

BENNINGTON COLLEGE

Presents

A CONCERT BY

LUCY SHELTON, SOPRANO
SUE ANN KAHN, FLUTE
SUSAN JOLLES, HARP

Tuesday Evening
March 25, 1975

8:15 p.m.
Carriage Barn

ADVENTSKANTATE "Lauter Wonne, Lauter Freude"

G. PH. TELEMANN

Aria
Recitative
Aria

DEUX SONNETS
for soprano and harp

ANDRE CAPLET

Quand reverrai-je, hélas!....
Doux fut le trait...

FIVE HAIKU SETTINGS (1967)
for soprano, flute and alto flute

URSULA MAMLOK

CVICENI PRO GYDLI (1967)
Studies for soprano, flute and harp

JAN KAPR

Allegro
Con moto
Lento assai
Molto allegro

I N T E R M I S S I O N

SE LA FACE AY PALE
LA HARPE DE MELODIE

GUILLAUME DUFAY
SENLECHES

ANDANTE WITH VARIATIONS
for flute and harp

GIOACCHINO ROSSINI

SONGS FROM WORDSWORTH (1975)
(Trio in progress)

JEROME JOLLES

I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud

LIEDER Op. 95
for soprano and harp

ROBERT SCHUMANN

Die Tochter Jephthas
An den Mond
Dem Helden

THREE SONGS
Transcribed for trio

IGOR STRAVINSKY

Zapyevnaya
Pastorale
Padbludnaya

JOLLES Trio
poems by WORDSWORTH

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company:
I gazed--and gazed--but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought.

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

SCHUMANN Lieder
poems by BYRON

JEPHTHA'S DAUGHTER

Since our Country, our God--Oh, my Sire!	And of this, oh, my Father! be sure--
Demand that thy Daughter expire;	That the blood of thy child is as pure
Since thy triumph was bought by thy vow--	As the blessing I beg ere it flow,
Strike the bosom that's bared for thee now!	And the last thought that soothes me
	below
And the voice of my mourning is o'er,	Though the virgins of Salem lament,
And the mountains behold us no more:	Be the judge and the hero unbent!
If the hand that I love lay me low,	I have won the great battle for thee,
There cannot be pain in the blow!	And my Father and Country are free!

When this blood of thy giving hath gush'd,
When the voice that thou lovest is hush'd,
Let my memory still be thy pride,
And forget not I smiled as I died!

SUN OF THE SLEEPLESS

Sun of the sleepless! melancholy star!
Whose tearful beam glows tremulously far,
That show'st the darkness thou canst not dispel,
How like art thou to joy remember'd well!

So gleams the past, the light of other days,
Which shines, but warms not with its powerless rays;
A night-beam Sorrow watcheth to behold,
Distance, but distant--clear--but, oh how cold!

THY DAYS ARE DONE

Thy days are done, thy fame begun;	Though thou art fall'n, while we are free
Thy country's strains record	Thou shalt not taste of death!
The triumphs of her chosen Son,	The generous blood that flow'd from thee
The slaughters of his sword!	Disdain'd to sink beneath:
The deeds he did, the fields he won,	Within our veins its currents be,
The freedom he restored!	Thy spirit on our breath!

Thy name, our charging hosts along,
Shall be the battle-word!
Thy fall, the theme of choral song
From virgin voices pour'd!
To weep would do thy glory wrong:
Thou shalt not be deplored.