

BENNINGTON COLLEGE MUSIC DIVISION

Presents

A SENIOR CONCERT IN COMPOSITION

by

SU LIAN TAN

Sunday
December 2, 1984

2:00 p.m.
Greenwall Music Workshop

A Small Suite

SU LIAN TAN

Waltz
Mazurka
Sarabande
Zapin (A Malaysian Dance)
Jig

Su Lian Tan, flute
Murray Barsky, clarinet

Four Songs From Poems by Carl Sandburg

SU LIAN TAN

Dreaming Fool
Lost
Was Ever A Dream A Drum?
Splinter

Susannah Waters, voice
Peter Calabro, piano

Quartet in Three Movements

SU LIAN TAN

Allegro
Adagio
Allegro Vivace

Patricia Spencer, flute
Wendy Greenwald, flute
Andreas Fiuczynski, flute
Su Lian Tan, flute

-PAUSE-

Down by the Pond

Frog
Snake
Fish

SU LIAN TAN
Text by
KELLY SLEADD

Audrey Braam, voice
Jack Glick, viola
Bill Peck, cello
Jeff Levine, bass

Two Songs from poems by William Blake

SU LIAN TAN

Infant Joy
Infant Sorrow

Susannah Waters, voice
Su Lian Tan, flute
Murray Barsky, clarinet
Beth Donaldson, cello

Round-up

SU LIAN TAN

Wendy Greenwald, piccolo
Patricia Spencer, flute
Su Lian Tan, flute
Murray Barsky, clarinet
Edward Hines, bassoon
Robert Miller, trumpet
Anthony Widoff, horn
Jack Glick, viola
Bill Peck, cello
Beth Donaldson, cello
Jeff Levine, bass
Aris Economides, bass
and percussion
Louis Calabro, conductor

This concert is being presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements
for the Bachelor of Arts Degree.

FOUR SONGS FROM POEMS BY CARL SANDBURG

DREAMING FOOL

I was the first of the fools
(So I dreamed)
And all the fools of the world
were put into me and I was
the biggest fool of all.

Others were fools in the morning
Or in the evening or on Saturdays
Or odd days like Friday the Thirteenth
But me—I was a fool every day in the week
And when asleep I was the sleeping fool.
(So I dreamed.)

WAS EVER A DREAM A DRUM?

Was ever a dream a drum
or a drum a dream?
Can a drummer drum a dream
or a dreamer dream a drum?

The drum in a dream
pounds loud to the dreamer.

Now the moon tonight over Indians
is a fire-drum of a phantom dreamer.

LOST

Desolate and lone
All night long on the lake
Where fog trails and mist creeps,
The whistle of a boat
Calls and cries unendingly,
Like some lost child
In tears and trouble
Hunting the harbor's breast
And the harbor's eyes.

SPLINTER

The voice of the last cricket
across the first frost
is one kind of good-by.
It is so thin a splinter of singing.

DOWN BY THE POND TEXT BY KELLY SLEADD

FROG

Down by the pond, the frogs,
The hungry little frogs, gorge
on warm, live hearts.
Sludged green meadow choked down
blood-drenched lips,
The bludgeoned mouth of pond sings.

SNAKE

So it's you is it?
Beautiful,
Sunlight, snags in colors the oils
of your skin.
My open mouth pressed weeping
To your belly.
Grieving,
For the cov'ring
of my father's arms

FISH

Kiss me, I called
Holding in my lap, the bait.
The precious white foam cup.
Carefully.
A cup another day would have held black coffee
I held black peat
Peeking often, into its musky darkness.
Kiss me, I called, flushed pink,
And he handed me a worm.

INFANT JOY

I have no name
I am but two days old.-
What shall I call thee?
I happy am
Joy is my name,-
Sweet joy befall thee!

Pretty joy!
Sweet joy but two days old.
Sweet joy I call thee:
Thou dost smile.
I sing the while
Sweet joy befall thee.

INFANT SORROW

My mother groand! my father wept.
Into the dangerous world I leapt:
Helpless, naked, piping loud;
Like a fiend hid in a cloud.

Struggling in my fathers hands:
Striving against my swadling bands:
Bound and weary I thought best
To sulk upon my mothers breast.