

Music At Bennington Presents...

MAY 16, '97

EMILY WELLS
SENIOR CONCERT

arco
verse 6
pizz
Brimo Primo
meno mosso
arco
verse 7
mp
verse 8
mp
verse 9
mp
verse 10
mp
verse 11
mp
verse 12
pizz
voice
words spoke new new more
pizz

Seattle
Crawl
Stick

Emily Wells

Melissa Collins, cello
Jennifer Schmitt, piano

Ej zito zela

Baranja, Croatia/MCB1977

Translation:

A girl from Baranja cut wheat with a golden hand and a silver sickle.

Chorus: Oh stars, don't go away, it's early, golden one.

Iz vor voda

traditional Bulgarian song

Ozdolu idu

Bulgarian/Filip
Koutev

(A children's song about a many colored cart bumping and jumping down a hill.)

Balkan Choir:

Katie Carpenter, Sarah Courtney, Bronwen Davies-Mason, Charity Dove,
Ona Friedrichs, Meredith Honig, Sharla Roberts, Nina Salzman, Jennifer
Schmitt, KJ Swanson, and Emily Wells.

Charlotte

(Frank Baker
commission 1998-99)

Emily Wells

Rebecca Zafonte, soprano
Bronwen Davies-Mason, violin
Shana Onigman, violin
Sara Cronan, viola
Melissa Collins, cello

Charity Dove, soprano recorder and sopranino
John Brauer, soprano recorder
Sarah Courtney, soprano recorder
Dan Mohr, soprano recorder
Jennifer Schmitt, soprano recorder

Puppetry by Linda Wells and Regina Troiano, with help from
Ona Friedrichs, Clemma Dawsen, ...

I would like to thank all the musicians for their hard work,
Stephen Siegel and Allen Shawn for helping me compose, Regina and my
mother Linda for the beautiful puppets and puppetry, Amy Williams for
her support and her ear, Charity for her snowflakes, all the volunteer
puppeteers (whoever they may be), Ma Reed and Uncle Willie for the
goodies, and all my friends for supporting me and putting up with my music.

*This concert is made possible in part through the generous support of
Judith Rosenberg Hoffberger '54 and the Henry and Ruth Blaustein
Rosenberg Foundation.*

NARROW SPACE

S.R. Penick

Charlotte

Young Charlotte lived by the mountainside
in a wild and lonely spot
not a dwelling house for five miles around
except her father's cot

It was New Year's Eve, the sun was low,
joy beamed in her bright blue eyes
she watched until her true love's sleigh
came swiftly riding by

In a village fifteen miles away
there's a merry ball tonight
the piercing air was cold as death
but her heart was warm and dry

Oh Daughter dear, her mother said
this blanket around you fold
it's a dreadful night to go abroad
and you'll catch your deathly cold

Oh no, oh no, her daughter said
and she laughed like a gypsy queen
to ride in a sleigh all bundled up
I never shall be seen.

There's life in the sound of the merry bells
as over the hills they go
with a creaking sound the runners make
as they bite the frozen snow.

Such a night as this I never knew
these lips scarce can hold
and Charlotte said in a very feeble voice
I am growing very cold.

How fast, said Charles
the frosty ice keeps gathering on her brow
and Charlotte said in a very feeble voice
I am growing warmer now

He drove up to the ballroom door,
stepped out and reached his hand,
he asked her once, he asked her twice,
he asked her three times, o'er

He took her hand in his
It was cold and hard as stone
he tore the mantle from her brow
and there the cold stars shown.

And then into the lighted hall her lifeless form he bore,
Charlotte was a frozen corpse
and words spoke never more.

He twined his arms
around her neck
the bitter tears did flow
and his thoughts turned back to the place where she said
I am growing warmer now.