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School of Music

Boston University Concert Programs

2009-11-10

Ellalou Dimmock Honors Voice Recital, November 10, 2009

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Boston University College of Fine Arts
School of Music
presents

Ellalou Dimmock (1928–1995)
Honors Voice Recital

Elizabeth Evans, mezzo soprano

Mary Henriquez, mezzo soprano

Tatyana Ilyin, mezzo soprano

Daniel Ross, tenor

Shiela Kibbe, piano

November 10, 2009

7:30pm

Concert Hall

Founded in 1873, the **School of Music** combines the intimacy and intensity of conservatory training with a broadly based, traditional liberal arts education at the undergraduate level and intense coursework at the graduate level. The school offers degrees in performance, composition and theory, musicology, music education, collaborative piano, historical performance, as well as a certificate program in its Opera Institute, and artist and performance diplomas.

In 1954, the **College of Fine Arts** was created to bring together the School of Music, along with two new entities: the School of Theatre and the School of Visual Arts. The University's vision was to create a community of artists in a conservatory-style school offering professional training in the arts to both undergraduate and graduate students, complemented by a liberal arts curriculum for undergraduate students. Since those early days, education at the College of Fine Arts has begun on the BU campus and extended into the city of Boston, a rich center of cultural, artistic and intellectual activity.

Boston University, founded in 1839, is an internationally recognized institution of higher education and research. With more than 30,000 students, it is the fourth largest independent university in the United States. BU contains 17 colleges and schools, along with a number of multi-disciplinary centers and institutes that are central to the school's research and teaching mission.

**Boston University College of Fine Arts
School of Music**

Elizabeth Evans, mezzo soprano
Mary Henriquez, mezzo soprano
Tatyana Ilyin, mezzo soprano
Daniel Ross, tenor
Shiela Kibbe, piano

November 10, 2009
CFA Concert Hall

The 40th event in the 2009-10 season

Arthur Honegger
(1892-1955)

Petit Cours de morale (Giradoux)

Jeanne
Adèle
Cécile
Irène
Rosemonde

Mary Henriquez, mezzo soprano

Maurice Ravel
(1875-1937)
tr. Calvacoressi

Cinq Mélodies populaires grecques

Le Réveil de la mariée
Là-bas, Vers l'Église
Quel Galant m'est comparable
Chanson des cueilleuses de lentisques
Tout gai!

Elizabeth Evans, mezzo soprano

Sergei Rachmaninoff
(1873-1943)

Three Russian Songs

"In the silent night," op. 4, No. 3 (Fet)
"A dream," op. 8, No. 5 (Pleshtsheiev)
"I was with her," op. 14, No. 4 (Kolzov)

Tatyana Ilyin, mezzo soprano

Hugo Wolf
(1860-1903)

From *Mörrike-Lieder*

Auf einer Wanderung
Begegnung
Der Gärtner
Er ist's

Daniel Ross, tenor

~Intermission~

Irving Fine
(1914–1962)

From *Childhood Fables for Grownups* (Norman)

Polaroli (To Arthur Berger)
Tigeroo (To Harold Shapero)
Lenny the Leopard (To Leonard Bernstein)
The Frog and the Snake (To Lukas Foss)

Elizabeth Evans, mezzo soprano

Four Italian *Liriche*

Ottorino Respighi
(1879–1936)
Pietro Cimara
(1887–1967)

Invito all danza (Zangarini)
Contrasto (Zangarini)
Fiocca la neve (Pascoli)
Stornello (Frattelli)

Daniel Ross, tenor

Camille Saint-Saëns
(1835–1921)

Duet: *Viens! Une flûte invisible* (Hugo)

Elizabeth Evans, mezzo soprano
Daniel Ross, tenor

Gustav Mahler
(1860–1911)

Four Lieder

Blicke mir nicht in die Lieder (Rückert)
Wer hat das Liedlein erdacht (Wunderhorn-Lieder)
Rheinlegendchen (Wunderhorn-Lieder)
Lob des hohen Verstandes (Wunderhorn-Lieder)

Mary Henriquez, mezzo soprano

Gioachino Rossini
(1792–1868)

La regata veneziana

Anzoleta avanti la regata
Anzoleta co passa la regata
Anzoleta dopo la regata

Tatyana Ilyin, mezzo soprano

POETS AND TRANSLATIONS

Petits Cours de Morale

Jeanne

Dans Londres, la grand ville
il est un être plus seul
qu'un naufragé dans son île
et qu'un mort dans un linceul
Grand badaud petit rentier
Jeanne voilà
son métier.
(Giraudoux)

Adèle

A Douvres un original
tombe un jour dans le chenal
il appelle au sauvetage
Il se cramponne au récif
mais vers lui nul coeur ne nage
Adèle, ainsi meur l'oisif.
(Giraudoux)

Cécile

Le grandchinois de Lancastre
vous attire avec des fleurs
puis vous inonde d'odeurs
bientôt sa pipe est votre astre!
Du lys au pavot, Cécile,
sa route, hélas, est docile.
(Giraudoux)

Irène

Le Lord prévôt d'Edimbourg
Dit que l'amour est chimère
Mais un jour il perd sa mère
Ses larmes coulent toujours
Irène petite Irène
l'Amour c'est la grande peine
(Giraudoux)

Rosemonde

Qu'as-tu vu dans ton exil?
Disait à Spencer sa femme,
à Rome, à Vienne,
à Pergame, à Calcutta?
Rien! fit-il
Veux-tu découvrir le monde?
Ferme tes yeux, Rosemonde.
(Giraudoux)

Short Course in Morals

Jeanne

In the great city of London
lives someone who is more alone
than a shipwrecked man
or a shrouded corpse.
He lives on a small private income,
Jeanne, and his trade
is that of spectator.

