

BENNINGTON COLLEGE

presents

A STUDENT CONCERT

Wednesday  
December 6, 1967

8:15 P.M.

Carriage Barn

I PEUR NATUS IN BETHLEHEM J.S. Bach

Flute Quartet

$\text{E}^{\flat}$  Flute, Kathleen Norris  
C Flute, Christina Graham  
Alto Flute, Gail Schonbeck  
Bass Flute, Hilary Apjohn

II FANTASIA J.S. Bach

Clarinet Choir

III GRAVE PER ORGANO G. Sabadini

Clarinet Quartet

$\text{B}^{\flat}$  Clarinets, Gunnar Schonbeck  
Gretchen Langheld  
Joel Miller  
Bass Clarinet, Gail Swinnerton

IV HAEC EST DIES Jacob Handl

Clarinet and Flute Choir

V LA MAJA DOLOROSA Granados

Shelley White, Soprano  
Marianne Finckel, Piano  
Laurie Kohn, French Horn

Oh cruel death!  
Why did you to treason wrest my lover  
from my passion?  
I do not want to live without him  
Because it is to die to live that way.

It is not possible now to feel more pain;  
My soul is undone by tears.  
Oh God, return my love  
Because it is to die to live thusly.

VI OPUS 19 SIX KLEINE KLAVIER STUCKE Schoenberg

Karen Mundell

VII MUSIC I COMPOSITION Gail Swinnerton

String Quartet

VIII CHANT BIBLIQUE Dvorak

Jody Cobb, Alto  
Gerry Kaplan, Piano

IX LA DOVE PRENDE Mozart

Claudia Lapp, Soprano  
Frank Baker, Tenor  
Marianne Finckel, Piano

INTERMISSION

X SONATA NO.8 (First Movement) Beethoven

Leslie Burke, Piano  
Olga Gussov, Violin

XI CHANSONS DE BILITIS Debussy

Carol Child, Soprano  
Gerry Kaplan, Piano

La Flute de Pan -

For the Hyacinth festival he gave me a flute, made of well-hewn reeds, tied together by white wax that is sweet as honey on my lips. Holding me on his knees, he taught me how to play, but I trembled just a little. Then he played after me in softest tones, so that I scarcely heard him. We have nothing to say, so close are we to one another; but our songs want to harmonize, and gradually our lips are united on the flute. It is late; here is the chant of the green frogs that begins with the night. My mother will never believe that I stayed out so long in search of my lost belt.

La Chevelure -

He told me: "Last night I dreamed. I had your tresses around my neck. I wore your locks like a dark chain around my neck and on my breast. I caressed them and they were my own; and we were thus forever united, by the same tresses, lips upon lips, as two laurels often have but one root. And gradually, it seemed to me, so much were our limbs entwined, that I became you, or that you entered into me, like my dream." When he finished, he gently laid his hands upon my shoulders, and he looked at me with a glance so tender that I lowered my eyes with a shiver.

Le Tombeau des Naiades -

I wandered along the frost-covered woods; my hair, blowing before my mouth, was adorned with tiny icicles, and my sandals were heavy with soiled clods of snow. He asked me: "What are you looking for?" I follow the tract of the Satyr. His little hoofprints alternate like holes in a white coat. He told me: "The Satyrs are dead, the Satyrs and also the Nymphs. In thirty years there has been no winter as terrible as this. The hoofprints that you see are those of a goat. But let us stay here by their tomb." And with the iron of his hoe he broke through the ice of the spring where the Naiads once had laughed. He took large frozen pieces, and, holding them toward the pale sky, he peered through them.

XII TWO INTERMEZZI

trahms

Erica Robin

XIII BACHIANAS BRASILEIRAS

Villa Lobos

Barbara Wells, Soprano

Gerry Bidlack, Conductor

Cellos -

George Finckel  
Gael Alcock  
Lisa Bassett  
Susan-Blanck

Janet Riley  
Adele Smith  
Constance Wallace  
Andrea Woodner

Aria

Midnight cloudspassing slowly, lustrous through the heaven.  
The moon arises from the boundless deep  
Adorning the night like a beautiful woman  
Anxious to show off her illustrious charms  
While sky and earth praise her.

All nature is quiet.  
Now appears on the sea in silver reflection  
Moonlight softly waking the soul.

Dansa

Irene my little bird from the wilds of Cariri,  
My loved companion, my singing sweetheart  
Where goes Maria?  
Sorry is the lot of him who fain would sing!  
Ah, without his lute no song of gladness can he bring.  
Ah, his whistle shrill must be his flute for Irene,  
But yours the flute that once in forest wilds was sounding,  
Ah, with your message of grief and woe  
Your song came from out the depth of forest wilds  
Like summer winds that comfort every mournful heart.

Irene, sing and enchant me!  
Sing once more  
Bring me songs of Cariri!  
Sing my lovely songbird,  
Sing your song again  
Sing my Irene!  
Sing of pain and sorrow.  
As the birds of morning wake Maria,  
Sing with all your voices, birds of the woods and wilds!  
Sing your songs ye forest wilds.

XIV PIANO COMPOSITIONS

Deirdre Dole

Gerry Kaplan

XV BRANDENBURG CONCERTO, NO.3

Bach

String Orchestra

Violins

Leonard Rowe, Concert Master  
Jane Hanks  
Sylvia Savage  
Elinor Siegel  
Natalie Orloff  
Deborah Carter  
Regan MacLeod  
Alison Nowak

Violas

David Schreiber  
Kittredge Cary  
Olga Gussow

Cellos

George Finckel  
Gael Alcock  
Adele Smith  
Keith Kendig