

BENNINGTON COLLEGE MUSIC DIVISION

Presents

THE JUBAL TRIO

Tuesday
March 23, 1982

8:15 p.m.
Greenwall Music Workshop

Nature Studies: Three Poems of Howard Moss (1973)
Going to Sleep in the Country
The Cricket
Looking Up

Francis Thorne (1922 -)

Sonata for pianoforte, op. 120 (D.664)
Resetting for flute and harp by Henry Brant (1981)

Franz Peter Schubert
(1797-1828)

Allegro moderato
Andante
Allegro (un poco allegretto)

Tre Ariette

Gioacchino Rossini
(1792-1868)

L'Invito - Vieni, O Ruggiero (Bolero)
La Gita in gondola (Barcorola)
L'Orgia (Arietta)

INTERMISSION

Three Harp Songs (1975)

John Harbison (1938-)

August Was Foggy
Falling Asleep
Pocah

Wild Angels of the Open Hills (1977, revised 1978)

Joseph Schwanter (1943 -)

Wild Angels of the Open Hills
Angels of the Shadowed Ancient Land
There
Coming of Age
The Hawk Shapes the Wind

JUBAL TRIO

Constance Beavon, Mezzo-soprano
Sue Ann Kahn, Flute
Susan Jolles, Harp

Francis Thorne: NATURE STUDIES: THREE POEMS OF HOWARD MOSS

Going to Sleep in the Country

The terraces rise and fall
As the light strides up and rides over
The hill I see from my window.
The spring in the dogwood now,
Enlarging its small preconceptions,
Puts itself away for the night.
The mountains do nothing but sit,
Waiting for something to happen-
Perhaps for the sky to open.

In the distance, a waterfall,
More sound than vision from here,
Is weighing itself again,
A sound you can hardly hear.
The birds of the day disappear,
As if the darkness were final.
The harder it is to see,
The louder the waterfall.

And then the whippoorwill
Begins its tireless, cool,
Calm, and precise lament-
Again and again and again-
Its love replying in kind,
Or blindly sung to itself,
Waiting for something to happen.

In that rain-prickle of song,
The waterfall stays its sound,
Diminishing like a gong
Struck by the weakening hand
Of a walker walking away,
Who is farther away each time,

Until it is finally dumb.
Each star, at a different depth,
Shines down. The moon shines down.
The night comes into its own,
Waiting for nothing to happen.

The Cricket

There was a day when
Swifter the world turned,
Matting the Queen Anne's
Lace on the hill, and
The fern and its thin root
Lifted a long beard
Like a haired carrot
Unwinding. The wind heard
The sound of a cricket,
A castanet-quick-catch,
And, as the sun set,
Quickly my wrist watch
Spun both its hands round,
Fine as the fern root,
And to that light sound
I tapped my light foot.
I ran down a hillside
Steep as a staircase;
Flailing my arms, I
Entered a spring house;
Black doors and windows
Closed on my coming,
Casting vast shadows
Up on the ceiling.
Again and again, when
The cricket chirped off in
The wood, I lay down in
My spinning coffin.
Suddenly night ran
Under my eyelid.
The cricket sang tin,
And I pulled down the lid.

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Looking Up

Shall we now talk of the stars?
They are plentiful, God knows,
As if sprayed by a fire hose
Upward-the aperture
Widening till the shine
Of stars takes up the sky
From horizon to horizon.

There is tonight immense
Working upon the sky,
And who knows from what lens
God looks out with his eye
Cocked to a needlepoint,
Or maybe a thousand eyes,
Each a vibrating squint?

One fades out, one comes on,
A flashlight failing. One
Is falling suddenly down
Unbelievably from the sky
So fast the eye cannot follow...
Too late, you have missed it now.
When the dark is this intense,

We see stars all at once,
That is, the ones we see;
But daylight soon will douse
Those comfortless, cold fires
That never can make us warm.
Come in, come in to the house,
To the fires that are not stars.

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Rossini Texts

L'Invito - Vieni, O Ruggiero (The Invitation)

Come, O Ruggiero, your Eloise cannot remain separated.
Respond to my tears and prayers.
O beautiful angel, my delight, rest with me and listen
to my heart beat with love for you.
Come, inspire me with love.

