

BENNINGTON COLLEGE

presents

A FACULTY CONCERT

Tuesday, October 15, 1963 at 8:15 p.m.  
in the Carriage Barn

Abendempfindung

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

An Chloë

Dans un bois

Das Veilchen

Dalla sua pace (Aria from Don Giovanni)

Tenor: Frank Baker

Piano: Paul Boepple

Sonata, Opus 111

Ludwig van Beethoven

Maestoso - Allegro con brio ed appassionata

Arietta: Adagio molto semplice e cantabile

Piano: Lionel Nowak

Intermission

Trio, Opus 100

Franz Schubert

Allegro

Andante con moto

Scherzo: Allegro moderato

Allegro moderato

Violin: Orrea Pernel

Cello: George Finckel

Piano: Lionel Nowak

Abendempfindung (Evening Thoughts)

Eventide! The sun's career is finish'd, Luna throws her silver glance,  
Thus life's fairest hours are fast dimish'd, Whirling by in rapid dance!  
Soon the chequer'd scene will pass before us, and the curtain downward move;  
Our play then will end,  
and tears shed o'er us Friendship's sweet remembrance prove.  
Soon perhaps there comes to me a presage breathing like the gentle west;  
From this pilgrimage a heav'nly message calling to the land of Rest!  
And when ye dear friends, for me bewailing, Mournful weep beside my grave,  
Then will I in spirit come, unveiling glimpses of Heav'n that sends to save.  
Do thou too a tear bestow, and tender violets bring the turf to grace;  
May thine eyes, a soul's bright thoughts which render,  
Softly view my resting place, softly view, softly view my resting place.  
Then vouchsafe one tear my loss regretting, yes, one tear for me, dear girl!  
O in my appointed diadem's setting this will beam the richest pearl,  
O in my appointed diadem's setting this the richest,  
this will beam the richest, richest pearl, will beam the richest pearl,  
will beam the richest, richest pearl.

An Chloë (To Chloe)

When Love peeps from those entrancing deep blue eyes so clear and bright,  
And within them while I'm glancing beats my heart for proud delight.  
And in ecstasy I hold thee, those warm rosy cheeks to kiss,  
Dearest maiden, and enfold thee in my arms with trembling bliss,  
with trembling bliss, with trembling bliss!  
Maiden, maiden, and thy youthful witching form in rapture take to my bosom,  
ever truthful that shall dying only thee forsake;  
When thy radiant look receiving golden clouds seem over me,  
golden clouds seem over me.  
Ah, bewilder'd scarce believing, bewilder'd, bewilder'd,  
Yet how blest I sit by thee,  
Bewilder'd, bewilder'd, bewilder'd, Yet how blest I sit by thee,  
Yet how blest I sit by thee, yet how blest I sit by thee,  
Yes, by thee, yes, by thee.

Dans un bois (Lonely through the Grove)

Lonely through the grove I wander'd,  
Neath the bush a boy so fair stretch'd, I saw, in gentle slumber,  
Ah! sly Cupid sleeping there; Ah, sly Cupid sleeping there!  
How beautiful, how calm and winning!  
Yet beauty I can trust no more, Yet beauty I can trust no more;  
His was like the cruel dear one's whose remembrance I forswore,  
whose remembrance I forswore, whose remembrance I forswore.  
His lips appeared so ardent, So blooming shone his face,  
A loud sigh escap'd me, he awoke, he awoke!  
Yes, Love mov'd with sweet artless grace,  
Spreading suddenly his soft pinions, The vengeful bow he swiftly bent;  
One of his keen arrows, his ensanguin'd fell arrows,  
Ruthlessly, ruthlessly, deep in my heart he sent, deep in my heart he sent!  
Off! off! off! cried he,  
Off! cried he, at Sylvia's feet kneel down!  
Feel anew thy bosom pain and glow!  
Her thou shalt love now through all existence! This for waking me!  
To Sylvia go! This for waking me! To Sylvia go!

Das Veilchen (The Violet)

A violet meekly grac'd the field, Unknown, retir'd and half conceal'd.  
This pretty, darling flower;  
A shepherdess came tripping there, With lightsome step and joyous air she came,  
she came to seek her fav'rite bower.

"Ah! could I but for one short hour be Nature's most attractive flow'r.  
But just a little while.  
Until the maiden gather'd me, and plac'd me where I wish to be,  
Upon her bosom, with a gracious smile."

Alas! alas! the maid drew nigh.  
Our violet never caught her eye,  
She crush'd the poor sweet violet:

It died, but gay e'en while life ceas'd,  
Said "Though I die, I die at least through her, through her,  
At her dear feet at least."

The poor sweet violet!  
This pretty darling flower!

Dalla sua pace (Upon her peace)

Don Ottavio expresses his devotion to the distressed Donna Anna:

Upon her peace  
My own depends;  
What gives her pleasure,  
Gives back life to me,  
What pains her,  
Gives death to me.  
If she sighs,  
I sigh also;  
Her anger is mine,  
Her weeping is mine;  
And I am not happy  
If she is not!