

BENNINGTON COLLEGE
DEANE CARRIAGE BARN SERIES PRESENTS:

MUSIC FACULTY CONCERT
TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 2013, 8:00PM

Fanfare for Blown Raspberries and Assorted Long Tubes Nathan Botts
Nathan Botts, assorted long tubes

Prayer from "Jewish Life" Ernst Bloch
(1880-1959)
Nathaniel Parke, cello
Yoshiko Sato, piano

To Be Announced To Be Announced
Hui Cox, guitar

Hoe-Down from "Rodeo" Aaron Copland
(1900-1990)
Bonaparte's Retreat and Mrs. McCleod's Reel arranged by John Kirk
John Kirk, fiddle
Kaori Washiyama, violin
Yoshiko Sato, piano

Melody C.W. Gluck
(1714-1787)
arranged by G. Sgambati
(1841-1914)
"Black Key" Etude, Op. 10, No. 5 Frederic Chopin
(1810-1849)
Chris Lewis, piano

Tu vois le feu du soir from "Miroirs brûlants" Francis Poulenc
(translation on back) (1899-1963)
Kerry Ryer-Parke, soprano
Yoshiko Sato, piano

Wise One John Coltrane
(1926-1967)
arranged by Michael Bisio
Michael Bisio, bass

Summertime George Gershwin
(1898-1937)
Arranged by Bruce Williamson
Bruce Williamson, piano and saxophone
Hui Cox, guitar
Michael Wimberly, drums

Tu vois le feu du soir...

*Tu vois le feu du soir qui sort de sa coquille
Et tu vois la forêt enfouie dans sa fraîcheur*

*Tu vois la plaine nue aux flancs du ciel traînard
La neige haute comme la mer
Et la mer haute dans l'azur*

*Pierres parfaites et bois doux secours voilés
Tu vois les villes teintées de mélancolie
Dorée des trottoirs pleins d'excuses
Une place où la solitude a sa statue
Souriante et l'amour une seule maison*

*Tu vois les animeaux
Sosies malins sacrifiés l'un à l'autre
Frères immaculés aux ombres confondues
Dans un désert de sang*

*Tu vois un bel enfant quand il joue quand il rit
Il est bien plus petit
Que le petit oiseau du bout des branches*

*Tu vois un paysage aux saveurs d'huile et d'eau
D'où la roche est exclue où la terre abandonne
Sa verdure à l'été qui la couvre de fruits*

*Des femmes descendant de leur miroir ancien
T'apportent leur jeunesse et leur foi en la tienne
Et l'une sa clarté la voile qui t'entraîne
Te fait secrètement voir le monde sans toi.*

You see the evening fire...

*You see the evening fire leaving its shell
and you see the forest buried in its coolness*

*you see the bare plain on the flanks of the loitering sky
the snow as high as the sea
and the sea high in the azure*

*perfect stones and sweet woods veiled succours
you see the towns tinted with gilded
melancholy pavements full of excuses
a square in which solitude has its smiling
statue and love a single house*

*you see the animals
malicious doubles sacrificed the one to the other
immaculate brothers with confused shadows
in a desert of blood*

*you see a handsome child as he plays as he laughs
he is much smaller
than the little bird of the tip of the branches*

*you see a landscape with savours of oil and water
from which the rock is excluded where the earth abandons
its verdure to the summer which dresses her with fruit*

*women descending from their ancient mirror
bring you their youth and their faith in your own
and one her brightness veils her which engages you
makes you secretly see the world without you.*

Text: Paul Eluard