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Junior Recital: Beth Alice Reichgott, mezzo-soprano

Beth Alice Reichgott

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JUNIOR RECITAL
BETH ALICE REICHGOTT, mezzo-soprano
Sean Cator, piano
Assisted by: Leslie Lyons, violoncello
and John Rozzoni, baritone

HOCKETT FAMILY RECITAL HALL
FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 2004
7:00PM
JUNIOR RECITAL
BETH ALICE REICHGOTT, mezzo-soprano
Sean Cator, piano

Assisted by: Leslie Lyons, violoncello
and John Rozzoni, baritone

Vaga luna che inargenti
Bella Nice, che d’amore
Per pietà, bell’idol mio

Auf dem Wasser zu singen
Du bist die Ruh
Auf dem Strom

Quando men vo
from La bohème

INTERMISSION

Must the winter come so soon?
from Vanessa

Une poupée aux yeux d’email
from Les contes d’Hoffmann

Ariettes oubliées (1903)
2. Il Pleure dans mon Coeur
3. L’Ombre des Arbres
4. Chevaux de Bois

The Plough Boy
The trees they grow so high
The Ash Grove
Oliver Cromwell

Baby, It’s Cold Outside

Vincenzo Bellini (1801-1835)
Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
Giacomo Puccini (1858-1924)
Samuel Barber (1910-1981)
Jacques Offenbach (1819-1880)
Claude Debussy (1862-1918)
Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)
Frank Loesser (1910-1969)
Junior Recital presented in partial fulfillment of a Bachelor's degree in Vocal Performance and Music Education.

Beth Alice Reichgott is from the studio of Elizabeth Koch.

HOCKETT FAMILY RECITAL HALL
FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 2004
7:00 PM
Thank you all so much for coming to my recital! Just as a reminder, people generally don’t clap at these things until the end of each set. In case you want to learn more about the composers and/or pieces, here are some program notes and translations. Enjoy!

**Vincenzo Bellini (1801-1835)**

Italian composer. He was a leading figure in early 19th-century opera, noted for his expressive melodies and sensitive approach to text-setting.

Bellini borrowed from Rossini’s writing style, especially in his treatment of small-scale form, crafting lyric movements that avoided symmetry and melodic repetition in favor of a freer alternation of declamation and ornament, bringing song closer to the rhythms and contours of speech.

**Vaga luna che inargenti**

Vaga luna, che inargenti  
Queste rive e questi fiori  
Ed inspiri agli elementi  
Il linguaggio dell’amor;  
Testimonio or sei tu sola  
Del mio fervido desir,  
Ed a lei che m’innamora  
Conta I palpiti e i sospir.

**Lovely moon, your silver light**

Lovely moon, your silver light  
Shines on these banks and these flowers,  
You inspire the elements  
To the language of love;  
You alone are witness  
To my ardent desire,  
And tell the one I love  
Of my beating heart and my sighing.

Dille pur che lontananza  
Il mio duol non può lenir,  
Che se nutro una speranza,  
Ella è sol nell’avvenir,  
Dille pur che giorno e sera  
Conto l’ore del dolor,  
Che una speme lusinghiera  
Mi conforta nell’amor.

**Bella Nice che d’amore**

Bella Nice, che d’amore  
De sti il fremito e il desir, ah!  
Bella Nice, del mio core  
Dolce speme e sol sospir,  
Ah! verrà, nè si lontano  
Forse a me quel giorno è già,  
Che di morte l’empia mano  
Il mio stame troncherà.

**Lovely Nice, who awakes**

Lovely Nice, who awakes  
The thrill and desire of love,  
Oh, lovely Nice sweet hope  
And only longing of my heart.

Alas! it will come, and maybe that day  
Is not so far from me even now,  
When death’s pitiless hand  
Shall cut my life’s thread short.
When within the last abode
I, alas! shall be a lifeless burden,
Remember, oh, do! how truly
This heart loved you ever.

Upon my silent ashes then,
If you cast a flower,
Lovely Nice, the horror
Of the tomb will seem less painful.

I do not ask you to come
And shed a tear over my grave.
Oh, if I might hope for so much,
I should want to die at once!

For pity’s sake, my goddess
Do not call me ungrateful;
Unhappy and unfortunate enough
Heaven has made me.

That I am faithful to you,
That I languish under your gaze,
Love and the gods know,
As does my heart, and yours.

