BENNINGTON COLLEGE MUSIC DIVISION

Presents

A Senior Concert*  

by

EDWARD J. HINES

Wednesday      8:15 p.m.
May 13, 1981   Greenwall Music Workshop

Impromptu Op. 35 No. 9  
Reinhold Gliere

David Denhard - Piano
Edward Hines - Bassoon

Four More Than I Bargained For  
Edward Hines

1) Games
2) Your Bird
3) Doorbells
4) Chuck's Boom

Polly Runyon - Flute, Piccolo
Ish Bicknell-Finckel - Oboe, English Horn
John Bertles - Clarinet, Bass Clarinet
Kevin Zoernig - French Horn
Edward Hines - Bassoon

Sonate  
Paul Hindemith

1) Leicht bewegt
2) Langsam -- Marsch -- Beschluss , Pastorale -- Ruhig

David Denhard - Piano
Edward Hines - Bassoon

- INTERMISSION -

Sonata for Bassoon and Violoncello K.V. 292  
W.A. Mozart

1) Allegro
2) Andante
3) Rondo

Michael Finckel - Violoncello
Edward Hines - Bassoon
Four Inventions and a Fugue
for Bassoon, Piano and Alto
Poem by James Joyce, From "Chamber Music"

Robin Hackley - Alto
Vladimir Havsky - Piano
Edward Hines - Bassoon

Villa d'Este -- a cappella choir
Poem by Michael Napolillo

Soprano
Jill Beckwith
Kathryn Gill

Alto
Bette Goldberg
Robin Hackley

Tenor
Edward Hines
Jody Kruskal

Bass
Michael Downs
Michael Westberg

Randall Neale - Conductor

A special thank you to all those who have contributed to tonight's program, especially Peter Susser.
Reception to follow.

* This Concert is being presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Arts Degree.
Poems

From: *Chamber Music* by James Joyce

O cool is the valley now
And there, love, will we go
For many a choir is singing now
Where Love did sometime go.
And hear you not the thrushes calling,
Calling us away?
O cool and pleasant is the valley
And there, love, will we stay.

Villa d'Este by Michael Napolillo

Past vies of tourists and armies of vendors,
Timeless beauty seeps from the gardens
Where Bernini and nature, with Lira from Este,
Created a palace of fountains and flowers.
Gods and goddesses, serpents and Satan,
Stone faced, and yet, with eternal expressions,
Rule with scepters of liquid crystal,
Certain their power will last forever.
And yet behind boards and seasons of ivy
Long unattended by royal caretakers,
Neptune, ironically, stands in banishment
Clinging to horses with no place to go.
Yesterday's reigns, a broken chariot,
For springs run dry, and so do summers.