Recital: Piano/Vocal Duos

Charis Dimaras

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ITHACA COLLEGE
SCHOOL OF MUSIC

PIANO/VOCAL DUOS
Charis Dimaras, director

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Tuesday, April 29, 2008
7:00 pm
PROGRAM

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

An die Leier (To the Lyre), D737
(Bruchmann, 1822-3)
Am See (By the Lake), D746 (Bruchmann, 1817)
Ganymed (Ganymede), D544 (Goethe, 1817)

Thomas Lehman, baritone; Mallory Bernstein, piano

A Chloris (To Chloris) (T. de Viau, 1916)
Le Rossignol des lilas (The nightingale among lilacs) (L. Dauphin, 1913)
L’Énamourée (The Enamored) (de Banville, 1892)

Erin Winker, soprano; Nicholas Place, piano

West London: A Sonnet (Arnold, 1921) from Five Street Songs (Ives, 1919)
IV. Down East
The Cage (Ives, 1906)
Berceuse (Ives, 1900)

Thomas Lehman, baritone; Mallory Bernstein, piano

La Bonne Cuisine: Four Recipes (Bernstein, c. 1947)

Leonard Bernstein (1918-1990)

I. Plum Pudding
II. Ox-tail Stew
III. Tavouk Gueunksis
IV. Rabbit at Top-Speed

Erin Winker, soprano; Nicholas Place, piano

INTERMISSION

Samuel Barber (1910-1981)

Hermit Songs, Op. 29 (trad. Irish, 1952-3)

At Saint Patrick’s Purgatory
Church Bell at Night
St. Ita’s vision
The Heavenly Banquet
The Crucifiction
Sea Snatch
Promiscuity
The Monk and his Cat
The Praises of God
The Desire of Hermitage

Diana Yourke, soprano; Sharon Knickerbocker, piano
An die Leier (To the Lyre)  
Of Atreus' sons, and of Cadmus I wish to sing!  
But my strings sound out only love in their tones.

I have changed the strings, and I would even switch lyres!  
Alcides' victory march should roar forth in its might!

Yet even these new strings sound out only love in their tones!

So be well, then, heroes! For my strings will sound out,  
instead of suspenseful, heroic song, only love in their tones.

Am See (By the Lake)  
In the lake's changing play through the sunshine fall  
Stars, ah, so many, sparkling brightly, ceaselessly.

When mankind the lake becomes, in the soul's changing play  
Have fallen from Heavens' gates, stars, ah, so many.

Ganymed (Ganymede)  
How in the morning light you glow around me, beloved Spring!  
With love's thousand-fold bliss, to my heart presses  
the eternal warmth of sacred feelings and endless beauty!

Would that I could clasp you in these arms!

Ah, at your breast I lie and languish,  
and your flowers and your grass press themselves to my heart.  
You cool the burning thirst of my breast, lovely morning wind!  
The nightingale calls lovingly to me from the misty vale.

I am coming, I am coming! but whither? To where? Upwards I strive, upwards!

The clouds float downwards,  
the clouds bow down to yearning love.  
To me! To me! In your lap upwards!  
Embracing, embraced!

Upwards to your bosom, All-loving Father!
A Chloris (To Chloris)  
Reynaldo Hahn

If it be true, Chloris, that thou lovest me,  
And I understand that thou dost love me well,  
I do not believe that even kings  
Could know such happiness as mine.  
How unwelcome death would be,  
If it came to exchange my fortune  
With the joy of heaven!  
All that they say of ambrosia  
Does not fire my imagination  
Like the favour of thine eyes.

Le Rossignol des lilas (The nightingale among lilacs)  
0 first nightingale to appear  
Among the lilac beneath my window,  
How sweet to recognize your voice!  
There is no song like yours!

Faithful to the bonds of love,  
Trill away, divine little being!  
0 first nightingale to appear  
Among the lilac beneath my window!

Night or morning  O how  
Your love-song strikes to my heart!  
Such ardor re-awakens in me  
Echoes of April days long past,  
0 first nightingale to appear!

L' Énamourée (The Enamored)  
They say, my dove, that you are still dead and dreaming  
beneath a tombstone; but you awaken, revived,  
for the soul that adores you, oh pensive beloved!

Through the sleepless nights, in the murmuring breeze,  
I caress your long veils, your swaying hair  
and your half-closed wings, which flutter among the roses.

Oh delights! I breathe your divine blond tresses!  
Your pure voice, a kind of lyre, moves on the swell of the waters  
and touches them gently, suavely, like a lamenting swan