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# Ellalou Dimmock Honors Voice Recital, Tuesday, November 28, 2000

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*Boston University School for the Arts  
Music Division*

—presents—

ELLALOU DIMMOCK

1928-1995

HONORS VOICE RECITAL

MARIA D'AMATO, *soprano*

KRISTEN FAERBER, *mezzo-soprano*

GIANMARCO MAROSTICA, *tenor*

DANIEL BILLINGS, *baritone*

SHIELA KIBBE, *piano*

XX

Tuesday, November 28, 2000 at 8:00 p.m.  
Boston University Concert Hall  
855 Commonwealth Avenue  
Boston, Massachusetts

# ELLALOU DIMMOCK HONORS VOICE RECITAL

MARIA D'AMATO, *soprano*  
KRISTEN FAERBER, *mezzo-soprano*  
GIANMARCO MAROSTICA, *tenor*  
DANIEL BILLINGS, *baritone*

SHIELA KIBBE, *piano*

Tuesday, November 28, 2000  
8:00 p.m.

## PROGRAM

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*from Dichterliebe, Op. 48 (Heine)*

Robert Schumann  
(1810-1856)

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai  
Aus meinen Thränen sprühen  
Die Rose, die Lilie  
Wenn ich in deine Augen seh'  
Ich will meine Seele tauchen  
Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome  
Ich grolle nicht

Gianmarco Marostica, *tenor*

The Soldier's Bride, Op. 8 No. 4 (Pleschcheyev)  
Lilacs, Op. 21 No. 5 (Beketova)  
To the Children, Op. 26 No. 5 (Khomyakov)  
Dream, Op. 8 No. 5 (Pleschcheyev)  
In the Silence of Night, Op. 4 No. 3 (Fet)

Sergei Rachmaninoff  
(1873-1943)

Kristen Faerber, *mezzo-soprano*

Quatre Chansons de Don Quichotte

Jaques Ibert  
(1890-1962)

Chanson du Départ (Ronsard)  
Chanson à Dulcinée (Ronsard)  
Chanson du Duc (Ronsard)  
Chanson de la mort de Don Quichotte (Arnoux)

Daniel Billings, *baritone*

—*Intermission*—

On this Island, Op. 11 (Auden)

Benjamin Britten  
(1913-1976)

Let the florid music praise!  
Now the leaves are falling fast  
Seascape  
Nocturne  
As it is, Plenty

Maria D'Amato, *soprano*

*from* Zigeunerlieder, Op. 103

Johannes Brahms  
(1833-1897)

He, Zigeuner, greife in die Saiten ein!  
Hochgetürmte Rimaflut  
Wisst ihr, wann mein Kindchen  
Lieber Gott, du weißt  
Brauner Bursche  
Röslein dreie in der Reihe  
Kommt dir manchmal in den Sinn  
Rote Abendwolken

Maria D'Amato, *soprano*  
Kristen Faerber, *mezzo-soprano*  
Gianmarco Marostica, *tenor*  
Daniel Billings, *baritone*

## TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

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**Robert Schumann (1810-1856)**

*from Dichterliebe, Op. 48*

**Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,**

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,  
May

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.

**Aus meinen Tränen spriessen**

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.

**Die Rose, die Lilie.**

Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne,  
Die liebt' ich einst alle in Liebeswonne.  
Ich lieb' sie nicht mehr, ich liebe alleine  
Die Kleine, die Feine, die Reine, die Eine;  
Sie selber, aller Liebe Wonne  
Ist Rose und Lilie und Taube und Sonne.

**Wenn ich in deine Augen seh'**

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,  
Komm't's über mich wie Himmelslust;  
Doch wenn du sprichst: "ich liebe dich!"  
So muss ich weinen bitterlich.

**Ich will meine Seele tauchen**

Ich will meine Seele tauchen  
In den Kelch der Lilie hinein;  
Die Lilie soll klingend hauchen  
Ein Lied von der Liebsten mein.

Das Lied soll schauern und beben,  
Wie der Kuss von ihrem Mund,  
Den sie mir einst gegeben  
In wunderbar süsser Stund'.

In the wondrously beautiful month of

When all the buds were bursting,  
In my heart  
Love rose up.