Franz Schubert (1797–1828)

Austrian composer. The only canonic Viennese composer native to Vienna, he made seminal contributions in the areas of orchestral music, chamber music, piano music and, most especially, the German lied. The richness and subtlety of his melodic and harmonic language, the originality of his accompaniments, his elevation of marginal genres and the enigmatic nature of his uneventful life have invited a wide range of readings of both man and music that remain among the most hotly debated in musical circles.

Schubert's uniqueness lay not only in his raising of the lied from a marginal to a central role but in his ability to fuse poetry and music in ways that seem not only unique but inevitable. Like those of Wolf, but few others, Schubert's songs can withstand the closest scrutiny because they contain so many layers of meaning and stylistic intersection. The undulating waves of *Auf dem Wasser zu singen* are one of many reinventions of his *moto perpetuo* accompaniment first found in *Gretchen am Spinnrade*. As Schubert's expressive range developed, the integration of melody (the reciter of the text), harmony and accompaniment increased steadily.
Auf dem Wasser zu singen

Mitten im Schimmer der spiegelnden Wellen
Gleitet, wie Schwäne, der wankende Kahn;
Ach, auf der Freude sanft-schimmerden Wellen
Gleitet die Seele dahin wie der Kahn.
Denn von dem Himmel herab auf die Wellen
Tanzet das Abendrot rund um den Kahn.

Über den Wipfeln des westlichen Haines
Winket uns freundlich der röthliche Schein.
Unter den Zweigen das östlichen Haines
Säuselt der Kalmus im röthlichen Schein,
Freude des Himmels und Ruhe des Haines
Atmet die Seele im errötenenden Schein.

Ach, es entschwinket mit tauigem Flügel
Mir auf den wiegenden Wellen die Zeit.
Morgen entschwinke mit schimmerndem Flügel
Wieder wie gestern und heute die Zeit:
Bis ich auf höherem strahlenden Flügel
Selber entschwinde der wechselnden Zeit.

To be sung on the water

Amid the shimmering of mirror-like waters
The rocking boat glides, swanlike;
Ay, and on the soft-shimmering waters of joy
The soul too, glides away like the boat.
Descending from heaven upon the waters
The evening glow dances around the boat.

Over the tree-tops of the forest in the west
The rosy glow smilingly beams on us.
Under the boughs of the forest in the east
The reeds rustle in the rosy glow.
Joy of heaven and peace in the forest,
The soul breathes in the reddening glow.

The nearly 200 songs published in Schubert's lifetime are generally performed as if their groupings were of no consequence; but there is ample internal evidence that he compiled his opuses carefully. In op.59, a group of four songs published in 1826, Schubert opens with Du liebst mich nicht in A minor, followed by another heartbreak song, Dass sie hier gewesen, in the relative major. The third song, Du bist die Ruh, uses a similar form of address to the first song but in a different, comforting mood, signalled by the more distant common-tone shift from the key of Dass sie hier gewesen, C major, to Eb major. Finally, the whimsical, bittersweet Lachen und Weinen is in Al, major, to which the previous song's Eb major serves as a retrospective dominant. Hence the opus skilfully groups two pairs of songs in contrasting moods but united by the general theme of love.

Du bist die Ruh

Du bist die Ruh der Friede mild,
Die Sehn-sucht du, und was sie stillt.
Ich weihe dir voll Lust und Schmerz
Zur Wohnung hier mein Aug und Herz.

Kehr ein bei mir, und schliesse du
Still hinter dir die Pforten zu.
Treib andern Schmerz aus dieser Brust!
Voll sei dies Herz von deiner Lust.

Dies Augenzelt von deinem Glanz

Thou art rest (To Love)

Thou art rest and gentle peace,
Thou art longing, and that which stills it.
I consecrate to thee, with joys and griefs,
As thy dwelling-place, my eyes and heart

Enter into me and close thou
The gates softly behind thee.
Drive other griefs from this breast,
Let this heart be filled with thy joys.

My world of sight and thy radiance
Allein erhellt,
O füll es ganz, o füll es ganz!

Alone can illuminate
O, fill it to the full!

On March 26, 1828, the first anniversary of Beethoven’s death, Schubert presented his first public concert devoted entirely to his own music. The even-numbered verses of the one work composed especially for this evening, Auf dem Strom for tenor, horn and piano, recall the Funeral March of Beethoven’s ‘Eroica’ Symphony. Those who commented on the evening all state that the hall was full to capacity.

