

BENNINGTON COLLEGE MUSIC DIVISION

Presents

A GRADUATE CONCERT

by

ELIZABETH BRUNTON

with

Edwin Lawrence, piano

Wednesday  
March 25, 1987

8:15 p.m.  
Greenwall Music Workshop

Sonata for Cello and Piano Op. 102, No. 2

BEETHOVEN

Allegro con brio  
Adagio con molto sentimento d'affetto  
Allegro fugato

Fantasie Stucke

SCHUMANN

Sicillienne

FAURE

Casta Diva

BELLINI

Ariettes Oubliees

DEBUSSY

C'est l'Extase  
Il pleure dans mon coeur  
L'Ombre des Arbres  
Chevaux de Bois  
Green  
Spleen

Shepherd on the Rock

SCHUBERT

Claudia Friedlander, clarinet

## Casta Diva

Chaste goddess, who dost bathe in silver light  
These ancient, hallowed trees  
Turn thy fair face upon us  
Unveiled and unclouded.  
Temper thou the burning hearts  
The excessive zeal of thy people.  
Enfold the earth in that sweet peace  
Which thru thee reigns in heaven.

## ARIETTES OUBLIEES

### C'est L'Extase

This is langourous ecstasy,  
This is sensual weariness,  
This is all the rustling of forests  
In the embrace of the breezes.  
This is, through the gray boughs,  
The chorus of little voices.  
Oh, the faint cool murmur,  
It twitters and whispers,  
It resembles the gentle cry  
Which the ruffled grass exhales.  
You might call it - under the water which eddies --  
The muted rolling of pebbles.  
This soul which is lamenting  
In this subdued plaint,  
It is ours, is it not?  
Say that it is mine, and yours  
Which breathes this humble hymn,  
So softly, on this mild evening.

### Il pleure dans mon coeur

Tears fall in my heart  
Like rain upon the city.  
What is this languor  
That penetrates my heart?  
Oh, gentle sound of the rain,  
On the ground and on the roofs.  
For a heart that is weary,  
Oh, the sound of the rain!  
Tears fall without reason  
In this anguished heart.  
What! No betrayal?  
This mourning has no reason.  
This is truly the keenest pain,  
To know not why,  
Without either love or hate,  
My heart bears so much pain.

## L'Ombre des Arbres

The reflection of the trees in the misty river  
Is vanishing like smoke,  
While in the air, amidst the real branches,  
The turtle doves lament.  
How much, O traveler, this pallid landscape  
Mirrored your own pale self,  
And how sadly, in the high boughs, they wept, --  
Your drowned hopes!

## Chevaux de Bois

Turn round, keep turning, good wooden horses,  
Turn a hundred times, turn a thousand times.  
Turn often and do not stop,  
Turn round, turn to the tune of the oboes.  
The child quite red and the mother white,  
The boy in black and the girl in rose,  
Each doing as he pleases,  
Each one spending his Sunday penny.  
Turn round, turn, horses of their choice,  
While at all your turning  
The sly rogue casts a surreptitious glance.  
Keep turning to the tune of the victorious trumpet!  
It is astounding how it intoxicates you,  
To move thus in this foolish circus,  
With empty stomachs and dizzy heads,  
Feeling altogether badly, yet happy in the crowd;  
Turn, hobby horses, without needing  
Ever the aid of spurs  
To make you gallop on.  
Turn round, turn, without any hope of hay,  
And hurry, horses of their fancy,  
Here, already the supper bell is sounded  
By night, which falls and disperses the crowd  
Of gay drinkers, whose thirst has made them famished.  
Turn, turn round! The velvet sky  
Arrays itself slowly with golden stars.  
The church tolls a mournful knell.  
Turn to the gay tune of the drums, keep turning.

## Green

Here are the fruits, flowers, leaves and branches,  
And here, also, is my heart which beats only for you.  
Do not tear it apart with your two white hands,  
And may this humble offering seem sweet to your lovely eyes.  
I come, still covered with dew,  
Which the morning wind has turned to frost on my brow.  
Permit that my fatigue, reposing at your feet,  
May dream of the cherished moments that will refresh it.  
On your young bosom let me cradle my head,  
Still filled with music from your last kisses;  
Let it be soothed after the good storm,  
And let me sleep a little, while you rest.



## Spleen

The roses were all red,  
And the ivy all black.  
Beloved when you become a little restless,  
All my despair is reborn.  
The sky was too blue, too tender,  
The sea too green, and the air too mild;  
I am always afraid of what may come,  
Of some cruel flight of yours!  
Of the green-leaved holly,  
And of the shining box trees, I am weary,  
And of the endless countryside,  
And of everything, except you. Alas!

## The Shepherd on the Rock

When on the mountain top I stand,  
So far above the meadow land  
And carol, and carol,  
Up from the lowly darkling lea  
A friendly voice sings back to me,  
Re-echoing so sweetly.  
My voice is ringing far and near,  
The answer comes resounding clear,  
To cheer me, to cheer me.  
The loved one lives so far away,  
I long for her by night and day,  
My darling, my darling!  
My voice is ringing far and near,  
The answer comes resounding clear  
To cheer me, to cheer me.

In deepest gloom I pine and sigh,  
The world is dark and drear,  
Upon the earth my visions die  
My heart is lonesome here.

With longing rang his tender lay  
With longing rang his tale of love,  
And all who heard till dawn of day  
Were drawn to heav'n above.

The spring-time is coming,  
The month of merry May,  
I'll make myself ready,  
Then up and away!  
My voice is ringing far and near,  
The answer comes resounding clear!