

B E N N I N G T O N C O L L E G E

presents

A FACULTY CONCERT

Wednesday
October 11, 1967

8:15 P.M.

Carriage Barn

I DOUBLE CONCERTO FOR TWO VIOLINS AND STRING ORCHESTRA J.S. Bach

Orrea Pernel
Eric Rosenblith

Orchestra

Violins

Carolyn Bond
Deborah Carter
Olga Gussow
Regan McLeod
Alison Nowak
Leonard Rowe
Sylvia Savage
Elinor Seigel

Violas

Sheela Harden
Cary Kitteridge
David Schreiber

Cellos

George Finckel
Gale Alcock

Bass

Gunnar Schonbeck

Harpsichord

Gerry Kaplan

II PETITE SUITE POUR CLARINETTE Paul Arma

Molto Rubato
Leggermente
Poco Lento, Quasi Una Cadenze

Gunnar Schonbeck

III SONATA FOR VIOLIN AND CELLO Maurice Ravel

Allegro
Tres Vif
Lent
Vif Avec Entrain

Eric Rosenblith, violin
George Finckel, cello

IV SONGS OF HUGO WOLF

Frank Baker, Voice
Vivian Fine, Piano

1. AUF EINER WANDERUNG
(Words Eduard Mörike)

Wandering

I am entering a friendly little town,
The shrubs are bathed in a red sunset.
Just now out of an open window,
Over a rich blossoming of flowers,
One hears the sounds of a golden bell wafting,
And a voice, like a choir of nightingales
That quivers the flowers, frees the breezes
And heightens the red of the roses.
Long did I stand wondering, enraptured.
I don't know myself how I passed out into the night.
How light the world seems.
The heavens pulsate in scarlet agitation.
Behind me the town lies in a golden haze.
How the brook murmurs! How the mill murmurs in the
valley.
I am intoxicated, led astray.
O Muse! You have touched my heart with the breath
of love.

2. HEB AUF DEIN BLONDES HAUP
(Italienisches Liederbuch - Heyse)

Lift Up Your Head

Lift up your fair head and do not sleep.
Do not let sleep infatuate you.
I tell you four things you must hear.
Of these not one should escape your hearing.
The first: My heart breaks for you;
The second: I will belong only to you;
The third: My welfare depends on you;
The last: My soul loves only you.

3. HERR, WAS TRÄGT DER BODEN HIER?
Spanisches Liederbuch (Geibel und Heyse)

Lord, What Does The Soil Bear Here?

Lord, what does the soil,
That you water so bitterly, bear here?
"Thorns, dear, it bears for me,
"And for you an adornment of flowers."
Oh, where such streams run,
Could a garden ever thrive?
"Yes, and know this! Also many varied garlands."
O my Lord for whose adornment are these garlands?
Speak!
"Those of thorn are twined for me,
Those of flowers I bestow on you."

4. AUF DEM GRÜNEN BALCONEN
Spanisches Lieberbuch (Heyse)

From Her Green Balcony

From her green balcony my love gazes at me
through the lattice.
With her eyes she beckons me,
But she motions to me: No!
Luck, which never follows young lovers
without wavering,
Has shown me joy,
But even so I am uncertain.
I hear endearments or reproaches.
When I come to her shuttered window.
Always in the custome of maidens a little
pain is mixed in with happiness.
With her eyes she beckons me,
But she motions to me: No!
How can her coldness and my desire dwell
in her together?
Because my heaven rests in her.
I see darkness and light chasing one another.
My lament is carried in the wind:
If only my sweet love would take me in her arms!
Yet she restrains me so delicately.
With her eyes she beckons,
But she motions to me: No!

5. BEDEKT MICH MIT BLUMEN
Spanisches Liederbuch (Geibel und Heyse)

Cover Me With Flowers

Cover me with flowers,
I die of love.
That the air with light breezes not take away
the sweet fragrance,
Cover me!
Is it yet all the same?
The breath of love or flowers' perfume.
Prepare my grave with jasmine and white lilies,
I am dying.
And you ask of what?
I say: From the sweet torment of love.

