V. This Sonata was written when Hindemith (1895-1963) was principal violinist in the Frankfurt Opera Orchestra. There are six pieces in opus 11 notably this sonata and two for viola, one with piano and one unaccompanied. The work is in three movements. The first has an introduction and there is no pause between the second and third which are slow and fast respectively.

BENNINGTON COLLEGE MUSIC DIVISION

PRESENTS

A MUSICAL AMALGAM

Fashioned By

MARIANNE FINCKEL
AND
FRIENDS

WEDNESDAY, **N**OVEMBER **14**, 1990 **8:15** P.M.

GREENWALL MUSIC WORKSHOP

PROGRAM

I Concerto for 2 Harpsichords (1727)

J.S. BACH

John Wilson, Marianne Finckel, harpsichords Joseph Schor, Jacob Glick, violins Cathy Hall, viola Nathaniel Parke, 'cello Jeffrey Levine, bass

II Catalogue of Flowers (1920)

DARIUS MILHAUD

Michael Downs, baritone Marianne Finckel, piano

III Fêtes Galantes II (1904)

CLAUDE DEBUSSY

Michael Downs, baritone Marianne Finckel, piano

INTERMISSION

IV Il Tramonto (1918)

OTTORINO RESPIGHI

Kerry Ryer, soprano String Quartet: Joseph Schor, Jacob Glick, violins Cathy Hall, viola, Nathaniel Parke, 'cello

V Cello Sonata, op. 11 (1919)

PAUL HINDEMITH

Nathaniel Parke, violoncello Marianne Finckel, piano

Program Notes

I Bach (1685-1750) wrote six concertos for multiple Harpsichords: three of these are for two solo instruments. Two are in c minor and this one is in C major. There are three movements, fast, slow, fast. Only the first and last are accompanied.

II. This set of songs is one of two sets first performed in 1923 in Paris. The other group *Machines Agricoles*, contain settings of descriptions of farm machinery.

CATALOGUE OF FLOWERS

I. THE VIOLET

The Viola cyclope grows well, a beautiful Solférino red. It is very fragrant, early blooming and vigorous.

II. THE BEGONIA

Begonia aurora, very double blossoms, apricot mixed with coral, very pretty color, rare and unusual.

III. THE FRITILLARIAS

Fritillarias favor locations exposed to the sun and protected from spring frosts. During winter they require covering. They are also knows as Lapwing's Eggs and Crown Imperial.

IV. THE HYACINTHS

Albertine, pure white. La Peyrouse, clear mauve. King of Belgium, pure carmine. King of the Blues, dark blue. Mademoiselle de Malakoff, vivid yellow, fragrant.

V. THE CROCUSES

Crocuses may be grown in pots or in saucers on damp moss, outdoors, alone or mixed with other spring flowers. They make a very beautiful impression.

VI. THE BRACHYCOME

Brachycome iberidifolia, clear blue novelty, charming dwarf plant, covered with blue flowers, a vivid blue.

VII. THE EREMURUS

Eremurus isabellinus, guaranteed to bloom. The stalk of this magnificent species may reach six feet. Its flowers are a beautiful color between yellow and pink and are long lasting.

Prices sent on request.

III. Debussy (1862-1918) wrote Fêtes Galantes, series II twelve years after series I. Altogether they are settings of six poems of Paul Verlaine, three songs in each set.

THE INNOCENTS

High heels struggled with long skirts, So that, depending on the terrain and the wind, The calves of legs sometimes glistened, Too often spied! And we loved this game of tricks.

Also, sometimes the sting of a jealous insect
Troubled the neck of some pretty maiden under the
branches,
And then there was a sudden sight of a white throat,
And this treat strained our young foolish eyes.

The evening descended, an uncertain evening of Autumn:

The pretty maidens, leaning dreamily on our arms, Were saying then, in low voices, such strange, peculiar words,

That our souls since then tremble and are astounded.

THE SATYR

An old terra-cotta satyr Laughs in the middle of the lawns, Predicting no doubt a bad sequel To these blissful moments

Which have led you and me, Melancholy pilgrims, To this hour whose flight Whirls to the sound of tambourines.

SENTIMENTAL COLLOQUY

In the old park, deserted and cold, Two figures have just passed by.

Their eyes are lifeless and their mouths are slack, And one can hardly hear their words.

In the old park, deserted and cold, Two ghosts were recalling their past.

"Do you remember our past ecstasy?"
"Why do you want me to remember it?"

"Does your heart still beat faster at the very mention of my name? Do you still see my soul in your dreams?" "No."

"Ah! the beautiful days of inexpressible happiness When our lips met!" "Possibly."

"How blue the sky was, and how high our hopes!"
"Hope has flown, vanquished, towards the dark sky."

And so they walked through the wild oats, And the night alone heard their words. IV. Il Tramonto, The Sunset, is a setting of a poem by Percey B. Shelley (1792-1822), translated into Italian by R. Ascoli. At 26 years of age, Shelley and his wife moved to Italy where they raised two children until the poet's untimely death at 30. He and his son were lost at sea when their boat was caught in a storm. Respighi (1879-1936) set three of Shelley's poems to music for mezzo soprano and strings.

THE SUNSET

I had a friend, within whose subtle being, As light and wind within some delicate cloud That fades amid the blue noon's burning sky, Genius and youth contented. None may know The sweetness of the joy which made his breath Fail, like the trances of the summer air, As with the lady of his love, who then First knew the unreserve of mingled being. He walked along the pathway of a field, Which to the East a hoar wood shadowed o'er. But to the West was open to the sky. There now the Sun had sunk, but lines of gold Hung on the ashen clouds, and on the points Of the far level grass and nodding flowers, And the old dandelion's hoary beard. And, mingling with the shades of twilight, lay On the brown massy woods—and in the East The broad and pallid moon lingeringly rose Between the black trunks of the crowded trees. While the faint stars were gathering overhead.— "Is is not strange, Rosalind,"*said the youth. "I never saw the sun? We will walk here To-morrow; thou shalt look on it with me." That night the youth and lady mingled lav

In love and sleep—but when the morning came The lady found her lover dead and cold. Let none believe that God in mercy gave That stroke. The lady died not, nor grew wild, But years and years lived on-in truth I think Her gentleness and patience and sad smiles And that she did not die, but lived to tend Her aged father, were a kind of madness, If madness 'tis to be unlike the world. For but to see her were to read the tale Woven by some subtlest bard, to make hard hearts Dissolve away in wisdom-working grief;-Her eyes were black and lustreless and wan: Her eye-lashes were worn away with tears, Her lips and cheeks were like things dead—so pale; Her hands were thin, and through their wandering veins

And weak articulations might be seen Day's ruddy light. The tomb of thy dead self While a vexed ghost inhabits, night and day, Is all, lost child, that now remains of thee!

"Inheritor of more than Earth can give,
Passionless calm and silence unreproved,
Whether the dead find, oh, not sleep! but rest,
And are the uncomplaining things they seem,
Or love and life—I do desire to rest,
Or live, or drop in the deep sea of Love;
Oh, that like thine, mine epitaph were—Peace!"
This was the only moan she ever made.

^{*}In the Italian translation, this name is inexplicably Isabella.