

BENNINGTON COLLEGE MUSIC DIVISION

Presents

A SENIOR CONCERT

By

PAUL TEMPLE

Friday
April 21, 1978

8:30 p.m.
Greenwall Music Workshop

Syrinx

CLAUDE DEBUSSY

Stolen Child

PAUL TEMPLE

Words by W.B. Yeats, Sung by Laurie Nelson

"Come Away human child!
To the waters and the wild
With a faery, hand in hand,
For the worlds more full of weeping
Than you can understand."

Litanei

FRANZ SCHUBERT

Nahe des Geliebten

An die Musik

Accompanied by Laurie Nelson

Fantasy in C minor

J. S. BACH

Canticle III: Still Falls the Rain, The Raids 1940,
Night and Dawn

BENJAMIN BRITTEN

Words by: Edith Sitwell

French Horn part: transcribed for 'cello by Jared Shapiro

Paul Temple, tenor
Jared Shapiro, 'cello
Marianne Finckel, piano

Wind that shakes the barley
Sheebag Sheemore
Over the Waterfall

Paul Temple, Stanley Scott, Anne Goodwin,
Jared Shapiro, Maureen McKibbin

- Intermission -

THE SECOND COMING

An Oratorio by
Paul Temple

Based on the poem by William Butler Yeats

- Movement 1: Blood of the World (Whirling into Chaos)
Movement 2: The Beast in the Desert (Desert Birds)
Movement 3: The Growth of the Soil

This piece is a musical expression of the thoughts, emotions, and visions communicated to me by Yeats's poem The Second Coming. Part of that expression is a belief in the "Spiritus Mundi" or the Universal Mind, of which our minds are all a part, and by which we can communicate. This is used in the music by giving the performers images and ideas from the poem, and musical motifs and structures to work around, and then letting them improvise to create their own musical expression. The title of each movement is the main image for each. There are also many traditionally notated parts which directly color my own images.

This music is in everyone; you only have to open your imagination, and listen.

The Second Coming

Turning and turning in the widening gyre
The falcon cannot hear the falconer;
Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold;
Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world,
The blood-dimmed tide is loosed, and everywhere
The ceremony of innocence is drowned;
The best lack all conviction, while the worst
Are full of passionate intensity.

Surely some revelation is at hand;
Surely the Second Coming is at hand.
The Second Coming! Hardly are those words out
When a vast image out of the Spiritus Mundi
Troubles my sight: somewhere in sands of the desert
A shape with lion body and the head of a man,
A gaze blank and pitiless as the sun,
Is moving its slow thighs, while all about it
Reel shadows of the indignant desert birds.
The darkness drops again; but now I know
That twenty centuries of stony sleep
Were vexed to nightmare by a rocking cradle,
And what rough beast, its hour come round at last,
Slouches towards Bethlehem to be born?

W.B. Yeats (1920)

(This concert is being presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Arts Degree.)

TEXTS and TRANSLATIONS

Litanei (Litany)

Rest in peace, all souls
who, anxious torment done,
and sweet dreams ended,
weary of life, scarcely born,
are departed from this world:
all souls, rest in peace!

And who, never rejoicing in the sun,
kept watch on thorns under the moon,
to see God in Heaven's pure light,
face to face, one day:
all who have departed hence,
all souls, rest in peace!

Translation Johann Georg Jacobi

Franz Schubert, 1816

Nahe des Geliebten (Nearness of the Beloved)

I think of you when the shimmering sun
gleams from the sea;
I think of you when the glittering moon
is mirrored in streams.

I see you when, on the distant road,
dust rises;
at dead of night when, on the narrow path,
the traveller trembles.

Translation Johann Wolfgang Goethe

Franz Schubert, 1815

An die Musik (To Music)

O kindly Art, in how many a grey hour
when I am caught in life's unruly round,
have you fired my heart with ardent love
and borne me to a better world!

Often, has a sigh from your harp,
a chord, sweet and holy, from you,
opened for me a heaven of better times;
O kindly Art, for that I thank you!

Translation Franz Schober

Franz Schubert, 1817

Still Falls the Rain
(The Raids, 1940. Night and Dawn)

Still falls the Rain---
Dark as the world of man, black as our loss---
Blind as the nineteen hundred and forty nails
Upon the Cross.

Still falls the Rain
With a sound like the pulse of the heart that is changed to the
hammer-beat
In the Potter's Field, and the sound of the impious feet

On the Tomb:
Still falls the Rain
In the Field of Blood where the small hopes breed and
the human brain
Nurtures its greed, that worm with the brow of Cain.

Still falls the Rain
At the feet of the Starved Man hung upon the Cross.
Christ that each day, each night, nails there, have mercy
on us---
On Dives and on Lazarus:
Under the Rain the sore and the gold are as one.

Still falls the Rain---
Still falls the Blood from the Starved Man's wounded Side:
He bears in His Heart all wounds--those of the light
that died,
The last faint spark
In the self-murdered heart, the wounds of the sad
uncomprehending dark,
The wounds of the baited bear---
The blind and weeping bear whom the keepers beat
On his helpless flesh...the tears of the hunted hare.

Still falls the Rain---
Then--O Ile leape up tp my God: who pulles me doune---?---
See, see where Christ's blood streames in the firmament:
It flows from the Brow we nailed upon the tree
Deep to the dying, to the thirsting heart
That holds the fires of the world---dark-smirched with
pain
As Caesar's laurel crown.

Then sounds the voice of One who like the heart of man
Was once a child who among beasts has lain---
Still do I love, still shed my innocent light, my Blood
for thee.

Edith Sitwell

Soloists: Piano: Lee Edelberg
Horn: Gunnar Schonbeck

Flutes: Maureen McKibbin*
Polly Runyon

Chorus I

Anne Goodwin
Marylou Meriam
* Cynthia Kalberg
Susan Land
* Elizabeth Cooke
Sarah Kahn
Leslie Elton
Ann Fradkin
Tom Freeman
Michael Downs.

~~Chorus II~~
Kayte Ringer
Ernesto Mujica
Margit Erdman
Virginia Harrison
Mary Lyman

Orchestra

Violins
Charles Townsend
Jennifer Nichols
Molly Hill
Peter Steadman

Schonbeck Percussion

Gunnar Schonbeck
Julie Heller
Deborah Holmes
Sugana Tubert
Murray Self
Maryellen Stringos
Rodi Rovner

45

House Manager

Mandy Degener

Motet Choir

Cosmina Fadalski
Jen Hadwen
Eve Teixeira
Amy Snyder
Lisa Michel
Betsy Schutz
Julie Westcott
Sue Clark
Jane Zweifel
Jeff Rossack
Tam Stewart
Peter Steadman
Tom Freeman
Claude Brackfeld

Cello

Kirsten Vogelsang
Jarad Shapiro
Odin Brudie
Jennifer Brown

Much love and many
Many thanks to
Frank Baker.

Bass

John McCall
Ed Buller
Carl Zimmerman

Performers 10

Flutes

Maureen McKibbin
Polly Runyon

Tympani + Cymbal
Margit Tischler

Full Chorus

Ben Schwartz
Charles Townsend
Laurie Nelson
Gory Freeman
Cindy Freinkel
Mandy Degener
Corca Du back
Nina Gerosa

Degener

* Maureen McKibbin is a graduate from The
New England Conservatory of music, and is The head
of The music department at The Charles River Creative
Arts Program, Dover, Mass.