In the wondrously beautiful month of May

When all the birds were singing,  
I confessed to her  
My longing and desire.

From my tears spring  
Many blossoming flowers  
And my sighs become  
A nightingale chorus.

And if you love me, child,  
I'll give you all the flowers,  
And at your window will sound  
The song of the nightingale.

The rose, the lily, the dove, the sun,  
I loved them all in love's delight.  
I love them no more—I only love  
The little one, the fine, the pure one,  
The only one! She is all of love's delight:  
The rose, the lily, the dove, the sun.

When I look into your eyes,  
My suffering and pain all vanish;  
But when I kiss your lips,  
My very being is restored.

When I lie upon your breast,  
I am overcome with heaven's delight;  
Yet, when you say: "I love you!"  
I must weep bitterly.

I will steep my soul  
In the cup of the lily;  
The lily shall breathe  
A song of my love.

The song will tremble and quiver  
Like the kiss from her lips,  
The kiss she once gave me  
In a wonderfully sweet hour.



### Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome

Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome,  
Da spiegelt sich in den Well'n,  
Mit seinem großen Dome,  
Das große heilige Köln.

Im Dom da steht ein Bildnis,  
Auf goldenem Leder gemalt;  
In meines Lebens Wildnis  
Hat's freundlich hineingestrahlt.

Es schweben Blumen und Englein  
Um unsre liebe Frau;  
Die Augen, die Lippen, die Wänglein,  
Die gleichen der Liebsten genau.

### Ich grolle nicht

Ich grolle nicht,  
und wenn das Herz auch bricht,  
Für verlor'nes Lieb! Ich grolle nicht.  
Was du auch strahlst in Diamantenpracht,

Es fällt kein Strahl in deines Herzens Nacht.  
Dass weiß ich längst.

Ich grolle nicht,  
und wenn das Herz auch bricht,  
Ich sah dich ja im Traume,  
Und sah die Nacht in deines Herzens Raume,  
Und sah die Schlang', die dir am Herzen  
frisst,  
Ich sah, mein Lieb, wie sehr du elend bist.  
Ich grolle nicht.

The sacred river Rhine  
Reflects in its waves,  
Cologne with its cathedral,  
Great and holy.

In the cathedral there is a portrait,  
Painted on golden leather;  
It has cast a kindly gleam  
Into my life's wilderness.

Flowers and angels hover  
Round our Lady;  
Her eyes, lips and cheeks are  
Like those of my dear love.

I bear no grudge,  
and though my heart breaks,  
Love lost forever, I bear no grudge.  
However you may gleam in diamond  
splendor

No ray can penetrate night in your heart.  
I knew it long ago.

I bear no grudge  
Though my heart breaks.  
I saw you in a dream.  
I saw the night within your soul,  
And saw the serpent eating at your  
heart.

I saw, my love, your wretchedness.  
I bear no grudge.

### Sergei Rachmaninoff (1837-1943)

#### The Soldier's Bride

I Fell in love for my grief  
With a luckless orphan.  
Already such destiny for me was given.

Powerful people separated us.  
Took him away, gave away recruits...  
And soldier's wife I, lonely I,  
Probably in a stranger's hut will grow old.  
Already such destiny for me was given.  
Ah!

#### Lilacs

In morning at dawn,  
Along dewy grass,  
I will go to breathe fresh morning;  
And into fragrant shade,  
Where there is lilac,  
I will go to search for my happiness

In life one happiness  
Am I predicted to find;  
And that happiness in lilacs lives;  
On green branches  
On fragrant clusters  
My poor happiness blooms...

### **To the Children**

It used to be in deep moonlight hour  
I would come little ones to admire you;  
It used to be I would love you,  
Make the sign of the cross,  
And pray that paradise may come upon you,  
The love of Almighty God.

To guard tenderly your child's rest,  
To think about how you are pure in soul,  
To hope for long and happy days  
For you, untroubled and sweet children,  
How sweet, how joyful it was.

Now as I come, everywhere is darkness  
There is no life in the room.  
Little bed is empty  
An icon-light went out in front of the  
icon lamp...  
I am sad my little ones are not here!

