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Faculty Recital: Marc Webster, bass

Marc Webster

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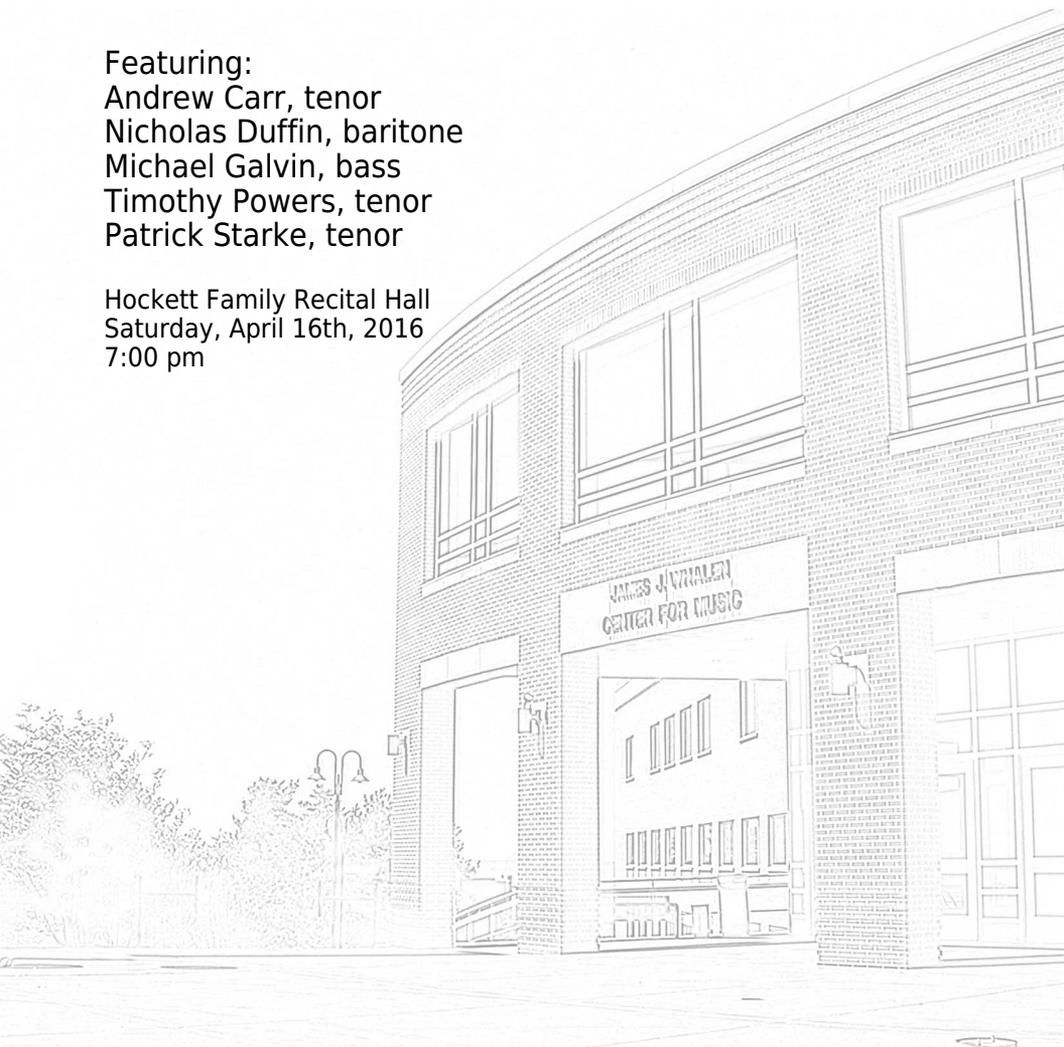
Faculty Recital:

LIEDERABEND

Marc Webster, bass
Charis Dimaras, piano

Featuring:
Andrew Carr, tenor
Nicholas Duffin, baritone
Michael Galvin, bass
Timothy Powers, tenor
Patrick Starke, tenor

