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Ellalou Dimmock Honors voice recital, November 18, 2003

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BOSTON UNIVERSITY
College of Fine Arts
School of Music

ELLALOU DIMMOCK

1928-1995

HONORS VOICE RECITAL

Kendall Lima, *soprano*
Alexander Boyer, *tenor*

Matthew Larson, *piano*

Tuesday, November 18, 2003 at 8:00 p.m.
Concert Hall at the College of Fine Arts
855 Commonwealth Avenue

ELLALOU DIMMOCK HONORS VOICE RECITAL

Kendall Lima, soprano and Alexander Boyer, tenor

Matthew Larson, piano

FAURÉ

Puisqu'ici-bas toute âme (Hugo)

Deux duos, Op. 10

TOSTI

Il pescatore canta (Mazzola)

Aprile (Pagliara)

Non t'amo più (Errico)

L'ultima canzone (Cimmino)

SCHUMANN

Lieder und Gesänge aus "Wilhelm Meisner",

Op. 98a (Goethe)

I Kennst du das Land?

II Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt

V Heiß mich nicht reden, heiß mich schweigen

IX So laßt mich scheinen

INTERMISSION

RACHMANINOV

The Dream (Pleshcheyev)

Op. 8, no.5

All once I gladly owned... (Tyutchev)

Op. 26, no. 2

Night is mournful (Bunin)

Op. 26, no. 12

Do not sing, my beauty, to me! (Pushkin)

Op. 4, no. 4

TURINA

Tres Poemas, Op. 82 (Bécquer)

I O las gigantes

II Tu pupila es azul

III Besa el aura

MASCAGNI

Suzel buon dì...

"Cherry tree duet" from *L'Amico Fritz*

KENDALL LIMA, soprano

A senior majoring in vocal performance, Kendall Lima is originally from Warwick, Rhode Island. In 1995, she began performing as a member of the St. Mary Academy "Bay View Players." In 1996, she was selected by Bay View to be a member of the children's chorus in the national tour of *Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat*. With Bay View, she performed extensively throughout Rhode Island at venues including Trinity Repertory Theatre, The Providence Performing Arts Center, and in Italy for a performance at the Vatican. Kendall was a co-founder of the Bishop Hendricken Summer Theatre in Warwick and was its vocal director for two years. She participated in the Rhode Island All-State Chorus ranking second in 1998 and first in 1999. Also in 1999, she attended the Boston University Tanglewood Institute Young Artists Vocal Program. She returned to BUTI as a Resident Assistant for student life in 2002. At Boston University, Kendall has been a member and soloist of the Chamber Chorus for three years and is currently also a member of the Opera Workshop. She represents the Voice Department as a member of the Student Advisory Board for the School of Music. Kendall is a student of Phyllis Hoffman.

ALEXANDER BOYER, tenor

Alexander Boyer, tenor, is originally from Port Washington, New York. Currently a student of Penelope Bitzas, he is completing his Bachelor of Music Degree at Boston University. He has sung both as a chorister and soloist with the Boston University Chamber Chorus, under the direction of Ann Howard Jones, as well as in the chorus for Boston University main stage opera productions. He is a two-time semi-finalist in the National Association of Teachers of Singing Competition (Boston chapter), and placed third in 2003. This past summer he attended the Rising-Star Program for young classical singers.

MATTHEW LARSON, piano

Matthew Larson received his Doctorate in Collaborative Piano from Arizona State University in May 2001 under the tutelage of Eckart Sellheim. He has served as official accompanist for many competitions, including the Rosa Ponselle, San Francisco Opera, NATS, MTNA, NFMCA, and the Metropolitan Opera Guild. He has held the position of Staff Pianist at the American Institute for Musical Studies in Graz, Austria; Assistant Musical Director of the University of Connecticut Voice and Opera Program; Staff Pianist for Opera New England; Staff Accompanist for the Arizona State University School of Music; and Voice Coach and Musical Director for ASU's Lyric Opera Theater.

An accomplished accompanist, Dr. Larson has played over 350 voice recitals in the United States and Austria. He has worked with such artists as Metropolitan Opera stars Carol Vaness, Maria Spacagna, Jennifer Larmore and Sherril Milnes, Academy of Ancient Music director Christopher Hogwood, vocal pedagogy pioneer Richard Miller, and the eminent collaborative pianist Dalton Baldwin, with whom he was invited to study in New York.

A church musician, Dr. Larson has served as vocal soloist at St. Mark's Episcopal Church in Storrs, Connecticut; Center Church (UCC) in Hartford; and St. Joseph's Cathedral (Catholic Archdiocese), Hartford. He was organist and pianist at Center Church, Hartford; Unity of the Southwest in Scottsdale, Arizona; King of Glory Lutheran Church in Tempe, Arizona; and Scottsdale Congregational (UCC) in Scottsdale, AZ.

