BENNINGTON COLLEGE

presents

Tita Terrell, Violoncello   Louise Fenn, Soprano
Lionel Nowak at the Piano

Beethoven   Sonata in D major, Op. 102, No. 2
                             for Violoncello and Piano

                             Allegro cön brio
                             Adagio con molto sentimento d'affeto
                             Allegro fugato

Debussy   "Ariettes Oubliees"

                              C'est l'Extase
                              Il Pleure dans mon coeur
                              L'Ombre des arbres
                              Chevaux de bois
                              Green
                              Spleen

Bloch   Schelomo - Hebraic Rhapsody
                             for Violoncello and Piano

        Miss Terrell is playing a Guarnerius 'Cello
        generously loaned by Mr. Edgar Salinger

Carriage Barn   Sunday, May 31, 1959

C'est l'Extase

This is languorous ecstasy; it is all the rustling of
the forests in the embrace of the breezes, the mur-
muring cry which the ruffled grass exhales. This
soul which is lamenting in this subdued plaint, says
that it is ours, which breathes this humble hymn, so
softly, on this mild evening.

Il Pleure dans mon coeur

Tears fell in my heart like the rain upon the city.
This mourning has no reason. It is truly the
greatest pain, knowing not why, without either love
or hate, my heart bears so much pain.

L'Ombre des arbres

The reflection of the trees in the misty river is
vanishing like smoke. This landscape mirrors your
own pale self. How sadly your drowned hopes weep
in the high trees.

Chevaux de bois

Turn round, keep turning, good wooden horses and
do not stop. Turn to the tune of the victorious
trumpet which intoxicates you. Hurry, for the
supper bell is sounding for the empty stomachs
and dizzy heads. Night disperses the crowd of
gay drinkers. The church tolls a mournful knell.
Keep turning.

Green

Here are fruit, flowers, leaves and branch, and
here also is my heart, which beats only for you.
Do not tear it apart with your two white hands,
Let me be soothed after the gentle storm; let me
sleep a little while you rest.

Spleen

The roses were all red, and the ivy all black.
The sky was too blue, too tender, the air too
mild. When you become restless, all my despair
is reborn. I am weary of the endless country-
side, of everything, except you. Alas!