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Ithaca College School of Music Faculty.

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Ithaca College Contemporary Ensemble

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After Dinner Mint:
A Celebration of Women in Music

Laura Amoriello, piano
Diane Birr, piano
Chris Coletti, trumpet
Mary Holzhauer, piano
Elisabeth Marshall, soprano
Dawn Pierce, mezzo-soprano
Christin Schillinger, bassoon
Rachel Schutz, soprano
Alison Wahl, soprano
Aaron Witek, trumpet

with
Contemporary Ensemble
Lucia Barrero, violin
Claire Park, flute
Amy Zuidema, clarinet
Benjamin Stayner, cello
Daniel Herbener, piano
Andrew Kim, conductor

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Monday, November 4th, 2019
7:00 pm
Program

Jazz Nocturne
Laura Amoriello, piano
Dana Suesse (1909-1987)

L'astratto
Rachel Schutz, soprano
Mary Holzhauer, piano
Barbara Strozzi (1619-1677)

As I Am
Aaron Witek, trumpet
Kate Amrine (b. 1992)

Three Duets on Texts by Heinrich Heine, from Lyrisches Intermezzo
Elisabeth Marshall, soprano
Dawn Pierce, mezzo-soprano
Mary Holzhauer, piano
Fanny Hensel (b. Mendelssohn Bartholdy) (1805-1847)

Nightfall
Christin Schillinger, bassoon
Laura Amoriello, piano
Adrienne Albert (b. 1941)

Schembrun
Alison Wahl, soprano
Laura Amoriello, piano
Alison Wahl (b. 1986)

I Work
Nocturne
Lili Boulanger, transcribed Coletti
(1893-1918)

Upflight of Butterflies
Chris Coletti, trumpet
Diane Birr, piano
Charlotte Bray (b. 1982)

I. abandoned sun
II. trail of light
III. white with space
IV. dazzlement of butterflies
Contemporary Ensemble
Lucia Barrero, violin
Claire Park, flute
Amy Zuidema, clarinet
Benjamin Stayner, cello
Daniel Herbener, piano
Andrew Kim, conductor
L’Astratto

Voglio sì, vò cantar: forse cantando
Trovar pace potessi al mio tormento.
Ha d’opprimere il duol forza il cocento;
Sì, sì, pensiero, aspetta:
A sonar cominciamo
E a nostro senso una canzon troviamo.

"Hebbi il core legato un di d’un bel crin..."

La stracerei: subito ch’apro un foglio
Sento che mi raccorda il mio cordoglio.

"Fuggia la notte e [il] sol spiegava intorno..."

Parlato

Eh, si confondon qui la notte’el giorno!

Presto

"Volate, o Furie...

Adagio

...e conducete un miserabile al foco eterno!"

Parlato

Ma che fo nell’ inferno?

"Al tuo ciel vago desio
spiega l’ale e vanne..."

À fè, che quel che ti compose

“The Distracted One”

Yes, I want to sing: perhaps in singing
I’ll be able to find peace for my torment.
Music has the power to overcome suffering;
Yes, yes, my thoughts, wait:
We’ll begin to play,
And we’ll find a good song for this mood I’m in...

“Once my heart was bound by beautiful tresses...”

I should rip this one up! The minute I turn the page,
I’m reminded of my grief.

“The night has fled and the sun shines all around...”

Spoken

Hah, here they confuse day and night!

Presto

“Fly away, o Furies...”

Spoken

But what am I doing in hell?

“To your heaven, o delightful desire,
spread your wings and fly...”

Honestly, whoever wrote you
Poco sapea dell’amoroso strale! Knew very little about Love's arrows!
Desiderio d’amante in ciel non sale. A lover’s desire does not ascend to heaven.

"Goderò sotto la luna..." “I shall rejoice under the moon...”

Hor questa si ch’è peggio! Now, this one’s even worse!
Sà il destin degli’amanti e vuol fortuna! It knows fate of lovers yet expects good fortune!

Adagio

Misero i guai m’han da me stesso astratto
E cercando un soggetto
Per volerlo dir sol cento n’ho detto. Wretched me, my troubles have pulled me apart,
And looking for one subject,
Wishing to say one thing, I have said a hundred.

Adagio

Chi nel carcere d’un crine One who is imprisoned by his desires
I desiri hà prigionieri,
Per sue crude aspre ruine
Nemen suoi sono i pensieri. In a jail of beautiful tresses,
In his own cruel, harsh ruin
Does not even possess his own thoughts.

Adagio

Chi, ad un vago alto splendore One who has faithfully pledged his liberty
Diè fedel la libertà
Schiavo alfin tutto d’amore
Nemen sua la mente havra. To a high shining ideal,
A complete slave to love,
In the end cannot even possess his own mind.

Adagio

Quind’io, misero e stolto, Therefore I, miserable and stupid,
Non volendo cantar, Not wanting to sing,
Cantato ho molto. Have sung quite a lot.

translation by Ellen Hargis after Dixon/Panthaki
Three Duets on Texts by Heinrich Heine, from Lyrisches Intermezzo

I. Wenn ich in deine Augen seh' 
So schwindet all' mein Leid und Weh; 
Doch wenn ich küsse deinen Mund, 
So werd' ich ganz und gar gesund.

