

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, NOVEMBER 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 known 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.

IV. *Il Tramonto, The Sunset*, is a setting of a poem by Percy 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 it 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 lay

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 unreprieved,
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.