

THE PHILLIPS ACADEMY DEPARTMENT OF THEATRE & DANCE PRESENTS

BEDTIME



AND OTHER DANCES

TANG THEATRE
APRIL 3 & 4 8PM 2009

I.

WAKE

Choreography: Judith Wombwell

Music: Dmitri Shostakovich performed by Richard Chen

Carolyn Calabrese

Georgia Pelletier Carolyn Harmeling Sumi Matsumoto

Sayer Mansfield Kiara Brereton Rachel Zappala Jennifer Zhou

Hector Kilgoe Chanel O'Brien Supriya Jain

II.

HERE TODAY

Choreography: Judith Wombwell

Music: Mark O'Connor

performed by Rainer Crosett, Katie von Braun, Stephanie Liu,
Maddie Tucker, Jacob Shack

Jessica Frey Margaret Finch Carolyn Calabrese Kiara Brereton

III.

WATERWHEEL

Choreography: Jennifer Chew '10

Music : Francis Poulenc

performed by Jae Hyuk You & Emily Steingart

Georgia Pelletier Margaret Finch Jennifer Zhou

Carolyn Whittingham Sumi Matsumoto Rachel Zappala

~pause~

IV.

FLITTING THROUGH

Choreography: Erin E.Strong

Music: Gabriel Pierné performed by Chelsea Carlson

Sayer Mansfield

Texts and Translations

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Wiegenlied, D. 498

Text by Matthias Claudius (1740-1815)

Schlafe, holder, süßer Knabe,
Leise wiegt dich deiner Mutter Hand;
Sanfte Ruhe, milde Labe
Bringt dir schwebend dieses Wiegenband.

Schlafe in dem süßen Grabe,
Noch beschützt dich deiner Mutter Arm,
Alle Wünsche, alle Habe
Faßt sie liebend, alle liebewarm

Schlafe in der Flaumen Schoße,
Noch umtönt dich lauter Liebeston,
Eine Lilie, eine Rose,
Nach dem Schlafe werd' sie dir zum Lohn

Ständchen, D. 920 (first version)

Text by Franz Grillparzer (1791-1872)

Zögernd leise
In des Dunkels nächt'ger Hülle
Sind wir hier;
Und den Finger sanft gekrümmt,
Leise, leise,
Pochen wir
An des Liebchens Kammerthür.

Doch nun steigend,
Schwellend, schwellend,
Mit vereinter Stimme, Laut
Rufen aus wir hochvertraut:
Schlaf du nicht,
Wenn der Neigung Stimme spricht!

Sucht' ein Weiser nah und ferne
Menschen einst mit der Laterne;
Wieviel seltner dann als Gold
Menschen, uns geneigt und hold?
Drum wenn Freundschaft, Liebe spricht,
Freundin, Liebchen, schlaf du nicht!

Aber was in allen Reichen
Wär' dem Schlummer zu vergleichen?
Drum statt Worten und statt Gaben

Lullaby, D. 498

Sleep, dear, sweet boy,
Your mother's hand rocks you softly.
This swaying cradle strap
Brings you gentle peace and tender comfort.

Sleep in the sweet grave;
Your mother's arms still protect you.
All her wishes, all her possessions
She holds lovingly, with loving warmth.

Sleep in her lap, soft as down;
Purely notes of love still echo around you.
A lily, a rose
Shall be your reward after sleep.

Serenade, D. 920

Softly, hesitantly,
Cloaked in night's darkness,
We have come here;
And with fingers gently curled,
Softly, softly
We knock
On the beloved's bedroom door.

But now, our emotion rising,
Swelling,
Surging, with united voice
We call out loud, in warm friendship:
"Do not sleep
When the voice of affection speaks."

Once a wise man with his lantern
Sought people near and far;
How much rarer, then, than gold
Are people who are fondly disposed to us?
And so, when friendship and love speak,
Do not sleep, friend, beloved!

But what in all the world's realms
Can be compared to sleep?
And so, instead of words and gifts,

Sollst du nun auch Ruhe haben.
Noch ein Grüßchen, noch ein Wort,
Es verstummt dir frohe Weise,
Leise, leise,
Schleichen wir uns, ja, schleichen wir uns
Wieder fort!

Erlkönig, D. 328 (fourth version)

Text by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832)

Wer reitet so spät durch Nacht und Wind?
Es ist der Vater mit seinem Kind:
Er hat den Knaben wohl in dem Arm,
Er faßt ihn sicher, er hält ihn warm.

"Mein Sohn, was birgst du so bang dein Gesicht?"
"Siehst, Vater, du den Erlkönig nicht?
Den Erlenkönig mit Kron und Schweif?"
"Mein Sohn, es ist ein Nebelstreif."

"Du liebes Kind, komm, geh mit mir!
Gar schöne Spiele spiel ich mit dir;
Manch' bunte Blumen sind an dem Strand,
Meine Mutter hat manch gülden Gewand."

"Mein Vater, mein Vater, und hörest du nicht,
Was Erlenkönig mir leise verspricht?
Sei ruhig, bleibe ruhig, mein Kind:
In dürren Blättern säuselt der Wind."

"Willst, finer Knabe, du mit mir gehen?
Meine Töchter sollen dich warten schön;
Meine Töchter führen den nächtlichen Reihn
Und wiegen und tanzen und singen dich ein."

