

2-9-2015

Faculty Recital: After Dinner Mint Faculty Showcase - Carry As You Climb

Ithaca College School of Music Faculty

Follow this and additional works at: http://digitalcommons.ithaca.edu/music_programs



Part of the [Music Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Ithaca College School of Music Faculty, "Faculty Recital: After Dinner Mint Faculty Showcase - Carry As You Climb" (2015). *All Concert & Recital Programs*. 1054.

http://digitalcommons.ithaca.edu/music_programs/1054

This Program is brought to you for free and open access by the Concert & Recital Programs at Digital Commons @ IC. It has been accepted for inclusion in All Concert & Recital Programs by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ IC.

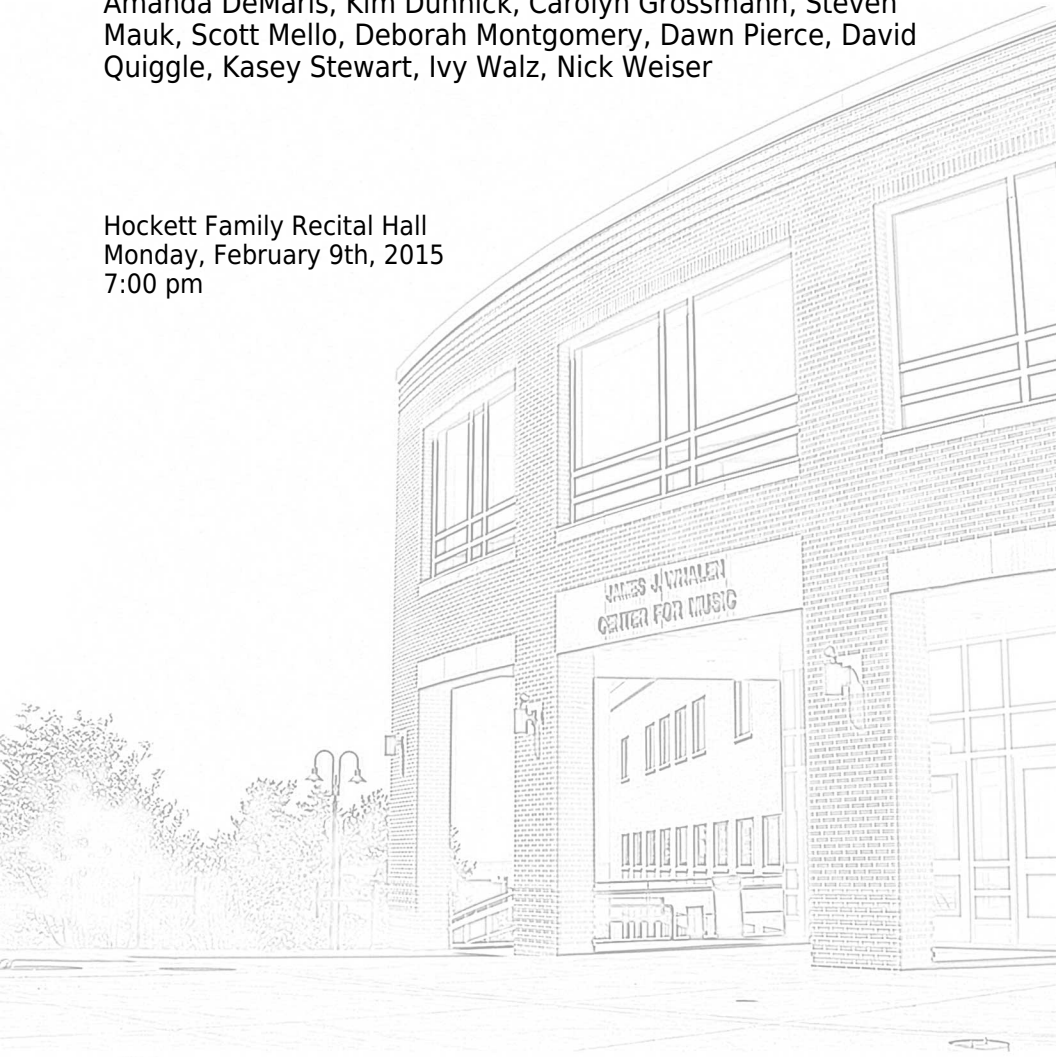
After Dinner Mint Faculty Showcase

CARRY AS YOU CLIMB

A collaboration of Ithaca College Junior Faculty
and Senior Faculty

Diane Birr, Charis Dimaras, Michael Caporizzo, Pablo Cohen,
Amanda DeMaris, Kim Dunnick, Carolyn Grossmann, Steven
Mauk, Scott Mello, Deborah Montgomery, Dawn Pierce, David
Quiggle, Kasey Stewart, Ivy Walz, Nick Weiser

