1995-10-02

Ellalou Dimmock, A Memorial Concert, October 2, 1995

ELLALOU DIMMOCK
1928-1995

A MEMORIAL CONCERT

Monday, October 2, 1995 at 8:00 p.m.
Concert Hall
855 Commonwealth Avenue
Boston, Massachusetts

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PROGRAM

Greetings and Opening Remarks

Bruce MacCombie, *Dean, School for the Arts*
Phyllis Hoffman, *Chair, Vocal Department*

"Dove Sei" from *Rodelinda* — George Frideric Handel (1685-1759)

"Illustratevi, o cieli" from *Il Ritorno di Ulisse in patria* — Claudio Montiverdi (1567-1643)

Barbara Schack, *mezzo-soprano* Melinda Aveni, *piano*

Remembering Ellalou: *A Friend's Reminiscence* — Marjorie McDonald

Joy McIntyre

If Music be the food of love — Henry Purcell (1659-1695)

Le Colibri (de Lisle) — Ernest Chausson (1855-1899)

Eem Yerke — Kurken Alemshah (1907-1947)

Joanne Mouradjian, *soprano* Melinda Aveni, *piano*

Mandoline (Verlaine)
En Sourdine (Verlaine)
Green (Verlaine)

Gabriel Fa[illegible] (1845-192[illegible])

Holly Loring, *soprano* Melinda Aveni, *piano*

Remembering Ellalou: *A Poem* — Joanne Mouradjian

Joanne Mouradjian

from Six Songs from *Time and Eternity* (Dickinson) — Martha Alter (1904-1976)

Twas Just this time last year
If I shouldn't be alive
Going to Heaven

Mara Hazard, *soprano* Thomas Stumpf, *piano*

Texts and Translations

Dove sei
Dove sei, amato bene?
Vieni l'alma a consolar!
Vieni, vieni, amato bene!
[illegible]oppresso da tormenti,
Ed i crudi miei lamenti
Sol con te posso bear.

Where are you
Where are you, beloved?
Come to console my heart!
Come, come, beloved!
I am beset by sorrow,
And my harsh pains
I can only bear with you.

Illustratevi o cieli
Illustratevi, o cieli,
Rinfioratevi, o prati!
Aure, gioite!
Gli augelletti cantando,
I rivi mormorando,
Or si rallegrino!
Quell'erbe verdeggianti,
Quell'onde sussurranti,
Or si consolino,
Già ch'è sorta felice
Dal cenere trojan la mia Fenice.

Shine Brightly, O Heavens
Shine brightly, o heavens,
Blossom forth, o meadows!
Rejoice, breezes, rejoice!
Little singing birds,
Murmuring brooks,
Be merry again!
Verdant grasses,
And those rippling waters,
Be now consoled,
Now, from Trojan ashes,
My Phoenix is risen.

If music be the food of love
If music be the food of love,
Sing on till I am fill'd with joy;
For then my list'ning soul you move,
To pleasures that can never cloy.
Your eyes, your mien, your tongue declare
That you are music ev'rywhere.

[illegible]asures invade both eye and ear,
[illegible]ierce the transports are, they wound,
And all my senses feasted are;
Tho' yet the treat is only sound.
Sure I must perish, I must perish by your charms,
Unless you save me in your arms.

Le Colibri
Le vert colibri, le roi des collines,

Voyant la rosée et le soleil clair

Luire dans son nid tissé d'herbes fines,

Comme un frais rayon s'échappe dans l'air.

The Humming-Bird
The green humming-bird, the king of the hills,
seeing the dew and the bright sun
shining into his nest, woven of fine grasses,
darts into the air like a ray of light.

Il se hâte et vole aux sources voisines,

Où les bambous font le bruit de la mer,

Où l'açoka rouge aux odeurs divines

S'ouvre et porte au cour un humide éclair.

Vers la fleur dorée il descend, se pose,

Et boit tant d'amour dans la coupe rose,

Qu'il meurt ne sachant s'il l'a pu tarir!

Sur ta lèvre pure, ô ma bien-aimée,

Telle aussi mon âme eut voulu mourir,

Du premier baiser qui l'a parfumée.

He hurries and flies to the nearby springs,
where bamboos make a sound like the sea,
where the red hibiscus with its divine fragrance
unfolds the dewy brilliance at its heart.
He descends to the golden flower, alights,
and drinks so much love from the rosy cup,
that he dies, not knowing if he had exhausted its nectar!
On your pure lips, O my beloved,
likewise my soul wished to die,
of the first kiss which perfumed it.

