

Bennington
College Music
Division
Presents

BRIAN BARRENTINE'S SENIOR

Concert-O's

Presented in
partial fulfillment
of the requirements
for the
Bachelor of Arts
Degree



THANKS:

Andrew, Evan, Wendy,
Stacey, Ann, Sarah,
Albert, Shawn, Patrick,
Tom & Pat, Amy,
Eric, Brenna

The Bennington College Music Division Presents

An Evening of Song

with

Brian Barrentine and Friends

Amy Williams, Kate Brandt, Johanna
Hutnick, Jacob Glick, Jared Shapiro,
Colette Sakeley, Eric Ginman, Brenna
Thorpe, Brooks Ashmanskas, Jason
McDermott, Troy Kinsler and Nicola
Furman

Wednesday, April 4

8:15 p.m.

Greenwall Music Workshop

Program

Excerpts from Don Giovanni

W.A. Mozart

"Finch' han dal vino."

Aria.

—Amy Williams, piano

"Deh vieni alla finestra."

Canzonetta.

—Jacob Glick, mandolin
Amy Williams, piano

"La ci darem la mano."

Duettino.

—Colette Sahely, soprano
Amy Williams, piano

On Wenlock Edge

Ralph Vaughan Williams

I. On Wenlock Edge.

II. From Far, from Eve and Morning.

III. Is My Team Ploughing.

IV. Oh, When I Was in Love with You.

V. Bredon Hill.

VI. Clun.

Amy Williams, piano
Kathryn Brandt, violin
Johanna Hulick, violin
Jacob Glick, viola
Jared Shapiro, cello
Lou Calabro, conductor

—intermission—

"Comes Once in a Lifetime"

J. Styne

from Subways Are for Sleeping

"That's Life"

Dean Kay and Kelly Gordon

"The Way You Look Tonight"

Words, Dorothy Fields

Music, Jerome Kern

—with Brenna Thorpe

Eric Ginman, piano

"The Fall"

Barrentine/Thorpe

—The Killer B's

with Brooks Ashmanskas & Brenna Thorpe

"Summertime"

George Gershwin

from Porgy and Bess

"Georgia on My Mind"

M. Carmichael

"You Are Too Beautiful"

Rodgers/Hart

"Ain't Misbehavin'"

Fats Waller

Eric Ginman, piano
Jason McDermott, guitar
Troy Kinser, double bass
Nicola Furman, drums

Excerpts from Don Giovanni

W. A. Mozart

I. Finch'han dal vino

Now that the wine
Has set their heads whirling,
Go and prepare
A wonderful party.
If on the way
You meet some young lady,
Try also to bring
Her along.
Let the dancing be spontaneous
They can do the minuet,
The gavotte
Or the waltz,
Just as you like.
And I in the meantime
Behind the scenes
Will be flirting
With this one and that one.
Ah, to my list
Tomorrow morning
You will have to add
At least ten names!

II. Den vieni alla finestra

Come to the window, my treasure,
Come to console my lament.
If you deny me some relief,
I want to die before your eyes!
You whose mouth is sweeter than
honey,
You whose heart cradles sweet
desires!
Do not, my beloved, be cruel to me!
At least let me see you, my loved
one!

III. la ci darem la mano

Don Giovanni:
There you will give me your hand,
There you will tell me "yes."
You see, it is not far.
Let us leave, my beloved.

Zerlina:
I'd like to, but yet I would not.
My heart trembles a little.
It's true I would be happy,
But he may be just tricking me.

Don Giovanni:
Come, my dearly beloved!

Zerlina:
I'm sorry for Masetto.

Don Giovanni:
I will change your life.

Zerlina:
Soon I won't be able to resist.

Don Giovanni:
Let us go!

Zerlina:
Let us go!

Both:
Let us go, let us go, my beloved,
To soothe the pangs
Of an innocent love.

On Wenlock Edge

Poems from "A Shropshire Lad" by A. E. Housman

No. 1—On Wenlock Edge

On Wenlock Edge the wood's in trouble:
His forest fleece the Wrekin heaves;
The gale, it plies the sapwoods double,
And thick on Severn snow the leaves.

Twould blow like this through holt and
hanger
When Uricon the city stood:
Tis the old wind in the old anger,
But then it threshed another wood.

Then, 'twas before my time, the Roman
At yonder heaving hill would stare:
The blood that warms an English yeoman,
The thoughts that hurt him, they were there.

There, like the wind through woods in riot,
Through him the gale of life blew high;
The tree of man was never quiet:
Then 'twas the Roman, now 'tis I.

The gale, it plies the saplings double,
It blows so hard, 'twill soon be gone:
Today the Roman and his trouble
Are ashes under Uricon.

No. 2—From afar, from eve and morning

From afar, from eve and morning
And yon twelve-winded sky,
The stuff of life to knit me
Blew hither: here am I.

Now—for a breath I tarry
Nor yet disperse apart—
Take my hand quick and tell me,
What have you in your heart.

Speak now, and I will answer,
How shall I help you, say;
Ere to the wind's twelve quarters
I take my endless way.

No. 3—Is my team ploughing?

"Is my team ploughing,
That I was used to drive
And hear the harness jingle
When I was man alive?"

Ay, the horses trample,
The harness jingles now;
No change though you lie under
The land you used to plough.

"Is my girl happy,
That I thought hard to leave,
And has she tired of weeping
As she lies down at eve?"

Ay, she lies down lightly,
She lies not down to weep;
Your girl is well contented,
Be still, my lad, and sleep.

"Is my friend hearty,
Now I am thin and pine,
And has he found to sleep in
A better bed than mine?"

Yes lad, I lie easy,
I lie as lads would choose;
I cheer a dead man's sweetheart,
Never ask me whose.

No. 4—Oh, when I was in love with you

Oh, when I was in love with you,
Then I was clean and brave,
And miles around the wonder grew
How well did I behave.

And now the fancy passes by,
And nothing will remain,
And miles around they'll say that I
Am quite myself again.

No. 5—Bredon Hill (In summertime on Bredon)

In summertime on Bredon
The bells they sound so clear;
Round both the shires they ring them
In steeples far and near,
A happy noise to hear.

Here of a Sunday morning
My love and I would lie,
And see the coloured counties,
And hear the larks so high
About us in the sky.

The bells would ring to call her
In valleys miles away:
"Come all to church, good people;
Good people come and pray."
But here my love would stay.

And I would turn and answer
Among the springing thyme,
"Oh, peal upon our wedding,
And we will hear the chime,
And come to church in time."

But when the snows at Christmas
On Bredon top were strown,
My love rose up so early
And stole out unbeknown
And went to church alone.

They tolled the one bell only,
Groom there was none to see,
The mourners followed after,
And so to church went she,
And would not wait for me.

The bells they sound on Bredon,
And still the steeples hum,
"Come all to church, good people,"—
Oh, noisy bells, be dumb;
I hear you, I will come.

No. 6—Clun

In valleys of springs of rivers,
By Ony and Teme and Clun,
The country for easy livers,
The quietest under the sun,

We still had sorrows to lighten,
One could not always be glad,
And lads knew trouble at Knighton
When I was a Knighton lad.

By bridges that Thames runs under,
In London, the town built ill,
'Tis sure small matter for wonder
If sorrow is with one still.

And if a lad grows older
The troubles he bears are more,
He carries his griefs on a shoulder
That handselled them long before.

Where shall one halt to deliver
This luggage I'd lief set down?
Not Thames, not Teme is the river,
Not London nor Knighton the town.

'Tis a long way further than Knighton,
A quieter place than Clun,
Where doomsday may thunder and lighten
And little 'twill matter to one.