

Circle of Five Poems
by Kavafy

1. μακρυα
2. τειχη
3. για να'ρθουν
4. Οσο μπορείς
5. φωνες

Joseph Schor, violin
Nathaniel Parke 'cello
Gunnar Schönbeck, clarinet
Jennifer Jenkins, flute
Allen Shawn, conductor

I thank all my teachers and friends for their love.

ADA PITSOU

BENNINGTON COLLEGE MUSIC DIVISION

PRESENTS

A SENIOR CONCERT

BY

ADA PITSOU

WEDNESDAY, MAY 1, 1991

8:15 P.M.

GREENWALL MUSIC WORKSHOP

The Tomb Of The Naiads

Along the woods covered with frost, I wandered;
My hair before my mouth blossomed with tiny icicles,
And my sandals were heavy with soiled clods of snow.
He says to me: "What are you looking for?"
I follow the trace of the Satyr.
His little hoofprints alternate like holes in a white coat.

He tells me: "The Satyrs are dead.
The Satyrs and also the Nymphs.
In thirty years there has been no winter as terrible as this.
The spoor which you see is that of a buck.
But let us stay here, on the site of their tomb."
And with the iron of his hatchet, he broke the ice of the spring
where once the Naiads were laughing.
He took large frozen pieces, and holding them towards the pale sky
He gazed through them.

Seven Spanish Folk Songs/Manuel De Falla

1. The Moorish Cloth

That cloth so fine on the counter
If blemished once by a stain
will sell for little or nothing
and value never again.

3. Asturiana

As I sought to relieve my pain
I drew near to a verdant pine
To see me weep it wept again
for so green was that verdant pine,
to see me weep it wept again.

5. Nana

Sleep softly, nina, softly
sleep, sleep, my angel
Softly sleep little starlet
Gleam of the morning
Nanita nana, Nanita Nana
softly sleep little starlet
gleam of the morning.

Chansons de Bilitis/Debussy

The Flute of Pan

For the day of the Hyacinths,
He gave me a syrinx made
Of well-cut reeds,
Jointed with the white wax
That is sweet on my lips like honey.
He teaches me to play, while I sit on his knees;
But I tremble just a little.
He plays it after me, so softly
That I can hardly hear him.
We have nothing to say,
So close we sit to each other;
But our songs want to give question and answer,
And gradually our lips
Join on the flute.
It is late;
Now the chant of the green frogs
Is starting with the night.
My mother will never believe
That I stayed out so long
In search of my lost belt.

The Tresses

He told me: "Last night, I dreamed.
I had your tresses around my neck.
I had your tresses like a dark chain
Around my neck and on my breast."
"I caressed them and they were my own;
And we were thus forever joined,
By the same tresses, lips on lips,
As two laurels often have but one root."
"And gradually, it seemed to me,
So much were our limbs entwined,
That I became yourself,
Or that you entered into me, like my dream."
When he had finished,
He gently laid his hands upon my shoulders,
And he looked at me with a glance so tender,
That I cast down my eyes and trembled.

PROGRAM

Music for a while

Lost is my quiet

PURCELL

Marianne Finckel, harpsichord
Nathaniel Parke, 'cello
Anne Riesenfeld, second soprano
Emmanuelle Loustau, dancer

Chansons de Bilitis

DEBUSSY

La Flûte de Pan
La Chevelure
Le Tombeau des Nâïades

Peter Golub, piano
Michelle Distel, Agnes Benoit, Johanna Hulick,
Stephanie Forster, Claudia Meyer, dancers

Seven Spanish Folk Songs

MANUEL De FALLA

1. El Paño Moruno
3. Asturiana
5. Nana
6. Cancion

John McKanna, guitar

Three Indian Devotional Songs

These three devotional songs refer to various gods and goddesses of India, greet them and thank them.

Devi Sai Ma
Hare Hare Hare Hare Mahadera
Gopal

Emily Belshaw, Kristin DiSpaltro, Shannon Jones,
Emanuelle Kihm, Alison Stroll

- Intermission -

Atlantis
Sonata for 'Cello and Piano

ADA PITSO

In Three Movements

Allen Shawn, piano
Nathaniel Parke 'cello

The Path

ADA PITSO

awakening
joy
doubt
surrender

Johanna Hulick, violin

3. To call up the shades

One candle is enough. Its gentle light
will be more suitable, will be more gracious
when the shades come, the Shades of Love.

One candle is enough. Tonight the room
should not have too much light. In deep reverie,
all receptiveness, and with the gentle light
in this deep reverie I'll form visions
to call up the shades, the Shades of Love.

4. As much as you can

Even if you can't shape your life the way you want
at least try as much as you can
not to degrade it
by too much contact with the world
by too much activity and talk.

Do not degrade it by dragging it along
taking it around and exposing it so often
to the daily silliness
of social relations and parties
until it comes to seem a boring hanger on.

5. Voices

Loved idealized voices
of those who have died or of those
lost for us like the dead.

Sometimes they speak to us in dreams
sometimes deep in thought the mind hears them.

And with their sound for a moment return
sounds from our life's first poetry
like distant music fading away at night.

translated by
Edmund Keeley
and Philip Sherrard

6. Song

Shame on your eyes
those traitors, let me despatch them
You cannot tell what anguish (Have mercy) Nina
to watch them (Mother of Sorrows)
Nina to watch them (Mother)
They say you do not want me
Tho' once your lover
Yet gains out weigh the
losses (Have mercy) Now
all is over (Mother of Sorrows)
Now all is over (Mother)

Circle of Five Poems/C.P. Kavafy

1. Long ago

I'd like to speak of this memory
But it's so faded now, as though nothing's left
because it was so long ago, in my adolescent years.

A skin as though of jasmine...
that August evening -- was it August? --
I can still just recall the eyes: blue, I think they were..
Ah yes, blue, a sapphire blue.

2. Walls

With no consideration, no pity, no shame
they've built walls around me, thick and high
And now I sit here feeling hopeless
I can't think of anything else: this fate gnaws at my mind --
because I had so much to do outside
When they were building the walls, how could I not have noticed
But I never heard the builders, not a sound
Imperceptibly they've closed me off from the outside world.