

BENNINGTON COLLEGE MUSIC DIVISION

PRESENTS

A SENIOR CONCERT

by

Shannon Jones, voice

with

Marianne Finckel

Celia Twomey

Evita Cobo-Smith

The Bill Dixon Ensemble

The Rachmaninoff Chamber Ensemble

Wednesday, May 26, 1993

8:15 p.m.

Greenwall Music Workshop

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

PROGRAM

- I. A Sonnet to Orpheus THERESA KOON
(b. 1955)
- II. Cuentos de España
- Seguidilla Murciana MANUEL de FALLA
from *Siete canciones populares* (1876-1946)
españolos
- ¿Con qué la lavaré? JOAQUIN RODRIGO
De los álamos vengo, madre (b. 1901)
from *Quatros Madrigales*
- Pastoral FEDERICO MOMPOU
Te presentia como el mar (1893 - 1989)
- La Maja y el Ruisenor ENRIQUE GRANADOS
from the opera "*Goyescas*" (1867 - 1916)

Marianne Finckel, piano

- III. Untitled BILL DIXON (b. 1925)

Bill Dixon, trumpet and flugelhorn
Kristin DiSpaltro, voice
Mollie McQuarrie, soprano saxophone
Alex Huberty, trumpet
Mark Sutton, trumpet
David Brandt, vibraphone
Matthew Hutchinson, piano
Mohammed Ali, conga
Matthew Weston, drums

- Intermission -

Chiamera "Butterfly" dalla
lontana

lo senza dar risposta
me ne starò nacosta,
un po per celia
un po'per non morire
al primo incontro,
ed egli alquanto in pena chiamerà:
"Piccina mogliettina,
olezzo di verbena",
I nomi che mi dava al suo venire.

Tutto questo avverà,
to lo prometto
Tienti la tua paura,
Io con si cura fede l'aspetto.

He will call "Butterfly" from
afar.

I without answering, will
remain hidden,
a bit for teasing,
and a bit not to die
at the first encounter,
and a bit in pain will call:
"My darling little wife
fragrance of verbena"
and in the manes he used to
call me when he came.

all this will come to pass
I promise you.
Restrain your fear,
I with firm faith wait for
him.

THANKS

To my teacher, Frank Baker, for whom I sing because words could never express my gratitude. To my Mother, Father, and Greg for love and enthusiastic support far beyond the call of duty. To my extended musical family: Willie Finckel, Bill Dixon, Peter Golub, Theresa, Celia, Evita, Mollie, Troy, Jason, JWK, Johnny, Josh, Sue, Susie, and all of the faculty who have inspired me to find for myself what it is to make music. Thank you Pamela! Thanks to Monique, Jason, Alexander, Blaise, Ethan, Rosie, Lizz—occupants of the past and present "mean table"—crassness alone couldn't convey my love. So many thanks! To the 3 Y Ensemble, to the wonderful Rachmaninoff players, to Allen Shawn, to Sandra Dunn and Leana Awakyan, to Alex Merrin, Greg Smith, Justin T., Justin D., Sarah Whalen, Jean-Pierre, Maisie, Richard Tristman, Brian Dunn, Andrea, Bret, and Ute.

Finally, a big "merci" to Helen, Barbra, Freddie, and all those who wear cowboy hat tiaras—you know who you are.

TEXT

- I. A God can do it
But will you tell me how a woman can enter through the
Lyre's strings?
Our mind is split
And at the shadowed crossing of heartroads
There is no temple for Apollo.

Song as you have taught it
Is not desire
Not wooing any grace that can be won
Song is being
Simple for a god
But when can we be real?
When do they pour the earth, the stars
into us?

Youth, it is not your loving
Even if your mouth were forced wide open
by your own voice
Learn to forget that passionate music
It will end.

True singing is a different breath
About nothing
A gust inside the god
A wind.

Adapted from Rilke's *Sonnets to Orpheus*,
part 1, number 3, translated by
Stephen Mitchell.

II. Seguidilla Murciana

Qualquiera que el tejado
Tenga de vidrio
No debe tirar piedras
Al del vecino.

Whoever lives in a house
made of glass
Should not throw stones
at that of his neighbor.

Suddenly, from far
behind the sea sparks
a blazing vision.

Blooming in the sky
is one flower,
Light born again
shining in the east.
The wind has changed
and blows, fragrantly, on my face,
and whispers with a smile:
"Day is more powerful than night!"

—K. Balmont

Oosh te, niva mohya!
Oh You, Beloved Field

Oh you, beloved field,
one could not reap you with one sickle sweep,
one could not tie you together in one sheaf!
Oh you thoughts, precious thoughts,
one can't gather you from my shoulders,
one can't express you in one speech!
Winds have walked over this field,
wilting growth to the ground,
scattering ruined seed!
My own grand thoughts are also scattered.
Where these loving thoughts fell
grows cruel, sad grass,
grows disaster!
Ah!

— Count Alexis Tolstoi

Pastoral

Los caminos de la tarde
se hacen uno con la noche
por el he de ir a ti
Amor, que tanto te escondes

Por el he de ir a ti
como la luz de lost montes
como la brisa del mar
como el olor de las flores.
-Juan Ramon Jimenez

Te presento como el mar

Te presentia como el mar
y como el viento inmensa, libre,
alta mas alta que el destino
y que el azar.
y en mi existencia
un alentar.

Y veo en ti
como te limitaba el sueño.
Tu no eres nombre
ni además.

no voy a ti
como a la azul imagen
de un sueño humano.

Tu no eres mar aprisionado
entre las playas,
ni viento preso
en el azar.

No tienes limites no hay voz
para expresarte arte ni paisajes
para tu luz
ni lo serán.

