

BENNINGTON COLLEGE MUSIC DIVISION

Presents

A GRADUATE RECITAL

By

RANDALL NEALE

Sunday
June 7, 1981

3:00 p.m.
Greenwall Music Workshop

Two Medieval Songs of Spring:

Randall Neale

Veris ad imperia
Ecce gratum

Cheryl Aittama, Kathy Gill, Jill Beckwith, Peter Susser,
Michael Downs, Jody Kruskal, Ed Hines, Bette Goldberg,
Robin Hackley

Randall Neale, conductor

Trio

Randall Neale

Allegretto
Largo
Allegretto

Jacob Glick, viola Edward Gale, bassoon Randall Neale, piano

Per Pianoforte

Edward Boguslawski

Randall Neale, piano

A Rural Ballad

Randall Neale

"The Chorus" with : David Denhard, piano
Julie Greene, trumpet
Jeffrey Levine, bass

INTERMISSION

String Quartet No. 1

Randall Neale

Allegro moderato
Largo
Andante
Allegro non troppo
Allegro

Curtis Macomber, violin I
Jacob Glick, viola

Constance Whitman, violin II
Michael Finckel, cello

Veris ad imperia

anonymous

In the reign of spring (Eya)
Everything is reborn.
Work through plaintive melodies
On injured hearts
Natural joy
Strikes languid hearts
To the core;
The flower of life blooms among us.

Hecate sighs (Eya)
Knowing herself in our midst.
May her sighs
Lead to a consummation.
Banish-
Oh way of all life,
Natural joy-
The hard hinderances
Of the journey!
The flower of life blooms among us.

Ecce gratum

C.B. 143

Behold, the welcome and long yearned for
Spring brings back once more.
Purple clads the meadow,
all is made glad by the sun.
Let sadness fade forthwith!
Summer comes back again,
now departs winter's roughness.

Hail, snow and all the rest
are already melting, already fading away;
coldness but takes flight,
and already the earth
suckles at the breasts of Spring.
He is of pitiable spirit who does not love
and enjoy himself beneath summer's hand.

They sing praises and rejoice
in the honey of sweetness;
they seek to attain
Cupid's prize of victory.
So let us, as Venus he did command,
sing praises and rejoice
like Paris!

It is often true in the twenty-ninth year of one's life when one is twenty-nine that all the wild energies that are thrown off by the creative process of the making of a personality begin to take form and shape this one may be pointed like an arrow that one branched out like that and this one may be circular but it is often true in the twenty-ninth year whether really or metaphorically that these energies begin to assume a decided shape and one is confronted with the question of one's purpose and life which was all a blurry splash of color narrows down to an acutely focused arrangement of patterns.

from; Gertrude Stein
Gertrude Stein
Gertrude Stein

Many thanks to all who made this recital possible.

(There will be a brief reception following)