Adèle

At Dover one day,
an eccentric fell into the Channel.
He called for help
and clung to the reef,
but no one came to save him.
Adèle, this is how the idle rich die.

Cécile

The grand Chinaman¹ of Lancaster
attracts you with flowers
and buries you in scents.
Soon his pipe is your morning star!
From the lily to the poppy, Cécile,
The route, unfortunately, is short.

Irène

The Lord Provost of Edinburg
always said that love was an illusion,
But one day he lost his mother.
He is weeping still.
Irène, little Irène,
Love is the great pain.

Rosemonde

What did you see on your exile?
Said Spencer's wife to him
in Rome, in Vienna,
in Pergamo in Calcutta?
"Nothing," he said.
Do you want to discover the world?
Close your eyes, Rosemonde.

Cinq Mélodies populaires grecques

I. Chanson de la mariée

Réveille-toi, réveille-toi,
perdrix mignonne,
Ah! Réveille-toi, réveille-toi,
perdrix mignonne.
Ouvre au matin tes ailes,
ouvre au matin tes ailes.
Trois grains de beauté,
mon coeur en est brûlé!
Trois grains de beauté,
mon coeur en est brûlé!

Vois le ruban,
le ruban d'or que je t'apporte.
Vois le ruban,
le ruban d'or que je t'apporte,
Pour le nouer autour de tes cheveux,
pour le nouer autour de tes cheveux.

Si tu veux, ma belle,
viens nous marier!
Dans nos deux familles,
tous sont allies!

II. Là-bas, vers l'église

Là-bas vers l'église,
Vers l'église Ayio Sidéro,
l'église, ô Vierge sainte,
l'église Ayio Costannidino
se sont réunis,
rassemblés en nombre infini,
du monde, ô Vierge sainte,
du monde tous les plus braves.

III. Quel galant m'est comparable

Quel galant, galant m'est comparable,
d'entre ceux qu'on voit passer?
Dis, dame Vassiliki?

Vois, pendus, pendus à ma ceinture,
Pistolets et sabers aigu...
Et c'est toi que j'aime!

IV. Chanson des cueilleuses de lentisques

O, joie de mon âme,
joie de mon coeur,
trésor qui m'est si cher;
joie de l'âme et du coeur,
toi que j'aime ardemment,
tu es plus beau,
plus beau qu'un ange.

I. The Bride's Song

Awake, awake
sweet partridge,
Ah! Awake, awake,
sweet partridge.
Open your wings to the morning,
open your wings to the morning.
Three beauty marks,
my heart is set afire!
Three beauty marks,
my heart is set afire!

See the ribbon,
the golden ribbon I bring you.
See the ribbon,
the golden ribbon that I bring you
to tie around your hair,
to tie around your hair.

If you want, my love,
come, let us be married!
In our two families,
everyone is related!

II. Down by the Church

Down there by the church,
By the church Ayio Sidero,
the church – oh blessed Virgin-
the church Ayio Costannidino,
are gathered,
are assembled in infinite numbers,
the world's – oh blessed Virgin –
all the world's best people.

III. What suitor compares to me?

What suitor can be compared with me
among all those one sees passing by?
Tell me, lady Vassiliki?

See hanging from my belt
pistols and sharp swords...
And it's you whom I love!

IV. Song of the Girls Collecting Mastic

Oh, joy of my soul,
Joy of my heart,
treasure so dear to me;
Joy of my soul and my heart,
You whom I love ardently,
You are more beautiful,
more beautiful than an angel.

Comme tu parais,
Comme si doux,
ange si doux devant nos yeux,
comme un bel ange blond,
sous le clair soleil,
Hélas! Tous nos pauvres coeurs soupirent!

V. Tout gai!

Tout gai! gai, Ha, tout gai!
Belle jambe, tireli, qui danse;
Belle jambe, la vaisselle danse,
Tra la la la la....

(Calvocoressi, trans.)

Oh, when you appear,
angel so sweet,
angel so sweet before our eyes,
like a beautiful blonde angel,
in the bright sunshine,
Alas! All our poor hearts sigh!

V. All gay!

All gay! Gay, Ha, all gay!
Beautiful leg, tireli, that dances;
Beautiful leg, the dishes are dancing,
Tra la la la la....

Three Russian Songs

In the Silence of the Secret Night

Oh, long will I be in the silence of the secret night,
Your deceiving words, your smile,
How I played with your hair, your thick locks,
From my thoughts I tried to banish, and again recall.

