

BENNINGTON JULY PROGRAM FACULTY CONCERT  
Friday, July 17, 1987  
8:15 PM, Greenwall

Ellen's Aria  
from Peter Grimes

Benjamin Britten (1913-1978)

Janet Gillespie, soprano  
Marianne Finckel, piano

Sonata in G, K. 379

Wolfgang Mozart (1756-1791)

Adagio  
Allegro  
Andantino Cantabile

Alison Nowak, violin  
Peter Golub, piano

Five Hawks Well Epigrams (1982)

Peter Golub

Jeanne Kompare, flute  
Peter Golub, piano

Four Folk Song Settings

Ludwig von Beethoven  
(1770-1827)

The Kiss, dear Maid, thy Tip has left  
Farewell, thou noisy Town  
Sunset  
The lovely Lass of Inverness

Alison Nowak, violin  
Jared Shapiro, 'cello  
David Denhard, piano  
Michael Downs, baritone

-OVER-

Three Songs

Kurt Weill (1900-1950)

Wie lange noch  
Youkal: Tango Habanera  
Nanna's Lied

Janet Gillespie, soprano  
Peter Golub, piano

Percussion Ensemble

Mwoli Oliver

Plastic skins; real skins

Peter Caigan  
Lee Campbell  
Maya Charney  
William Dock  
Ehran Elisha  
Nina Gaskin  
Jeremy Harlos  
Heidi Laughner  
Amy Nakazato  
Scott Ross  
Karla Schickele  
Laura Trope  
Carol Ann Tungate  
Jeremy Wallach

WIE LANGE NOCH? (How Much Longer?)

I will confess there was a night when I willingly gave myself to you. You took me and drove me out of my mind. I believed that I could not live without you.

You promised me blue skies, and I cared for you like my own father. You tormented me, you tore me apart. I would have put the world at your feet.

Look at me, will you! When will I ever be able to tell you: It's over. When that day comes...I dread it. How much longer? How much longer? How long?

I believed you. I was in a daze from all of your talk and your promises. I did whatever you wanted. Wherever you wanted to go, I was willing to follow.

You promised me blue skies, and I - I didn't even dare to cry. But you had broken your word and your vows. I have been silent and tortured myself.

Look at me, will you! When will I ever be able to tell you: It's over. When that day comes...I dread it. How much longer? How much longer? How long?

YOUKALI: TANGO HABANERA

Wandering at the will of the sea, my vagabond bark led me to the end of the world. It's quite a small island, but the sprite who dwells there politely invites us to tour it.

Youkali is the land of our desires. It means happiness and pleasure; it is the land where we leave cares behind. It is the beacon in our clouded night, the star we follow; it's Youkali. There we keep our promises. It is the land of shared love. It means the hope in all human hearts, the rescue we all wait for. Youkali is the land of our desires. It means happiness and pleasure, but it's only a dream, a folly. There is no Youkali.

And life, tedious and banal, drags us along. Yet the poor human soul, seeking oblivion everywhere, knew how, in leaving this earth, to find the mystery where our dreams are buried, in some Youkali.

Youkali is the land of our desires. It means happiness and pleasure; it is the land where we leave cares behind. It is the beacon in our clouded night, the star we follow; it's Youkali. There we keep our promises. It is the land of shared love. It means the hope in all human hearts,



the rescue we all wait for. Youkali is the land of our desires. It means happiness and pleasure, but it's only a dream, a folly. There is no Youkali.

NANNA'S LEID  
(Nanna's Song)

1

Gentlemen, I was only seventeen when I landed on the love market. And I learned a lot of things - mostly bad, but that was the game. Still I resented much of it. (After all, I am a human being.) Thank God it all goes by quickly - both the love and sorrow. Where are the tears of last night? Where are the snows of years gone by?

2

As the years go by, it gets easier on the love market - easier to embrace a whole troop there. But it's amazing how your feelings cool off when you're stingy with them. (After all, everything gets used up eventually.) Thank God it all goes by quickly - both the love and sorrow. Where are the tears of last night? Where are the snows of years gone by?

3

And although you learn the tricks of the trade on the love market, it's never easy to convert lust into small change. Still it can be done, but meanwhile you get a little older. (After all, you can't stay seventeen forever.) Thank God it all goes by quickly - both the love and sorrow. Where are the tears of last night? Where are the snows of years gone by?

BENJAMIN BRITTEN (1913-1976)

\*Peter Grimes (1945)

This opera is based on a poem by George Crabbe entitled The Borough. Peter is a simple fisherman in a small village on the east coast of England who has his sights set on improving his lot, both financially and romantically (he plans to propose to the widowed schoolmistress, Ellen Orton). Yet Peter's temper is as fiery as his drive, as tumultuous as the sea which rages around him. All the village knows of his harsh treatment of the apprentice boy, and when the child dies of dehydration (according to Peter) in a storm at sea, all suspect Peter of murder. Ellen Orton is the only one who shuns the scathing gossip and sees good in the man. One day Ellen takes the new apprentice for a walk along the pier and notices a tear in his shirt. Upon further investigation a large bruise is discovered on the boy's neck. The sighs in profound sadness and disappointment, realizing that Peter has resumed his abusive behavior. Ellen sings her aria to



the silent boy in earshot of the town church, the organ of which discordantly punctuates her song as an eery reminder of a society anxious to judge and, inevitably, condemn.

Britten had a particular talent for composing vocal music and opera. His first operas - especially the first, Peter Grimes - helped revitalize English opera, languishing since the time of Purcell.