

BENNINGTON COLLEGE

presents

A FACULTY CONCERT

Wednesday
September 18, 1968

8:15 P.M.

Carriage Barn

I EIGHT SONGS BY FRANCIS POULENC

Frank Baker, Tenor

Marianne Finckel, Piano

II SOLO SONATA FOR VIOLIN

Richard Rodney Bennett

Allegro Appassionato
Dolce scherzando
Variations

Sylvia Rosenberg

III SONATA IN F MINOR FOR CLARINET AND PIANO
OPUS 120, NO.1

Johannes Brahms

Allegro Appassionato
Andante un poco Adagio
Allegretto grazioso
Vivace

Gunnar Schonbeck, Clarinet
Lionel Nowak, Piano

PARIS

Guillaume Apollinaire

Oh, what a charming thing
To leave the gloomy countryside for Paris, Beautiful Paris.

C.

5

Louis Aragon

I crossed the bridges at Ce.
It is there that every thing began.
A song of the past
Speaks of a wounded warrior,
Of a Rose on the pavement,
Of an unlaced bodice,
Of the castle of an insane duke
And of swans in the moats
Of the meadow where an eternal fiancé
Comes to dance.
And drank in, like a glass of cold milk,
The long poem of corrupt glories.
The Loire carries away my dreams
Along with the overturned coaches
And the broken weapons
And the poorly erased tears.
O my France! Oh my abandoned one!
I crossed the bridges at Ce.

VIOLON

Louise de Villemorin

Amorous couple of unrecognized tones
The violin and its player please me.
Ah! I love its lamentations
Put forth on its uneasy strings,
And the harmonies stretched thereon.
At the hour when laws are silenced
The heart, in the shape of a strawberry
Gives itself to love
Like an unknown fruit.

COUNTRY SONG

Jean Moreas

Beautiful source (of the river)
I want always to remember
That once, happily guided by friendship,
I gazed on your features, oh goddess.
Half hidden in the mass.

If it only had lived on,
This friendship I am grieving,
Enslaved to you, Oh Nymph,
To mingle still with the breeze
That surrounds you,
And to answer to your hidden waves.

HOTEL

Guillaume Apollinaire

The long poem of corrupt glories.
The Loire carries away my dreams
Along with the overturned coaches
And the broken weapons
And the poorly erased tears.
O my France! Oh my abandoned one!
I crossed the bridges at Ce.

VIOLON

Louise de Vilmorin

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HOTEL

Guillaume Apollinaire

My room has the shape of a cage
The sun passes its arm
Across the window-
But I, who wants to smoke
And make dreams,
Light my cigarette at the fire of the day .
I don't want to work
I want to smoke.

SONG OF GRIEF

Jean Moreas

Oh! depart from my mind unhappy thought
Oh anger and remorse,
And cruel memories that beat on my temples
In a deathlike embrace—
Moss covered paths, vaporous fountains, deep caves.

Voices of birds and of the wind,
Dimly lit tangles of the forest
Insects, animals, future beauty,
Don't reject me, Oh Nature!
But hear me when I cry out to you.
Oh! anger and remorse depart from my mind.

BRISK SONG

Jean Moreas

The treasure of the orchard
And of the blooming garden,
The flowers of the fields,
Burst out in joy,
Alas! Alas! Alas! Alas!
And overhead the wind swells its voice.

But you, serene ocean,
That the assault of storms
Would not know how to disturb
Certainly more dignified,
When your sorrow wakens
Start to dream.

FLOWERS

Louise de Vilморin

Promised flowers, flowers held in your arms,
Flowers taken from between footsteps,—
Who brought you these flowers in winter
Dusted with sand from the seas?
Sands of your kisses, flowers of faded love
Your eyes are black cinders
And in the chimney
A heart wrapped in sorrow
Burns with heavenly images,
Promised flowers, flowers held in your arms,
Who brought you these flowers in winter
Dusted with sand from the sea.