

BENNINGTON COLLEGE MUSIC DIVISION

Presents

A FACULTY CONCERT

Wednesday
November 30, 1983

8:15 p.m.
Greenwall Music Workshop

Cantata, Nell dolce dell' oblio

G.F. HANDEL

- I. Recitation
- II. Dance
- III. Aria
- IV. Finale

Audrey Braam, soprano
Su Lian Tan, flute
Marianne Finckel, harpsichord

Sonata #2 for Violoncello and Piano

LIONEL NOWAK

Maxine Neuman, cello
Marianne Finckel, piano

Two Songs

LOUIS CALABRO

1. A Rare Beauty
2. A Brief Life

Texts by Louis Calabro

Audrey Braam, soprano
Marianne Finckel, piano

Presser Scholarship Presentation

- Intermission -

Three Songs, Don Quichotte to Dulcinee
for Baritone

MAURICE RAVEL
(after poems of
Paul Morand)

1. Chanson Romanesque
2. Chanson Epique
3. Chanson a boire

Michael Downs, baritone
Marianne Finckel, piano

Des Todes Tod
(voice and strings)

PAUL HINDEMITH

Jill Beckwith, soprano
Jacob Glick, viola
Gail Robinson, viola
Maxine Neuman, cello
Tom Calabro, cello

Two Works for Chorus

Ye Ke O Mo Mi

*Hymn (1983)

NIGERIAN CHANT

RANDALL NEALE

Bennington College Chorus

Audrey Braam
Susan Breton
Peter Calabro
Klaske De Jong
Aris Economidis
Sherman Foote
Nina Galin
Amy Gluck
Heidi Gorst
Wendy Greenwald
Melissa Hammerle
Flannery Hauck
David Havsky
Edie Hill
Lizzie Hill

Madi Horstman
Kelcey Jacobsen
Peter Kalivas
Ilka Kellar
Kate Maher
Ahrin Mishan
John Nisbet
Alejandro Sanchez-Navarro
Barbara Schwartz
Amy Schweitzer
Lyn Sourdiffe
Meikle Syme
Susannah Waters
Antony Widoff
Jason Wulkowicz

* Premiere

TEXTS

Nell dolce dell' oblio

In the sweetness of oblivion, although she sleeps, my adored Phyllis is awake with her thoughts. And in that quietness, Love in its various forms, never ceases to trouble her peace.

Sleep reveals the possibilities of her beauty. In this quietness she does not have to feign to embrace her chains.

She lives faithful to the one that adores her, and in the shadows, she breathes the light of this sun for which she sighs.

Her delight is disappointed if her dreams of desire do not become known to her.

But if such an illusion vanishes on awakening, this illusion is a sorrowful deception.

Her delight is disappointed if her dreams of desire do not become known to her.

Three Songs, Don Quichotte to Dulcinee (Translations by Felix Aprahamian)

Quixotic Song

Were you to tell me that by
turning so much the earth offended you,
I would send Panza to it:
You would see it still and silenced.

Were you to tell me that boredom
assailed you from a sky too beflowered with stars,
tearing the heavenly bodies,
I would destroy night with one blow.

Were you to tell me that space,
thus emptied, did not please you,
God's-Knight, lance in hand,
I would bespangle the passing wind with stars.

But were you to tell me that my blood
is more mine than yours, my Lady,
I should pale at the charge,
and would die, blessing you.

O Dulcinea.

Three Songs, Don Quichotte to Dulcinee (Cont'd.)
(Translations by Felix Aprahamian)

Epic Song

Good St. Michael, who gives me leave
To see my Lady and hear her voice,
Good St. Michael who deigns to choose me
For her pleasure and to defend her,
Good St. Michael, be pleased to descend
With St. George, upon the altar
Of the Madonna in the blue cloak.

With a heavenly beam bless my blade
And its equal in purity
And its equal in piety
As also in modesty and chastity:
My Lady,
(O great Saint George and great Saint Michael)
The angel who watches over my vigil,
My gentle Lady, so like
You, Madonna in the blue cloak.

Amen.

Drinking Song

A pox on the bastard, illustrious Lady,
Who to defame me in your gentle eyes,
Says that love and old wine
Bereave my heart and soul.

I drink to happiness!
Happiness is the one goal
To which I go straight...when I am...when I am drunk!
Happiness! I drink to happiness!

A pox on that jealous man, dark lady,
Who whines, who weeps and swears
That he is ever that pallid lover
Who waters down his drunkenness!

I drink to happiness! etc.

Des Todes Tod
The Death of Death

I. Story of Death and Suffering

As I went walking in wet mist and fog before daybreak, following a terrible urge within, I came to a cliff's edge. There in the crag's red glow were Death and Suffering, who toiled before day to prepare life's torments. And I went crying in the sun's first rays, oh a day I do not wish for.

II. The death of God

Hush, you birds in the dark wood, you bees stop humming. The world must stand still -- God is dying, one hears his quiet breath going. God is tired of the senses and becomes earth, the large lid closes. God wishes to live and die as well. We embrace You, You stream of life, You throne of wisdom, You soul's light and Death's prize and with You we all gladly die.

III. Of the death of Death

Death is tired. He lays down in a summer garden. The Asters grow over his bones, he ends his days. Flesh withers and rots in Mid-day sun.

Death must live, he rises anew, a boy picking flowers. He goes his merry way, all men are dead. His hair flies golden and beautiful in a mysterious wind.