Auf dem Strom
featuring Leslie Lyons, violoncello

Nimm die letzten Abschiedsküsse,
Und die wehenden, die Grüsse,
Die ich noch ans Ufer sende,
Eh’ Dein Fuss sich scheidend wende!
Schon wird von des Stromes Wogen
Rasch der Nachen fortgezogen,
Doch den tränen­dunklen Blick
Zieht die Sehnsucht stets zurück!

Und so trägt mich denn die Welle
Fort mit unflehter Schnelle.
Oh, schon ist die Flur verschwunden,
Wo ich selig Sie gefunden!
Ewig hin, ihr Wonnetage!
Hoffnungsleer verhallt die Klage
Um das schöne Heimatland,
Wo ich ihre Liebe fand.

Sieh, wie flieht der Strand vorüber,
Und wie drängt es mich hinüber,
Zieht mit unnennbaren Banden,
An der Hütte dort zu landen,
In der Laube dort zu weilen:
Doch des Stromes Wellen eilen
Weiter ohne Rast und Ruh,
Führen mich dem Weltmeer zu!

Ach, vor jener dunklen Wüste,
O, wie fasst mich zitternd Grauen!
Wehmutsstränen sanft zu bringen,
Kann kein Lied vom Ufer dringen;
Nur der Sturm weht daher
Durch das grau gehobne Meer!

On the River

Take these last farewell kisses,
And the wafted greetings
That I send to the shore,
Before your foot turns to leave!
Already the boat is pulled away
By the waves’ rapid current
But longing forever draws back
My gaze, clouded with tears!

And so the waves bear me away
With relentless speed.
Ah, already the meadows
Where I found her have disappeared!
Days of bliss, you are gone forever!
Hopelessly my lament echoes
Round the fair homeland
Where I found her love.

See how the shore flies past,
And how mysterious ties
Draw me across
To a land by yonder cottage,
To linger in yonder arbor:
But the river’s waves rush onwards
Without respite,
Bearing me on towards the ocean!

Ah, how I tremble with dread
At that dark wilderness,
Far from every cheerful shore,
Where no island can be seen!
No song can reach me from the shore,
To bring forth tears of gentle sadness;
Only the tempest blows cold
Across the grey, angry sea!
Kann des Auges sehend Schweifen
Keine Ufer mehr ergreifen,
Nun so schau’ ich zu den Sternen
Auf in jenen heil’ gen Fernen!
Ach, bei ihrem milden Scheine
Nannt’ ich sie zuerst die Meine;
Dort vielleicht, o tröstend Glück!
Dort begegn’ ich ihrem Blick.

If my wistful, roaming eyes
Can no longer descry the shore,
I shall look up to the stars
There in the sacred distance!
Ah, by their gentle radiance
I first called her mine;
There, perhaps, O consoling fate!
There I shall meet her gaze.

Giacomo Puccini (1858-1924)

Italian composer. He was the greatest composer of Italian opera after Verdi. In *La bohème* he set to music action in which every gesture reflected ordinary life; at the same time, he created a higher level of narrative, conveying metaphorically a world in which time is fleeting, in which the young are the chief characters. An ironic disenchantment is evident even in the most intensely poetic moments, and love rises from a necessarily mundane situation, and returns to it.

*La bohème* ("Bohemian Life")

Opera in four acts by Giacomo Puccini to a libretto by Giuseppe Giacosa and Luigi Illica after Henry Murger’s novel *Scènes de la vie de bohème*, February 1896.

Setting Paris, about 1830

ACT 2 - A crossroads with the Café Momus to one side - Rodolfo presents Mimi to his friends. Musetta makes a spectacular entrance, followed by her latest ‘protector’, the state councillor Alcindoro. Seeing Marcello, the lover to whom she always returns, she stages a scene for his benefit. She torments Alcindoro by complaining about the service, smashing a plate and then bursting into song (*Quando men vo*), a shameless piece of exhibitionism which forms the musical basis of an ensemble. Finally, she gets rid of her escort by pretending that her shoes are hurting and sending him off to buy another pair. Then she falls into Marcello’s arms, to the delight of the bystanders. The waiter arrives to settle accounts. As a military tattoo passes by Musetta tells the Bohemians to add their bill to hers. They leave as Alcindoro returns with the shoes and is presented with the bill.