I whisper and remember the words I said to you,
I was shy to speak with you,
I was drunk with love, it overpowered my mind.
With your dearest name you awoke the darkness of the night

A Dream

Oh, a native land; so beautiful it was!
There pines waved above me.
But that was a dream!

A family of friends was alive.
From all over words of love sounded to me.
But that was a dream!

I came to her

I was with her, she said: "I love you, my dear friend!"
But she insisted that I must keep this secret from my friends.

I was with her,
On promise of gold she swore she would not exchange me;
She swore to love me, To love me like a brother

I was with her, I will always live with her soul.
Let her exchange me, but I will not betray her

From Mörrike-Lieder

Auf einer Wanderung

In ein freundliches Städtchen tret' ich ein,
in den Straßen liegt roter Abendschein.
Aus einem offenen Fenster eben,
über den reichsten Blumenflorhügel,
hört man Goldglockentöne schweben,
und eine Stimme scheint ein
Nachtigallenchor,
daß die Blüten beben,
daß die Lüfte leben,
daß in höherem Rot die Rosen leuchtevor.

Lang hielt ich staunend, lustbeklommen.

Wie ich hinaus vor's Tor gekommen, ich
weiß es wahrlich selber nicht.
Ach hier, wie liegt die Welt so licht!

Der Himmel wogt in purpurnem Gewölbe,
rückwärts die Stadt in goldnem Rauch:
wie rauscht der Erlenbach,
wie rauscht im Grund die Mühle,
ich bin wie trunken, irrgeführt
o Muse, du hast mein Herz berührt
mit einem Liebeshauch!

Begegnung

Was doch heut Nacht ein Sturm gewesen,
bis erst der Morgen sich geregt!
Wie hat der ungebetne Besen
Kamin und Gassen ausgefegt!

Da kommt ein Mädchen schon die Straßen,
das halb verschüchtert um sich sieht;
wie Rosen, die der Wind zerblasen,
so unsetzt ihr Gesichtchen glüht.

Ein schöner Bursch tritt ihr entgegen,
er will ihr voll Entzücken nah:
wie sehn sich freudig und verlegen
die ungewohnten Schelme an!

Er scheint zu fragen, ob das Liebchen
die Zöpfe schon zurecht gemacht,
die heute Nacht im offenen Stübchen ein
Sturm in Unordnung gebracht.

Der Bursche träumt noch von den Küßen,
die ihm das süße Kind getauscht,
er steht, von Anmut hingerissen,
derweil sie um die Ecke rauscht.

On a Stroll

Into a friendly little town I stroll -
In its streets lie the red evening glow.
From an open window,
Across the most splendid riot of flowers,
One can hear the gold chimes floating past,
And its one voice sounds like a chorus of
nightingales,
So that the blossoms tremble,
So that the breezes come to life,
And so that the roses glow even redder.

Long I pause, astounded and oppressed
by joy.

How I finally found myself past the gate
I truly do not know myself.
Ah, here, where the world lies in such
light!

The heavens sway in a purple crowd,
Back there, the town is a golden haze:
How the alder brook rushes,
How the mill roars on the ground;
I am as if drunk and disoriented;
O Muse, you have stirred my heart
With a breath of love!

Meeting

What a storm it was last night,
raging until the morning!
How that unprayed-for broom
swept clean the chimneys and the streets!

There comes a maiden along the street
who, half-scared, glances around her;
like roses that the wind blows wild,
so her face's glow fluctuates.

A handsome boy steps up toward her:
he wants to approach her, full of delight:
how joyful and embarrassed
seems this unaccustomed rogue!

He appears to ask, whether his sweetheart
has put to right her braids,
which last night in her open chamber
a storm brought into disorder.

The lad still dreams of the kisses
which that sweet girl exchanged with him;
and he stands, overcome by her charm,
while away she rushes, around the corner.



Gärtner

ihrem Leibrößlein so weiß wie der
Schnee,
Die schönste Prinzessin reit't durch die
Allee.

Der Weg, den das Rößlein hintanzet so
hold,
Der Sand, den ich streute, er blinket wie
Gold!

Du rosenfarb's Hütlein wohl auf und wohl
ab,
O wirf eine Feder, verstohlen herab!

Und willst du dagegen eine Blüte von mir,
Nimm tausend für eine, nimm alle dafür!

Er ist's

Frühling läßt sein blaues Band
Wieder flattern durch die Lüfte;
Süße, wohlbekannte Düfte
Streifen ahnungsvoll das Land.
Veilchen träumen schon,
Wollen balde kommen.
Horch, von fern ein leiser Harfenton!
Frühling, ja du bist's!
Dich hab ich vernommen!

The Gardener

On her favorite pony as white as snow,
The fairest princess rides down the
avenue.

On the path which her pony so finely
prances,
The sand that I strewed there glitters like
gold!
You rose-colored little hat, bobbing up and
down,
O toss a feather stealthily down!

And if, for that, you would like a little
flower from me,
Take a thousand for one—take all of them!

He is Spring

Spring lets its blue ribbon
Flutter again in the breeze;
A sweet, familiar scent
Sweeps with promise through the land.
Violets are already dreaming,
And will soon arrive.
Hark! In the distance—a soft harp tone!
Spring, yes it is you!
It is you that I have heard!



