

BENNINGTON COLLEGE MUSIC DIVISION

Presents

A FACULTY CONCERT

Tuesday  
October 6, 1981

8:15 p.m.  
Greenwall Music Workshop

I. Le Coucou

Louis-Claude Daquin  
(1694-1772)

La Poule (The Hen)

Jean-Phillipe Rameau  
(1683-1764)

Marianne Finckel, harpsichord

II. Quartet No. 39 in C major ("The Birds")

Joseph Haydn  
(1732-1809)

Allegro moderato  
Scherzo-allegretto  
Adagio  
Finale. Rondo.-Presto

Peggy James, violin  
Alison Nowak, violin  
Jacob Glick, viola  
Maxine Neuman, cello

III. Bird as Prophet

Robert Schumann  
(1810-1856)

"If I were a bird, I would fly to thee"

Adolph Henselt  
(1814 - 1889)

Oiseaux triste (Sorrowing Birds)

Maurice Ravel  
(1875-1937)

Vladimir Havsky, piano

IV. The Silver Swan

Orlando Gibbons  
(1583-1625)

Le Chant des Oiseaux (The Song of Birds)

Clément Janequin  
(1485-1558)

The Madrigalists  
Vivian Fine, conductor

V. The Swan

Camille Saint-Saens  
(1835-1921)

Maxine Neuman, cello  
Vivian Fine, piano

VI. Lullaby in Birdland (1952)

George Shearing

Peter Golub, piano  
Jeffrey Levine, bass  
Benjamin Wittman, percussion

VII. The Hot Canary (circa 1945)

Paul Nero  
(as realized by Paul Nero  
and Doc Goldberg)

Jacob Glick, violin  
Vivian Fine, piano  
Jeffrey Levine, bass

VIII. The Flicker (1973)  
(first performance)

Vivian Fine

'The flight is deeply undulating, produced by several  
quick beats and a pause'. Roger Tory Peterson  
Bird-song is also heard, and flight and song intermingle.

Lionel Nowak, piano

The Madrigalists:

Michael Westberg, Michael Downs, Edward Hines, Jody Kruskal,  
Jill Beckwith, Susan Alancraig, Bette Goldberg, Robin Hackely,  
Kathy Gill, Cheryl Aittama, Judith Jamieson

The Silver Swan

text - anon.

The silver swan who, living, had  
no note,  
When death approached, unlocked her  
silent throat:  
Leaning her breast against the  
reedy shore,  
Thus sang her first and last, and  
sang no more.

Farewell all joys,  
O death, come close mine eyes;  
More geese than swans now live,  
more fools than wise.

The Song of Birds  
(Le Chant des Oiseaux)

text - anon.

Awake sleeping hearts,  
The god of love summons you.  
On this first day of May  
Birds will perform wonders,  
To free yourself from agitation  
Unplug your ears.

And fa-ri-ra-ri-ron, ferely etc

All of you will be joyful,  
For it is the pleasant season.

If you follow my advice,  
You will hear the sweet music  
Made by the redwing king,  
The Blackbird, the grackle will be there  
With their recognizable voices.

Ti, ti, py-ty, chour-ty, Thou-y etc.

The little starling of Paris,  
The dear little one,  
By God, by God!  
It is time to go drinking.  
You over there! Peasant! Get away!  
You, my dear, go to hear the sermon  
at Saint Trot.  
Quickly to the sermon,  
To see Saint Robin, the sweet musicmaker.  
Ding Dong! Ding Dong!  
My lady, hurry up and get to Mass.  
Saint Cackline who cackles!



It is time. Guillaumette, Colinette,  
it is time.  
Time to go drinking.  
The little starling of Paris,  
Wise, courtly, and well behaved.

To laugh and to rejoice is my plan.  
Let each one abandon himself!

Nightingale of the pleasant wood,  
I hear it's voice resound.  
To dispel cares, your throat sings.

Frian, frian, tar, tar, ti-cun, qui-la-ra etc.

Vanish regrets, tears and cares  
For the season demands it.

Go away, Master Cuckoo,  
Leave our gathering,  
Go join the owl,  
For you are nothing but a traitor.

Cuckoo, cuckoo, etc.

Treacherously, in each nest,  
You lay your eggs, without  
being asked.

Awake, sleeping hearts  
The god of love summons you.