

Bennington College Presents...

MUSIC FACULTY CONCERT

Tzigane (1924)

Maurice Ravel

Kaori Washiyama – violin, Yoshiko Sato - piano

"Blue Day"

by H.M. King Bhumibol Adulyadej
arr: Frederic Hand

Fred Hand - guitar

Sonate for Cello & Piano (1915)
1st movement -- Prologue: Lent

Claude Debussy

Nat Parke - cello, Polly van der Linde – piano

On The Hill

Jonathan Myers

Jonathan Myers – trombone

Canticle III, "Still Falls The Rain", Op. 55 (1954)

Benjamin Britten

Tom Bogdan – voice, Yoshiko Sato – piano, John Eagle – French horn

PAUSE – 2 minutes (stand & stretch)

MI

Michael Bisio

Michael Bisio – double bass

Slice (1988)

Bruce Williamson

Bruce Williamson – alto saxophone, Michael Bisio – double bass

Piano Sonata No. 1 (1982)
3rd Movement, Adagio Maestoso

Allen Shawn

Allen Shawn – piano

The Cuckoo
Watusi

trad. Appalachian Ballad
John Kirk

John Kirk – banjo

Polonaise-Fantasie, Op. 61 (1846)

Frederic Chopin

Chris Lewis – piano

Tuesday, September 7, 2010 --8:00 p.m. -- Deane Carriage Barn

Still Falls the Rain

(THE RAIDS, 1940. NIGHT AND DAWN)

Still falls the Rain —
Dark as the world of man, black as our loss —
Blind as the nineteen hundred and forty nails
Upon the Cross.

Still falls the Rain
With a sound like the pulse of the heart that is changed to the
hammer-beat
In the Potter's Field, and the sound of the impious feet

On the Tomb:
Still falls the Rain
In the Field of Blood where the small hopes breed and
the human brain
Nurtures its greed, that worm with the brow of Cain.

Still falls the Rain
At the feet of the Starved Man hung upon the Cross.
Christ that each day, each night, nails there, have mercy
on us —
On Dives and on Lazarus:
Under the Rain the sore and the gold are as one.

Still falls the Rain —
Still falls the Blood from the Starved Man's wounded Side:
He bears in His Heart all wounds— those of the light
that died,
The last faint spark
In the self-murdered heart, the wounds of the sad un-
comprehending dark,
The wounds of the baited bear—
The blind and weeping bear whom the keepers beat
On his helpless flesh . . . the tears of the hunted hare.

Still falls the Rain —
Then — O Ile leape up to my God: who pulles me
doun — ? —
See, see where Christ's blood streames in the firmament:
It flows from the Brow we nailed upon the tree
Deep to the dying, to the thirsting heart
That holds the fires of the world— dark-smirched with
pain
As Caesar's laurel crown.

Then sounds the voice of One who like the heart of man
Was once a child who among beasts has lain —
' Still do I love, still shed my innocent light, my Blood,
for thee.'

EDITH SITWELL

Britten's setting of Edith Sitwell's dark, war-inspired text is an allegory of Man's inhumanity to man, likening the "horror and Darkness" of man's suffering in the Second World War to Christ's Passion. He confided to his publisher that the setting of this deeply moving text enabled him "at last to get away from the immediate impacts of the war and write about it".