O children, in deep midnight hour,  
Pray for one who prayed for you;  
For the one who loved  
to make the sign of the cross for you.  
Pray that paradise will be with that one too,  
And the love of Almighty God.

### **Dream**

And I had a native land;  
Beautiful it is!  
There the fir tree swayed over me...  
But that was a dream!

Family of friends was living.  
From all sides  
Resounded to me love's words...  
But that was a dream!

### **In the Silent Night**

O, for a long time will I be in the silence of secret night,  
Beguiling whisper your smile,  
Glance accidental,  
To obedient fingers your thick locks  
Chase out thoughts and call again.

Whisper, and previous expressions  
Of my speeches which filled you with confusion;  
And in ecstasy, indifference of reason,  
With cherished name awaken night's darkness.

O, for a long time will I be in the silence of secret night,  
With cherished name awaken night darkness.

## Jacques Ibert (1890-1962)

### Quatre Chansons de Don Quichotte

#### Chanson du Départ

Ce château neuf,  
ce nouvel édifice  
Tout enrichi de marbre et de porphyre  
Qu'amour bâtit château de son empire  
où tout le ciel a mis son artifice,  
Est un rempart, un fort contre le vice,  
Ou la vertueuse maîtresse se retire,

Que l'oeil regarde et que l'esprit admire

Forçant les coeurs à lui faire service.

C'est un château, fait de telle sorte  
Que nul ne peut approcher de la porte  
Si des grands rois il n'a sauvé sa race

Victorieux, vaillant et amoureux.  
Nul chevalier tant soit aventureux  
Sans être tel ne peut gagner la place.

#### Chanson à Dulcinée

Un an me dure la journée  
Si je ne vois ma Dulcinée.  
Mais, amour a peint son visage,  
Afin d'adoucir ma langueur,  
Dans la fontaine et le nuage,  
Dans chaque aurore et chaque fleur.

Un an me dure la journée  
Si je ne vois ma Dulcinée.  
Toujours proche et toujours lointaine,  
Étoile de mes longs chemins,  
Le vent m'apporte son haleine  
Quand il passe sur les jasmins.

Un an me dure la journée  
Si je ne vois ma Dulcinée.

#### Chanson du Duc

Je veux chanter ici la dame de mes songes  
Qui m'exalte au-dessus de ce siècle de boue.  
Son coeur de diamant est vierge des

mensonge  
La rose s'obscurcit au regard de sa joue.  
Pour elle j'ai tenté les hautes aventures:

Mon bras a délivré la princesse en servage,

J'ai vaincu l'enchanteur, confondu les  
Parjures  
Éployé l'univers à lui rendre l'hommage.

Dame par qui je vais, seul dessus cette terre,

Qui ne soit prisonnier de la fausse apparence.  
Je soutiens contre tout chevalier téméraire  
Votre éclat non pareil et votre précellence.

This new castle,  
This new building  
All enriched of marble and of porphyre  
which love has built to guard his empire  
to which all heaven has lent its artifice  
Is a rampart, a fort against evil,  
Where the virtuous mistress withdraws  
herself

That the eye looks at and that the spirit  
admires

Forcing every heart to serve her.

It is a castle, constructed so  
That no one can approach the gate  
Unless a great King has not defended his  
people

Victorious, valiant and in love.  
No knight so much is adventurous  
Without so being he cannot gain the place.

One year lasts me the day  
If I do not see my Dulcinée.  
But, love has painted its face,  
In order to soften my languor,  
In the fountain and the cloud,  
In each dawn and each flower.

One year lasts me the day  
If I do not see my Dulcinée.  
Always near and always remote,  
Star of my long paths,  
The wind brings its breath to me  
When it passes on the jasmines.

One year lasts me the day  
If I do not see my Dulcinée.

I want to sing here the lady of my dreams  
Who exalts me above this century of mud.  
Its diamond heart is virgin lies the pink is

darkened  
taking into consideration its cheek.  
For her, I have undertaken great  
adventures:

my arm has delivered princesses from  
servitude.

I have vanquished sorcerers, confounded  
perjurers  
And bowed down to the universe to do her  
homage.

Lady by whose leave I go, alone upon this  
Earth,

Who is not held in thrall to false pretense,  
against any rash knight I will uphold  
Your unparalleled reason and excellence.



