

BENNINGTON COLLEGE

presents

A FACULTY CONCERT

Wednesday  
October 30, 1968

8:15 P.M.

Carriage Barn

I SONGS BY HUGO WOLF

1. Fussreise - Morike
2. Sterb ich, so hüllt in blumen meine glieder - Heyse
3. Der Gartner - Morike
4. Im Frühling - Morike
5. Denk es, O Soele - Morike

Frank Baker, Tenor  
Vivian Fine, Piano

II PASSACAGLIA FOR SOLO VIOLIN

Biber

Sylvia Rosenberg

III SONATINA IN A MINOR, OPUS 137, NO.2

Schubert

Allegro Moderato  
Andante  
Menuetto -  
Allegro

Sylvia Rosenberg, Violin  
Lionel Nowak, Piano

INTERMISSION

IV NIGHT PIECE (1965)  
THREE PIECES BY STRAVINSKY  
ANIAS  
GREGORIAN CHANTS

Louis Calabro

Esteban Eitler  
Gunnar Schonbeck

Gunnar Schonbeck, Clarinet

V BODAS DE SANGRE (1955)

Louis Calabro

George Finckel, Cello  
Gunnar Schonbeck, Clarinet  
Phyllis Pearson, Percussion  
Vivian Fine, Piano  
Clare Weinraub, Guitar

Conducted by Louis Calabro

I. Fussreise - Mörike

With a fresh-cut walking stick I wander over hill and valley,  
Through the wood. Birds singing and trilling in their bowers  
among the golden grapes are filled with rapture by the morning sun.  
So my soul shaken in spring and fall with the old fever of paradise...  
You are not so wicked, old soul, as your teachers would make out,  
you can still sing and praise the force that created you....  
Grant me, Creator, that my whole life may be such a pleasant  
journey as this morning walk.

II. Sterb ich, so hüllt in blumen meine glieder - Heyse

As I die, heap flowers over me.  
I do not care that you bury me in a grave,  
There, where you have so often seen me,  
lay me down in rain or in wind.  
Gladly I die if it is for you, beloved child.  
lay me down in sunshine and rain.  
Gladly I die for you.

III. Der Gärtner - Mörike

On her white steed, white as snow  
the most beautiful princess rides through the lane.  
The sand on which the steed prances was strewn by me,  
it shines like gold.  
O rose colored hood, dancing up and down, grant me one plume,  
then take from me this flower - take a thousand, take all -  
they are all for you!

IV. Im Frühling - Mörike

Here I lie in the springtime, the clouds are my wings;  
a bird flies before me.  
Ah, tell me my love, where are you hiding that I may abide with you -  
But you and the breeze have no abode.  
The sunflower is often like my heart, longing, reaching out in  
love and hope.  
Spring! What do you wish of me, how long must I wait?  
The sea, the wondering clouds and the river;  
the kiss of the sun are deep in my blood....  
My eyes, wondrous, weary, close as if in sleep,  
but in my ear sounds the buzzing of the bees.  
I think of this and of that, longing - I do not know for which,  
joy or sorrow. My heart! say what memories are stirring  
in this green gold dusk.....olden unnameable days.

V. Denk es, O Seele - Mörike

A fir tree grows, who knows where, in the wood,  
a rose tree, who knows in which garden?

They are already chosen, consider it, O Soul,  
to watch and flourish on your grave.

Two black steeds are grazing in a meadow  
prancing gaily back to town.

They will slow their pace to draw your dead body;

Perhaps before the iron shoes that now gleam on their hooves are loosened.