From *Childhood Fables for Grownups*

Polaroli

Polaroli the polar bear,
He finds the cold so nice
He loves to roll in the deepest snow
And sleep on a heap of ice.

In ice-water he loves to swim
And splish and splash and splush,
And mush the cold snow under him

And snuggle in the slush.
His favorite dish is frozen fish
With icicles and spicicles and other little
nicicles and that's his favorite dish.

And if he had his wish
Just one thing he would wish:
That all the world were made of snow
And ice and frozen fish.

(Gertrude Norman)

Tigeroo

There once was a tiger names Tigeroo
The hungriest tiger in the zoo,
All day long he liked to eat
Not cake, not cookies, but only meat.

The keeper said, "Now Tigeroo,
You eat too much,
You know you do,
If you eat any more and you get sick,
I'll call the tiger doctor quick."

"I'll eat all I like," said Tigeroo,
"I'm the hungriest tiger in the zoo,
You tell that doctor
I said - Pooh!

If he comes in my cage
I'll eat him, too."

(Gertrude Norman)

Lenny the Leopard

Lenny the Leopard hated his spots
He covered them over with purple blots
And tied his tail in a hundred knots.

He painted his ears, one red, one blue,
And dipped his nose in a pot of glue,
And everything else bad leopards do.

But his mother said,
"Lenny I still love you,
You're my baby and I love you."

(Gertrude Norman)

The Frog and the Snake

There was a little frog,
He jumped upon a log, and sat there
smiling in the soft summer sun.

Along came a snake,
The frog began to shake,
He didn't know, he didn't know
which way first to run.

"Look here," said the frog,
"You may think I'm a frog,
But I'm really not, I'm a golliwog,
And if a golliwog gets eaten by a snake
That snake will die of a tummy ache."

"goodness," said the snake
"What a terrible mistake,"
And he quivered and shivered and
quivered and shivered and away did run
While the frog sat there smiling and
laughing and beaming,

Smiling and beaming, laughing and beaming,
Smiling and beaming in the soft summer sun.

(Gertrude Norman)

Four Italian *Liriche*

Invito alla danza

Madonna, d'un braccio soave
Ch'io cinga l'orgoglio dell'anca:
Voi siete d'amore la nave,
La vela, madonna, vi manca:
Io sono la vela a vogare
Intorno pel cerulo mare.
Voi siete la mobile fusta
Che il mar della musica sfiora:
Io sono la vela robusta
Che il viaggio dirige e rincora;
La nave risale, discende,
La vela ammaina, distende.
Volete che l'onda si svolga
In suon di gavotta gentile?
Volete che il valzer disciolga
La sua corsa febbrile?

Io faccio l'inchino di rito,
Madonna, e alla danza v'invito.

Contrasto

Piange lenta la luna
sue rugiade gemmanti...
Or lieto all'aria bruna
sia l'oblio de li amanti

Però che dolce è il riso
tra il pianto de le cose!
Ben la luna compose
a mestizia il viso.

O amica, a quando a quando
giova l'oblio:
Scordare l'altrui doglianze amare.
Intorno andar cantando,
mentre piange la luna.

Invitation to the dance

My lady, with a gentle arm
I would proudly clasp your waist:
You are the ship of love,
But my Lady, you lack a sail:
I am the sail for voyaging
About this heavenly blue ocean.
You are a the agile stem of a vessel
Which the sea of music caresses:
I will be the sturdy sail
That leads and encourages your journey
The ship rises, descends,
The sail furls, spreads out.
Would you like the wave of music
To change itself into a gentle gavotte?
Would you like the waltz to dissolve
From these wide swells unto his feverish
course?

I make the ritual bow,
My lady, and to the dance I invite you.

Contrast

The moon slowly weeps
its glistening dewdrops...
But glad of the darkness
in their oblivion, the lovers,

However, how sweetly they smile
through its tears!
How well the moon illuminates
your melancholy face.

O friend, from time to time
make use of oblivion,
To forget the other hardships of love.
Go around singing
while the moon weeps.

Fiocca la neve

Lenta la neve fiocca, fiocca, fiocca.
Senti: una zana dondola pian piano.
Un bimbo piange, il piccol dito in bocca.

Canta una vecchia, il mento sulla mano
La vecchia canta: intorno al tuo lettino
C'è rose e gigli come un bel giardino.
Nel bel giardino il bimbo s'addormenta,
Fiocca la neve lenta, lenta, lenta.

Stornello

Son come i chicchi della melogranna
Velutati e vermigli labbri tuoi
Gareggiar colla fragola montana
Pel profumo dell'alito tu puoi.

Come le piante che gemme odorate
Distillano dal tronco e dalle chioma
Tu stilli dalle tue labbra rosate
Baci che sono del tuo cor l'aroma.
Fammi, nutrir di baci si soavi

Come si nutre di rugiada il fiore
Baciami sempre come mi baciavi
La prima volta che ti strinsi al core.

Se tu fossi rugiada le tue stille
Di vita altrici negheresti al fior
Baciami dunque e fa nove scintille
Arder di vita in quest'arido cor.

Viens! — une flûte invisible

Viens! - une flûte invisible
Soupire dans les vergers. —
La chanson la plus paisible
Est la chanson des bergers.

