

BENNINGTON COLLEGE MUSIC DIVISION

Presents

A FACULTY CONCERT

Wednesday
April 13, 1983

8:15 pm
Greenwall Music Workshop

Trio Sonate in G dur
Largo
Vivace
Adagio
Presto

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH
(1685 - 1750)

Su Lian Tan - flute
Eva Lewandowski - flute
Maxine Neuman - 'cello
Peter Calabro - harpsichord

Three Pieces for Piano Right Hand

Moon Harp

Bagatelle (1975)

Fantasy (1983)

ALAN HOVHANESS
(1911 -)
GUNTHER TAUTENHAHN

LOUIS CALABRO

Lionel Nowak

Sonata in F minor, opus 120, no. 1
Allegro appassionato
Andante un poco Adagio
Allegretto grazioso
Vivace

JOHANNES BRAHMS
(1833 - 1897)

Gunnar I. Schonbeck - clarinet
Vladimir Havsky - piano

- INTERMISSION -

[^]
FETES GALANTES

Text by Paul Verlaine

Muted

Calm in the half light
made by the tall branches,
let our love be imbued
with this deep silence.

Let us merge our souls, our hearts
and our ecstatic senses
with the vague languors
of the pine and the arbutus.

Half close your eyes,
fold your arms across your breast,
and from your sleeping heart
for ever drive away all purpose.

Let us surrender
to the soothing, gentle zephyr
that comes to ruffle at your feet
the waves of russet grass.

And when, solemnly, evening
falls from the dark oak trees,
voice of our despair,
the nightingale will sing.

Moonlight

Your soul is a chosen landscape
to which maskers and bergamasks
bring delight,
playing the lute and dancing,
and almost
sad beneath their fanciful
disguises.

While singing in the minor key
of victorious love and the
propitious life,
they do not seem to believe in
their happiness
and their song mingles with the
moonlight,

with the calm moonlight, sad
and beautiful,
which brings dreams to the birds
in the trees
and makes the fountains sob with
ecstasy,
the tall slender fountains among
the marble statues.

Marionettes

Scaramouche and Pulcinella
whom a nefarious plot brought
together,
gesticulate, black beneath the
moon.

Meanwhile the excellent doctor
from Bologna leisurely gathers
medicinal herbs in the dark
grass.

Then his daughter, prettily
piquant,
beneath the hedge stealthily
glides half naked, in quest

of her handsome Spanish pirate,
of whom an amorous nightingale
proclaims the distress at the
top of its voice.