

MUSIC AT BENNINGTON PRESENTS...

JOHN LUTHER ADAMS

"Cantilena: How the Sun Came to the Forest"
for female chorus and small instrumental ensemble

STEPHEN SIEGEL

"Water Among the Stones" for flute and piano
Allison Hale, flute -- Allen Shawn, piano

IGOR STRAVINSKY

"Cantata" for soprano, tenor, female chorus
and small instrumental ensemble

Featuring: Ida Faiella, soprano -- Thomas Bogdan, tenor
with: female chorus -- members of the College community -
and instrumental ensemble -- two flutes, two oboes, and cello



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

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1996
8:00 P.M. - DEANE CARRIAGE BARN

Program

"Cantilena": How the Sun Came to the Forest" (1984)
for female chorus and small instrumental ensemble

JOHN LUTHER ADAMS

Alison Hale, alto flute	Randall Ellis, english horn
Vivan Israel, cello	Elizabeth Kim, piano
Todd Tarantino, percussion	

Chorus

Soprano
Camille Hartman
Cynthia Primmerman
Sharla Roberts
Celia Twomey

Alto
Erica Beloungie
Sara Cronan
Shana Onigman
Cari Sherburne

"Water Among the Stones"(1996)
for flute and piano

STEPHEN SIEGEL

Alison Hale, flute
Allen Shawn, piano

Program Note

I. Stravinsky interview 1952 re: Cantata

The New York Herald Tribune
(The interview was written by Jay S. Harrison)

As never before, I am today interested in purely contrapuntal music... most of all Heinrich Isaak. He is my hobby, my daily bread, I love him, I study him constantly. And between his musical thinking and writing and my own there is a very close connection. Especially in the part writing...I came to him poco a poco. It is his contrapuntal mentality that interests me. See—here is the newly published volume of his *Choralis Constantinus, Book III*. A great work. Not a home should be with it...especially fascinating for me are the intervals...I have been interested in...the vertical results that arise from the combinations of intervals. Than, by the way, is what is wrong with most twelve-tone composers. They are indifferent to the vertical aspect of music. They are terribly deaf to the logic of vertical combination.

Certain twelve-tone things I like, certain I don't. For instance, I have tremendous respect for the discipline...That you find nowhere else. But on the other hand, there are too many twelve-tone swindlers working today...Not, of course, Schoenberg, Berg, or Webern. These are masters, wonderful musicians, luxury composers. But some others do not hear what they are writing. (My) discipline is tonality. After all, it is not easy to write tonal music...

After I finished *The Rake's Progress*, I had a strong desire to composer another work in which the problem of setting English words to music would reappear but this time in a non-dramatic form. In the Cantata, three of the poems are semi-sacred and the fourth, "Westron Wind," is a love lyric. In all of them my methods are much closer to the distant past than they were years ago...I have found marvelous things long before the Baroque. Why is it, do you suppose, that we deny everything in the past upon which the present is founded?

"Cantata" for soprano, tenor, female chorus IGOR STRAVINSKY
and small instrumental ensemble

A Lyke-Wake Dirge Ricercar I (soprano)
Versus I - Prelude "The maidens came..."

A Lyke-Wake Dirge Ricercar II (Tenor)
Versus II - 1st Interlude "Tomorrow shall be..."

A Lyke-Wake Dirge Westron Wind (Soprano and
Versus III - 2nd Interlude Tenor)

A Lyke-Wake Dirge
Versus IV - Postlude

Alison Hale, flute I Randall Ellis, oboe I
Robin Matathius, flute II Jane Deckoff, oboe II
Vivian Israel, cello

Ida Faiella, soprano Thomas Bogdan, tenor

Soprano
Erica Beloungie
Camille Hartman
Ursula Mathers
Cynthia Primmerman
Sharla Roberts
L. A. Schildt
Cari Sherburne
Jalim Shiner
Celia Twomey

Alto
Nancy Alden
Burcu Cavus
Sara Cronan
Ting Hong
Suzanne Jones
Shana Onigman
Irina Petrova
Susan Reiss
Sandy Smith

Text

Cantilena: How the Sun Came to the Forest -

music by: John Luther Adams

poem by: John Haines

How the sun came to the forest,

How the rain spoke
and the green branch flowered:

How the moss burned
and the wasp took flight;
how the sun in a halo of smoke
put an end to summer.

How the wind blew
and the leaves fell.

Death made a space in the forest,
where snow would come,

and silence, and night.

Cantata for soprano, tenor, female chorus

and a small instrumental ensemble --Igor Stravinsky

Anonymous 15th/16th Century Lyrics

A Lyke-Wake Dirge

Versus I

Prelude

This ae nighte, this ae nighte,
Every nighte and alle,
Fire and sleete and candlelighte;
And Christe receive thye saule.