Le vent ride, sous l'yeuse,
Le sombre miroir des eaux. —
La chanson la plus joyeuse
Est la chanson des oiseaux.

Snowflakes are falling

Slowly the snowflakes are falling.
Listen: a cradle is swaying very quietly.
A baby boy is crying, his little finger in his
mouth.

An old woman is singing, her chin in her
hand.
The old woman sings: Within your little
bed
There are roses and lilies, like a beautiful
garden.
In the beautiful garden the baby rocks
himself to sleep,
Snowflakes are falling, slowly.

Ditty

Like the seeds of the pomegranate
Are your velvet and vermilion lips;
With the mountain strawberry,
The perfume of your soul can compete.

Like the plants that grow sweet-smelling
buds
From their stems and from their leaves
You exude from your rosy lips
Kisses which are the aroma of your heart.
Feed me, nourish me with your kisses so
soft
As the dew feeds the wild flowers;
Kiss me always like you kissed me
The first time I pressed you to my heart.

If you were dew, would you deny
Your life-giving essence to the flower?
Kiss me now and make new sparks
Flame to life within this arid heart of mine.

Come! An unseen flute

Come! An unseen flute
Sighs among the orchards.
The most peaceful song
Is the song the shepherds sing.

The wind ruffles beneath the holm oak,
The waters' dark mirror.
The most joyous song
Is the song the birds sing.

Qu'il soin ne te tourmente.
Aimons-nous! aimons toujours! —
La chanson la plus charmante
Est la chanson des amours.

Let no care torment you.
Let us love! Let us always love!
The most charming song
Is the song the lovers sing.

Four Lieder

Blicke Mir niche in die Lieder!
Blicke mir nicht in die Lieder!
Meine Augen schlag' ich nieder,
Wie ertappt auf böser Tat.
Selber darf ich nicht getrauen,
Ihrem Wachsen zuzuschauen.
Deine Neugier ist Verrat!

Look not into my songs!
Look not into my songs!
My eyes I lower
as if I've been caught in an evil deed.
I can't even trust myself
To watch them grow
Your curiosity is a betrayal!

Biene, wenn sie Zellen bauen
Lassen auch nicht zu sich schauen,
Schauen selber auch nicht zu.
Wenn die reichen Honigwaben
Sie zu Tag gefördert haben,
Dann vor allen nasche du!
(Friedrich Rückert)

Bees, when they build their cells,
Also do not let anyone observe them,
Even themselves
When the rich honeycombs
Are brought out to the light of day
then you shall taste them before anyone
else!

Wer hat dies Liedlein erdacht?
Dort oben am Berg in dem hohen Haus,

Da guckt ein fein's lieb's Mäd'el heraus,

Nicht dort daheime,
Es ist des Wirts sein Töchterlein,
Es wohnt auf grüner Heide.

"Mein Herzle ist wund,
komm Schätz'el mach's gesund!
Dein schwarzbraune Äuglein,
Die haben mich verwundet!

Dein rosiger Mund macht Herzen gesund.
Macht Jugend verständig, Macht Tote
lebendig,
Macht Kranke gesund."

Wer hat denn das schöne Liedlein erdacht?

Es haben's drei Gäns übers Wasser
gebracht,
Zwei graue und eine weiße;
Und wer das Liedlein nicht singen kann,
Dem wollen sie es pfeifen.
(Anonymous)

Who thought up this pretty little song?
Up there on the mountain, in a high-up
house,
a lovely, darling girl looks out of the
window.

She does not live there:
she is the daughter of the innkeeper,
and she lives on the green meadow.

"My heart is sore!
Come, my treasure, make it well again!
Your dark brown eyes
have wounded me!

Your rosy mouth makes hearts healthy.
It makes youth wise, brings the dead to
life,
gives health to the ill."

Who has thought up this pretty little song
then?

It was brought over the water by three
geese—
two grey and one white
and if you cannot sing the little song,
they will whistle it for you!

Rheinlegendchen

Bald gras ich am Neckar,
bald gras ich am Rhein;
Bald hab' ich ein Schätzel, bald bin ich
allein!

Was hilft mir das Gras, wenn
d' Sichel nicht schneid't!
Was hilft mir ein Schätzel,
wenn's bei mir nicht bleibt.

So soll ich denn grasen am Neckar, am
Rhein,
So werf ich mein goldenes Ringlein hinein.
Es fließet im Neckar und fließet im Rhein,
Soll schwimmen hinunter ins Meer tief
hinein.

Und schwimmt es, das Ringlein,
so frißt es ein Fisch!
Das Fischlein tät kommen
auf's König sein Tisch!
Der König tät fragen, wem's Ringlein sollt
sein?

Da tät mein Schatz sagen:
das Ringlein g'hört mein.

Mein Schätzlein tät springen
bergauf und bergein,
Tät mir wiederum bringen das Goldringlein
mein!

Kannst grasen am Neckar,
kannst grasen am Rhein,
Wirf du mir nur immer dein Ringlein
hinein!

(Anonymous)

Rhine Legend

Now I reap by the Neckar,
now I reap by the Rhine;
Now I have a sweetheart, now I am alone!