Dr. Larson has studied piano with the late Mathilde Weaver (Orange, Connecticut), Neal Larrabee and Petter Juel-Larsen (University of Connecticut - Storrs), Walter Cosand (Arizona State University), and Eckart Sellheim (Graz, Austria and ASU). He has also studied fortepiano with Eckart Sellheim, accompanying with Mr. Sellheim and Dalton Baldwin, harpsichord with Christa Rackish, organ with Marilyn Biery, and harp with Marian Rian-Hays.

Currently, Dr. Larson serves as Assistant Conductor and Pianist for the Boston Lyric Opera; Coach/Accompanist for Opera Providence; Vocal Coach for the Boston University's Opera Institute; and Director of Music at the First Congregational Church of Milton, Massachusetts.

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Puisqu'ici-bas toute âme
Donne à quelqu'un
Sa musique, sa flamme,
Ou son parfum;
Puisqu'ici-bas chose
Donne toujours
Son épine ou sa rose
A ses amours;

Since on this earth
Every living creature offers
To somebody its music,
Its ardour, its scent,
Since everything
Always gives
Its thorn or its rose
To its loved one,

Puisqu'avril donne aux chênes
Un bruit charmant;
Que la nuit donne aux peines
L'oubli dormant.
Puisque, lorsqu'elle arrive
S'y reposer,
L'onde amère à la rive
Donne un baiser;

Since April lends the oak-trees
A wonderful sound,
And night gives to our troubles
Forgetful oblivion,
And since, as it comes
To rest there,
The bitter wave gives
The shore a kiss,

Je te donne, à cette heure,
Penché sur toi,
La chose la meilleure
Que j'ai en moi!
Reçois donc ma pensée,
Triste d'ailleurs,
Qui, comme une rosée,
T'arrive en pleurs!

I give you now,
As I lean over you,
The best that
I have of myself.
So accept my thoughts,
Once so sad,
Which come to you,
Like dew, in tears!

Reçois mes vœux sans nombre,
O mes amours!
Reçois la flamme ou l'ombre
De tous mes jours!
Mes transports pleins d'ivresses,
Pur de soupçons,
Et toutes les caresses
De mes chansons!

Accept my numberless vows,
Oh my love,
Accept the light and the shade
Oh my life,
My passions full of wildness,
Free of suspicions,
And all the caresses
Of my songs,

Mon esprit qui sans voile
Vogue au hazard,
Et qui n'a pour étoile
Que ton regard!
Reçois, mon bien céleste,
O ma beauté,
Mon coeur, dont rien ne reste,
L'amour ôté!

Il pescatore canta - Riccardo Mazzola

Hai le pupille così grandi e chiare
Che dentro a quelle si rispecchia amore:
O bella, che cammini lungo il mare,
Sovra la spiaggia canta un pescatore!
Un pescatore canta e se ne muore
E tu cammini e non ti vuoi fermare:
Sorge la luna Bianca come un fiore
E il pescatore canta e dorme il mare!

O bella, il cuore mio tutto era d'oro
E l'ho smarrito in una dolce sera;
V'erano tutte le sirene in coro
Ma chi la ritrovò, bella, non c'era!
E il pescatore canta: Amore, Amore,
M'hai preso il cuore e non ti vuoi fermare!
Sorge la luna Bianca come un fiore
E il pescatore canta e dorme il mare!

Aprile - Rocco Emanuele Pagliara

Non senti tu ne l'aria
il profumo che spande Primavera?
Non senti tu ne l'anima
il suon de nova voce lusinghiera?
È l'April! È la stagion d'amore!
Deh! vieni, o mia gentil su' prati'n fiore!

Il piè trarrai fra mammole,
avrà su'l petto rose e cilestrine,
e le farfalle candide
t'aleggeranno intorno al nero crine.
È l'April! È la stagion d'amore!
Deh! vieni, o mia gentil su' prati'n fiore!

And my soul which drifts
At random without a sail,
And for a guiding star
Has only your gaze;
Accept my gift from heaven,
Oh my love!
My heart, of which nothing remains
Once love is taken away!

Your eyes are so large and clear
That love is reflected within them:
O my love, as you walk by the sea,
A fisherman sings, his song dies away
And you walk on, not wishing to stop:
The moon rises, pale as a flower,
And the fisherman sings and the sea slumbers!

O my love, I lost my precious heart
One sweet evening;
All the sirens were there together,
But my love was not there to find it!
And the fisherman sings: Love, Love,
You have taken my heart, and will not stop!
The moon rises, pale as a flower,
And the fisherman sings, and the sea slumbers!

Do you not smell in the air
the perfume that Spring breathes out?
Do you not hear in your soul
the sound of a new, enticing voice?
It's April! It's the season of love!
Come, lovely one, to the flowery meadow!

Your foot will tread among violets,
you will wear roses and bluebells,
and the white butterflies
will flutter around your black hair.
It's April! It's the season of love!
Please come, my lovely one, to the flowery meadow!

