

THE DENNINGTON COLLEGE MUSIC DIVISION

presents
a
SENIOR CONCERT
BY
TOMMY ANDRES

Wednesday
May 25, 1977

8:15 p.m.
Carriage Barn

SONATA NO. 12 from: XII SUONATE BENEDETTO MARCELLO
A Flauto Solo
Con il duo Basso Continuo per Violoncello o Cembalo
DI
BENEDETTO MARCELLO
NOBILE VENETO
Dilettante de Contrapunto, e Accademico Filarmonico, et Arcade
A AMSTERDAM
chez Estienne Roger Marchaud Libraire no. 368 (pre 1732)
(from the collections in
the Library of Congress)

Tommy Andres	Flauto Dolce
Nina Dorsey	Bass Viola da Gamba
Laurie Andres	Cembalo, figured Bass Realization

A SEASONAL SUNDAE TOMMY ANDRES (1977)
Fall Flavors
A Tasty Winter Freeze
The Vernal Chatter
Faithful Summer Sundaes

Tommy Andres	Soprano and Alto Recorders
Steve Brettler	Clarinets
Lyn Bertles	Viola
Beverly Dyer	'Cello
Beaner Marker	Percussion
Marta Ptaszynska -Conductor	

Based on the sonnet "A Seasonal Sundae" by Katherine S. Clamen
(1977)

SONATA NO. 1 ROBERT VALENTINE
from: SIX SONATAS of two parts (b. ?; d. ?)
made on purpose for two FLUTES
composed by Mr. Valentine at Rome
London Printed for J. Walsh etc.
(from the Dayton C. Miller Collection in the Library of Congress)

Tommy Andres, David Shorey --- Duo Flautists

TRIO FROM "PLÖNER MUSIKTAG" (1932)

PAUL HINDEMITH
(1895- 1963)

Tommy Andres	Soprano Recorder
David Shorey	Alto Recorder
Laurie Andres	Tenor Recorder

- INTERMISSION -

SERENADE C-MOLL K.V. 388

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART
(1756-1791)

Tommy Andres, Reinhold Vander Linde-- Oboes
Steve Brettler, Paul Opel -- Clarinets
Maurice Pachman, Karen Cunningham-- Bassoons
Joel Gardner, Glenn Serre -- Horns

Vivian Fine-- Conductor

A SEASONAL SUNDAY

At Fairdale Farms the cows bring forth ice cream.
Sweet flavors of Fall their bounty doth receive:
Shaggy manes and decomposing leaves.
But great desserts last only in our dreams.
Chilled by endless months of winter freeze,
The snow-bound cows sneeze loud, their teeth a-chatter.

But Oh! The Snows do pass and comes a clatter.
In muddy Spring all done with NRT's,
The swallows flock again to Bennington.
The woodcock's beep, the mallard's webbed-foot patter,
We hunt morels to grace our vernal platter.
Black flies buzz and frogs croak in the sun.

It's summer at Fairdale Farms - the sun doth beam,
And faithful cows again bring forth ice cream.