### Chanson de la mort de Don Quichotte

Ne pleure pas Sancho  
Ne pleure pas, mon bon  
Ton maître n'est pas mort  
Il n'est pas loin de toi  
Il vit dans une île heureuse  
Où tout est pur et sans mensonges  
Dans l'île enfin trouvée  
ou tu viendras un jour,  
Dans l'île désirée,  
O mon ami Sancho!


Les livres sont brûlés  
et font un tas de cendres  
Si tous les livres m'ont tué  
Il suffit d'un pour que je vive

Fantôme dans la vie,  
Et réel dans la mort  
Tel est étrange sort  
du pauvre Don Quichotte.  
Ah!

Don't cry Sancho,  
don't cry my good friend  
Your master is not dead,  
he is not far from you  
He lives on a happy island  
where all is pure and without lies  
In the island finally found  
where you will come one day  
in the desired island  
Oh my friend Sancho!

The books are flaring  
and make a heap of ashes  
if all the books have killed me  
it will only take me one to keep me alive

A living ghost,  
and real only in death  
Such is the strange fate  
of the poor Don Quichotte.  
Ah!



### Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)

On this Island, Op. 11

**Let the florid music praise!**


Let the florid music praise,  
The flute and the trumpet,  
Beauty's conquest of your face:  
In that land of flesh and bone,  
Where from citadels on high her imperial standards fly,  
Let the hot sun shine on.

O but the unlov'd have had power,  
The weeping and striking,  
Always, time will bring their hour;  
Their secretive children walk  
Through your vigilance of breath to unpardonable death,  
And my vows break before his look.

**Now the leaves are falling fast**

Now the leaves are falling fast,  
Nurse's flowers will not last;  
Nurses to the graves are gone,  
and the prams go rolling on.  
Whispering neighbours, left and right,  
pluck us from the real delight;  
And the active hands must freeze  
lonely on the separate knees.

Dead in hundreds at the back  
follow wooden in our track,  
Arms raised stiffly to reprove  
in false attitudes of love.  
Starving though the leafless wood  
trolls run scolding for their food;  
And the nightingale is dumb,  
and the angels will not come.



Cold, impossible, ahead  
lifts the mountain's lovely head  
Whose white waterfall could bless  
travelers in their last distress.

### Seascape

Look, stranger, at this island now  
The leaping light for your delight discovers,  
Stand stable here and silent be,  
That though the channels of the ear may wander like a river  
the swaying sound of the sea.

Here at the small field's ending pause  
where the chalk wall falls to the foam,  
and its tall ledges oppose the pluck and knock of the tide,  
and the shingle scrambles after the sucking surf,  
and the gull lodges a moment on its sheer side.

Far like floating seeds the ships diverge on urgent voluntary errands;  
A full view indeed may enter  
And move in memory as now these clouds do,  
that pass the harbour mirror and all the summer though the water saunter.

### Nocturne

Now through night's caressing grip  
Earth and all her oceans slip,  
Capes of China slide away  
From her fingers into day  
And th' Americas incline  
Coasts towards her shadow line.

Now the ragged vagrants creep  
into crooked holes to sleep:  
Just and unjust, worst and best,  
change their places as they rest;  
Awkward lovers lie in fields  
where disdainful beauty yields:  
While the splendid and the proud  
naked stand before the crowd  
and the losing gambler gains  
and the beggar entertains:

May sleep's healing power extend  
through these hours to our friend.  
Unpursued by hostile force,  
Traction engine, bull or horse  
Or revolting succubus;  
Calmly till the morning break let him lie,  
then gently wake.

### As it is, plenty

As it is, plenty;  
his admitted  
children happy and the car, the car that goes so far...  
And the wife devoted:  
To this as it is,  
To the work and the banks...  
Let his thinning hair and his haunter  
Give thanks, give thanks.

All that was thought  
As like is not, is not;  
When nothing was enough but love,  
But love and the rough future  
Of an intransigent nature  
And the betraying smile,  
betraying, but a smile:  
that that is not, is not:  
Forget, forget, forget...