Eem Yerke "My Song"

I have been blessed with infinite treasures: talent, kindness and love.
My heart is joyful and free.
No matter how much I give away, love is limitless.
I have no fear of tragedies.
I come into this world but once, and I will not pass this way again.
I have been fortunate from the bright day of my birth.
What can I do to repay Him but to share what He has given me with others.

Mandoline

Les donneurs de sérénades
Et les belles écouteuses
Échangent des propos fades
Sous les ramures chanteuses.

C'est Tircis et c'est Aminte,
Et c'est l'éternal Clitandre,
Et c'est Damis qui pour mainte
Cruelle fit maint vers tendre.

Leurs courtes vestes de soie,
Leurs longues robes à queues,
Leur élégance, leur joie
Et leurs molles ombres bleues

Tourbillonnent dans l'extase

Mandolin

The serenaders
and the lovely listeners
exchange sweet nothings
beneath the singing branches.

It is Tircis and Aminte,
and the eternal Clitandre,
and Damis, who for many
a cruel fair one has written
many a tender verse.

Their short silken doublets,
their long trailing dresses,
their elegance, their joy,
and their soft blue shadows

Whirl in the ecstasy

D'une lune rose et grise,
Et la mandoline jase
Parmi les frissons de brise.

En Sourdine
mes dans le demi-jour
Que les branches hautes font,
Pénétrons bien notre amour
De ce silence profond.

Mêlons nos âmes, nos coeurs

Et nos sens extasiés,
Parmi les vagues langueurs
Des pins et des arbousiers.

Ferme tes yeux à demi,
Croise tes bras sur ton sein,

Et de ton coeur endormi
Chasse à jamais tout dessein.

Laissons-nous persuader
Au souffle berceur et doux
Qui vient à tes pieds rider

Les ondes des gazons roux.

Et quand, solennel, le soir
s chênes noirs tombera,
ix de notre désespoir,
Le rossignol chantera.

Green
Voice des fruits, des fleurs,
feuilles et des branches
Et puis voici mon coeur,
qui ne bat que pour vous.

Ne le déchirez pas avec
vos deux main blanches,

Et qu'à vos yeux si beaux,
l'humble présent soit doux!

of a pink and grey moon,
and the mandolin chatters
amid the quivering of the
breeze.

Muted
Calm in the half light
made by the tall branches,
let our love be imbued
with this deep silence.

Let us merge our souls, our
hearts
and our ecstatic senses
with the vague languors
of the pines and the arbutus.

Half close your eyes,
fold your arms across your
breast,
and from your sleeping heart
for ever drive away all
purpose.

Let us surrender
to the soothing, gentle zephyr
that comes to ruffle at your
feet
the waves of russet grass.

And when, solemnly, evening
falls from the dark road
voice of our despair,
the nightingale will sing.

Green
Here are fruits, flowers,
leaves and branches
and here too is my heart that
beats only for you.

Do not destroy it with
your two white hands,

and to your lovely eyes
may the humble gift seem
sweet!

J'arrive tout couvert encore de rosée
Que le vent du matin vient glacer à mon front.

Souffrez que ma fatigue, à vos pieds reposée,

Rêve des chers instants qui la délasseront.

Sur votre jeune sein laisser rouler ma tête

Toute sonore encore de vos derniers baisers;

Laissez-la s'apaiser de la bonne tempête,

Et que je dorme un peu puisque vois reposez.

I come still covered with dew
that the morning breeze has chilled on my brow.
Let my weariness, resting at your feet,
dream of dear moments which will bring repose.

On your young breast let me rest my head
still ringing with your last kisses;
let it be appeased after the good tempest,
that I may sleep a little as you rest.

'Twas just this time, last year
'Twas just this time, last year, I died.
I know I heard the Corn,
When I was carried by the Farms -
It had the Tassels on -

I thought how yellow it would look -
When Richard went to mill -
And then, I wanted to get out,
But something held my will.

I thought just how Red -- Apples wedged
The Stubble's joints between -
And the Carts stooping round the fields
To take the Pumpkins in -

I wondered which would miss me, least,
And when Thanksgiving, came,
If Father'd multiply the plates -
To make an even Sum -

And would blur the Christmas glee
My Stocking hang too high
For any Santa Claus to reach
The Altitude of me -

But this sort, grieved myself,
And so, I thought the other way,
How just this time, some perfect year -
Themself, should come to me -

If I shouldn't be alive
If I shouldn't be alive
When the Robins come,
Give the one in Red Cravat,
A Memorial crumb.