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Monday, February 9th, 2015
7:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

No one should climb alone. Carry someone else as you make the ascent. - Regina Brett

Program

- | | |
|--|--|
| Barcarolle
from <i>Tales of Hoffmann</i>
<i>Deborah Montgomery, soprano</i>
<i>Dawn Pierce, mezzo-soprano</i>
<i>Charis Dimaras, piano</i> | Jacques Offenbach
(1819-1890) |
| Dream Variations (Langston Hughes)
<i>Ivy Walz, mezzo-soprano</i>
<i>Charis Dimaras, piano</i> | Margaret Bonds
(1913-1972) |
| Elegy for Viola (1944)
<i>David Quiggle, viola</i> | Igor Stravinsky
(1882-1971) |
| Evening Hymn, Z. 193
from <i>Harmonia Sacra</i>
<i>Scott Mello, tenor</i>
<i>Diane Birr, piano</i> | Henry Purcell
Realized 1947 by Benjamin Britten
(1658/9-1695)
(1913-1976) |
| Elsa's Dream (transcription)
from Wagner's <i>Lohengrin</i>
<i>Charis Dimaras, piano</i> | Franz Liszt
(1811-1886) |

Lo que vendra

Astor Piazzolla
(1921-1992)

Michael Caporizzo, guitar
Pablo Cohen, guitar

Arie aud dem Spiegel von Arkadien

Arnold Schoenberg
(1874-1951)

Amanda DeMaris, soprano
Carolyn Grossmann, piano

Surabaya Johnny
from *Happy End*

Kurt Weill
(1900-1950)

Kasey Stewart, mezzo-soprano
Nick Weiser, piano

Senta's Ballad (transcription)
from Wagner's *Flying Dutchman*

Franz Liszt
(1811-1886)

Charis Dimaras, piano

Sweet Little Jesus Boy

Robert MacGimsey
(1898-1979)

Wade in the Water

Arr. Mark Hayes
b. 1949

Dawn Pierce, mezzo-soprano
Diane Birr, piano

Fiasco (2014)
World Premiere

Brendan Colling
b. 1965

Kim Dunnick, trumpet
Steven Mauk, alto saxophone
Diane Birr, piano

Translations

Barcarolle

Lovely night, oh night of love
Smile upon our joys!
Night much sweeter than the day
Oh beautiful night of love!
Time flies by, and carries away
Our tender caresses forever!
Time flies far from this oasis
And does not return
Burning zephyrs
Embrace us with your caresses!

Arie aus dem Spiegel von Arkadien

Arie aus dem Spiegel von
Arkadien

Aria from the Mirroring of
Arcadia

Seit ich so viele Weiber
sah,
Schlägt mir mein Herz so
warm,
Es summt und brummt mir
immerdar,
Als wie ein
Bienenschwarm.
Und ist ihr Feuer meinem
gleich,
Ihr Auge schön und klar,
So schlägt als wie ein
Hammerstreich
Mein Herzchen immerdar.
Bum, bum, bum.

Since I've seen so many
women,
My heart beats warmly
within me,
It buzzes and hums always
there,
like a swarm of bees.
And if their fire matches
mine,
their eyes lovely and clear,
My little heart keeps
beating
like a hammer's beat.
Bum, bum, bum.

Ich wünschte tausend
Weiber mir,
wenn's recht den Göttern
wär;
da tanzt ich wie ein
Murmeltier
in's Kreuz und in die Quer.

I wish I had 1,000 women,
if that were agreeable to
the gods;
Then I'd dance all around
like a marmot
In the cross and in the
crossway.

Das wär ein leben auf der
Welt,
da wollt' ich lustig sein,
ich hüpfte wie ein Haas
durch's Feld,
und's Herz schlüg
immerdrein.
Bum, bum, bum.

That would be a life worth
living in this world,
I'd be so merry,
I'd hop like a hare
throughout the field,
And my heart would beat
on.
Bum, bum, bum.

Wer Weiber nicht zu
schätzen weiss;
ist weder kalt noch warm,
und liegt als wie ein
Brocken Eis
in eines Mädchens Arm.
Da bin ich schon ein andrer
Mann,
ich spring' um sie herum;
mein Herz klopft froh an
ihrem an
und machet: bum, bum,
bum.

He who does not
appreciate women,
is neither cold nor warm,
and lies like a lump of ice
In a girl's arms.
But I'm quite another kind
of man,
I jump around them;
My heart knocks happily
there
And goes: bum, bum, bum.