Wenn ich mich lehn' an deine Brust, 
Kommt's über mich wie Himmelslust; 
Doch wenn du sprichst: Ich liebe dich, 
So muss ich weinen bitterlich.

When I gaze into your eyes 
All my suffering and woe vanishes; 
But when I kiss your mouth, 
Then I become wholly well.

Then I must weep bitterly.

II. Aus meinen Tränen sprießen 
Viel blühende Blumen hervor, 
Und meine Seufzer werden Ein Nachtigallenchor.

Und wenn du mich lieb hast, Kindchen, 
Schenk' ich dir die Blumen all', 
Und vor deinem Fenster soll klingen 
Das Lied der Nachtigall.

II. From my tears sprout forth 
Many blossoming flowers, 
And my sighs become 
A choir of nightingales,

And if you love me, my child, 
I shall give you all the flowers, 
And in front of your window shall sound 
The song of the nightingale.

III. Im wunderschönen Monat Mai, 
Als alle Knospen sprangen, 
Da ist in meinem Herzen 
Die Liebe aufgegangen.

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai, 
Als alle Vögel sangen, 
Da hab' ich ihr gestanden 
Mein Sehnen und Verlangen.

III. In the wonderfully beautiful month of May, 
When all the buds were bursting, 
Love rose within my heart.

In the wonderfully beautiful month of May, 
When all the birds were singing, 
I confessed my longing and desire to her.
Wenn ich nach Schönbrun gehe
Gehe ich bei dem Haupttor ein
Und über bei der Seitentür
Gehe ich wieder raus

Schönbrunn
Beim Haupttor ein
Schönbrunn
Bei der Seitentür wieder raus
Schönbrunn

In Frühjahr scheint die Sonne
Und der Mond
Und die Sterne
Wenn ich ins Gewächshaus komme
Stehle ich da ein Paar Blumen!

Schönbrunn...

Im Sommer regent es allezeit nur
Wenn es nicht sonnig ist-
Wie Diakonen schauen die
Brunnenfiguren
Mit ihren Augen in die Wolken

Schönbrunn...

Im Herbst ist der Himmel blau
Und die Blätter rutschen hier und da
Wenn ich endlich auf komme
Bei der Seitentür wieder
 Dann muss ich links über die Mauer!

Schönbrunn...

Beim Eingang und
Schreien an Napoleon
Sein goldenes Idol
Beim Ausgang über
Ist nicht mehr der Friedhof
Mit den fünf kleinen Leuchten...

When I go to Schönbrun
I go in the main entrance
And by the side door
I come out again...

Schönbrunn
Go in by the main door
Schönbrunn
Go out again by the side door
Schönbrunn...

In spring shines the sun
And the moon
And the stars
When I come into the greenhouse
I steal a few flowers!

Schönbrunn...

In summer it rains all the time only
When it’s not sunny-
The fountain statues look like deacons
With their eyes in the heavens

Schönbrunn...

In autumn the sky is blue
And the leaves shuffle here and there
When I finally emerge
By the side door come out again
Then I have to go left up over the wall!

Schönbrunn...

By the entrance and
Shouting through the napoleon’s arch
His golden idol
By the exit up over
Is no longer the cemetery
With the five little lights...
Program Notes

Upright of Butterflies
by Charlotte Bray

An arrangement of *Alliance*, which was commissioned by Britten Sinfonia in 2008 for their lunchtime series.

Inspiration grew from vivid and distinct images of natural light in various forms: sunlight burning through dense clouds, piercing glimpses of blinding light catching your eye as you rush through the air.

Neruda’s poem ‘Alliance (Sonata)’, from the collection ‘Residence on Earth’, also had a significant impact on the work. Perhaps representing Neruda’s feelings of isolation and alienation from the world around him; he searches through his physical environment for something or someone to connect with. Upflight of Butterflies centres on contrasts of bleak and uplifting characters, reflecting highs and lows of an emotionally unstable personality. Energised by Neruda’s imagery, words from the poem were taken to inspire each movement. The idea of partnership within the ensemble was powerful in structuring the work. Who is in alliance with who?
Alliance (Sonata)
by Pablo Neruda
English translation by Thayne Tuason

Of dusty gazes fallen down to the soil
or leaves without sound and entombing.
Of metals without light, with the void,
with the absence of the dead day of coup.
At the top of the hands the dazzle of butterflies,
the start of butterflies whose light has no end.

You were keeping the trail of light, of broken beings
that the sun abandoned, getting dark, throws to the churches.
Stained with glances, with the aim of bees,
your material of unexpected flame fleeing
coming before and after the day and to your family of gold.

The days stalked they cross the secrecy
but fall inside of your voice of light.
Oh proprietress of love, on your rest
I founded my dream, my silent attitude.

With your body of shy number, extended suddenly
until quantities that define the earth,
behind the fight of the white days of space
and chills of slow deaths and withered stimuli,
I feel burn your lap and move your kisses
making fresh swallows in my dream.
Sometimes the fate of your tears amounts
as the age up to my forehead, there
they are striking the waves, being destroyed of death:
its’ movement is damp, depressed, final.