If I couldn't thank you,
[illegible]g fast asleep
You will know I'm trying
With my Granite lip!

Going to Heaven
Going to Heaven
I don't know when -
Pray do not ask me how!
Indeed I'm too astonished
To think of answering you!
Going to Heaven!
How dim it sounds!
And yet it will be done
As sure as flocks go home at night
Unto the Shepherd's arm!

Perhaps you're going too!
Who knows?
If you should get there first
Save just a little space for me
Close to the two I lost -
The smallest "Robe" will fit me
And just a bit of "Crown" -
For you know we do not mind our dress
When we are going home -

I [illegible] glad I don't believe it
For it would stop my breath -
And I'd like to look a little more
At such a curious Earth!
I'm glad they did believe it
Whom I have never found
Since the mighty Autumn afternoon
I left them in the ground.

Mariä Verkündigung
Nicht daß ein Engel eintrat (das erkenn),

erschreckte sie. So wenig andre, wenn

Annunciation to Mary
Not that an angel entered
(know this)
was she startled. As little as
others start

ein Sonnenstrahl oder der Mond bei Nacht

in ihrem Zimmer sich zu schaffen macht,

auffahren--, pflegte sie an der Gestalt,

in der ein Engel ging, sich zu entrüsten;
sie ahnte kaum, daß dieser Aufenthalt

mühsam für Engel ist. (O wenn wir wüßten,

wie rein sie war. Hat eine Hirschkuh nicht,
die, liegend, einmal sie im Wald eräugte,

sich so in sie versehn, daß sich in ihr,

ganz ohne Paarigen, das Einhorn zeugte,

das Tier aus Licht, das reine Tier--).

Nicht, daß er eintrat, aber daß er dicht,

der Engel, eines Jünglings Angesicht
so zu ihr neigte, daß sein Blick and der,
mit dem sie aufsah, so zusammenschlugen,

als wäre draußen plötzlich alles leer

und, was Millionen schauten, trieben, trugen,

hineingedrängt in sie: nur sie und er;

Schaun und Geschautes, Aug und Augenweide,

sonst nirgends als an dieser Stelle --, sieh,

dieses erschreckt. Und sie erschraken beide.

Dann sang der Engel seine Melodie.

when a ray of sun or the moon at night
busies itself about the room
would she have been disturbed by the form
in which an angel went;
she scarcely guessed that this realm
is irksome for angels. (O, if we knew
how pure she was. Did not a that,
recumbent, once saw her in the wood,
so lose itself in gazing, that it

quite without coupling -- conceived the unicorn,
the beast of light, the pure animal--).
Not that he entered, but that he so closely,
the angel, bent a youth's face
to her, that his gaze and that
with which she looked back so struck together,
that it was as though it were suddenly all emptiness outside
and what millions saw, did, bore,
was pressed into them: only she and he;
the seeing and the seen, eye and eye's object,
nothing save in this place --; see,
this is terrfying. And they were both afraid
Then the angel sang his melody.

Pietá
Jetzt wird mein Elend voll, und namelos

erfüllt es mich. Ich starre, wie des Steins

Inneres starrt.

Pietá
Now my misery is full, and namelessly
it fills me. I am stark, as a stone's
innards are stark.

Hart wei ich bin, weiß ich nur Eins:

Du wurdest groß --
...und wurdest groß,
um als zu großer Schmerz

gar über meines Herzens Fassung
hinauszustehn.
Jetzt liegst du quer durch meinen Schooß,

jetzt kann ich dich nicht mehr
gebären.

Vom Tode Mariä III
Doch vor dem Apostel Thomas, der

kam, da es zu spät war, trat der schnelle

längst darauf gefaßte Engel her
und befahl an der Begräbnisstelle.

Dräng den Stein beiseite. Willst du wissen,

wo die ist, die dir das Herz bewegt;

Sieh: sie ward wie ein Lavendelkissen

eine Weile da hineingelegt,
daß die Erde künftig nach ihr rieche

in den Falten wie ein feines Tuch.

Alles Tote (fühlst du), alles Sieche

ist betäubt von ihre Wohlgeruch.

Schau den Leinwand: wo ist eine Bleiche,

wo er blendend wird und geht nicht ein?

Dieses Licht aus dieser reinen Leiche

war ihm klärender als Sonnenschein.

Staunst du nicht, wie sanft sie ihm entging?

Hard as I am, I know only one thing:
You grew –
..and grew,
as if to stand forth as too great a pain
for my heart to grasp.

