

BENNINGTON COLLEGE MUSIC DIVISION

Presents

A SENIOR CONCERT

By

SUSAN ALANCRAIG

Wednesday
December 7, 1983

8:15 p.m.
Greenwall Music Workshop

Sonata No. 1 in E Minor, Op. 38

JOHANNES BRAHMS

Allegro non troppo

Susan Alancraig, 'cello
Elizabeth Wright, piano

Piece for Carillon*(transcribed for piano)

SUSAN ALANCRAIG

Elizabeth Wright, piano

Six Songs

CHARLES IVES

Memories (1897)

A. Very Pleasant

B. Rather Sad

The Cage (1906)

The Side-Show (1921)

Like A Sick Eagle (1920)

In The Alley (1896)

Charlie Rutledge (pub. 1939)

Susan Alancraig, voice
Elizabeth Wright, piano

-- INTERMISSION --

Suite No. I in G Major for Solo Violoncello

J.S. BACH

Praeludium

Susan Alancraig, 'cello

Ein Schwan
An Einem Bache

EDVARD GRIEG

La Chevalure
Beau Soir

CLAUDE DEBUSSY

Susan Alancraig, voice
Marianne Finckel, piano

*The Carillon is an instrument from the 15th century made up of 30 to 50 bells tuned to a chromatic scale. Special thanks to Dave Caldwell, carillonist at the University of Rochester, for all his encouragement and for playing this piece there.

...Des pas sur la neige (footsteps in the snow)

CLAUDE DEBUSSY

Susan Alancraig, piano

Portraits

SUSAN ALANCRAIG

The Cat/Meija

Jill Beckwith, voice
Maxine Neuman, 'cello

Murray Barsky, clarinet
Jeffrey Levine, bass

Self-Portrait/Low Tide

Faith Kaufmann, piano Maxine Neuman, 'cello
Susan Alancraig, voice

A Rose/Grandma

Lise Kreps, flute Jill Beckwith, voice
Maxine Neuman, 'cello

Laughter/Larry

Jacob Glick, violin Mary Lampron, viola
Susan Alancraig, voice

Steve (with a quote from Charlie Chaplin)

Maxine Neuman, 'cello

Eyebrows/D. Ray

Susannah Waters, soprano
Susan Alancraig, tenor

Audrey Braam, alto
Jill Beckwith, bass

With much loving appreciation to Frank Baker, Maxine Neuman, Marianne Finckel, Jeffrey Levine, Elizabeth Wright, Anne Dambrowski, and Jill Beckwith.

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

Memories (Charles Ives)

A. Very Pleasant

We're sitting in the opera house,
the opera house, the opera house;
We're waiting for the curtain to arise
with wonders for our eyes;
We're feeling pretty gay, and well we may,
"O, Jimmy, look!", I say, "The band is
tuning up and soon will start to play".
We whistle and we hum, beat time with the
drum. We whistle and we hum, beat time
with the drum.

We're sitting in the opera house,
the opera house, the opera house,
awaiting for the curtain to rise
with wonders for our eyes,
a feeling of expectancy,
a certain kind of ecstasy,
expectancy and ecstasy, expectancy and
ecstasy --- Shhhhh --- Curtain!

B. Rather Sad

From the street a strain on my ear doth
fall
A tune as threadbare as that "old red
shawl"
It is tattered, it is torn,
it shows signs of being worn,
It's the tune my Uncle hummed from early
morn
"Twas a common little thing and kind 'a
sweet
But 'twas sad and seemed to slow up both
his feet
I can see him shuffling down to the barn
or to the town, humming.

The Cage (Ives)

A leopard went around its cage
from one side back to the other side
It stopped only when the keeper
came around with meat;
A boy who had been there three hours
began to wonder,
"Is life anything like that?"

The Side Show (Ives)

"Is that Mr. Riley, who keeps the hotel?"
is the tune that accompanies
the trotting track bell;
An old horse unsound turns the merry-go-
round
making poor Mr. Riley look a bit like a
Russian dance,
Some speak of so highly, as they do of Riley!

Like a Sick Eagle (Keats)

The spirit is too weak;
mortality weighs heavily on me
like unwilling sleep,
and each imagined pinnacle and steep
of God-like hardship
tells me I must die,
like a sick eagle
looking towards the sky.