6. WIE VIELE ZEIT VERLOR ICH
Italienisches Liederbuch (Heyse)

How Much Time I have Lost

How much time I have lost loving you!
Had I loved God all that time
A place in Paradise would await me,
A saint would sit by my side.
And because I loved you, your fresh beauty,
I have forfeited the light of Paradise.
And because I loved you, beautiful bird,
I shall never enter Paradise.

7. DER JÄGER
Eduard Mörike

The Hunter

Three days of pounding rain,
No sunshine until now;
For three long days not one kind word from
 my beloved's lips.
She's vexed with me and I with her -
That's what she wanted,
But it tears at my heart, this sulking and ill-will.
Welcome then, the hunter's joy.
Thunder and rain!
My flaming breast is buttoned fast
And cheering I'll go forth.
Now she probably sits at home with her sisters,
 laughing and joking;
In the forest night I hear the old leaves rustle.
Now she probably sits and weeps aloud in her little
 room worrying;
I am like a stag hidden in the darkness.
With no roe or deer about
A shot to pass the time!
A resounding crack, an echo,
Refreshes one's very marrow.
Yet as the thunder now fades down the valleys,
A sudden pain overcomes me,
My heart sinks.
She's vexed with me and I with her,
That's what she wanted,
But it tears at my heart, this sulking and ill-will.
And away! and back to my beloved's house!
And grab her in my arms!
"Wring the rain from my hair,
And kiss and have me again."

8. UND WILST DU DEINER LIEBSTEN STERBEN SEHEN?
Italienisches Liederbuch (Heyse)

And Would You Behold Your Lover Dying?

And would you behold your lover dying?
Then do not braid your hair, beloved.
Let it fall freely on your shoulders;
It seems like threads of purest gold.
Like gold threads moving in the wind.
Your hair is so beautiful, beautiful like her
who wears it.
Gold threads, silk threads innumerable.
Your hair is beautiful, beautiful like her so blessed.d

9. LIEBE MIR IN BUSEN
Spanisches Liederbuch (Heyse)

The Enflamed Heart

Love kindles a fire in my breast.
Water, dear mother, before my heart is consumed
in flame.
For my shortcomings do not punish the blind child.
Who first cooled my soul so mildly.
Then suddenly it was enflamed, my folly.
Water, dear mother, before my heart burns up.
Where is the flood that could quench this fire?
For so great a heat the sea itself would not suffice.
Because it does me good I cry steadfastly.
Water, dear mother, before my heart is consumed in flame.

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V TWO SONNETS AFTER PETRARCH (1304-1374)

Franz Liszt
(1811 -1886)

From "Années de Pèlerinage" (Italie)

Julian De Gray

Sonnet 104

I find no peace, and all my warre is done,
I feare and hope, I bourne and freeze like yse;
I flye above the wynde, yet cannot ryse;
And nought I have, yet all the worlde I season.
That looseth not, nor lacketh, holdes me in pryson,
And holdes me not, yet can I 'scape no wyse.
Nor lets me leewe, nor dye at my devyce,
And yet of death it giveth none occasion.
Without eye I see, and without tongue I playne;
Desyre to perishe, yet aske I health;
I love another, and yet hate myself;
I feede on sorrow, and yet laughe in all my payne.
Likewise pleaseth me both death and lyfe,
And my delight is cawser of my grief.

(Translated by Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey)
(1517-1547)

Sonnet 123

On earth revealed the beauty of the skies,
Angelic features it was mine to hail;
Features which make my mingled joy and wail,
While all besides like dream or shadow flies.
And filled with tears I saw those two bright eyes
Which oft have turned the sun with envy pale;
And from those lips I heard, oh! such a tale
As might awake brute nature's sympathies.
Wit, pity, excellence, and grief and love
With blended plaint so sweet a concert made
As ne'er was given to mortal ear to prove;
And heaven itself such mute attention paid
That not a breath disturbed the listening grove...
E'en aether's wildest gales the tuneful charm obeyed.

(Translated by Thomas Wyatt)
(1503-1542)

VI BODAS DE SANGRE (In One Movement) (1955)

Louis Calabro

Eric Rosenblith, violin
George Finckel, cello
Gunnar Schonbeck, clarinet
Clare Weinraub, guitar
Phyllis Pearson, timpani
Vivian Fine, piano

Conducted by: Louis Calabro