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Saturday, April 16th, 2016
7:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Warnung
Abendempfindung
Es war einmal ein König

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)
Ludwig van Beethoven
(1770-1827)

Der Lindenbaum
Wasserflut
Die Macht der Augen
Gruppe aus dem Tartarus
An Silvia
Erkönig
Litanei Auf Das Fest Allersellen

Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

Pause

Denn es gehet dem Menschen wie dem Vieh
Sapphische Ode

Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

Wohl denk ich oft
Fühlt meine Seele
Odin's Meeresritt

Hugo Wolf
(1860-1903)
Carl Loewe
(1796-1869)

Das Thal
Parc Monceau

Richard Strauss
(1864-1949)
Olaf Bienert
(1911-1967)

Wochenend und Sonnenschein
Mein Kleiner Grüner Kaktus

arr. Comedian Harmonistis
Berlin
(1928-1934)

*Andrew Carr, tenor
Nicholas Duffin, baritone
Michael Galvin, bass
Timothy Powers, tenor
Patrick Starke, tenor*

Translations

Warnung

Men are always searching for something to nibble; if one leaves them alone they'll easily find a maiden to snatch, for they know how to surprise them; and should it be any wonder? Maidens are fresh-blooded, and these snacks taste so good. But a snack before the meal can ruin one's appetite. Many who forget this lose both the treasure they possess and their beloved with it. Fathers, let this be a warning to you: lock up your sugarcandies! Lock up your young girls!

Abendempfindung

Evening it is; the sun has vanished, And the moon streams with silver rays; Thus flee Life's fairest hours, Flying away as if in a dance. Soon away will fly Life's colorful scenes, And the curtain will come rolling down; Done is our play, the tears of a friend Flow already over our grave. Soon, perhaps (the thought gently arrives like the west wind - A quiet foreboding) I will part from life's pilgrimage, And fly to the land of rest. If you will then weep over my grave, Gaze mournfully upon my ashes, Then, o Friends, I will appear And waft you all heavenward. And You bestow also a little tear on me, and pluck Me a violet for my grave, And with your soulful gaze, Look then gently down on me. Consecrate a tear for me, and ah! Do not be ashamed to cry; Those tears will be in my diadem then: the fairest pearls!

Beethoven's Song of the Flea (Es war einmal ein König)

There once was a king who had a large flea whom he loved not a bit less than his very own son. He called his tailor and the tailor came directly; "Here - make clothing for this knight, and cut him trousers too!" In silk and satin was the flea now made up; he had ribbons on his clothing, and he had also a cross there, and had soon become a minister and had a large star. Then his siblings became great lords and ladies of the court as well. And the lords and ladies of the court were greatly plagued; the queen and her ladies-in-waiting were pricked and bitten, and they dared not flick or scratch them away. But we flick and crush them as soon as one bites!

Der Lindenbaum

By the fountain, near the gate, There stands a linden tree; I have dreamt in its shadows So many sweet dreams. I carved on its bark So many loving words; I was always drawn to it, Whether in joy or in sorrow. Today, too, I had to pass it In the dead of night. And even in the darkness I had to close my eyes. And its branches rustled As if calling to me: "Come here, to me, friend, Here you will find your peace!" The frigid wind blew Straight in my face, My hat flew from my head, I did not turn back. Now I am many hours Away from that spot, And still I hear the rustling: There you would have found peace!

Wasserflut

Many tears from my eyes Have fallen into the snow; Whose icy flakes thirstily drink My burning grief. When the grass begins to sprout, A mild wind will blow there, And the ice will break up And the snow will melt. Snow, you know my longing, Tell me, to where will you run? Just follow my tears And then before long the brook will take you in. It will take you through the town, In and out of the lively streets. When you feel my tears glow, That will be my beloved's house.

Die Macht der Augen

On you, fair stars Does my life hang; You are my gods, You are my Fate. I feel myself bending To your will. You inspire courage When blessedly you shine But when you appear unsettled, It makes me tremble. On you, fair stars Does my life hang; You are my gods, You are my Fate. I feel myself bending To your will.