Let him not cease to praise  
then his spacious days;  
Yes and the success let him bless:  
Let him see in this the profits larger  
and the sins venal,  
lest he see as it is the loss as major.  
And final, final.

### Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

from *Zigeunerlieder*, Op. 103

#### He, Zigeuner, greife in die Saiten ein!

He, Zigeuner, greife in die Saiten ein!  
spiel das Lied vom ungetreuen Mägdelein!  
Laß die Saiten weinen, klagen, traurig bange,

bis die heiße Träne netzet diese Wange!

Hey, Gypsy, play your violin!  
Play the song of the unfaithful girl!  
Let the strings weep, lament, sadly and  
anxiously,  
Until hot tears moisten my cheek!

#### Hochgetürmte Rimaflut

Hochgetürmte Rimaflut, wie bist du so trüb,

an dem Ufer klag ich laut nach dir, mein Lieb!  
Wellen fliehen, Wellen strömen,

rauschen an den Strand heran zu mir;  
an dem Rimaufer laßt mich ewig weinen  
nach ihr!

River Rima with your towering banks,  
how troubled you are;  
By its edge I loudly moan for you, my love!  
Waves dash by, rushing along and  
rumble up to the riverbank where I stand;  
by the banks of the Rima let me weep  
eternally for her!

#### Wisst ihr, wann mein Kindchen

Wisst ihr, wann mein Kindchen am  
allerschönsten ist?

Wenn ihr süßes Mündchen scherzt und lacht  
und küßt.

Mägdelein, du bist mein, inniglich küß  
ich dich

dich erschuf der liebe Himmel einzig  
nur für mich!

Do you know when my darling is most  
beautiful?

When her sweet little mouth jokes and  
laughs, and kisses.

Dear little girl, you are mine, I kiss you  
fervently;

loving heaven created you for me alone!

Wißt ihr, wann mein Liebster am besten  
mir gefällt?

Wenn in seinen Armen er mich  
umschlungen hält.

Schätzlein, du bist mein, inniglich  
küß ich dich,

dich erschuf der liebe Himmel einzig  
nur für mich!

Do you know when I like my sweetheart  
best?

When he holds me close in his arms.

Dear lover, you are mine, I kiss you  
fervently;

loving heaven created you for me alone!



### Lieber Gott, du weißt

Lieber Gott, du weißt, wie oft bereut ich hab,  
dass ich meinem Liebsten einst ein

Küsschen gab.

Herz gebot, dass ich ihn küssen muß,  
denk so lang ich leb an diesen ersten Kuß.

Lieber Gott, du weißt, wie oft in stiller  
Nacht

ich in Lust und Leid an meinen Schatz  
gedacht

Lieb ist süß, wenn bitter auch die Reu,  
armes Herze bleibt ihm ewig, ewig treu.

Dear God, you know how often I regretted  
the kiss I once gave my sweetheart.

My heart commanded me to kiss him;  
I will think about that kiss as long as I live.

Dear God, you know how often in the  
silence of the night

I have thought about my loved one in  
pleasure and pain.

Love is sweet, even if repentance is bitter;  
my poor heart will remain eternally,  
eternally true to him.

### Brauner Bursche

Brauner Bursche führt zum Tanze

sein blauäugig schönes Kind,

er schlägt die Sporen keck zusammen, Czárdás-

Méodie beginnt,

kußt und herzt sein süßes Täubchen,  
dreht, sie führt sie, jjauchzt und springt;

wirft drei blanke Silbergulden auf das  
Cimbal daß es klingt.

A suntanned lad leads his beautiful blue-  
eyed

sweetheart to the dance;

he boldly strikes his spurs together; a  
csárdás melody begins;

he kisses and caresses his sweet loved one,  
leads her, rejoices, leaps, turns

he throws three bright silver coins onto  
the cimbalom to make it twang.

### Röslein dreie in der Reihe

Röslein dreie in der Reihe blühn so rot,  
daß der Bursch zum Mädcl geht ist  
kein Verbot!

Lieber Gott, wenn das verboten wär,  
stünd die schöne, weite Welt schon längst  
nicht mehr,  
ledig bleiben Sünde wär!

Three little roses in a row blossom so red;  
there's no law against a young man's  
visiting a young girl!

