

BENNINGTON COLLEGE MUSIC DIVISION

Presents

A SENIOR CONCERT

By

JODY KRUSKAL

Wednesday
December 8, 1982

8:15 p.m.
Greenwall Music Workshop

Un Certo Non So Che
O Del Mio Dolce Ardor

ANTONIO VIVALDI
(c. 1685 - 1741)
CHRISTOPH VON GLUCK
(1714 - 1787)

John Nisbet - piano

At Day-Close in November (1954)
The Owl and the Pussycat (1966)

BENJAMIN BRITTEN
Text by Thomas Hardy
IGOR STRAVINSKY
Text by Edward Lear

Kris Karlsson - piano

Jody Kruskal - voice

Dance for Flute and Cello (1982)

JODY KRUSKAL

Su Lian Tan - flute
Maxine Neuman - 'cello

The Land Of Heart's Desire (1982)

JODY KRUSKAL
Text by W.B. Yeats

Heart of the Wood
The Cloak, the Boat and the Shoes
A Cradle Song
The Land of Heart's Desire

Jody Kruskal - voice
Maxine Neuman - 'cello

Ruddier Than The Cherry
Recitative and Aria from the Mask
Acis and Galatea

GEORG FRIEDRICH HANDEL
(1685 - 1759)

Su Lian Tan - flute
Jacob Glick - violin
Tim Moore - violin
Maxine Neuman - 'cello
Jeffrey Levine - bass
John Nisbet - harpsichord
Jody Kruskal - voice
Louis Calabro - conductor

- INTERMISSION -

From Six Chansons (1943)
The Doe
A Swan
Since All Is Passing

PAUL HINDEMITH

Anthony O'Daly (1942)

SAMUEL BARBER

Alleluia (1940)

RANDALL THOMPSON

Bette Goldberg - soprano
Susan Alancraig - alto
Jody Kruskal - tenor
David Havsky - bass

Two Short Pieces for Piano (1981)

JODY KRUSKAL

Vladimir Havsky - piano

From Hermit Songs
At Saint Patrick's Purgatory
Promiscuity
The Monk and His Cat
The Heavenly Banquet

SAMUEL BARBER

Jody Kruskal - voice
Kris Karlsson - piano

Buy My Water You Dogs (1982)

ALEJANDRO SANCHEZ-NAVARRO
Text by Bertold Brecht

Su Lian Tan - flute
Bette Goldberg - flute
Gunnar Schonbeck - clarinet
Murray Barsky - clarinet
Edward Hines - bassoon
Warren Robinson - trombone
Jacob Glick - viola
Timothy Moore - viola
Maxine Neuman - 'cello
Lori Goldston - 'cello
Jeffrey Levine - bass
Marianne Finckel - bass
Kris Karlsson - marimba
Vivian Fine - timpani
Jody Strasberg - percussion
Vladimir Havksy - percussion
Jody Kruskal - voice

Louis Calabro - conductor

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

Un Certo Non So Che

A certain I don't know what
Reaches me and passes into my heart
And yet, it is not pain
I don't know what is happening to
my heart
And yet, it is not pain
If this were love, in its burning
ardor?
Then I'm caught off-guard and my
foot is placed unwarily.

O Del Mio Dolce Ardor

O sweet object of my longing
and desire
The dawn air that you breathe, at
last I breathe
Wherever my glance turns, your vague
resemblance
Awakens love within me.
My mind pretends to the happiest of
hopes,
And in this desire that thus fills
my breast
It's you I seek, you I call. I hope.
I sigh.

Italian translations with the
generous assistance of Laurel Smith.

Text by Rainer Maria Rilke
English Translation by
Elaine de Sincay

The Doe

O thou doe,
What vistas of secular forests
appear in thine eyes
reflected.
What confidence serene affected
by transient shades by
shades of fear
And it is all borne on thy
bounding course, for so
gracile art thou!
Nor comes aught to astound the
impassive profound
unawareness of thy brow.

A Swan

A swan is breasting the flow
All in himself enfolded
Like a slow moving tableau
And so, at some time or place
A loved one will be molded
To seem like a migrating space;
Will wear us, floating redoubled
As a swan on the river
Upon our soul, so troubled,
Which swells it by addition
Of a wraith a quiver
With delight and suspicion.

Since All Is Passing

Since all is passing, retain
The melodies that wander by us.
That which assuages when nigh
us
Shall alone, alone remain.
Let us sing what will leave us
With our love and art;
Ere it can grieve us
Let us the sooner depart.

Anthony O'Daly

Text by James Stephens
(after the Irish of Raftery)

Since your limbs were laid out
The stars do not shine!
The fish leap not out
In the waves!
On our meadows the dew
Does not fall in the morn,
For O'Daly is dead!
Not a flower can be born!
Not a word can be said!
Not a tree have a leaf!
Anthony!
After you there is nothing to do!
There is nothing but grief!

Buy My Water

Text by Bertold Brecht

Buy my water, I'm yelling.
and my fury restraining
for no water I'm selling
'Cause it's raining
I keep yelling buy my water
But no one's buying
A thirst and dying
And drinking and paying
Buy my water you Dogs!

Nice to dream of lovely weather
Think of all the consternation
Were there no precipitation
Half a dozen years together.

Can't you hear them. Water!
Pretending they adore me
They all would go down on their knees
before me
Down on your knees you dogs!

What are lawns and hedges thinking?
What are fields and forests saying?
At the clouds breast we are drinking
And we've no idea who's paying.