

VERMINGTON COLLEGE

presents

A SENIOR RECITAL

by

GAIL SWINNERTON, clarinetist

SUNDAY

DECEMBER 13, 1970

8 15 P.M.

CARRIAGE HALL

I Trio Sonata in B<sup>b</sup>

VANDEL

(Orig. oboe and violin transcribed by Gunnar Schonbeck)

Adagio

Allegro

Largo

Allegro

Gail Swinnerton, B<sup>b</sup> Clarinet

Gunnar Schonbeck, B<sup>b</sup> Clarinet

Nancy Beanin, clarinet

Linda Oppenheimer, clarinet

Joel Miller, alto clarinet

Gail Schonbeck, bass clarinet

II Sonata in F minor, opus 120, no. 1

CHOPIN

Allegro appassionato

Andante un poco adagio

Allerretto grazioso

Vivace

Frances Allen, piano

INTERMISSION

### III Rainbow

SWINERTON

Shower	Green
Red	Blue
Orange	Indigo
Yellow	Violet

Debby Morse, Eb flute  
 Susan Feiner, C flute  
 Debby Tohr, alto flute  
 Fran Lipton, bass flute

Lights: Julie Noble

### IV Cantata for Christmas 1970

SWINERTON

#### Soprano

#### Alto

#### Baritone

Erika Bro  
 Kim Wheeler  
 Joan Zucker

Linda Belarade  
 Missie Hayes  
 Cathy Satterlee

Michael Finckel  
 Nathan Fox  
 Joel Katz

Susan Cantrick, violin  
 Deborah Borda, viola  
 Martha Siegel, cello  
 Frances Allen, rehearsal pianist  
 Rick Conedera, trumpet

For behold, I bring you good tidings of  
 great joy which shall be to all people.

For unto us is born a savior, this day, which  
 is Christ The Lord

Every Man Heart Lay Down

by Lorenz Graham

Long time past

Before you papa live

Before him papa live

Before him pa's papa live--

Long time past

Before them big tree live

Before them big tree's papa live--

That time God live.

And God look on the world

What He done make

And Him heart no lay down.

And He walk about in the town

To see the people

And He sit down in the palaver house

To know the people

And He vex too much.

And God say

nev mind.

The people no hear My Word

The people no walk My way

nev. mind.

I going break the world and lose the people

I going make the day dark

And the night I going make hot.

I going make water that side where land belong

And land that side where water belong.

And I going make a new country

And make a new people.

Now this time

God's one small boy--him small pican--hear God's Word

And the pican grieve for people

So he go fore God's face

and make talk for him Pa.

Pa, I come for beg You, so he say

I come for beg You

Don't break the world

What you done make.

Don't lose the people

What You done care for.

I beg You

Make it I go

I talk with people

Eve-m bye they savvy the way.

And the pican go down softly softly  
And hold God's foot.  
So God look on Him small boy  
And Him heart be soft again  
And God say

Aye My son,  
When you beg me so  
I no can vex.  
Left me now but hear me good  
If you go you must be born like a man  
And you must live like a man  
And you must have hurt and have hunger.  
And hear me good  
Men will hate you  
And they will flog you  
And bye-n-bye they will kill you  
And I no going put My hand there.

And the pican say  
I agree.

And in a far country  
God hear a wise man call Him name  
And God say to the wise man  
I send My son to be new wise man.  
Go now with the star.  
And the star call  
And the wise man follow  
And by the waterside  
Men lay down for take rest  
And they hear fine music in the sky  
Like all the stars make song.  
And they fear.  
And all the dark make bright like day  
And the water shine like fire  
And no man can savvy  
And they hearts turn over.  
But God's angel come  
And God's angel say  
Make glad, all people.  
God's pican be born in Bethlehem.  
And the people say Oh.

And the wise man and the king  
And the country people come to Bethlehem  
And the star come low and stop.  
But when they go for mansion house  
The star no be there.  
And when they go for Big Man's house  
The star no be there.  
And bye-m-bye when they go for hotel  
The star no be there gain--  
But the wise man say  
    Abah, the star be by the small house  
    Where cattle sleep!  
And it was so.

And they find Joseph and Mary  
And the small small pican  
Fold up in country cloth  
And the king bring gold for gift  
And the wise man bring fine oil  
And the country people bring new rice.

And they look on the God pican  
And every man heart lay down.