Carlo Pepoli

La Gita in gondola (The journey in the Gondola)

Rush away little boat, row on, boatman, now that Elvira, my delight,
is in your arms.
The lagoon is bright and calm and no sail appears.
The moon is pale, and all are invited to rest.
But already a sweet breeze gently moves the water, Come, Elvira,
into my embrace.
Row, o gondolier!

Carlo Pepoli

L'Orgia (The Orgy)

Let's love, let's sing of women and wine.
Welcome is life with Bacchus and Amor! if love is in your heart, wine
in your head, what joy, feast and passion!
Loving, joking, drinking...
Let's dance, lift the goblets, laugh and escape sadness.
Divine queen, mother of love, cheerfully renew every heart.
Sparkling with lively excitement in the wine of our world.
Drink up, and again with passion!
Life is the best with Bacchus and Amor!

Carlo Pepoli

John Harbison: THREE HARP SONGS

August Was Foggy

August was foggy,
September dry.
October grew too hot.
Napa and Sonoma grasslands,
brushlands,
burned.

In November
then,
We all set back the clock,
and suddenly it rained.

The first green shoots of grass.
you
like some slender
fresh young plant
turn smooth and cool across me
in the night.

touch, and taste, and interlace
deep in the ground.
new rain.
as we begin our life.

Gary Snyder
The Back Country

Falling Asleep

Falling asleep watching you fall asleep..
Burning between the burning edges of
dead clouds...
--Eternal gardens where angels wander
among leafy wounds!--

Michael Fried
Powers

Poem

Ah, listen now
Each breath more temperate, more kind
More close to death.
Sleep on
And listen to these words
Faintly, and with a tentative alarm
Refuse to waken you.

Ian Hamilton
The Visit

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respective publishers.

Joseph Schwantner: WILD ANGELS OF THE OPEN HILLS
Text from poems by Ursula Le Guin

SONG I: Wild Angels of the Open Hills

O wild angels of the open hills
Before all legends and before all tears:
O voyagers of where the evening falls
In the vast August of the years:
O halfseen passers of the lonely knolls,
Before all sorrow and before all truth
You were; and you were with me in my youth.

SONG II: Angels of the Shadowed Ancient Land

Angels of the shadowed ancient land
That lies yet unenvisioned, without myth,
Return, and silent-winged descend
On the winds that you have voyaged with,
And in the barren evening stand
On the hills of my childhood, in whose silences,
Savage, before all sorrow, your presence is.

SONG III: There

He planted the elms, the eucalyptus,
the little cypress, and watered them
in the long dusk of summer,
so that in the dry land
twilight was a sound of water. Years ago.
The amaryllis stick their stiff
trumpets still blowing blasts of bright pink
up through the wild-oats,
unwatered, uncounted, undaunted.

Do you see: there where his absence
stands by each tree waiting for nightfall,
where shadows are his being gone, there
where grey pines that no one planted
grow tall and die, and grain that no one sowed
whitens the August hills with wild ripeness,
and an old house stands empty,
there
the averted face of absence
turns. There silence returns answer. There
the years can go uncounted, seeing
evening rise like water through the leaves
and as ever over the highest elm Vega
like a wild white poppy, opening.

In the country of pain
truly there only rises
(a white star, a white flower,
an old standpipe running water
to the roots of trees
in a dry land)
the small spring of peace.

SONG IV: Coming of Age

upon the high hills where the falcons nest:
the empty tower and my kingdom.

O my castle, my fortress, towers
fallen, a year you have stood empty
and I must rebuild you
stone by stone
but my hands are empty

Beyond the castle towers lag the hills,
folded and forest-darkened
or round and covered with dry grass.
And we come here to the heart of the pain
having reached the heart of peace.

One wild-oats stalk on an empty sky,
elegant, fragile, painful, and fulfilled.

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"Wild Angels"

Capra Press, 631 State Street, Santa Barbara,
CA 93101

SONG V: The Hawk shapes the Wind

The hawk shapes the wind
and the curve of the wind

Like eggs lie the great gold hills
in the curve of the world
to that keen eye

The children wait

The hawk declares height
by his fell fall

The children cry

Comes the high hunter
carrying the kill
curving the winds
with strong wings

To the old hawk
All earth is prey, and child