

BENNINGTON COLLEGE MUSIC DIVISION

Presents

A SENIOR CONCERT

By

CYNTHIA MURPHY

AN EVENING OF ORIGINAL COMPOSITIONS

Wednesday
November 9, 1983

8:15 pm
Greenwall Music Workshop

Fantasy for Solo Trombone

David Titcomb

Morning

Su Lian Tan - flute
Cynthia Murphy - dulcimer

Waltz for Five Celli
(and their players)

Maxine Neuman, Tom Calabro,
Ursula Wiskoski, Kay Kimball,
Susan Alan Craig

Mists

Su Lian Tan - flute
Wendy Greenwald - alto flute

Rousseau's Dream
Text by Thomas Keightley

Audrey Braam, Faith Kaufmann - soprano
Marie Labbe', Cynthia Murphy - alto
Sherman Foote, Peter Kalivas - tenor
John Schenck, Jason Wulkowicz - bass
Randall Neale - conductor

- INTERMISSION -

Pulsations
Pulsations
Pulsations Revisited
Pulsations Continued

Louis Calabro - marimba, glockenspiel
Cynthia Murphy - tom-toms
Jody Strasberg - bass drum, timpani

The Oak
Text by Alfred Tennyson

Cynthia Murphy - alto
Gunnar Schonbeck - clarinet

Embers

Su Lian Tan - flute
Jacob Glick - violin
Maxine Neuman - 'cello
Jeffrey Levine - bass
Louis Calabro - vibraphone
Cynthia Murphy - conductor

Piece for Nine-Hand Piano

Cynthia Murphy, Elizabeth Wright,
Marianne Finckel, Vivian Fine,
Lionel Nowak

Rousseau's Dream

by Thomas Keightley

Calmly at eve shone the sun o'er Lake Lemman,
Bright in his beam lay the watery expanse,
Softly the white sails reflected his gleaming,
Groves, banks, and trees their slow shadows advance
Cool from the mountains the summer gale breathed,
Laden with fragrance the lake it came o'er;
Leman, exulting, danced joyous beneath it,
Light crisped waves gently roll to the shore.

At that soft hour on the blue Lemman rowing,
Slowly a sage urged his bark by a grove,
Silently musing, his lofty mind glowing,
Viewing earth's pomp and glories above
As o'er the lake the long shadows extended,
Whispering breeze, lulled each sense to repose;
Calm he reclined, and as slumber descended,
Visions of bliss to his fancy arose.

Heaven to his view seemed arrayed in new glory,
Earth breathed forth fragrance and basked in the ray
Clad in loose raiment, more white than hoary
Front of Mont Blanc, came a son of the day.
Lightly his wand o'er the slumberer extending,
While with new joy laughed the earth, sky, and lake;
Love in his accents with soft pity blending,
Shedding content, thus the bright vision spake: -

"Hither I come, from my cloud crowned station,
Touched with thy grief, to shed balm o'er the mind!
I am the spirit to whom at creation,
Charge was by Heaven o'er this region assigned.
List to my accents thou haunted by malice!
Let what I utter sink deep in thy breast:
Fly from mankind, to the lakes, hills, and valleys,
Thus, thus alone, shall thy spirit find rest.

"But if again to the world thou now fliest,
Thou should return, and again meet thy foes,
Think on this hour, when for comfort thou sighest,
And the bright scene will dispel all thy woes."
Gone was the vision: eve's star now was glancing
Cold came from the breeze o'er the blue curling stream;
Waked from his slumber, his heart with joy dancing,
Homeward he turned, and still mused on his dream.