"Mein Vater, mein Vater, und siehst du nicht dort
Erlkönigs Töchter am düstern Ort?"
"Mein Sohn, mein Sohn, ich seh es genau:
Es scheinen die alten Weiden so grau."

"Ich liebe dich, mich reizt deine schöne Gestalt;
Und bist du nicht willig, so brauch ich Gewalt."
"Mein Vater, mein Vater, jetzt faßt er mich an!
Erlkönig hat mir ein Leids getan!"

Dem Vater grauset's, er reitet geschwind,
Er hält in Armen das ächzende Kind,
Erreicht den Hof mit Müh' und Not:
In seinen Armen das Kind war tot.

You shall now have rest.
Just one more greeting, one more word,
And our happy song ceases;
Softly, softly
We steal away again.

The Erlking, D. 328 (fourth version)

Who rides so late through the night and wind?
It is the father with his child.
He has the boy in his arms,
He holds him safely, he keeps him warm.

"My son, why do you hide your face in fear?"
"Father, can you not see the Erlking?
The Erlking with his crown and tail?"
"My son, it is a streak of mist."

"Sweet child, come with me,
I'll play wonderful games with you;
Many a pretty flower grows on the shore,
My mother has many a golden robe."

"Father, father, do you not hear
What the Erlking softly promises me?"
"Calm, be calm my child:
The wind is rustling in the withered leaves."

"Won't you come with me, my fine lad?
My daughters shall wait upon you;
My daughters lead the nightly dance,
And will rock, and dance, and sing you to sleep."

"Father, father, can you not see
Erlking's daughters there in the darkness?"
"My son, I can see clearly:
It is the old grey willows gleaming."

"I love you, your fair form allures me,
And if you don't come willingly, I'll use force."
"Father, father, now he's seizing me!
The Erlking has hurt me!"

The father shudders, he rises swiftly,
He holds the moaning child in his arms;
With one last effort he reaches home;
The child lay dead in his arms.

V.

THAT WHICH IS ETERNAL

Choreography: Erin E.Strong

Music: Claudio Monteverdi performed by Members of Fidelio

Jessica Frey Margaret Finch Carolyn Whittingham
Elizabeth Goldsmith Chris Massie Sophie Gould Jennifer Zhou

~pause~

VI.

BEDTIME

Choreography: Mark Morris

Music: Franz Schubert - Wiegenlied, Standchen, Erlkonig

Staged by Marjorie Folkman

Lighting: James F. Ingalls

Costumes: Susan Ruddie

Premiere: June 2, 1992 – Emerson Majestic Theater, Boston,
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Music performed by Fidelio

Chris Walter - piano Rebekah Wickens - soprano

Kiara Brereton

Sayer Mansfield Chris Massie Hector Kilgoe

Carolyn Calabrese Jessica Frey Margaret Finch Jennifer Zhou

Georgia Pelletier Sumi Matsumoto Carolyn Whittingham

covers: Chanel O'Brien Sophie Gould

Rachel Zappala Elizabeth Goldsmith Supriya Jain

Members of Fidelio Directed by Chris Walter

Blaire Pingeton, Rebekah Wickens, Stephanie Yu, Kerstin Brolsma,

Anne Hunter, Isabella Uria, Carolyn Han, Jasmine Edison,

Christine Chung, Teddy Louis, Kellon Olusola, Patrick Woolsey,

Alexander Cope, Patrick Brady, Peter Yang, William Burke

ANDOVER DANCE GROUP

Directed by: Judith Wombwell

Captain: Carolyn Calabrese

Kiara Brereton, Jessica Frey, Margaret Finch, Sayer Mansfield,
Chris Massie, Georgia Pelletier, Sumi Matsumoto, Carolyn Harmeling
Carolyn Whittingham ADGII: Chanel O'Brien,
Rachel Zappala, Sophie Gould, Elizabeth Goldsmith
Hector Kilgoe, Supriya Jain, Jennifer Zhou

Technical Crew

Light Design: Billy W. Murray
Technical Director: Bruce Bacon
Stage Manager: Clifton Brannan
Assistant Stage Manager: Ian Corey
Light Board Op: Kevin Song
Costume Construction for "Bedtime": Gina Baranofsky

Special Thanks go to everyone in the Music Department

*For accommodating their schedules to make this performance possible.
Particular thanks to Holly Barnes and Chris Walter for rehearsing the students
and Elizabeth Auredan for committing to this project.
Thanks to Marjorie Folkman for her wonderful work with our students and
MMDG, Eva Nichols in particular who oversaw each detail.
Besides Erin Strong's work with the students she oversaw each administrative
detail of the project this year with tremendous skill and grace –
kudos and thanks.*

*The students who learned and are performing "Bedtime" have an
elevated understanding of the artform, the impact of dance, and the relevance
of their own pursuit through their exposure to Mark Morris and his work. The
simplest thing I can say in appreciation is that
no one should ever miss an opportunity to see his great work.
It may take a while for us all to understand the full impact of this project but it
only took an instant of experiencing Mark's energy in a rehearsal to understand
the genuine nature and force of that greatness - JAW*

**Funding for Mark Morris's visit and "Bedtime" provided by the
Bernard & Mildred Kayden Fund**