Now you lie straight across my lap,
now I can no longer
bear you.

Of The Death of Mary III
But before the Apostle Thomas, who
came too late, stepped forth the swift
angel long prepared for this
and commanded at the burial site.

Push the stone aside. Would you know
where she is, who moves your heart;
Behold: she was like a cushion of lavender
laid within for a while,
that the earth afterwards would smell of her
in its fold like a fine handkerchief.
All death (you feel), all sickness
is overcome by her fragrance.

Behold the shroud: what bleacher's work
could, without shrinkage, yield such dazzling white?
This light from the immaculate corpse
was more clarifying to it than sunshine.

Are you not amazed at how softly she left it?

Fast als wär sie's noch, nichts ist verschoben.

Doch die Himmel sind erschüttert oben:

Mann, knie hin und sieh mir nach und sing.

Almost as if she were still there, nothing is disturbed.
Yet the heavens are shaken above:
Man, kneel down, gaze after me and sing.

Ständchen

Mach' auf, mach' auf, doch leise, mein Kind

um keinen vom Schlummer zu wecken;
kaum murmelt der Bach,
kaum zitterd im wind
ein Blatt an den Büschen und Hecken.

Drum leise, mein Mädchen,
dass nichts sich regt,
nur leise die Hand auf die Klinke gelegt.

Mit Tritten wie Tritte der Elfen so sacht,

um über die Blumen zu hüpfen,
flieg' leicht hinaus in die Mondscheinnacht

zu mir in den Garten zu schlüpfen.
Rings schlummern die Blüten
am reiselnden Bach
und duften im Schlaf, nur die Liebe ist wach!

Sitz' nieder, hier dämmert's geheimnisvoll

unter den Lindenbäumen,
die Nachtigal uns zu Häupten soll

von uns'ren Küssen träumen,
und die Rose, wenn sie am Morgen erwacht,

hoch glühn von den Wonneschauern
der Nacht.

Serenade

Open up the door but quietly, my child
awaken no one from slumber;
the brook hardly murmurs, the wind hardly trembles
a leaf on the bushes and the hedges.
Therefore, my maiden,
nothing moves,
just quietly lay the hand on the latch.
With soft steps like those of the fairies,
hopping over the flowers,
fly lightly out into the moonlight
to slip in the garden to me.
Around the murmuring
brook slumber the blossoms
and smell sweet in sleep, only love is awake!
Sit down, here grows mysteriously dark
under the linden trees,
the nightingale above our heads shall
dream of our kisses,
and the rose, when it awakens in the morning
shall brightly glow
from the thrills of the blissful night.

Remembering Ellalou: cantus firmus — Joy McIntyre

Joy McIntrye

from *Das Marienleben* (Rilke) — Paul Hindemith (1895-1963)

Mariä Verkündigung

ietá

Vom Tode Mariä III

Pamela Dellal, *mezzo soprano* Michael Beattie, *piano*

Epilogue: Ständchen — Richard Struass (1864-1949)

Ellalou Dimmock, *soprano*
Allen Rogers, *piano*
(from a Faculty Recital, March 14, 1977)

ELLALOU DIMMOCK

Ellalou Dimmock was born in McKeesport, Pennsylvania, and graduated from Connecticut College with a major in voice. Her teachers included Marie Sundelius, Grace Leslie and Oren Brown.

She performed extensively as a soloist in recital, oratorio, opera and chamber music, including appearances with the Handel and Haydn Society, the Camerata of the Museum of Fine Arts, the Boston Pops, at the Gardner Museum, Jordan Hall, Symphony Hall and Alice Tully Hall. Her repertoire ranged from the *Play of Daniel*, through Bach's *St.Matthew Passion*, Handel's *Messiah*, Verdi, Puccini and numerous twentieth century composers.

She was a Teaching Associate at Boston University from 1973 to 1995. In addition she was Professor of Music at Wheaton College (Norton, MA) from 1964 to Other appointments include Artist in Residence at Clark University, faculty member for vocal chamber music at the Vermont Music and Art Center (1966-94), and vocal coach for the Composer's Conference and Chamber Music Center at Wellesley College (1988-1994).

Mrs. Dimmock was an active supporter of the National Association of Teachers of Singing, holding the positions of Boston Chapter President, Massachusetts Governor and New England Regional Governor.

She was a member of the Lexington Council for the Arts for three years and since 1957 maintained an active private voice studio in her home. Mrs. Dimmock leaves two sons, David and Evan, a daughter Suzanne, three grandchildren and a host of students inspired by her teaching.

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