

BENNINGTON COLLEGE MUSIC DIVISION

PRESENTS

A SENIOR CONCERT

By

KRISTIN DiSPALTRO

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

MONDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1993

8:15 p.m.

GREENWALL MUSIC WORKSHOP

PROGRAM

La Delaïssádo

JOSEPH CANTELOUBE
(1879-1957)

Kristin DiSpaltro, voice
Gunnar Schonbeck, clarinet

Duet from the Opera Lakmé

LÉO DÉLIBES
(1836-1891)

Shawnette Sulker, Lakmé
Kristin DiSpaltro - Mallika

L'Enfant Muet
Chanson De L'Oranger Sec

FRANCIS POULENC
(1899-1963)

Poems by FEDERICO GARCIA-LORCA

Siete Canciones Populares Españols

MANUEL de FALLA
(1876 -1946)

Kristin DiSpaltro, voice
Marianne Finckel, piano

Gigue In B flat minor
from Partita No. 1

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH
(1685-1750)

Aria - The Goldberg Variations

Variation #25 - The Goldberg Variations

Kristin DiSpaltro, piano

INTERMISSION

Reflections

THELONIOUS MONK
(1920 -1982)

Alex Huberty, trumpet-
Kristin DiSpaltro, piano

Improvisation

Kristin DiSpaltro, voice
Alex Huberty, trumpet
Matt Weston, drums

Bill Dixon's Ensemble

Kristin DiSpaltro, voice
Lilian Stone, voice
Vincent Carté, electric guitar
Mary Springer, 'cello
Alex Huberty, trumpet
Monk Parker, soprano saxophone
Laura Henze, alto saxophone
Matt Weston, drums
(arranged by Kristin DiSpaltro)

—I would like to thank; Frank Baker, Joe Bloom, Arthur Brooks, Bill Dixon, Willie Finckel, Milford Graves, Catherine Howard, Barbara Martin, Lionel Nowak, and Gunnar Schonbeck... for constant inspiration, encouragement, dedication, and guidance..

—My parents, for offering the opportunities and supporting my pursuits.

—Thank you Shawnette, Alex, Matt, and the whole ensemble for being excellent collaborators.

—Thomas Dunn, for your commitment, patience, inexhaustible ideas, perseverance, dealing with the wood twice, and the light. Johann Paine, for assisting with the lights and bearing a hurtful wack on the shoulder.

—Rebecca Stubbs and Hong Ting for offering your help and support.

—Vincent Carté - for your generosity, assistance, and for for reading the Pablo Neruda poem in Spanish that day.

—Sue Jones for all your help and patience.

Sandra Dunn and Matthew Westcott for their time and assistance with the translations, pronunciation, and interpretation of The Seven Spanish Songs.

—Lighting by: Thomas Dunn

TEXT

La Delaïssádo/ The Forsaken

Joseph Canteloube

A shepardess is waiting over there at the
top of the wood
for the one she loves,
but he does not come!

"Alas, I'm forsaken!
I do not see my lover!
I thought he loved me and I loved him so!"
The star comes out,
the star announcing the night,
and the poor little shepardess stays alone
to weep.

Duet from the Opera Lakmé

Léo Délibes

Lakmé: Deep canopy,
Mallika: Beneath the deep canopy,
L: the jasmine entwines with the roses,
M: where the white jasmine entwines with the roses,
L: bank of flowers, fresh morning,
M: on the flowery bank, laughing at the morning,
L: we call together. Ah! gliding
M: come lets go down together. Gently let us glide
L: next to us, the fleeing current:
M: on the charming waters, let us follow the fleeing current:
L&M: fleeing through the shimmering water,
paddling with a nonchalant hand.
L: let us reach the bank
M: come, let us reach the bank,
L: where the birds sing.
M: where the spring sleeps and the birds sing.

Lakmé:

But I know not what sudden fear
takes hold of me;
when my father goes alone
to their accursed town,
I tremble with fright!

Mallika:

That the god Ganessa may protect him,
let us go as far as the pool,
where the snowy-winged swans disport
themselves happily,
and gather the blue lotus flowers.

Lakmé:

Yes, near the snowy-winged swans,
let us go and gather the blue locus flowers...

Francis Poulenc - poems by Federico García -Lorca

El Nino Mudo

L'enfant Muet/The Silent Child

El niño busca su voz.
(La tenía el rey le los grillos.)
En una gota de agua
buscaba su voz el niño.

No la quiero para hablar;
me haré con ella un anillo
que llevará me silencio
en su dedo pequeño.

En una gota de agua
buscaba su voz el niño.
(La voz cautiva, a lo lejos,
se ponía un traje de grillo.)

