

Pianist's Song from The Music Teacher -- Allen Shawn

The day will soon be over—
The night will give us rest,
Sweetly sleeping heads
will lie on mothers breast.

The cows are in their barn now,
The horses in their stalls,
and in the house the little mice
lie down inside the walls.

Tonight - Tonight the dove will fly tonight
Tonight Tonight the pussy cat will cry
Tonight, tonight the crow will fly tonight
Tonight, tonight the pussy cat will cry

The sun has gone to China,
The moon is here with us.
Not even the littlest baby
is making any fuss.

The ducks are in their pond now,
The deer are in their glades.
The flies are all asleep now
Behind our window shades

Tonight - Tonight the dove will fly tonight
Tonight Tonight the pussy cat will cry
Tonight, tonight the crow will fly tonight
Tonight, tonight the pussy cat will cry

"This concert is made possible in part through the generous support
of Judith Rosenberg Hoffberger '54 and The Henry and Ruth
Blaustein Rosenberg Foundation."

BENNINGTON COLLEGE
PRESENTS

A FACULTY CONCERT

with

IDA FAIELLA, soprano
JOHN ARNOLD, guitar
MARIANNE FINCKEL, piano
ALLEN SHAWN, piano

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1995
9:00 p.m.

DEANE CARRIAGE BARN

PROGRAM

Nine Pieces for Piano 4 Hands PETER GOLUB
Numbers 3 through 9

Marianne Finckel, Allen Shawn - piano

Melodies I YUNG WHA SON
for Solo Guitar

John Arnold - guitar

Ojos Brujos LEO BROUWER
(The Witches Eyes)

John Arnold - guitar

Esercizio ALLEN SHAWN
for two pianos
after Sonata in G L.232 by
Domenico Scarlatti

Marianne Finckel, Allen Shawn - pianos

Two Songs ALBAN BERG
from Sieben Frühe Lieder - Seven Early Songs

Die Nachtigall (The Nightingale)
In Zimmer (Indoors)

Pianist's Song ALLEN SHAWN
from The Music Teacher (1983) Text: Wallace Shawn

Ida Faiella, soprano
Allen Shawn, piano

Text

Two Songs from
Sieben Frühe Lieder (Seven Early Songs) ---- Alban Berg

Die Nachtigall - The Nightingale

What happened is, the nightingale
Sang throughout the night;
The sound and echo of her voice
Made the roses burgeon.
She used to be a wild young thing;
Now she walks deep in thought,
A summer hat held in her hand
Oblivious of the burning sun,
Not knowing what to do.
What happened is, the nightingale
Sang throughout the night;
The sound and echo of her voice
Made the roses burgeon.

Im Zimmer - Indoors

Autumn sun,
How quietly the evening peers within.
A ruddy fire
Crackles and glows in the hearth.
There! My head on your knees,
Now I feel content.
When my eyes rest in yours,
How softly the minutes pass by.