

BENNINGTON COLLEGE MUSIC DIVISION

Presents

NEW FACULTY COMPOSITIONS

Wednesday  
December 10, 1980

8:15 p.m.  
Greenwall Music Workshop

Six Preludes\* (1980)

PETER GOLUB

Dreams Alone, 6 Songs (1980)

PETER GOLUB

Form (1970)

JEFFREY LEVINE

Four Fancies for Five Players\* (1980)

LIONEL NOWAK

Performers:

Michael Finckel  
Jacob Glick  
Peter Golub  
Vladimir Havsky  
Sue Ann Kahn  
Jeffrey Levine  
Lionel Nowak  
Maurice Pachman  
Gunnar Schonbeck

Guest Artist:

Janet Steele

\* Premiere

## TEXTS

### When I Die (Zabina's Soliloquoy)

Charles Ludlam

The stars will crash together  
like a thousand glass bells  
and shattered fall to earth.  
Birds will gouge their eyes  
blotting heaven's mirror  
cracking it with shrieks,  
and strewing earth with broken bits reflected.  
When they come blind to bury me  
the splinters will cut their feet  
making a river of blood,  
and I'll be washed away to the place  
where the earth consumes the flesh;  
and the cries of the dead  
turn to black stones.

### The Peonies

Kenneth Rexroth

We had a drinking party  
To admire the peonies.  
I drank cup after cup till  
I was drunk. Then to my shame  
I heard the flowers whisper,  
"What are we doing, blooming  
For these old alcoholics?"

### Love Thou thy Dreams

Ezra Pound

Love thou thy dreams  
all base love scorning  
Love the wind  
and here take warning  
that dreams alone can truly be  
for 'tis in dream I come to thee.

### My River

Emily Dickinson

My river runs to thee:  
Blue sea, wilt welcome me?  
  
My river waits reply.  
Oh sea, look graciously !  
  
I'll fetch thee brooks  
From spotted nooks,-  
  
Say sea,  
Take me !

The Dark and Falling Summer

Delmore Schwartz

The rain was full of the freshness  
and the fresh fragrance of darkening grapes.  
The rain was as the dark falling  
Of fabulous grapes ripening, great blue thunderheads  
Moving slowly  
slowly blooming.

The dark was possessed by the fragrance of freshness,  
By a scattered and confused profusion until  
After the tattering began, the pouring down came  
And plenitude descended, multitudinous:  
Everywhere was full of the pulsing  
Of the loud and fallen dark.

Is it morning, is it little morning?

Delmore Schwartz

Is it morning, is it little morning  
Just before dawn? How big the sun is!  
Are those the birds? Their voices begin  
Everywhere, whistling, piercing, and joyous  
All over and in the air, speaking the words  
Which are more than words, with mounting consciousness:  
And everything begins to rise to the brightening  
Of the slow light that ascends to the blaze's lightning!