What use is my reaping
if the sickle doesn't cut?
What use is a sweetheart
if she won't stay?

So if I am to reap by the Neckar and the
Rhine,
then I'll throw in my golden ring.
It will flow with the Neckar and the Rhine,
And float right down into the deep sea.

And as it floats, the little ring,
a fish will eat it!
The fish will eventually come
to the King's table!
The king will ask whose ring it is,

and my sweetheart will say:
"The ring belongs to me."

My sweetheart will hurry
up hill and down hill,
and bring me back my ring!

"You can reap by the Neckar,
and reap by the Rhine
if you will always throw your ring in for
me!"

Leif hohem Verstands

Einmal in einem tiefen Tal
Kukuk und Nachtigall
Täten ein Wett' anschlagen:
Zu singen um das Meisterstück,
Gewinn' es Kunst, gewinn' es Glück:
Dank soll er davon tragen.

Der Kukuk sprach: "So dir's gefällt,
Hab' ich den Richter wählt",
Unt tät gleich den Esel ernennen.
"Denn weil er hat zwei Ohren groß,
So kann er hören desto bos
Und, was recht ist, kennen!"

Sie flogen vor den Richter bald.
Wie dem die Sache ward erzählt,
Schuf er, sie sollten singen.
Die Nachtigall sang lieblich aus!
Der Esel sprach: "Du machst mir's kraus!
I-ja! I-ja!
Ich kann's in Kopf nicht bringen!"

Der Kukuk drauf fing an geschwind
Sein Sang durch Terz und Quart und
Quint.
Dem Esel g'fiels, er sprach nur

"Wart! Wart! Wart! Dein Urteil will ich
sprechen
Wungen hast du, Nachtigall!
Aber Kukuk, singst gut Choral!

Und hältst den Takt fein innen!

Das sprech' ich nach mein' hoh'n Verstand!

Und kost' es gleich ein ganzes Land, So laß
ich's dich gewinnen!"

In Praise of higher understanding

Once in a deep valley
The cuckoo and the nightingale
Had a contest:
To sing the Masterpiece
To win by art or to win by luck,
Fame would the victor gain

The cuckoo said "If it pleases you,
I will nominate the judge."
And he named the donkey right away
"Since he has two huge ears,
He can hear so much better
And will know what is correct."

They soon flew before the judge
And when the issue was explained to him
He told them they should sing
The nightingale sang out sweetly!
The donkey said "You make me dizzy!
Eee-yah! Eee-yah!
I can't get it into my head!"

The cuckoo then quickly started
his song through thirds and fourths and
fifths
The donkey found it pleasing and only
said

"Wait, wait wait! I will pronounce
judgement!
Well have you sung, nightingale!
But, cuckoo, you sing a good chorale!

And you keep the rhythms finely and
internally

Thus I say according to my sublime under
standing

And though it may cost and entire land,
I will let you win!"

La regata veneziana

Anzoleta avanti la regata

Là su la machina xe la bandiera,
varda, la vedistu, vala a ciapar.
Co quela tornime in qua sta sera,
o pur a sconderte ti pol andar.
In pope, Momolo, no te incantar.

Va, voga d'anema la gondoleta,
né el primo premio te pol mancar.
Va là, recordite la to Anzoleta
che da sto pergolo te sta a vardar.
In pope, Momolo, no te incantar.
In pope, Momolo, cori a svolar.

Anzoleta co passa la regata

I xe qua, i xe qua, vardeli, vardeli,
povereti i ghe da drento,
ah contrario tira el vento,
i gha l'acqua in so favor.

El mio Momolo dov'elo?
ah lo vedo, el xe secondo.
Ah! che smania! me confondo,
a tremar me sento el cuor.

Su, coragio, voga, voga,
prima d'esser al paletto
se ti voghi, ghe scometo,
tutti indrio ti lassarà.

Caro, caro, par che el svola,
el li magna tuti quanti
meza barca l'è andà avanti,
ah capisso, el m'a vardà.

Anzoleta dopo la regata

Ciapa un baso, un altro ancora,
caro Momolo, de cuor;
qua destrachite che xe ora
de sugarte sto sudor.

Ah t'ò visto co passando
su mi l'ocio ti a butà
e go dito respirando:
un bel premio el ciaparà,

Anzoleta before the regatta

There on the tower is the flag,
Look, can you see it? Go for it!
Come back with it tonight
or else you can run away and hide.
Once in the boat, Momolo, don't gawp!

Row the gondola with heart and soul,
then you cannot help but win the first prize.
Go, think of your Anzoleta,
who's watching you from this balcony.
Once in the boat, Momolo, don't gawp!
Once in the boat, Momolo, fly!

Anzoleta during the regatta

They're coming, look at them,
The poor things! They row hard!
Ah, the wind is against them,
but the tide is running their way.

My Momolo, where is he?
Ah! I see him, he's the second,
Ah! I'm in a fidget! I get confused,
I feel my heart trembling.

Come on, row! Row!
Before you reach the pole,
if you keep on rowing, I'll lay a bet
you'll leave all the others behind.

Dear boy, he seems to be flying,
He's beating the others hollow,
He's gone half a length ahead,
Ah, I understand: he looked at me.