Dear God, if that were forbidden,  
the beautiful, wide world would have been  
gone long ago;  
to remain unmarried is a sin!

Schönstes Städtchen in Alföld ist

Ketschkemet,

dort gibt es gar viele Mädchen  
schmuck und nett!

Freunde, sucht euch dort ein Bräutchen aus,  
freit um ihre Hand und gründet euer Haus,  
Freudenbecher leeret aus!

The prettiest little town in Alföld is

Kecskemét;

there, there are really a lot of good-looking  
and nice girls!

Friends, find yourself a bride there,  
ask for her hand and establish your house,  
Drain the cup of joy!

### Kommt dir manchmal in den Sinn

Kommt dir manchmal in den Sinn,  
mein süßes Lieb,

was du einst mit heiligem Eide mir gelobt?  
Täusch mich nicht, verlaß mich nicht,  
du weißt nicht, wie lieb ich dich hab,  
lieb du mich wie ich dich,  
dann strömt Gottes Huld auf dich herab!

Do you sometimes recall to mind, my  
darling,

what you once promised with sacred oath?  
Don't deceive me, don't abandon me;  
you don't know how much I love you;  
love me as I love you,  
and then God's grace pours down on you!

### Rote Abendwolken

Rote Abendwolken ziehn am Firmament,

sehnsuchtsvoll nach dir, mein Lieb, das  
Herze brennt;

Himmel strahlt in glühnder Pracht,  
und ich träum bei Tag and Nacht  
nur allein von dem süßen Liebchen mein.

Red evening clouds pass by in the  
firmament;

my heart burns longingly for you, my  
darling.

The sky beams in glowing splendor,  
and I dream, by day and night,  
only of my sweet lover.

## MEET THE ARTISTS

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**Maria D'Amato** is a member of the Advanced Opera Workshop program at Boston University. She recently performed the role of Singer 2 in Paul Bowle's *A Picnic Cantata* as part of the University's Fall Fringe Festival and last year she sang the role of Angelina in Gilbert and Sullivan's *Trial by Jury*. She participated in the Opera Overture program held at Pepperdine University during the summer of 1999 and, most recently, the Operaworks summer training program in Los Angeles. Ms. D'Amato was a second place finalist in the NATS competition in February 1999 and a first place finalist in February 2000. She has worked with coaches such as James deBlasis, former artistic director of Cincinnati Opera, and Gregory Buchalter, from the Metropolitan Opera. Maria is originally from Shirley, New York and currently studies with Penelope Bitzas.

**Daniel Billings** is a native of New York City. He began singing in his church choir and then joined the world famous *Boys Choir of Harlem*, where he was given the opportunity to perform at the most prestigious performing venues in the world. At Boston University, he has performed as soloist with Boston University's Symphonic and Chamber Choruses. Most recently, Mr. Billings performed the role of Schlei in a staged performance of J.S. Bach's *Coffee Cantata* produced by Boston University's Opera Institute. He has participated in productions of *Gianni Schicchi*, *La Clamenza di Tito*, and *La Vie Parisienne*. In Boston University's production of *Le Nozze di Figaro* Mr. Billings will be singing the role of Antonio and covering the role of Count Almaviva. During the past summer, he studied at the Chautauqua Institution with Spiro and Marlena Malas. He also participated in masterclasses given by Phyllis-Curtin, Marlena Malas, Craig Rutenburg, and Stephen Lord. He was a first place winner of divisions II and III in the NATS Song Festival Competition. A recipient of the ASCAP foundation's Lieber & Stoller music award, Mr. Billings can be heard singing spirituals and the bass solo in Franz Schubert's Mass in G on the Boys Choir of Harlem's newly released album. Mr. Billings studies with Phyllis Hoffman.

**Gianmarco Marostica** is a native of New York City. His first singing performances were with the New York City Opera Children's Chorus where he performed lead roles in such operas as the *The Magic Flute* and *Griffelkin*. Mr. Marostica has performed the roles of the Defendant and Council in Gilbert and Sullivan's *Trial by Jury*, and Martin in Copland's *The Tenderland* with the Boston University Opera Department. He was a soloist in Bach's *St. John Passion* with the Boston University Symphonic Orchestra and Chorus. He was the First Place Finalist in the NATS Competition in 1999, the Second Place Finalist in 2000 and has also won the Jubilate Chorale Vocal Competition. Mr. Marostica has participated in the Summer Music Academy of Nice, France, where he studied with Lorraine Nubar and Dalton Baldwin. This past summer he attended the Opera Works program in Los Angeles. Mr. Marostica is a student of Penelope Bitzas.

