

BENNINGTON COLLEGE MUSIC DIVISION

Presents

A SENIOR CONCERT *

by

BETH ALLEGRA DONALDSON

Wednesday
November 14, 1984

8:15 p.m.
Greenwall Music Workshop

The Awakening: a fanfare for Benjy (1984)

BETH A. DONALDSON

Robert Miller, trumpet
Murray Barsky, clarinet
Jacob Glick, violin
Gail Robinson, viola
Maxine Neuman, cello
Louis Calabro, snare drum
Beth Donaldson, conductor

Suite for 'Cello op. 72

BENJAMIN BRITTEN

Fugue

Beth Donaldson, 'cello

Songs of the Dance
texts by Sir John Suckling, Lawrence Binyon,
and Richard Brinsley Sheridan

BETH A. DONALDSON

At a Wedding
The Little Dancers
Devil's Waltz

Audrey Braam, soprano
Susannah Waters, soprano
Murray Barsky, clarinet
Gunnar Schonbeck, bass clarinet
Jacob Glick, viola
Maxine Neuman, cello
Jeffrey Levine, bass
Su Lian Tan, Devil

Chore:

Ricardo Guindon
John Hendrick
Andrea Kane
William Vitalis
Beth Donaldson, conductor

- INTERMISSION -

Three Nocturnes (1982)

BETH A. DONALDSON

Weave
Urban Amble
Toward Morning

Cellists:
Beth Donaldson
Maxine Neuman
Jennifer Weiss
Ursula Wiskoski

Sonata for Piano and Violoncello (1862-1865)
E minor op. 38

JOHANNES BRAHMS

Allegro Non Troppo
Allegro Quasi Menuetto, Trio
Allegro

Beth Donaldson, 'cello
Elizabeth Wright, piano

Sicilienne op. 78

GABRIEL FAURÉ

Beth Donaldson, 'cello
Antony Widoff, piano

Special Thanks to: Max, Jeff, Lou, The Dance Division, Wendy, Claudia,
Yoyo, Mom and everyone involved.

There will be a reception following the concert - please stay and enjoy.

* This concert is being presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Arts Degree.

AT A WEDDING
by Sir John Suckling (1609-1641)

Her feet beneath her petticoat
Like little mice, stole in and out,
As if they feared the light.
And oh! She dances such a way
No sun upon an Easter day
Is half so fine a sight.

THE LITTLE DANCERS
by Lawrence Binyon (1869- ?)

Lonely, save for a few faint stars, the sky
Dreams, and lonely, below, the little street
In its gloom retires, secluded and shy.
Scarcely the dumb roar enters this soft retreat;
And all is dark, save where come flooding rays
Of an organ that down in an alley merrily plays,
Two children, all alone and no one by,
Holding their tatter'd frocks, through an airy maze
Of motion, lightly threaded with nimble feet,
Dance sedately: face to face they gaze —
Their eyes shining, grave with a perfect pleasure.

THE WALTZ
by Richard Brinsley Sheridan (1751-1816)

Behold with downcast eyes and modest glance,
In measured step, a well-dressed pair advance,
One hand on hers, the other on her hip,
For thus the law's ordained by Baron Trip.
'Twas in such a posture our first parents moved,
When hand in hand through Eden's bowers they roved,
'Ere yet the devil with practice foul and false
Turned their poor heads and taught them how to waltz.