Gruppe aus dem Tartarus

Hark - like the murmuring of the angry sea, like a brook weeping through hollow, rocky gullies, you can hear over there, deeply muffled, a heavy, toneless groan, extracted with torment! Pain contorts their faces, despair opens their jaws with curses. Hollow are their eyes: their gaze rests anxiously on Cocytus' bridge, and they follow Cocytus' sad course with tears. They ask one another softly with fear whether the end has not yet come! Eternity whirls above them in circles, breaking Saturn's scythe in two.

An Silvia

Who is Silvia? What is she, That all our swains commend her? Holy, fair, and wise is she; The heaven such grace did lend her, That she might admirèd be. Is she kind as she is fair? For beauty lives with kindness. Love doth to her eyes repair, To help him of his blindness, And, being helped, inhabits there. Then to Silvia let us sing, That Silvia is excelling; She excels each mortal thing Upon the dull earth dwelling: To her let us garlands bring.

Erkönig

Who's riding so late through night, so wild? It is the father who's holding his child; He's tucked the boy secure in his arm, He holds him tight and keeps him warm. My son, why hide you your face in fear?" See you not, father, the Erl King near? The Erl King in his crown and train?" My son, 'tis but a foggy strain." Sweet lovely child, come, go with me! What wonderful games I'll play with thee; Flowers, most colorful, yours to behold. My mother for you has garments of gold." My father, my father, and can you not hear What Erl King is promising into my ear?" Be calm, stay calm, o child of mine; The wind through dried leaves is rustling so fine." Wouldst thou, fine lad, go forth with me? My daughters should royally wait upon thee; My daughters conduct each night their song fest To swing and to dance and to sing thee to rest." My Father, my father, and can you not see Erl King's daughters, there by the tree?" My son, my son, I see it clear; The ancient willows so grey do appear." I love thee, I'm aroused by thy beautiful form; And be thou not willing, I'll take thee by storm." My father, my father, he's clutching my arm! Erl King has done me a painful harm!" The father shudders and onward presses; The gasping child in his arms he caresses; He reaches the courtyard, and barely inside, He holds in his arms the child who has died.

Litanei

Rest in peace, all souls who have had done with anxious torment, who have had done with sweet dreams who, sated with life and hardly born, have departed from this world: all souls rest in peace! Maiden souls, full of love, whose tears cannot be counted, whom a false friend has abandoned, and the blind world has disowned; all who have parted from here, all souls rest in peace!

Denn es gehet dem menschen

One thing befalleth the beasts and the sons of men; The beast must die, the man dieth also, yea, both must die; To beast and man one breath is given, And the man is not above the beast; For all things are but vanity. They go all to the self same place, For they all are of the dust, and to dust they return. Who knoweth if a man's spirit goeth upwards? And who knoweth if the spirit of the beast goeth downward to the earth? Therefore I perceive that there is nothing better Than that a man should rejoice in his own works, For that is his portion. For who shall ever show him, who shall show him what will happen after him?

Sapphische Ode

Roses from the dark hedge I plucked at night; They breathed sweeter fragrance than ever during the day; But the moving branches abundantly shed The dew that showered me. Thus your kisses' fragrance enticed me as never before, As at night I plucked the flower of your lips: But you too, moved in spirit as they were, Shed a dew of tears.

Wohl denk ich oft

It is quite often that I think of my past life, The way it was before my love for you; Then no one had paid any attention to me, Each and ever day was lost to me; I thought that I would dedicate my life to song, As well as flee from human throng. Today my name is raised in praise and criticism, And that I exist, - that is known by all.

Fühlt meine Seele

Is my soul feeling the longed for light Of God who created it? Is it the gleam Of a different beauty from the valley of misery, reflecting in my heart and evoking memory? Is it a sound, a dream vision, That suddenly fills my eye and heart In incomprehensibly burning pain, That brings me to tears? I do not know. What I long for, the sense of what directs me, Is not within me: Tell me how do I acquire it? To me it reveals only another's grace and love; I have been their captive since I first saw you. I am driven by a yes and a no, a sweet and a bitter - That, mistress, is the doing of your eyes.