Mezzo-soprano **Kristen Faerber** is a native of Northeastern Pennsylvania. There she received recognition from the Scranton Singer's Guild as a three-time recipient of the Healy Award and was active with the Little Theatre and Music Box Players of Wilkes-Barre. In 1998, she was placed second in Division II of the NATS Boston Competition. She spent the past summer with the Bay Area Summer Opera Theatre Institute in San Francisco, California, as a production assistant as well as a singer and actor. A student of Joy McIntyre, Ms. Faerber has been active at Boston University with the Repertory, Chamber, and Symphonic Choruses, as well as the Opera Workshop. Beginning her singing career at hometown churches, she continues with that tradition in the Boston area as an alto section leader at the Church of the Redeemer in Chestnut Hill. Ms. Faerber also studied piano for ten years and received the Padarewski medal in 1995. Upon completion of her undergraduate degree, she plans to pursue a master's degree in vocal performance.



Pianist **Shiela Kibbe** is Chair of the Collaborative Piano Department at Boston University's School for the Arts. She has performed with hornist Eric Ruske, violist Michelle LaCourse, and Boston Symphony Orchestra members Laura Ahlbeck, Daniel Katzen and Richard Ranti.

Hailed by Richard Dyer in the Boston Globe as a "...superb collaborative pianist...", Ms. Kibbe has been recital partner to singers Mark Aliapoulos, Penelope Bitzas, Gui-Ping Deng, D'Anna Fortunato, William Hite, and William Sharp. She is the pianist for baritone Stephen Salters, winner of the 1999 Walter W. Naumburg Award. Since 1996 Ms. Kibbe has concertized with Mr. Salters throughout Belgium, Germany, Japan, and Russia. They have recorded on the Qualiton 'Cypres' label, and presented their New York debut recital at Lincoln Center's Alice Tully Hall in November 1999.

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, TN, and as pianist for the Pennsylvania Opera Theatre, the Philadelphia Orchestra 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, PA, and was twice a fellow in Vocal Accompanying at the Tanglewood Music Center. She has taught at the New England Conservatory and has taught at Boston University as Assistant Professor since 1997.

## THE ELLALOU DIMMOCK MEMORIAL FUND

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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.

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**Attn: Office of the Stewardship,**  
**19 Deerfield Street,**  
**Boston, MA 02215**

## UPCOMING EVENTS

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December 3  
7:00 p.m.

**Bach Festival**  
Faculty Recital  
**Steven Ansell, viola**  
**Michelle LaCourse, viola**  
**Michele Levin, guest artist, piano**  
The Tsai Performance Center  
685 Commonwealth Avenue

December 4  
7:00 p.m.

**Bach Festival**  
Faculty Recital  
**Peter Zazofsky, violin**  
**John Daverio, lecturer**  
The Tsai Performance Center  
685 Commonwealth Avenue

December 5  
7:00 p.m.

**Bach Festival**  
Faculty Recital  
**Mike Reynolds, cello**  
The Tsai Performance Center  
685 Commonwealth Avenue

December 6  
8:00 p.m.

**ALEA III**  
**Theodore Antoniou, music director**  
**Anthony di Bonaventura, piano**  
The Tsai Performance Center  
685 Commonwealth Avenue

December 7  
8:00 p.m.

**Honors Chamber Music Recital**  
The Tsai Performance Center  
685 Commonwealth Avenue

December 8  
8:00 p.m.

**Time's Arrow**  
Richard Cornell, *conductor*  
The Tsai Performance Center  
685 Commonwealth Avenue

December 11  
8:00 p.m.

Boston University Chamber Orchestra  
**David Hoose, conductor**  
**Ethan Sloane, clarinet**  
The Tsai Performance Center  
685 Commonwealth Avenue

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