy!"  
Then took he the wound, smiling,  
And died, content.

The wayfarer  
Perceiving the pathway to truth  
Was struck with astonishment.  
It was thickly grown with weeds.  
"Ha," he said,  
"I see that none has passed here  
In a long time."  
Later he saw that each weed  
Was a singular knife.  
"Well," he mumbled at last,  
"Doubtless there are other roads."

I met a seer.  
He held in his hands  
The book of wisdom.  
"Sir," I addressed him,  
"Let me read."  
"Child—" he began.  
"Sir," I said,  
"Think not that I am a child,  
For already I know much  
Of that which you hold.  
Aye, much."

He smiled.  
Then he opened the book  
And held it before me.—  
Strange that I should have grown so suddenly blind.