

B E N N I N G T O N C O L L E G E

presents

A FACULTY CONCERT

Wednesday

September 15, 1971

8:15 P.M.

Carriage Barn

1. Night Piece for Solo Clarinet (1964) Louis Calabro

Gunnar Schonbeck, Clarinet

2. Sonata in A Major Opus 69 Ludwig van Beethoven
for Cello and Piano

Allegro ma non tanto
Scherzo: Allegro molto
Adagio cantabile - Allegro vivace

Barbara Mallow, Cello
Lionel Nowak, Piano

INTERMISSION

3. Two Songs Opus 91 Johannes Brahms
for Contralto and Piano with Viola

1. Longing at Rest
2. Cradle Song of the Virgin

Jan DeGaetani, Contralto
Henry Brant, Piano
Jack Glick, Viola

4. Sonata for Viola and Piano (1920) Arthur Honegger

Andante - Vivace
Allegretto molto moderato
Allegro non troppo

Jack Glick, Viola
Vivian Fine, Piano

NEXT FACULTY CONCERT

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 29TH

Longing at Rest

In evening's golden twilight wreathed.
How grandly stand the woods aglow!
In softest voices birdling songs are breathed of evening winds
that lightly blow.
What whisper the winds, the birds tonight?
They whisper the world to slumber, to slumber light.
Ye wishes strong forever raging,
Ye in my restless heart so deep!
Thou longing soul that naught assuageth,
When wilt thou sleep, when wilt thou sleep?
In whispering winds, to birdling bright,
Say, when longing wishes wilt slumber, wilt slumber light.
Ah, when no more afar in dreaming, my soul on dreamwings lightly speeds,
No more the farthest starlets gleaming,
With longing, with longing glances needs,
Then whisper, O winds, O birdling, pray,
With all my longing my life away.

Cradle Song of the Virgin

Ye who o'er these palms are hov'ring in night wind wild,
Ye holy angels, still, still their branches.
He sleeps, he sleeps my child, He sleeps my child.
Ye high palms of Bethlehem in wild winds dashing,
Why are ye, tell me, so rudely clashing!
O rock thee quiet,
Silent, bending thee light and mild,
Still, still your rocking, still, still your rocking!
He sleeps, he sleeps my child, he sleeps my child.
This boy of heaven bears pain and anguish;
Ah, so weary in earth's toil to languish,
Ah, so weary, saweary in earth's toil, earth's toil to languish.
O give him sleep all gentle and soothing.
His grief is spent.
Still, still their rocking, still, still their rocking
He sleeps, he sleeps my son.
He sleeps my son.
Bitterest winds here round us are hov'ring,
With which I, deck him, His only cov'ring!
O all ye angels, all ye abroad in night wind so wild,
Still, still their rocking
Still, still their rocking,
He sleeps, he sleeps, my child.
He sleeps my child.