The child seeks his voice.
(The king of crickets has it.)
in a drop of water
the child sought his voice.

I do not wish to speak with it;
I will make with it a ring
Which my silence will wear
on its little finger.

In a drop of water
the child sought his voice
(The captive voice, far away,
put on the robe of a cricket.)

Francis Poulenc - poems by Federico Garcia-Lorca

Cancion Del Naranja Seco

Chanson de L'oranger Sec/ Song of the Dry Orange Tree

Leñador. Córtame la sombra. Líbrame del suplicio de verme sin toronjas.	Woodman. Cut for me the shadow. Free me from the torment of seeing myself without oranges
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¿Por qué nací entre espejos?	Why was I born between mirrors?
El día me da vueltas,	The day walks in circles around me,
y la noche me copie en todas sus estrellas.	and the night copies me in all its stars.

Quiero vivir sin verme.	I want to live without seeing myself
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Y hormigas y vilanos, soñaré que son mis hojas y mis pájaros.	And ants and thistleburrs I will dream that these are my leaves and my birds.
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Leñador. Córtame la sombra. Líbrame del suplicio de verme sin toronjas.	Woodcutter. Cut my shadow from me. Free me from the torment of seeing myself without oranges.
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Siete Canciones Populares Españols - Manuel de Falla

1. El Pano Moruno

The Moorish Cloth

Al paño fino en la trenda	That fine cloth in the drapery store,
Una muncha le cayó Por menos precio se vende! Porque perdio su valor,	A spot stained it; For less of a price it will sell! Because it lost its value. Ay!

2. Seguidilla Murciana -(Song from province of Spain)

Cualquiera que el tejado Tenga de vidrio No debe tirar piedras Al del vecino.	Those who live in houses made of glass Should not throw stones at his neighbor.
Arrieros somos; Puede que en el camino Nos encuentre mos!	We are muleteers; it is possible that We'll meet each other on the road!

Por tu mucha inconstancia	Because of your great inconsistency
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Yo te comparo Con peseta que corre De mano en mano;	I compare you With a peseta that goes from hand to hand;
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Y creyen dola falso Nadie la tome!	and, believing it false nobody will take it!
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3. Austuriana (a province of Spain)

Por ver si me consolaba Arrime me a un pino verde. Por ver me llorar lloraba. Y el pino como era verde, Por ver me llorar, llorarba!	To see if it would console me I drew near a green pine tree. By seeing me crying, it cried. And the pine tree being green, By seeing me crying, it cried!
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4. Jota (Fast Dance)

Dicen que no nos queremos	They say we don't love each other
Porque no nos ven hablar	Because they don't see us talking

A tu corazon y al mio Selo pueden preguntar	To your heart and mine they can ask.
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Dicen que no no queremos	They say we don't love each other
Porque no nos ven hablar	Because they don't see us talking

Ya me despido de ti De tu casay tu ventana	Now I say goodbye to you to your house and to your window
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Y aun que no quiera tu madre,

Adios,

Ninã hasta mañana.

Ya me despido de ti.

Aunque no quiera tu madre...

5. Nana -

Dúermete, niño, duerme,

Dúerme, mi alma,

Dúermete, lucerito...

De la mañana.

Nanita, nana,

Dúermete, lucerito...

Dela mañana.

6. Canción -(Song)

Por traidores tus ojos,

Voyá enterrarios;

No sabes lo que onesta,

"Del aire"

Ninã, el mirarlos.

"Madre, à laorilla"

Dicen que no me quieres,

Ya me has querido...

Váyase lo ganado

"Del aire"

Por lo, perdido.

"Madre, à laorilla"

por lo peridido. "Madre."

Though it may not please thy
mother,

Goodbye,

love, until tomorrow

Now I say goodbye to you.

Although it may not please
your mother...

Sleep softly child,

Sleep my love.

Sleep you bright star

of the morning.

Sleep you bright star

Of the morning.

For having betrayed with your
eyes,

I'm going to bury them;

You don't know what it takes,

"From the air"

Loved one, to look into them

"Mother, by the shore"

They say you don't love me,

You have loved me...

Gone away is what I had
gained

"From the Air"

For what I've lost.

"Mother, by the shore"

For what I've lost. "Mother."

7. Polo

Ay!

Guardo una "Ay!"

Guardo una pena en me pecho

"Ay!"

Que á nadie se la diré!

Malhaya el amor, malhaya,

"Ay!"

Y quien me lo dió á entender!

"Ay!"

I keep safe

I keep safe the pain in my
heart

Which I will not tell anyone
about!

Accursed be love, accursed,

And the one who made me
understand!