

BENNINGTON COLLEGE

Presents

JULIAN DEGRAY, PIANIST

in Recital

BENNINGTON COLLEGE THEATRE, TUESDAY EVENING

April 29, 1947

8:30 P. M.

## ONDINE

"Hark! 'Tis I, Undine, brushing with water-drops the diamond panes of your window, illumed by the moon's pale rays. Each wave is a nymph that glides in the current, each current a path that winds to my palace, and my palace is built fluid at the bottom of the lake, in the triangle of earth and air and fire. Hark! My father beats the water with a branch of green alder, and my sisters caress with arms of foam the fresh isles of iris and lilies, or laugh at the old drooping willow-tree, fishing on his line." Having murmured her song, she entreated me to accept her ring upon my finger, and become king of lakes. And when I answered that I loved a sulking and stolid mortal maid, she wept a tear, and broke into a laugh that, melting into rivulets, ran white down my blue window-panes.

## THE GALLOWES

What is it I hear? the murmur of the night wind, or the last sigh of one hanged on the gallows? Perhaps a cricket chirping in the moss and sterile ivy, which in pity clothes the naked wood? perhaps a fly droning its chase about those soundless ears? or is it a beetle that in its crazy flight has plucked a blood-bespattered hair from that naked head? or a spider weaving a web of gossamer about the strangled neck? Only a bell that tolls from the walls of a town on the edge of the sky-line, and the corpse of a hanged man, red in the setting sun.

## SCARBO

How often have I seen him, when at midnight the moon shines like a silver coin on a blue banner sprinkled with golden bees! How often have I heard his laugh buzzing in the shadow of my alcove, and his fingernail scratching the silken curtains of my bed! I have seen him tumble from the ceiling, spin on one foot, and roll away across the floor like the spool fallen from a witch's distaff. For a moment I thought him vanished; but soon he grew up between the moon and me like a gothic cathedral, a golden bell a-tinkle at the point of his peaked cap. Suddenly his body went blue, diaphanous as candle wax, his face paled like the wax of a taper--and he was gone.

## I

Funerailles . . . . . Liszt  
(From Harmonies Poétiques et Religieuses)

## II

Fantasy & Fugue in C Major . . . . . Mozart

## III

Third Sonata (1936) . . . . . Hindemith

Ruhig bewegt  
Sohr lobhaft  
Mässig schnell  
Fuga

## INTERMISSION

## IV

Gaspard de la Nuit . . . . . Ravel

Ondine  
Le Gibot  
Scarbo

## V

Sonata, Opus 110 . . . . . Beethoven

Moderato cantabile  
Allegro molto  
Adagio ma non troppo--arioso dolente  
Fuga--l'istesso tempo di arioso--l'istesso tempo della fuga