

BENNINGTON COLLEGE MUSIC DIVISION

Presents

A CONCERT

With

JEFFREY LEVINE, bass/composer MAXINE NEUMAN, violoncello

And Guest Artists

SHEM GUIBBORY, violin and DAVID TAYLOR, bass-trombone/composer

Wednesday
March 9, 1988

8:15 p.m.
Greenwall Music Workshop

Duetto

GIOACCHINO ROSSINI

- I. Allegro
- II. Andante Molto
- III. Allegro

*Omens and Oracles

DAVID TAYLOR

For Violin, Violoncello, Bass, Bass Trombone

Eyes So Dark (1902)	Charles Ives
from The Swimmers (1921)	Charles Ives
The Old Mother (1900)	Charles Ives
De la drama: Rosamunde (1898)	Charles Ives
The Lamentation of David Over Saul and Jonathan	Orlando Gibbons
Two Lovers Sat Lamenting	William Corkine
Omens and Oracles (about 1900)	Charles Ives

*Volo, for Solo Violin

JEFFREY LEVINE

Passacaglia, for Solo Violin

HEINRICH J.F. von BIBER
(1644-1704)

* New Work

* A Suite for Nathaniel

JEFFREY LEVINE

(freely adapted from a text by Stephen and Nathaniel Sandy)

- 1) Charlie Difficulty Watchwork wakes up sleepily; then he quickly kills two dragons hiding in the lotion cabinet.
- 2) CDW goes out the door triumphantly; he looks for his real father in the woods and he sings his song.
- 3) CDW meets the king of the forest, a music lover, volatile, but, fundamentally, amusing.
- 4) The king's merry band holds an impromptu jam session.
- 5) CDW plucks (pizzicato) the violin (and bow) from where it had been left hanging on the the lowest branch of the party tree and plays an animated jig, which causes everyone to dance energetically.
- 6) Everyone goes to sleep, ~~t~~ired from playing and dancing.
- 7) CDW's real father comes and together, they go home.

("My boy, where did you get that beautiful violin?"

"You came back", Charlie said and looked at the beautiful thing in his grip and wondered how long it would take to learn how to play it....)

Omens and Oracles

David Taylor

Omens and Oracles is a collage of seven songs set in transcribed and reconstructed form with my original material. Of the seven songs, four are presented intact (Eyes So Dark, The Old Mother, De la drama: Rosamunde, and Omens and Oracles). The remaining three reconstructed songs weave through the "set" in order to highlight lyrics and to provide improvisatory space for the four performers.

Eyes So Dark

Lenau

Eyes so dark, on me reposing,
Let me feel now all your might.
With thy grave and dreamy sweetness
thine unfathomed wondrous night.
Take now with thy sombre magic
from my sight this world away,
That alone Thou may'st forever
O'er my life extend thy sway.

from The Swimmers

Louis Untermeyer

Yale Review, July 1915

Then the swift plunge into the cool green dark,
the windy waters rushing past me, through me
Filled with the sense of some heroic lark,
exulting in a vigor clean and roomy.
Swiftly I rose to meet the feline sea
Pitting against cold turbulent strife,
The feverish intensity of life
Out of the foam I lurched and rode the wave
Swimming hand over hand over hand against the wind;
I felt the sea's vain pounding, and I grinned knowing
I was its master, not its slave.

The Old Mother

Vinje

My dear old mother, poor thou art, and toillest day and toillest night,
But ever warm remains my heart,
'Twas thou my courage did'st impart, my arm of sturdy might.
Thou'st wip'd away each childish tear, when I was sore distress
And kiss'd thy little laddie dear, and taught him songs
that banish fear from every man-ly breast.
And more than all thou'st given me, 'A humble true and
tender Heart'; So dear old mother, I'll love thee where
e're my foot may wander free, Till death our lives shall part.

Mother, Mother, Mother

De la drama: Rosamunde

Belanger
From v. Chezy

I wait alas! Crying in sorrow for your long absence;
Come back, Come back: without your presence no more joy!
Sweet spring flowers in vain, so proud of her ornaments:
Nothing pleases me, nothing in nature gives me pleasure.
My God how long I've cried.
What if he is never to come?
My God; you whom I implore!
Ah well, the grave at least may reunite us.

The Lamentations of David Over Saul and Jonathan

from Hymns and Songs of the Church

Thy beauty Israel is gone;
Slaine in the Places high is he:
The Mighty now are overthrowne.
Oh, thus how cometh it be be!

Two Lovers Sat Lamenting

William Corkine

from The Second Booke of Ayres 1612

Two lovers sat lamenting,
Hard by a Cristall brooke,
Each others hart tomenting,
Exchanging lookè for looke
With sighes and tears bewraying,
Their silent thoughts delaying,
At last coth one.
Shall we alone,
Sit here our thoughts be-wraying?
Fie, fie, fie, fie, fie, oh fie,
It may not be,
Set looking by,
Let speaking set us free.

Then thus their silence breaking
their thoughts too long estranged
They do bewray by speaking,
And words with words exchanged;
Then one of them replied
Great pity we had dyed,
Thus all alone
In silent moane
And not our thoughts descryed.
Fie, fie, oh fie,
Oh fie, that had beene ill
Than inwardly
Sylenge the hart should kill.

From lookes and words to kisses
They made their next proceeding.
And as their onely blisses
They therein were exceeding.
Oh what a joy is this,
To looke, to talke, to kisse?
But thus begunne
Is all now done?
Ah: all then nothing is.
Fie, fie, oh fie,
Oh fie, it is a Hell
And better dye
Than kisse, and not end well.

Anonymous

Omens and Oracles

Author Unknown to Composer

Phantoms of the future, spectres of the past,
In the wakeful night came round me sighing crying
"Fool beware, Fool beware!" "Check the feeling o'er thee stealing,
Let thy first love be thy last,
Or if love again thou must at least this fatal love for bear,"
A mara! Amara! Amara!
Now the dark breaks, now the lark wakes;
Now the voices fleet away,
Now the breeze about the blossom; Now the ripple in the reed;
Beams and buds and birds begin to sing and say,
"Love her for she loves thee, Love her she loves thee."
And I know not which to heed.
O, cara amara amara.