Odin's Meeresritt

Master Oluf, the smith of Helgoland, leaves his anvil in the middle of the night. The wind is howling at the seashore, and there is a powerful knocking at his door: "Come out, come out, shoe my steed, I have far to go and day is near!" Master Oluf unlocks the door and an impressive rider stands before him. Black is his armor, helmet and shield; and at his hip hangs a broadsword. His black steed tosses its mane wildly and stamps the earth with impatience! "Where do you go so late? Why so fast?" "In Norderney I stayed yesterday. My horse is swift, the night is bright, and I must be in Norway before the sun!" "If you had wings, then I'd gladly believe it!" "My black steed runs like the wind. But the stars are growing pale, so come with the shoe and make it quick!" Master Oluf takes the shoe in his hand, and it is too small, but it begins to grow. And as it grows into the hoof, he is seized by fear and dread. The rider mounts and his sword clanks: "Now, Master Oluf, good night! Well have you shod Odin's steed; I hurry now to bloody battle." The black steed darts forth over land and sea, and around Odin's head light glows. Twelve eagles fly behind him, and they fly swiftly, but do not reach him.

Das Thal

How do you want to present yourself to me, so unexpectedly, my beloved valley? Only in my early youth I often saw you like today. The sun has already descended, Yet there's a glitter off the stream; No breath of wind caresses my cheek, Yet there's a soft rustle in the green. It smells again of past love, Past desire sprouts again; Yes, even the old creativity Comes back to revitalise this old body. Mother nature, it takes her hours, so tender, so lovingly, to nurse this poor heart back to health, to brush out Life's creases. And if one day the world is harassing me even worse, I'll again turn to you my valley, For you to embrace the ailing herald With such inherent kindness once again. And when I finally weakly sink down, Do open up quietly for me And take me in and close above me And go on blossoming, as cheerful and robust as before.

Wochenend und Sonnenschein

Weekend and sunshine And then with you in the woods alone, I need nothing more to be happy, Weekend and sunshine. About Us pulls the lark She sings a song just like us. All the birds sing a merry. Weekend and sunshine. No car, keien Chausee And no one in uns'rer sewing '. Deep in the forest just me and you, The Lord God turns a blind eye, Yes because it gives us to be happy Weekend and sunshine. Just six days of work! But on the seventh day thou shalt ruh'n, The Lord God, but we have To do well on the seventh day. Weekend and sunshine ...Weekend and sunshine ...

Mein Kleiner Grüner Kaktus

Flowers in the garden, about twenty species Roses, tulips and narcissi. The rich people buy for themselves these days I don't want to know this at all. My small green cactus stands outside on the balcony hollari, hollari, hollaro! What do need red roses for, why do I need red poppy hollari, hollari, hollaro! And when a villain speaks something nasty I get out my cactus and it stings, stings, stings. My small green cactus stands outside on the balcony hollari, hollari, hollaro! Most women resemble each other in case Of the flowers they like But I say daily: That's not possible. What should the people say about me then? My small green cactus stands outside on the balcony hollari, hollari, hollaro! What do need red roses for, why do I need red poppy hollari, hollari, hollaro! And when a villain speaks something nasty get out my cactus and it stings, stings, stings. My small green cactus stands outside on the balcony. hollari, hollari, hollaro! Today, at four o'clock, there's a knock at the door. Oh, a visitor so early today? It was Mr. Krause, the neighbour He says: "Sorry if ask you: Don't you have this cactus outside on your balcony hollari, hollari, hollaro! It just fell down, what do you say about this? hollari, hollari, hollaro! It fell on my face, if you believe it or not Now I know that your small green cactus stings Please keep your cactus somewhere else hollari, hollari, hollaro!"

