

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

presents

A CONCERT OF CHAMBER MUSIC

performed by

B E N N I N G T O N M U S I C F A C U L T Y

Wednesday, September 14, 1966

Carriage Barn, 8:15 P.M.

I. String Trio in G Major, Opus 9, No. 1 Beethoven

Adagio-Allegro con brio
Adagio, ma non tanto, e cantabile
Scherzo
Presto

II. Thirteen Songs Ives

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

III. Three Pieces For Solo Clarinet Stravinsky

IV. Largo For Violin, Clarinet, Piano Ives

V. Quintuple Improvisation

Frank Baker, tenor
Henry Brant, piano, flute
Louis Calabro, kettledrums
George Finckel, cello
Eric Rosenblith, violin
Gunnar Schonbeck, clarinet
Luigi Tavelli, viola (Guest Artist)

PLEASE - NO SMOKING IN CARRIAGE BARN

Faculty Concert
September 14, 1966

13 Songs of Charles Ives

Requiem

Robert Louis Stevenson

Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig a grave and let me lie,
Glad did I live and gladly die,
and I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me,
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

The Innate

Charles Ives

Voices live in every finite being,
Often undivined, near silence.
Hear them! Hear them in you! in others!
They sense truth deep in all life;
They know the things true Pilgrims stand for.
Stand out! Come to Him without the things the world brings;
Come to Him! --As a child and, as a poor man,
He had all, He gave all.

La Fede

Ariosto

La fede mai non debbe esser corrotta,
O data a un sol,
O data anchor a cento,
Data in palese,
O data in una grotta.

Translation of above:

The word of honor must not be corrupted whether given
to one or to a hundred; given in the open or in secret.

September

Folgore da San Geminiano

And in September, Falcons, astors, merlins, sparrow-hawks,
Decoy birds that lure your game in flocks;
And hounds with bells;
Crossbows shooting out of sight;
Arblasts and javelins;
All birds the best to fly;
And each to each of you shall be lavish still in gifts;
And robbery find no gainsaying;
And if you meet with travellers going by,
Their purses from your purse's flow shall fill;
And Avarice be the only outcast thing!

Premonitions

Robert Underwood Johnson

There's a shadow on the grass that was never there before;
And the ripples as they pass whisper of an unseen oar;
And the song we knew by rote, seems to falter in the throat,
A footfall, scarcely noted, lingers near the open door.

Omens that were once but jest, now are messengers of Fate;
And the blessing held the best cometh not or comes too late.
Yet what ever life may lack, not a blown leaf beckons back,
Forward! Forward! is the summons. Forward! Where new horizons
wait.

Tom Sails Away

Charles Ives

Scenes from my childhood are with me,
I'm in the lot behind our house upon the hill,
A spring day's sun is setting,
Mother with Tom in her arms is coming towards the garden;
The lettuce rows are showing green.

Thinner grows the smoke o'er the town,
Stronger comes the breeze from the ridge,
'Tis after six, the whistles have blown.
The milk train's gone down the valley

Daddy is coming up the hill from the mill,
We run down the lane to meet him.
But today! Today Tom sailed away for,
For over there, over there, over there!

Scenes from my childhood are floating before my eyes.

Slugging a Vampire

This was originally to Kipling's "Tarrant Moss" ("I closed and drew," etc.), but as copyright permission was not obtained, the nice poetry below was written later (not by Mr. Kipling).

I closed and drew, but not a gun, the refuge of the weak,
I swung on the left and I swung on the right then I landed on his
beak;

He started to pull the same old stuff,
But I closed in hard and called his bluff
Yet his face is still a stickin' in the yellow sheet
And on the billboard adown the street.

The Cage

Charles Ives

A leopard went around his cage from one side back to the other side;
He stopped only when the keeper came around with meat;
A boy who had been there three hours began to wonder,
"Is life anything like that?"

The New River

Charles Ives

Down the river comes a noise!
It is not the voice of rolling waters.
It's only the sounds of man,
Dancing halls and tambourine,
Phonographs and gasoline,
Human beings gone machine.
Killed is the blare of the hunting horn
The River Gods are gone.

The Last Reader

Oliver Wendell Holmes

I sometimes sit beneath a tree and read my own sweet songs;
Though naught they may to others be, each humble line prolongs
A tone that might have passed away,
But for that scarce remembered lay.
They lie upon my pathway bleak,
Those flowers that once ran wild,
As on a father's careworn cheek
The ringlets of his child;
The golden mingling with the gray,
And stealing half its snows away.

The Side Show

Charles Ives

"Is that Mister Riley who keeps the hotel?"
Is the tune that accomp'nies the trotting track bell;
An old horse unsound, turns the merry-go-round,
Making poor Mister Riley look a bit like a Russian dance,
Some speak of so highly, as they do of Riley!

Hymn

Tersteegen-Wesley

Thou hidden love of God, whose height, whose depth, unfathomed, no
man knows,
I see from far Thy beauteous light Thy beauteous light;
Inly I sigh for Thy repose.
My heart is pained, nor can it be at rest till it find rest in Thee.

General William Booth Enters Into Heaven

Vachel Lindsay

Booth led boldly with his big bass drum
(Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)
Halleluyah!
Saints smiled gravely and they said, "He's come" (Washed in the
blood of the Lamb?)
Walking lepers followed rank on rank,
Lurching bravoos from the ditches dank
Drabs from the alleyways and drug fiends pale
Minds still passion ridden, soul powers frail:
Vermin-eaten saints with mouldy breath,
Unwashed legions with the ways of Death
(Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)
Ev'ry slum had sent its half ascore the round world over.
(Booth had groaned for more).
Ev'ry banner that the wide world flied,
Bloomed with glory and transcendent dyes.
Big-voiced lassies made their banjos bang, bang, bang,
Tranced, fanatical they shrieked and sang:
'Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb? Hallelujah!'
It was queer to see bull-necked convicts with that land make free.
Loons with trumpets blowed a blare
On, on, upward thro' the golden air!
(Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)
Jesus came from the court house door,
Stretched his hands above the passing poor.
Booth saw not, but led his queer ones, ~~round and round~~
Round and round the mighty courthouse square,
Yet! in an instant all that blear review
Marched on spotless, clad in raiment new.
The lame were straightened, withered limbs uncurled
And blind eyes opened on a new sweet world.
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?