

BENNINGTON COLLEGE MUSIC DIVISION

Presents

A SENIOR CONCERT

by

ERIN DURRETT

Sunday
June 8, 1986

3:00 p.m.
Greenwall Music Workshop

Duet from Dido and Aeneas

HENRY PURCELL

Erin Durrett, voice
Gilbert Mendoza, voice
Andrea Kane, voice
Sylvia Halpern, piano

Et Exultavit
Quia Respexit from The Magnificat

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH

Erin Durrett, voice
Mark Reinfurt, harpsichord
Jennifer Weiss, 'cello

The Stolen Child
(text by W.B. Yeats)

ERIN DURRETT

Erin Durrett, voice
Andrea Kane, harp

Fida

BULGARIAN TRADITIONAL

Erin Durrett, voice
Andrea Kane, voice
John Hendrick, voice

Duet from The Marriage of Figaro

W.A. MOZART

Erin Durrett, voice
Gilbert Mendoza, voice
Sylvia Halpern, piano

Recitative from L'Enfant Prodigue

CLAUDE DEBUSSY

Erin Durrett, voice
Allen Shawn, piano

Autumn Dusk
(text by Sara Tiesdale)

LOUIS CALABRO

Erin Durrett, voice
Allen Shawn, piano

See Nature Rejoicing
from The Birthday Ode for Queen Mary, 1694

HENRY PURCELL

Erin Durrett, voice
Gilbert Mendoza, voice
Alice Wu, violin
Allen Shawn, piano

Chorus
Claudia Friedlander
John Hendrick
Andrea Kane
Katie Northrop

This concert is dedicated with love and thanks to Darren Lay.

Special thanks to all my fellow musicians, to Adisakdi Tantimedh for the poster, to Peggy Partello and Cindy Mangsen for their help with getting the music, to Cindy Gregory at the Chocolate Barn for the milk jar vases, and to everyone who is here for you support, Many Thanks.

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

TEXT

Et Exultavit:

My Soul doth magnify the Lord,
And my Spirit hath rejoiced in God.

Quia Respexit:

For He hath regarded the lowliness of
His handmaiden.
For Behold! from henceforth all
generations shall call me blessed.

FIDA

Fida was sleeping
In a luxurious garden
Beneath a white, sweet-smelling rose bush

A dashing young man passed by
And took her necklace

What could Fida do?
How could she explain
To her mother and father
What happened to her necklace?

LIA'S RECITATIVE AND ARIA

Year after year passes in vain!
At each returning season
Their games and diversions sadden me against my will:
They reopen my wound and my sorrow deepens...
I seek the solitary shore...
Involuntary grief!
Idle exertions!
Lia ever laments the child she has no more!...
Azael! Azael! Why have you forsaken me?...
How calm the evenings were
On the elm-studded plain,
When, burdened with the harvest,
The large red oxen were guided home.
When the toil was over,
Children, old people and servants,
Workers in the fields or shepherds,
Praised the blessed hand of the Lord;
And so the days followed each other,
And in the devout family,
The youth and the maiden
Exchanged vows of chaste love.
Others do not feel the weight of old age,---
Finding happiness in their children,
They watch the years pass by,
Without regret and without sadness...
How heavily time weighs on disconsolate hearts!
Azael! Why have you forsaken me?