-J. Janés

The roads of the evening
become one with the night
along it I will go to you
Love, you hide yourself so much

Along it I will go to you
like the light of the mountains
like the breeze of the sea
like the scent of flowers.

I envisioned you like the sea
like the wind, immense, fire
taller than destiny
and fate.
and in my life,
breath.

And I see in you
how the dream limited you.
you are neither name
nor gesture

I don't go to you
as if to a blue image
from a human dream.

You are not the sea imprisoned
between beaches
nor wing imprisoned
in the sky.

You have no limits
there is no voice
to express you nor landscapes
for your light
nor will there ever be.

La Maja y el Ruiseñor

(the maja and the Nightingale)

Why does the Nightingale in the gloom
pour out her soul in amorous song?
Perhaps she has a grievance
against the sky.

Is this how she avenges her wrong?
maybe she holds within her breast a hidden grief,
and in darkness hopes to find relief,
Sadly singing her song of love;
ah! Her song of love.

Maybe somewhere there is a rose
blushing at her modest thoughts of love,
who is the slave,
the love-lorn, enchanted slave
of the nightingale's song!
Mystic, passionate song
that she intones deep
within herself!
ah! How love is like a flower, like a flower
borne on by the sea.
Love!
Love!
Ah! without song, there is no love.
Ah! nightingale, your song is a hymn of love.
Oh! Nightingale!

—libretto by Fernando Periquet

V. Four Rachmaninoff Songs

O Mohevok Ohkna Before My Window

Before my window
a bird cherry* blooms,
blooms dreamily
under a chasuble of silver...
and fresh branches
smell wonderful, bend,
calling me...
with quivering,
airy petals,
Joyfully I sense,
I breathe, happily,
Its sweet aroma
leaves me dazed,
and a song of love
sung without words.

— G. Galina

* The "bird cherry" is a bush with white blossoms and small inedible black berries. It is a typical feature of the traditional Russian garden and is noted for the marvelous scent of its flowers.

Viatyr Piehr-ehlotne A Flitting Wind

A flitting wind
caresses you
and whispers sorrowfully:
"night is more powerful than day."
And as the sun set
the clouds became black,
while the pines trembled, shy, gloomy.
over a very dark sea,
with twisting, selling waves,
the wind flits,
rippling, rushing,
night prevails in the world.

Arrieros somos;
Puede que en el camino
Nos encuentre mos!

Por tu mucha inconstancia

Yo te comparo
Con peseta que corre
De mano en mano;

Y creyén dola falsa
Nadie la toma!

(traditional folk poem)

¿Con Que la Lavaré?

¿Con qué la lavaré
la tez de la mi cara?
¿Con qué la lavaré?
que vivo mal penada.

Lávanse las casadas
con agua de limones:
Lávome yo cuitada
con penas y dolores.

De Los Alamos Vengo, Madre

De los álamos vengo, madre,
de ver como los menea el aire....

de los álamos de Sevilla,
de ver a mi linda amiga.

(Traditional love poems of the Spanish renaissance.)

we are muleteers;
it is possible that
We'll meet each other on
the road!

Because of your great
fickleness
I compare you
With a peseta that goes
from hand to hand;

and, believing it false
nobody accepts it!

How shall I wash
this face of mine?
How shall I wash it?
for I live in great sorrow.

Married women wash
with lime scent:
I wash my wretched self
in pain and grief.

I've been down by the
poplars, mothers,
and seen them wave in
the breeze....
down by the poplar trees.
and seen my beautiful
lover.

Ditsya! Kaktsveatok Teh Prehkrasna
Little One! You're Beautiful Like a Flower

Little one! You're beautiful like a flower,
bright, and clean, and sweet.
Looking at you, admiring you,
revives my soul over and over again.
With pleasure I place my hand
on your head,
and ask God to keep you
beautiful and pure forever.

—Heine

(English translations by Leana Awakyan)

VI. Un bel di

Un bel di verdremo
levarsi un fil di fumo
sull' estremo confin del mare.

e poi la nave appare,
poi la nave bianca
entra nel porto
romba il suo saluto
Vedi? E venuto!
lo non gli scendo incontro
lo no.
Mi metto la sul ciglio del colle

e aspello, e aspetto gran tempo
e non mi persa la lunga attesa.

E uscito dalla folla cittadina
un uomo,
un picciol punto s'avvia per
la collina.

Chi sarà? E come sarà giunto,

Che dirà, che dirà?

One beautiful day we will see
a thread of smoke rising
at the extreme limits of the
sea.

And then the ship appears,
then the white ship
enters the harbor,
roars its salute,
see? He has come!
I don't go down to meet him.
Not I.

I place myself here on the
brow of the hill,
and wait, wait a long while,
and the long wait does not
weigh on me.

Out of the city crowd steps a
man,

A tiny speck advances
toward the hill.

Who can it be? And when he
arrives

What will he say? What will
he say?

IV. Three Spirituals

Sometimes I feel like a motherless child
Wade in the Water
In the Garden

Celia Twomey, voice
Evita Cobo-Smith, voice

V. Four Rachmaninoff Songs

S. RACHMANINOFF
(1873 - 1943)

orchestrated by Shannon Jones

Before My Window
A Flitting Wind Caresses You
Harvest of Sorrow
Little One! You're Beautiful Like A Flower.

Sue Ann Kahn, flute
Gunnar Schonbeck, oboe, english horn
Derrick Coyne, clarinet
Cen Wang, violin
Seana Gamel, violin
Jacob Glick, viola
Maxine Neuman, cello
Jeffrey Levine, bass

Peter Golub, conductor

VI. Un bel di
from *Madam Butterfly*

(1858 - 1924)

Marianne Finckel, piano

Poster and invitations by Pamela Johnson
Spanish tutoring by Sandra Dunn
Russian tutoring by Leana Awakyan