*Quando men vo*

*When I go out*

Quando men vo soletta per la via
la gente sosta e mira
e la bellezza mia tutta ricerca in me
da capo a piè.

Ed assaporo allor la bramosia sottil,
che da gl’occhi traspira;
e dai palesi vezzi

When I go out alone in the street
people stop and stare
and they all study me in my beauty
from head to foot.

And then I savor the subtle longing
that comes from their eyes;
they know how to appreciate, beneath
intender sa, alle occulte beltà.
Così l'effluvio del desio tutta m’aggira;
felice mi fa!

E tu che sai, che memori
e ti struggi,
me tanto ri fuggi?
So ben: le angoscie tue
non le vuoi dir;
so ben, ma ti senti morir!

obvious charms, all the hidden beauty.
Thus the flow of desire surrounds me;
it makes me happy!

And you know who, who remember
and are melting with passion—
you avoid me so?
I know well: your sufferings—
you don’t want to tell them;
I know, but you feel like you’re dying!

~*~ INTERMISSION ~*~

Samuel Barber (1910-1981)

American composer. One of the most honoured and most frequently performed
American composers in the Americas and Europe during the middle of the 20th
century, Barber followed, throughout his career, a path marked by vocally inspired
lyricism and a commitment to the tonal language and many of the forms of late 19th-
century music. Modernist elements – increased dissonance, chromaticism, tonal
ambiguity and limited serialism – appear in his music after 1939 only in so far as he
could pursue, without compromise, principles of tonality and lyrical expression. Almost
all his published works (48 opus numbers including at least one composition in nearly
every genre) entered the repertory soon after he wrote them, and many continue to be
performed, gaining new significance within the current trend of ‘New Romanticism.’

Barber’s operas are marked by continuous lyricism (even in recitative passages),
sensitivity to textual rhythms and a rich harmonic language. The orchestra is an
important partner to the voice in achieving dramatic expression. Whereas the music of
Vanessa is predominantly diatonic, that of Antony and Cleopatra is infused with
chromaticism and disjunct melodic lines. These differences seem to derive less from a
change in Barber’s style over the nine-year interim than from the different requirements
of the operas’ subjects.

Vanessa
Opera in four acts, op.32, by Samuel Barber to a libretto by Gian Carlo Menotti; New
York, Metropolitan Opera, 15 January 1958.

Setting A northern country, c. 1905; a drawing room in Vanessa’s country house; a
night in early winter
ACT 1 - At her remote and elegant country estate the beautiful Vanessa, abandoned by her lover Anatol twenty years before, awaits his return, heralded by a letter. Erika, her niece, wonders if the carriage sent to bring their visitor will be able to return through the swirling snows of an early winter storm.

Must the winter come so soon?

Jacques Offenbach (1819-1880)

French composer of German origin. He composed some of the most exhilarating and tuneful music ever written. His Les contes d’Hoffmann remains one of the most popular of French operas, though his most significant achievements lie in the field of operetta. His Orphée aux enfers, La belle Hélène and other satirical products of Second Empire Paris remain pre-eminent in the operetta repertory, and it was through the success of Offenbach’s works abroad that the operetta became an established international genre during the late 19th century and the early 20th.

Les Contes d’Hoffmann (The Tales of Hoffmann)
Opéra fantastique in five acts by Jacques Offenbach to a libretto by Jules Barbier after the play by Barbier and Michel Carré; based on the stories of E.T.A. Hoffmann

Setting Paris, the early 1800s

ACT 2 (Olympia) - The laboratory of the physicist Spalanzani - The eccentric inventor Spalanzani is hoping that his latest invention, a mechanical doll, will earn enough money to recoup the losses sustained from the bankruptcy of his banker. Hoffmann arrives as a pupil of Spalanzani, who talks of his ‘daughter’ Olympia. Spalanzani leaves to prepare for the arrival of his guests, and Hoffmann’s heart leaps when, behind a curtain, he sees what he takes to be the sleeping figure of the daughter. Nicklausse, Hoffmann’s muse assuming the identity of his student friend, vainly attempts to make light of his infatuation (Une poupée aux yeux d’email).

Une poupée aux yeux d’email
A doll with enamel eyes

Une poupée aux yeux d’email jouait au mieux de l’éventail auprès d’un petit coq en cuivre. Tous deux chantaient à l’unison d’une merveilleuse façon, dansaient, caquetaient, semblaient vivre.

