

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

presents

THE BENNINGTON STRING QUARTET

assisted by Henry Brant, Conductor

Thursday, June 8, 1967

8:15 P.M.

Carriage Barn

FANTASIA IN G

J. S. Bach

CONTRAPUNCTI I, III, VI, XI

J. S. Bach

(From The Art of Fugue)

THE CURLEW

Peter Warlock
(1924)

AESCHYLUS AND SOPHOCLES

Charles Ives

MOBILES

Henry Brant

QUARTET IN G MINOR

Claude Debussy

Animé et très décidé
Assez vif et bien rythmé
Andantino, document expressif
Très modéré - Très mouvementé et avec passion

The Curlew

O Curlew, cry no more in the air,
Or only to the waters in the west;
Because your crying brings to my mind
Passion dimm'd eyes and long heavy hair that was shaken out over my breast;
There is enough evil in the crying of wind.

Pale brows, still hands and dim hair,
I had a beautiful friend
And dreamed that the old despair would end in love in the end:
She looked in my heart one day
And saw your image was there;
She has gone weeping away.

I cried when the moon was murmuring to the birds:
"Let peewit call and curlew cry where they will,
I long for your merry and tender and pitiful words,
For the roads are unending and there is no place to my mind."

The honey pale moon lay low on the sleepy hill,
And I fell asleep upon lonely Ectge of streams.

No boughs have withered because of the wintry wind;
The boughs have withered because I have told them my dreams.

I know of the leafy paths the witches take
Who come with their crowns of pearl and their spindles of wool
And their secret smile out of the depths of the lake.

I know where a dim moon drifts, where the Dana-an kind
W-ind and unwind their dances when the light grows cool
On the island lawns, their feet where the pale foam gleams.

No boughs have withered because of the wintry winds;
The boughs have withered because I have told them my dreams.

I know of the sleepy country, where swans fly round
Coupled with golden chains, and sing as they fly.
A king and a queen are wandering there, and the sound
Has made them so happy and hopeless, so deaf and so blind
With wisdom, they wander till all the years have gone by;
I know, and the curlew and peewit on Ectge of streams.

No boughs have withered because of the wintry wind;
The boughs have withered because I have told them my dreams.

W.B. Yeats

Aeschyles and Sophocles

- Sophocles We also have our pest of them which buzz about our honey, darken
it and sting;
We laugh at them for under hands like ours, without the wing
that Philoctetes shoo.
On single feather crushes the whole swarm.
I must be grave
Hath Sicily such charms above our Athens?
Many charms hath she, but she hath kings.
"Accursed be the race!"
- Aeschyles But where kings honour better men than they
Let kings be honoured too.
The laurel crown surmounts the golden;
Weare it, and farewell, farewell.

Walter Savage Landor

THE BENNINGTON STRING QUARTET

Eric Rosenblith, violin
Robert Zimmer, violin

Jacob Glick, viola
George Finckel, cello

GUEST ARTIST: Alex Ogle, Flute

COLLABORATING MEMBER OF BENNINGTON COLLEGE FACULTY:

Frank Baker, Tenor
Henry Brant, Conductor
Louis Calabro, Percussion

Marianne Finckel, Piano, Percussion
Gunnar Schonbeck, Bass, English Horn,
Bass Clarinet

STUDENT PARTICIPANTS:

Diane Forbes, Susan Phillis, Sharon Powers, Flute
George Gilman, Percussion
Christopher Finckel, Cello