Presents
A GRADUATE CONCERT
by
ELIZABETH BRUNTON
with
Edwin Lawrence, piano

Wednesday
March 25, 1987

Sonata for Cello and Piano Op. 102, No. 2

Allegro con brio
Adagio con molto sentimento d''affetto
Allegro fugato

Fantasie Stucke
Sicillienne
Casta Diva
Ariettes Oubliees

C'est l'Extase
Il pleure dans mon coeur
L'Ombre des Arbres
Chevaux de Bois
Green
Spleen

Shepherd on the Rock

Claudia Friedlander, clarinet
Casta Diva

Chaste goddess, who dost bathe in silver light
These ancient, hallowed trees
Turn thy fair face upon us
Unveiled and unclouded.
Temper thou the burning hearts
The excessive zeal of thy people.
Enfold the earth in that sweet peace
Which thru thee reigns in heaven.

ARIETTES OUBLIEES

C'est L'Extase

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 exhaled:
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.

Il pleure dans mon coeur

Tears fall in my heart
Like 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.
L'Ombre des Arbres

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 landscape
Mirrored your own pale self,
And how sadly, in the high boughs, they wept, --
Your drowned hopes!

Chevaux de Bois

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 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.

Green

Here are the 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 lovely eyes.
I come, still covered with dew,
Which the morning wind has turned to frost on my brow.
Permit that my fatigue, reposeing 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.
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!

The Shepherd on the Rock

When on the mountain top I stand,
So far above the meadow land
And carol, and carol,
Up from the lowly darkling lea
A friendly voice sings back to me,
Re-echoing so sweetly.
My voice is ringing far and near,
The answer comes resounding clear,
To cheer me, to cheer me.
The loved one lives so far away,
I long for her by night and day,
My darling, my darling!
My voice is ringing far and near,
The answer comes resounding clear.
To cheer me, to cheer me.

In deepest gloom I pine and sigh,
The world is dark and drear,
Upon the earth my visions die
My heart is lonesome here.

With longing rang his tender lay
With longing rang his tale of love,
And all who heard till dawn of day
Were drawn to heav'n above.

The spring-time is coming,
The month of merry May,
I'll make myself ready,
Then up and away!
My voice is ringing far and near,
The answer comes resounding clear!