

BENNINGTON COLLEGE MUSIC DIVISION

Presents

A CONCERT

Of

FACULTY, UNDERGRADUATES, ALUMNI AND FRIENDS

Saturday  
May 13, 1973

8:15 p.m.  
Greenwall Music Workshop

I. Huitième Concert  
Dans le Gout Théâtral

FRANCOIS COUPERIN  
(1668 - 1733)

Ouverture -- Grande retournele -- Air -- Airtendre --  
Air leger -- Loure -- Air -- Sarabande grave et tendre --  
Air leger -- Air tendre -- Air de Baccantes

Edith Bicknell - oboe  
Gretchen Paxson - violin  
Charles Brewer - harpsichord  
Kimberly Kako - recorder  
Nina Dorsey - viola da gamba

II. Du denkst mit einem Fadchen  
Verborgeneheit  
Mausfallen - Sprüchlein

HUGO WOLF  
(1860 - 1903)

Peggy Richardson - soprano  
Geneviève Beaudet - piano

III. Ice Age (1959)

HENRY BRANT

Gunnar Schonbeck - clarinet  
Lionel Nowak - piano  
Henry Brant - glockenspiel and xylophone

- - - INTERMISSION - - -

IV. Path of the Mountain  
A Short Opera (1977)  
To Texts by various Japanese poets  
Translated by Kenneth Rexroth

MICHAEL STAROBIN

Peggy Richardson - soprano  
Linda Bouchard - alto flute  
Debby Barney - percussion

V. Sonads (1977)  
(first performance)

LIONEL NOWAK

Lovingly  
Cruelly  
Gaily  
Sorrowfully  
Angrily  
Resignedly

Barbara Mallow - violoncello  
Gunnar Schonbeck - clarinet

VI. Of Branches and Breezes (1978)  
(first performance)

EDITH BICKNELL

Gretchen Paxson - violin  
Kimberly Kako - recorder  
Edith Bicknell - conductor  
Nina Dorsey - viola da gamba  
Charles Brewer - harpsichord

TEXT

THREE SONGS BY HUGO WOLF (1860 - 1903)

You Think To Snare Me

You think to snare me with a  
thread,  
make me with one glance, fall  
in love?  
I've caught others who've  
flown higher;  
you mustn't trust me if you see  
me laugh.  
Others I've caught, believe  
you me.  
I am in love, but not with you.

from Italienisches Liederbuch (Italian Songbook)

Secrecy

Leave, O world, oh leave me be!  
Tempt me not with gifts of love,  
Leave this heart to have alone  
Its bliss, its agony!

Why I grieve, I do not know,  
My grief is unknown grief;  
All the time I see through tears  
The sun's beloved light.

Often scarce aware am I,  
Pure joy flashes  
Through the oppressing heaviness,  
Flashes blissful in my heart.

Leave, O world, oh leave me be!  
Tempt me not with gifts of love,  
Leave this heart to have alone  
Its bliss, its agony!

-- Eduard Mörike --

HUGO WOLF SONGS (cont'd.)

Mousetrap-Motto

(The child goes three times  
around the trap and says:)

Tiny visitors, tiny house.  
Dear Mrs. Mouse or Mr. Mouse,  
Boldly just present yourself  
Tonight in the moonlight!  
But shut the door well behind  
you,  
Do you hear?  
Mind your tail!  
After dinner we'll sing,  
After dinner we'll jump  
And have a wee dance:  
Beware!  
My old cat'll probably join in.

-- Eduard Mörike --

Translations from The Fisher - Dieskau Book  
of Lieder  
with minor revisions by Peggy Richardson

PATH OF THE MOUNTAIN

(A Short Opera)

by Michael Starobin

Dedicated to: Peggy Richardson, soprano

Texts by various Japanese poets  
Translated by Kenneth Rexroth

The colored leaves have hidden the paths  
have hidden the paths  
on the autumn mountain.  
How can I find my love  
wandering on ways I do not know? (Hitomaro)

I should not have waited  
It would have been better  
to have slept and dreamed  
than to have watched night pass  
and this slow moon sink. (Lady Akazome Emon)

Will he always love me?  
I cannot read his heart.  
This morning my thoughts  
are as disordered  
as my black hair. (Hitomaro)

I sit at home  
in our room  
by our bed  
gazing at your pillow. (Hitomaro)

When I left my love  
in his grave on Mt. Hikite  
and walked down the mountain path  
I felt as though I were dead. (Hitomaro)

In the Autumn mountains  
the colored leaves are falling.  
If I could hold them back  
I still could see him. (Hitomaro)

The flowers whirl away  
in the wind like snow.  
The thing that falls away  
is myself. (The Prime Minister Kintsune)

This morning I will not  
comb my hair.  
It has lain  
pillowed on the hand of my beloved.  
(Hitomaro)

Have you any idea  
how long a night can last, spent  
lying alone and sobbing? (The mother of  
Commander Michitsuna)

....I sit by myself  
and let the days grow dark.  
I lie awake at night,  
sighing till daylight.  
No matter how much I mourn  
I shall never see him again.  
They tell me his spirit  
may haunt Mt. Hagai  
under the eagles' wings.  
I struggle over the ridges  
and climb to the summit.  
I know all the time  
that I shall never see him,  
not even so much  
as a faint quiver in the air.  
All my longing, all my love  
will never make any difference.  
(Hitomaro)

May those who are born after me  
Never travel such roads of love.  
(Hitomaro)

...in a summer meadow  
my love and I sleep arm in arm.  
(Hitomaro)

I waited for my lover  
until I could hear  
in the night the oars of the boat  
crossing the River of Heaven:  
(Hitomaro)