

BENNINGTON COLLEGE MUSIC DIVISION

Presents

A SENIOR CONCERT

by

MARIE-FRANCE LABBÉ

Wednesday
May 15, 1985

8:15 p.m.
Greenwall Music Workshop

Sonata in E^b Major
Allegro Moderato
Siciliano
Allegro

BACH

Marie-France Labbe, flute
Muriel Palmer, harpsichord

Quietly He Moves
Down The Hall,
Towards The End And The Beginning.
(Flute Quartet in 3 Movements)

LABBÉ

Wendy Greenwald, piccolo
Marie-France Labbe, C flute
Jeanne Kompare, C flute
Sue Ann Kahn, alto flute

Fantasy

FAURE

Marie-France Labbe, flute
Sue Ann Kahn, piano

INTERMISSION

Falling Rain

LABBÉ
Poem by Joan Royal Labbe

Deidre Thompson, voice
Nuviah Faghihi-Shirazi, harp

The Burgeoning

LABBE

Poem by Scott Murray

Naomi Given, voice
Amelia Esposito, piano

Nothing Is Ever So Easy...

LABBE

Poem by Anthony Castle

Susan Verrilli, voice
Jeanne Kompare, flute
Jennifer Weiss, cello

Concerto in G Major *

QUANTZ

Allegro
Arioso
Allegro Vivace

Marie-France Labbe, flute
Lilo Kantorowicz-Glick, violin
Alice Wu, violin
Jacob Glick, viola
Michael Finckel, cello
Jeffrey Levine, bass

This concert is dedicated to everyone who has helped me get where I am tonight.

Many thanks to the Music faculty and many friends.

A Special Thanks to Sue Ann Kahn who has been my inspiration to continue the flute and develop untapped potential. Also, to Christopher Bakriges who gave generously of his time for rehearsals and, without that contribution, I wouldn't be where I am tonight.

*The score and parts for the Quantz Concerto in G Major are on loan from the Fleisher Collection of the Philadelphia Free Library.

This concert is being presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Arts degree.

FALLING RAIN

by Joan Royal Labbe

Cool Cool Rain

Washing the World

Trying to make it new.

Sad Sad Rain

Crying for the Earth

Trying to uncover the Truth.

Soothing Rain

Calms my fears

Makes everything alright.

The beat of the rain

Is the beat of my heart

A gift from a world of light.

THE BURGEONING

by Scott Murray

In a field

gray with time;

In a field

not tossing

in the breeze's

mirthful whispers

or anticipating joy

in receiving rain,

blossoms

one lady-slipper.

Alone

in it's tender radiance.

But even

more rare

a splendor

is a face

unembittered

and kind,

after years,

long

and harsh.

Nothing Is Ever So Easy...

by Anthony Castle

The dawn has come and gone,
it has past and I have watched it,
No sleep has yet brought me peace
you are gone.

If I had never known,
how soft your face was,
How warm you can be next to me,
I could sleep now.

Monday morning came, when I least expected it,
the weekend had seemed endless,
time had ceased,

you were mine.
For a time I felt that no other thing mattered,
you were here and now,
no need to hurry,

I had you.
I think of times we've spent,
of smiling eyes,
of eyes filled with mutual tears,
nothing is ever so easy
that it happens without sadness.

If I speak to you of love,
your eyes are strangely distant,
you cannot hear me
that is just as well.

I realize that I shall never own
those smiling eyes,
I shall only hold your hand,
and kiss away the tears that come.