Anzoleta after the regatta

Have a kiss! Another one!
Dear Momolo, from my heart;
Rest here, for it's high time
to dry this sweat.

Ah, I saw you when, as passing,
You threw a glance at me
and I said, breathing again:
he's going to win a good prize,

s'el premio in sta bandiera,
ci se rossa de color;
gha parlà Venezia intiera,
la t'a dito vincitor.

Ciapa un baso, benedeto,
a vogar nissun te pol,
de casada, de tragheto
ti xe el meglio barcarol.

Indeed, the prize of this flag,
that is the red one;
The whole Venice spoke:
she declared you the winner.

Have a kiss, God bless you!
No one rows better than you,
Of all the breeds of gondoliers
you're the best.

ELIZABETH EVANS mezzo soprano

A Louisiana native, Elizabeth Evans began her training under the tutelage of Phyllis Treigle at the New Orleans Center for the Creative Arts from which she holds a Certificate of Artistry in Classical Voice. As a student at Boston University, Miss Evans has participated in several Opera Scenes Programs playing the roles of Mrs. Nolan and Miss Pinkerton in scenes from Menotti's *The Medium and The Old Maid and the Thief*, as well as Cherubino and Idamante in scenes from Mozart's *Le Nozze di Figaro* and *Idomeneo*. Evans is also a member of Boston University's Opera Workshop with which she made her operatic debut in the role of the Second Witch in Purcell's *Dido and Aeneas* in 2009 and participated in the chorus of the Boston University Opera Institute's production of Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor*. A woman of many interests, Evans spent the summer of 2008 in Paris, France doing an internship in Arts Administration through Boston University's Paris Internship Program. Currently, Miss Evans is singing in the Ellalou Dimmock Vocal Award Recital—an honor that she feels flattered, grateful, and delighted to have received—and completing her degree in Voice Performance from Boston University where she studies with James Demler.

MARY HENRIQUEZ mezzo soprano

Mary Henriquez, mezzo-soprano, is a senior at Boston University studying Vocal Performance under Dr. Jerrold Pope. She is a native of Brentwood, New York. She has been a member of the Undergraduate Opera Project for three years and has played the roles of Miss Todd (*The Old Maid and the Thief*), Lady Deborah Crusoe (*Robinson Crusoe*), Carmen (*Carmen*), Paride (*Paride ed Elena*), and La Pèrichole (*La Pèrichole*). She is a member of the Boston University Chamber Choir and the Boston University Symphonic Choir. Mary was chosen to be a participant in the School of Music's Honors Songbook Recital in the fall of 2007 and the spring of 2008. She has been featured in master classes with Phyllis Hoffman and Arlene Shrut. Mary works as the Assistant Music Director for the Catholic Center at Boston University.

TATYANA ILYIN mezzo soprano

Tatyana Ilyin, 21, from Syosset, NY, is in her senior year at the Boston University School of Music, studying voice with Penelope Bitzas. She began her vocal training at the age of fourteen with studies at the Manhattan School of Music Precollege. She was featured in *The New York Times* in May of 2003 and her voice was hailed as "a beautiful voice, silvery and thrilling."

Ms. Ilyin attended The Boston University Tanglewood Institute Young Artists Vocal Program in the summer of 2005 and The Bel Canto Institute vocal program in the summers of 2006-2008 in Florence, Italy. She received the Bel Canto Institute Performance Award for potential, musicianship, expressiveness, and growth during the program in the summer of 2007. She was also a guest artist at the Bel Canto Institute Fundraiser: An Afternoon of Tradition, in New York in November of 2008. This past summer she participated in the Classical Singing and New York in June program where she sang in master classes with Margo Garrett. Before attending Boston University, Tatyana performed the role of Amalia in the world premiere of the modern opera *Kaspryzk's Gift: The Power of One* by Bert Konowitz. As a voice performance major at BU she has performed in scenes with the Undergraduate Opera Project and Opera Workshop. Most recently, after being accepted into the Opera Theater, she performed the role of the Song Cycle in the Fringe Festival production of Marjorie Merryman's *Antigone*. Tatyana was also selected to perform on two Honors Songbook Recital performances and this past spring received the Ellalou Dimmock award awarded to seniors for exceptional performance in final voice juries. This past March, she won first place in the NATS-Boston Chapter Division 2 competition. Throughout her young career Tatyana has had the privilege of singing in master classes with such distinguished artists as Deborah Birnbaum, Phyllis Curtin, Joan Dornemann, Margo Garrett, Jane Bakken Klaviter, Juan Pons, and Arlene Shrut.

DANIEL ROSS tenor

Tenor Daniel Ross is a senior at Boston University studying voice with Dr. Jerrold Pope. Mr. Ross hails from Salem, Oregon and is the youngest of four siblings. He would like to thank his family for their constant support and encouragement, and most especially his mother for her presence tonight.

Mr. Ross has won vocal competitions in both the Northwest and Boston. He was twice the tenor Winner of the Oregon State Solo Contest (2005, 2006) and the Winner of Portland's AllClassical 89.9 KBPS Young Talent Search Contest (2005). Mr. Ross has won the regional competitions of both the Cascade (2006) and Boston (2008) Chapters of NATS. He was also awarded the German Art Song Prize for his 2008 performance at NATS Boston.