When thou from hence away are past,
Every nighte and alle,
To Whinnymuir thou com'st at last;
And Christe receive thye saule.

A Lyke-Wake Dirge

Versus IV

Postlude

If ever thou gav'st meat or drink,
Every nighte and alle,
The fire shall never make thee shrink;
And Christe receive thy saule.

If meat or drinke thou never gav'st nane,
Every nighte and alle,
The fire will burn thee to the bare bane;
And Christe receive thye saule.

This ae nighte, this ae nighte,
Every nighte and alle,
Fire and sleete and candlelighte;
And Christe receive thye saule.

A Lyke-Wake Dirge
Versus II

First Interlude

If ever thou gav'st hos'n and shoon,'
Every nighte and alle,
sit thee down and put them on;
And Christe receive thy saule.

If hos'n and shoon thou ne'er gav'st nane,
Every nighte and alle,
The whinnes shall pricke thee to the bare bane;
And Christe receive thy saule.

Ricercar II
Sacred History

Tenor

Tomorrow shall be, shall be my dancing day,
I would my true love did so chance to see
The legend of my play,
To call, to call my true love to my dance.
Sing, oh, my love, oh, my love, my love, my love
This have I done for my true love.

Then was I born of a Virgin pure,
Of her I took fleshly substance;
Thus was I knit to man's nature,
To call, to call my true love to my dance.
Sing, oh, my love, oh, my love, my love, my love
This have I done for my true love.

In a manger laid and wrapp'd I was,
So very poor, this was my chance,
Betwixt an ox and a silly poor ass,
To call, to call my true love to my dance.
Then, then afterwards baptized I was,
The Holy Ghost on me, on me did glance,
My Father's voice,
My Father's voice heard from above,
To call, to call my true love to my dance.

Into the desert I was led,
Where I fasted without substance;
The Devil bade me make stones my bread,
To, to have me break,
To have me break my true love's dance.

The Jews on me they made,
They made great suite,
And with me made great variance;
Because they loved darkness rather than light,
To call, to call my true love to my dance.
For thirty pence Judas me sold,
his covetousness, his covetousness for to advance;
Mark whom I kiss, the same do hold,
The same, the same is he shall lead the dance.
Before Pilate the Jews me brought,
Where Barabbas had deliverance, they scourg'd,
They scourg'd me and set me at nought,
Judg'd me to die to lead the dance.
then on the cross hang'd I was
Where a speak to my heart did glance,
There issu'd forth both water and blood,
To call, to call my true love to my dance.
Then down to Hell I took my way
For my true love's,
For my true love's deliverance.
And rose, and rose again on the third day
Up to my true love,
Up to my true love and the dance.
then up to Heav'n I did ascend,
Where now I dwell, where now
I dwell in sure substance,
On the right hand of God, that man
May come, may come unto the gen'ral dance.

A Lyke-Wake Dirge
Versus III

Second Interlude

From Whinnymuir when thou may'st pass,
Every nighte and alle,
To Brigg o'Dread thou com'st at last;
And Christe receive thy saule.

From Brigg o'Dread when thou may'st pass,
Every nighte and alle,
To purgatory fire thou com'st at last;
And Christe receive thye saule.

Westron Wind

Soprano and Tenor

Westron wind, westron wind,
when will thou blow,
The small rain down can rain,
Westron wind, westron wind,
When will thou blow,
The small rain down can rain.
Crist, Crist, if my love were in my armis.
And I in my bed again.

Westron wind, westron wind,
When will thou blow, when will thou blow,
The small rain down can rain.
Westron wind, westron wind,
When will thou blow,
The small rain down can rain,
Westron wind, westron wind,
When will thou blow,
The small rain,
The small rain down can rain, can rain.

Ritertar I

Soprano

The maiden came when I was
In my mother's bower.
I had all that I wolde.
The baily berith the bell away,
The lilly, the rose.
The rose I lay,
The silver is white, red is the golde,
The robes thay lay in fold;
The baily berith the bell away,
The lilly, the rose, the rose I lay;
And through the glass window shines the sone.
How should I love,
How should I love and I so young!
The baily berith the bell away,
The lilly, the rose, the rose I lay.
For to report it were now tedious:
We will therfor now sing no more
Of the games joyus
Right mighty and famus Elizabeth,
Our quen princis.

Prepotent and eke victorious,
Vertuos and benign,
Lett us, lett us prey all
To Christ Eternal,
Which is the heavenly King,
After ther liff grant them
A place eternally to sing.
Amen.