A doll with enamel eyes artfully fluttered her fan next to a little copper cockerel. They sang together in unison in a marvelous way, they sang, chatted and seemed to be real.

Ah! Le petit coq luisant et vif, avec un air rebbarbatif, tournait partrois fois sur luimême. par un rouage in gênieux la poupée, en roulant les yeux, soupirait et disait: je t’aime!

Ah, the little cockerel, glossy and brisk, with a forbidding look, would turn round and round three times; and by an ingenious mechanism the doll would roll its eyes, sigh and say, ‘I love you!’
Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

French composer. One of the most important musicians of his time, his harmonic innovations had a profound influence on generations of composers. He made a decisive move away from Wagnerism in his only complete opera *Pelléas et Mélisande*, and in his works for piano and for orchestra he created new genres and revealed a range of fibre and colour which indicated a highly original musical aesthetic.

It was in his settings of Verlaine in the 1880s that Debussy began producing songs of a highly individual kind. The six songs in *Ariettes, paysage belges et aquarelles* (1888, republished in 1903 as *Ariettes oubliées*) contain many of the elements of his characteristic style, including chains of parallel chords enriched with clusters of 7ths and 9ths and harmonic relationships that defied traditional practice and created new worlds of sound and sensation. Thus, unhampered by considerations of previous tonal procedures such as sequence and harmonic rhythm, Debussy’s melodies move with a freedom that catches the subtlety of the text in a new way.

*Ariettes oubliées* (1903):
1. C’est l’extase, 1887;
2. Il pleure dans mon coeur, 1887;
3. L’ombre des arbres, 1885;
4. Chevaux de bois, 1885;
5. Green, 1886;
6. Spleen, 1886

**Il pleure dans mon coeur**

Il pleure dans mon coeur
Comme il pleut sur la ville.
Quelle est cette langueur
Qui pénètre mon coeur?

O bruit doux de la pluie,
Par terre et sur les toits!
Pour un coeur qui s’ennuie,
O le bruit de la pluie!

Il pleure sans raison
Dans ce coeur qui s’écœure.
Quoi! Nulle trahison?
Deuil est sans raison.

C’est bien la pire peine,
De ne savoir pourquoi,
Sans amour et sans haine,
Mon cœur a tant de peine.

**Tears fall in my heart**

Tears fall in my heart
Like the rain upon the city.
What is this languor
That penetrates my heart?

Oh, gentle sound of the rain,
On the ground and on the roofs!
For a heart that is weary,
Oh, the sound of the rain!

Tears fall without reason
In this anguished heart.
What? No betrayal?
This mourning has no reason.

This is truly the keenest pain,
To know not why,
Without either love or hate,
My heart bears so much pain.
L’ombre des arbres

L’ombre des arbres
dans la rivière embrumée
Meurt comme de la fumée,
parmi les ramures réelles,
Se plaignent les tbourderies.

Combien ô voyageur,
ce paysage blême
Te mire blême toi-même,
Et que tristes pleuraient
dans les hautes feuillées,
Tes espérances nöyées.

Chevaux de bois

Tournez, tournez, bon chevaux de bois,
Tournez cent tours, tournez mille tours.
Tournez souvent et tournez toujours,
Tournez, tournez au son des hautbois.

Tournez, tournez, chevaux de leur cœur,
Tandis qu’autour de tous vos tournois
Clignote l’œil du filou sorneois.
Tournez au son du piston vainqueur!

C’est étonnant comme ça vous soule,
D’aller ainsi dans ce cirque bête,
Rien dans le ventre et mal dans la tête,
Du mal en masse et du bien en foule;

Tournez dadas, sans qu’il soit besoin
D’user jamais de nuls éperons
Pour commander à vos galops ronds.
Tournez, tournez, sans espoir de foin,

Et dépêchez, chevaux de leur âme,
Déjà voici que sonne à la soupe
La nuit qui tombe et chasse la troupe
De gais buveurs,
que leur soif affamée.

The shadow of the trees

The shadow of the trees
in the misty river
Is vanishing like smoke,
While, in the air,
amidst the real branches,
The turtle doves lament.

How much, O traveler,
this pallid landscape
Mirrored in your own pale self,
And how sadly,
in the high boughs, they wept, –
Your drowned hopes!