In 2009, Mr. Ross covered the role of Normanno in Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor*. At Boston University, he has also performed scenes in the roles of Nemo-

rir, Ito, Idomeneo, Rodolpho (Bolcom), and Reverend Parris. During the summer of 2009, Mr. Ross studied with Marlana Malas and Michael Dean at the Voice Program of the Chautauqua Institution. His Senior Recital is scheduled for March 20, 2010 at 8:30PM in the CFA Concert Hall.

SHIELA KIBBE piano

Shiela Kibbe is Chairman of the Collaborative Piano Department at Boston University's School of Music. Hailed by Richard Dyer in the Boston Globe as a "superb collaborative pianist," Ms. Kibbe has enjoyed an international career as recital partner to instrumentalists and vocalists alike, appearing throughout the United States, Europe, Japan, and Russia.

In 1999 baritone Stephen Salters won the Naumburg Prize with Shiela Kibbe at the piano; they may be heard together on the Cyprés label of Qualiton Records. Other artists who have chosen Ms. Kibbe as their collaborative partner include singers Aaron Engebretth, William Hite, Marianne Hirsti, Sarah Pelletier, William Sharp, and Edmund Tolliver. Instrumentalists appearing in concert with Shiela Kibbe have included Laura Ahlbeck, oboe; Terry Everson, trumpet; Bayla Keyes, violin; Richard Ranti, bassoon; Eric Ruske and Daniel Katzen, french horn, and flutists Julia Scolnick and Linda Tooté.

For several years, Ms. Kibbe was rehearsal pianist for the Boston Symphony Orchestra's Tanglewood Festival Chorus, as well as accompanist for the John Oliver Chorale, recording with them on the Koch label. She has served as principal keyboardist and vocal coach for the Symphony and Opera Association in Chattanooga, Tennessee, and as pianist for the Pennsylvania Opera Theatre, the Philadelphia Woodwind Quintet Seminars, and the International Suzuki Institute in Ithaca, New York.

Shiela Kibbe holds two Master of Music degrees from Temple University in Philadelphia, and was twice a fellow in Vocal Accompanying at the Tanglewood Music Center. She has taught at the New England Conservatory and began her association with Boston University as a vocal coach in the Opera Institute.

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Alumni recipients of the Ellalou Dimmock Award have distinguished themselves with graduate degrees from The Juilliard School, Manhattan School of Music and the College Conservatory at Cincinnati. They have attended the Juilliard Opera Center, Academy of the West, Glimmerglass Opera, Santa Fe Opera, Opera Theater of St. Louis, Wolf Trap, Chautauqua, Central City Opera, Opera North and the Tanglewood Music Center. They have performed in operas at the New York City Opera, the Caramoor Festival, Cincinnati Opera, Metz-France, Montecarlo Opera and Nevada Opera.

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Choral Ensembles Concert**
Ann Howard Jones and Cory Wikan, conductors
Concert Hall

Tuesday, November 17, 7:30pm

Boston University Piano Area
A recital featuring Haydn Sonatas
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Tuesday, November 17, 7:30pm

**Boston University
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Ann Howard Jones, conductor
First Church Cambridge

Wednesday, November 18, 7:30pm

Visiting Fulbright Scholar
Martynas Svegzda von Bekker
Solo Violin Recital
Marsh Chapel

Thursday, November 19, 7:30pm

Faculty Recital Series
The Two Composers
Ketty Nez, piano
Marc Berger, viola
Marshall Room

Thursday, November 19, 7:30pm

Boston University Wind Ensemble
David Martins, conductor
Terry Everson, trumpet
Tsai Performance Center

Monday, November 23, 7:30pm

Faculty Recital Series
Simon Estes, bass-baritone
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Phyllis Hoffman, *Chair, Department of Applied Studies and Performance*
Richard Cornell, *Chair, Department of Music Studies*
Ann Howard Jones, *Chair, Ensembles*
Patrick Jones, *Chair, Department of Music Education*

THE ELLALOU DIMMOCK MEMORIAL FUND

The Ellalou Dimmock Memorial Fund was established in 1996 by Dr. Marjorie McDonald, a long-time friend of Mrs. Dimmock. At the time of her death in June 1995, Mrs. Dimmock, a well-known professional singer and teacher of voice, had been a member of the School for the Arts faculty for more than twenty years.

By creating an annual Honors Voice Recital, the Fund reflects Mrs. Dimmock's commitment to excellence in solo singing, as well as her particular regard for the collaborative experience of vocal chamber music. The Fund is unusual in its provision, both of prize money for the singers, as well as honoraria for participating musicians.

The senior class singers chosen by the voice faculty to perform on this concert have demonstrated superior achievement in performance and jury evaluations. By supporting the selection of outstanding young singers and chamber musicians, the fund serves to honor the memory of Mrs. Dimmock's own professional goals and generous personal spirit.

Donations may be made to:
The Ellalou Dimmock Memorial Fund
The Boston University College of Fine Arts
Attn: Office of Stewardship
19 Deerfield Street Boston, MA 02215