In The Alley (Ives)

On my way to work one summer day,
just off the main highway,
Through a window in an alley
smiled a lass, her name was Sally,
O, could it be! O could it be
she smiled on me!
All that day, before my eyes,
amids't the busy whirl,
came the image of that lovely Irish girl.
And hopes would seem to rise, as the
clouds rise in the skies,
When I thought of her and those beaming
eyes.
So that evening, dressed up smart and
neat,
I wandered down her street
at the corner of the alley was another
man with Sally,
and my eyes grew dim, she smiles on him,
and only on him.

Charlie Rutlage (From Cowboy Songs)

Another good cowpuncher has gone to meet
his fate, I hope he'll find a resting
place within the golden gate, the golden gate.
Another place is vacant on the ranch of
the XIT, 'Twill be hard to find another
that's liked as well as he. The first that
died was Kid White, a man both tough and brave.
While Charlie Rutlage makes the third to
be sent to his grave, caused by a cow-horse
falling while running after stock; 'Twas
on the spring round up, A place where death men mock,
He went forward one morning on a circle
through the hills, he was gay and full of
glee and free from earthly ills; But when
it came to finish up the work on which he
went, nothing came back from him, his time
on earth was spent. 'Twas as he rode the round
up, a XIT turned back to the herd; Poor
Charlie shoved him in again, his cutting horse
he spurred; Another turned; at that moment
his horse the creature spied and turned
and fell with him! Beneath poor Charlie died.
His relations in Texas his face never more will
see, But I hope he'll meet his loved ones beyond in
eternity, in eternity. I hope he'll meet his
parents, will meet them face to face and that
they'll grasp him by the right hand at the
shining throne, the shining throne, the
shining throne of grace.

Ein Schwan - A Swan (Henrik Ibsen)

My swan, my silent one,
with white feathers,
of your worthy song you gave no sound.
Anxious, fearing the elves underground,
you glide, always around.
And yet you changed in the end at our
parting
with true faithfulness,
yes then, then you sang!
You closed singing, leaving the earthly
path,
You died ringing.
You were a swan, then, a swan, then.

An Einem Bache - At the Brookside
(A.O. Vinje)

You woods, that hang your heads and bow
to kiss the brook, so dark and still,
which undermines your roots below,
And to your downfall bends its will.
Like you, full many a one I've known,
When Life was Spring, and hope was fair,
Whose kisses warmly met mine own,
To bring but grief and dark despair,
Grief and dark despair!
You woods, you woods, you woods, you
woods.

La Chevalure - The Tresses (Pierre Louys)

He told me; "Last night I dreamed.
I had your tresses around my neck.
I wore your locks like a dark chain
Around my neck and on my breast.
I caressed them and they were my own;
And we were thus forever united,
By the same tresses, lips upon lips,
As two laurels often have but one root.
And gradually it seemed to me,
So much were our limbs entwined,
That I became you,
Or that you entered into me, like my
dream."
When he had finished,
he gently laid his hands upon my
shoulders,
And he looked at me with a glance so
tender
That I cast down my eyes with a tremble.

Beau Soir - Beautiful Evening
(Paul Bourget)

When, in the setting sun the streams
are rosy,
And when a warm breeze floats over the
fields of grain,
A counsel to be happy seems to emanate
from all things
And rises toward the troubled heart;
An advice to enjoy the pleasure of being
alive,
While one is young and the evening is
beautiful,
For we shall go as this wave goes-
It, to the sea; we, to the grave.

Portraits - Words by Susan Alancraig

The Cat/Maija

Slithering sleekly, the sleuth sneaking,
slowly slinking with slaughterous sight
and shivering senses,
to seize and slice and slash with smooth-
ness;
not simpering, slothful or shoddy,
but simply sure,
she slew the fly.

Self-Portrait/Low Tide

My mind lies hardened;
Its cynical gaze broken
Only by insincere smiles
And bad jokes.
Slave to the mask.

A Rose/Grandma

Old and beautiful,
It lies, petals in the sun,
quietly fading.

Laughter/Larry

Crinoline pleats
in the corners of
Larry's eyes!

Eyebrows/P. Ray

Comical caterpillars
cross the countenance
with every change
of character.