

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

presents

A FACULTY CONCERT

Wednesday

March 17, 1971

8:15 P.M.

Carriage Barn

The Herb Garden

Carolyn Bond

Cumin
Thyme
Dill
Oregano

George Finckel, Cello
Michael Finckel, Cello
Phyllis Pearson, Vibraphone
Gunnar Schonbeck, Clarinet
Carolyn Bond, Conductor

Without Sunlight, a song cycle

Modeste Mussorgsky

Within Four Walls
After Years
Retrospect
Resignation
Elegy
By The River

Frank Baker and Lionel Nowak

INTERMISSION

Suite for Viola and Piano

Ernest Bloch

Lento-allegro
Allegro ironico
Lento
Molto vivo

Jacob Glick and Lionel Nowak

NEXT CONCERT

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 24TH

CATHERINE SATTERLEE, SENIOR CONCERT

WITHOUT SUN

Modeste Mussorgsky

I Within Four Walls

Little room, cramped, quiet, kind'
A pitch-dark, unanswering shadow;
Deep thought, sad song;
In the beating of my heart a cherished hope;
A quick flight, moment after moment;
A motionless gaze at happiness far away;
Much doubt, much endurance.
Thus it is, my night, lonely night.

II You Did Not Recognize Me In The Crowd

You did not recognize me in the crowd;
Your look said nothing.
But I felt wonder and horror
When I caught your eye:
It was only perhaps a moment.
But believe me, in it I endured
All the delights of past love,
All the bitterness of oblivion and tears.

III The Idle, Noisy Day is Ended

The idle, noisy day is ended;
Human life silently dozes.
All is quiet.
The shadow of the May night
Covers the sleeping city.
But sleep runs from my eyes.
And under rays other than those of the dawn,
As if breathing in the poison again
Of springlike, passionate dreams,
In my soul I revive a series of hopes,
of transports, after roaming...
Alas, they are merely ghosts!
Their lifeless throng bores me,
And the noise of their old twaddle
Already has no power over me.
Only a single shadow of all the shadows
appeared to me, breathing with love
And, true friend of past days,
It bends quietly towards my pillow
And bravely I return to her alone
All my soul in a silent tear,
Visible to no one, full of happiness,
In the tear long kept by me.

IV Be Bored.

Be bored.
You have been created for boredom.
Without burning feelings there is no joy,
As there is no return without separation,
As without a struggle there is no victory.
Be bored.
Be bored, paying attention to the words of love,
In the silence of the heart's emptiness,
With lying regard, answering
The truth of a virgin dream.
Be bored.
From birth to the grave
Your path has been traced beforehand:
Drop by drop you expend your strength,
Until you die, and God be with you...
and God be with you!

V Elegy

In the fog slumbers the night.
A silent star through the clouds' haze
twinkles alone.
They ring the bells despondently and distantly.
For the herds of grazing horses
Like the clouds of night, changeable thoughts
Rush over me, anxious and gloomy;
In them are reflections of hopes,
When they are of things dear,
Long lost, long ago lifeless.
In them are regrets and tears.
These thoughts rush without aim and end;
Thus, turning into the lines of a favorite face,
They call, giving birth again in the soul to past dreams;
Thus, having flowed together into black gloom,
full of a mute threat
Of a future fight they frighten the timid mind,
And the noise of dissonant life is heard far off,
Crowds of heartless laughter, the murmur
of insidious hatred,
The unmuffled whisper of everyday trifles,
The noise of dismal death!....
The herald star, as if full of shame,
Hides its light face in the cheerless fog,
Like my future, mute and impenetrable.

VI On The River

The thoughtful moon, the far-off stars
From the dark blue sky admire the waters.
Quietly I look at the deep waters;
I sense in them bewitching mysteries.
They weave, they hide, caressingly tender;
There is much in their murmur of bewitching strength:
Immense thoughts and passions can be heard...
An unknown voice, disturbing the soul.
It pampers, it frightens, it instills doubt.
Does it order you to listen?
I would not budge from the spot.
Does it drive you away?
I would run in confusion.
Does it call you into the depths?
I would throw myself in without looking back.