Biographies

Marc Webster

Most recently Bass, Marc Webster has sung Mahler's *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen* with Ithaca College Symphony Orchestra, Appoline in the American premiere of *Eumelia* with Actus Tragicus, Don Basilio in *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* with Syracuse Opera, Sarastro in *Die Zauberflöte* with Erie Chamber Orchestra, Haydn's *Die Schöpfung* and Handel's *Messiah* with Cayuga Chamber Orchestra, Haydn's *Creation* with Eastman Symphony, and *Messiah* excerpts with Buffalo Philharmonic Orchestra.

Other Recent performances include *Verdi Requiem* with Symphony Syracuse, Cesare Angelotti in *Tosca*, Dottore Grenvil in *La Traviata* with Syracuse Opera, The Bonze in *Madama Butterfly* with Syracuse Opera, and Vaughan Williams *Serenade to Music* with Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra. Other performances include Pistola in *Falstaff* with Seattle Opera Studio, Don Alfonso in *Così fan tutte* with Florida Grand Opera Studio, Sarastro in *Die Zauberflöte* as a Filene Artist with Wolf Trap Opera, Dr. Gibbs in *Our Town* with Juilliard Opera Center, Gouverneur in *Le Comte Ory* with Juilliard Opera Center, Mars in *Orphee aux Enfers* with Juilliard Opera Center, Sir Giorgio in scenes from *I Puritani* with Merola Opera Program at San Francisco Opera, and recital work with New York Festival of Song with Stephen Blier, and the Marilyn Horne Foundation *The Song Continues* series in Weill Hall.

Webster was a finalist with the Metropolitan Opera National Council Auditions and holds First Place Awards from the Jessie Kneisel Lieder Competition, Eastman Concerto Competition, and The Eastman Opera Competition. Marc Webster has been on the Voice Faculty at Ithaca College for 7 years and is nearing completion of a Doctor of Musical Arts Degree from Eastman School of Music where he is a student of Carol Webber. He also holds a Master of Music degree in Performance and Literature from Eastman School of Music and an Artist Diploma in Opera Performance from The Juilliard School.

Charis Dimaras

Greek concert pianist, Charis Dimaras, has presented numerous solo recitals, has collaborated in chamber music concerts and has been featured as soloist with orchestras throughout Europe, Turkey, Russia, Brazil, Canada and the USA. He has been the recipient of several awards (such as, the British Associated Board of the Royal Schools of Music Award, the Alexandros S. Onasis Beneficiary Foundation Scholarship and the International Richard-Wagner-Foundation Scholarship) and has won top prizes in several competitions (such as, the 1st prize at the "Conferenza Musicale Mediteranea" piano competition in Palermo/Sicily, as well as 1st prizes in the "Holland Music Sessions" chamber music contest at the Concertgebouw of Amsterdam and the "Artists International" and "Joy in Singing" chamber music contests in New York City). Elsewhere, he has been featured on NY's WQXR, on several Dutch, Italian and Greek radio stations and on Greek national TV and has recorded works by Franck, Bartok, Prokofiev & Stravinsky. His latest CD featuring piano works by contemporary Greek composers D. Mitropoulos and Y. Sicilianos was released last November by

Greek Record Company IRIDA Classical (to coincide with Mitropoulos' 50th death anniversary).

Dr. Dimaras, who holds degrees in piano performance from the Royal College of Music in London/England and from New York's Juilliard School and Manhattan School of Music, is currently Associate Professor of Piano and Collaborative Studies at Ithaca College. Elsewhere, in 2008, he was the Artistic Director of an international summer festival of Classical Music in Sparti/Greece and in the Spring of 2010 he presented a series of 4 lecture-recitals on the history and evolution of the Classical Sonata form for the Lifelong Education Program of the Philharmonic Center, also in Naples/FL. During a 2006-07 sabbatical leave from Ithaca College, Dr. Dimaras completed an additional Master's Degree in orchestral conducting at Bard College. Since then, he has also appeared as guest conductor on both sides of the Atlantic, with such orchestras as the St. Petersburg Philharmonic Chamber Orchestra and the Symphony Orchestra of the Greek National Opera.