

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.