Wooden Horses

Turn round, keep turning, good wooden horses,
Turn a hundred times, turn a thousand times,
Turn often and do not stop,
Turn round, turn to the tune of the oboes.

The child quite red and the mother white,
The boy in black and the girl in rose,
Each one doing as he pleases,
Each one spending his Sunday penny.

Turn round, turn, horses of their choice,
While at all your turning
The sly rogue casts a surreptitious glance.
Keep turning to the tune of the victorious trumpet!

It is astounding how it intoxicates you,
To move thus in this foolish circus,
With empty stomachs, dizzy heads,
Feeling altogether badly, yet happy in the crowd;

Turn, hobby horses, without needing
Ever the aid of spurs
To make you gallop on.
Turn round, turn, without any hope of hay,

And hurry, horses of their fancy,
Here, already the supper bell is sounded
By Night, which falls and disperses the crowd
Of gay drinkers,
whose thirst has made them famished.
Tournez, tournez! Le ciel en velours
d'astres en or se vêt lentement.
L'Eglise tinte un glas tristement.
Tournez au son joyeux des tambours, tournez.

Turn, turn around! The velvet sky
Arrays itself slowly with golden stars.
The church tolls a mournful knell.
Turn to the gay tune of the drums, keep turning.

Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)

English composer, conductor and pianist. Notable among his musical and professional achievements are the revival of English opera, initiated by the success of Peter Grimes in 1945; the building of institutions to ensure the continuing viability of musical drama; and outreach to a wider audience, particularly children, in an effort to increase national musical literacy and awareness. Equally important in this was his remaining accessible as a composer, rejecting the modernist ideology of evolution towards a ‘necessary’ obscurity and developing a distinctive tonal language that allowed amateurs and professionals alike to enjoy both performing and listening to his music.

The Plough Boy
The trees they grow so high
The Ash Grove
Oliver Cromwell

Frank Loesser (1910-1969)

American composer and librettist. He worked in journalism and as a nightclub pianist, and began to write satirical lyrics and sketches for vaudeville. In 1936 he moved to Hollywood and wrote lyrics for musical films. He began to compose during World War II when, as a member of the Army Air Forces, he wrote songs for army shows. He is best known, however, for his Broadway shows, including Where’s Charley? (1948); Guys and Dolls (1950), The Most Happy Fella (1956), and How to Succeed in Business without Really Trying (1961).

He wrote “Baby, it’s Cold Outside” in 1944 as a party-piece duet with his first wife, Lynn Loesser. Eventually, it appeared in the Esther Williams film, Neptune’s Daughter in 1948, and won an Academy Award for best song the following year.

Baby, it’s Cold Outside
featuring John Rozzoni, baritone
THANK YOU!

A world of thanks is in order to everyone in this room for being here and supporting me on this very special day. I really appreciate you taking the time to be here. I hope you enjoyed it!

Since this is not my Senior Recital, I won’t get too gushy on you folks just yet. However, there are people I would like to specifically thank:

MY RECITAL SUPERSTARS!
Sean Cator
John Rozzoni

Leslie Lyons
Elizabeth Koch

My Family:
Mom
Heather
Grandma Dottie

Dad
Aaron
Grandma Betty

My Wonderful Friends:
Meg Gebert
Victoria Benson
Nathan Wilson
Teresa Clark

Denise Crawford
Matt Rotjan
Allison Betof
Alex Raines

the junior teachers 2003-2004

...and all of you other students I see on a day-to-day basis!

Faculty who've gone the Extra Mile:
Dr. Craig Cummings
Dr. Timothy Nord
Prof. Patrice Pastore
Dr. Susan Avery
Prof. Lawrence Doebler

Dr. Timothy Johnson
Prof. Merilee Nord
Dr. Jennifer Haywood
Prof. Patrick Hansen

Everyone at Forest Home Chapel

Ithaca College Choir

Premium Blend

All of you, whether you are aware of it or not, have had a significant effect on my life and progress here at Ithaca. Your energy is inspiring, and does not go unnoticed. Thank you.
...BUT IS THERE FOOD?!!

Why yes. Yes, there is! Please join me in the green room (next door) for a reception immediately following the recital. Don’t be shy – everyone is welcome! Otherwise, it’ll be me all by myself eating everything.

That’s not an empty threat, either. I’ll do it...