Non t'amo più - Carmelo Errico

Ricordi ancora il dì che c'incontrammo,
Le tue promesse le ricordi ancor...?
Folle d'amore io ti seguìi ...ci amammo,
E accanto a te sognai, folle d'amor.

Sognai felice, di carezze a baci
Una catena dileguante in ciel;
Ma le parole tue... furon mendaci...
Perchè l'anima tua è fatta di gel.

Te ne ricordi ancor?
Te ne ricordi ancor?

Or la mia fede, il desiderio immenso
Il mio sogno d'amor...non sei più tu:
I tuoi baci non cerco, a te non penso...
Sogno un altro ideal;
Non t'amo più, non t'amo più.

L'ultima canzone - Cimmino

M'han detto che domani
Nina vi fate sposa,
Ed io vi canto ancor la serenata.
Là nei deserti piani
Là, ne la valle ombrosa,
Oh quante volte a voi l'ho ricantata!
Foglia di rosa
O fiore d'amaranto
Se ti fai sposa
Io ti sto sempre accanto.

Domani avrete intorno
Feste sorrisi e fiori
Nè penserete ai nostri vecchi amori.
Ma sempre notte e giorno
Piena di passione
Verrà gemendo a voi la mia canzone.
Foglia di menta
O fiore di granato,
Nina, rammenta i baci che t'ho dato!

Do you still remember the day we met,
Do you still remember the promises you made...?
Love-insane I followed you... We loved each other
And next to you I dreamt, love-insane.

I dreamt of a lustful chain of caresses
And kisses fading into the sky;
But your words weren't truthful ...
Because your heart is as cold as ice.

Do you still remember that?
Do you still remember that?

Now you aren't my only faith any more,
My immense desire nor my dream of love:
I don't long for your kisses, and don't think of
you anymore:
I dream other dreams:
I don't love you anymore.

They told me that tomorrow
Nina, you will be a bride.
yet still I sing my serenade to you!
Up on the barren plateau,
down in the shady valley,
Oh, how often I have sung it to you!
Rose-petal
O flower of amaranth,
though you marry,
I shall be always near.

Tomorrow you'll be surrounded
by celebration, smiles and flowers,
and will not spare a thought for our past love;
yet always, by day and by night,
with passionate moan
my song will sigh to you.
Mint-flower,
O flower of pomegranate,
Nina, remember the kisses I gave you!

Nei cari giorni che passammo insieme,
io cosparsi di fiori il tuo sentier...
Tu fiosti del mio cor l'unica speme;
Tu della mente l'unico pensier .

Tu m'hai visto pregare,impallidire,
Piangere tu m'hai visto innanzi a te:
Io sol per appagare un tuo desire...
Avrei dato il mio sangue e la mia fè.

Te ne ricordi ancor?
Te ne ricordi ancor?

Or la mia fede, il desiderio immenso...

Through the days dearly passed together,
I strewed flowers across your path: ...
You were the only hope of my heart;
You the only thought of my desire.

You forced me to beg you, you turned me pale,
You saw me crying in your presence:
Only in order to fulfil a desire of yours...
I would have offered my body and soul!

Do you still remember it?
Do you still remember that?

Now you are no longer my faith...

Kennst du das Land

Kennst du das Land, wo die Zitronen blühn,

Im dunkeln Laub die Gold-Orangen glühn,
Ein sanfter Wind vom blauen Himmel weht,
Die Myrte still und hoch der Lorbeer steht?
Kennst du es wohl?

Dahin! Dahin

Möcht ich mit dir, o mein Geliebter, ziehn.

Kennst du das Haus? Auf Säulen ruht sein Dach.
Es glänzt der Saal, es schimmert das Gemach,
Und Marmorbilder stehn und sehn mich an:
Was hat man dir, du armes Kind, getan?
Kennst du es wohl?

Dahin! Dahin

Möcht ich mit dir, o mein Beschützer, ziehn.

Kennst du den Berg und seinen Wolkensteg?
Das Maultier sucht im Nebel seinen Weg;
In Höhlen wohnt der Drachen alte Brut;
Es stürzt der Fels und über ihn die Flut!
Kennst du ihn wohl?

Dahin! Dahin

Geht unser Weg! O Vater, laß uns ziehn!

Knowest the land where the lemon blossom
grows,

In foliage dark the orange golden glows,
A gentle breeze blows from the azure sky,
Still stands the myrtle, and the laurel, high?
Dost know it well?

Yonder! Yonder!

Would I with thee, oh my beloved, fare.

Knowest the house, its roof on columns fine?
Its hall glows brightly and its chambers shine,
And marble figures stand and gaze at me:
What have they done, oh poor child, to thee?
Dost know it well?

Yonder! Yonder!

Would I with thee, oh my protector, fare.

Knowest the mountain with the misty shrouds?
The mule is seeking passage through the clouds;
In caverns dwells the dragons' ancient brood;
The cliff rocks plunge under the rushing flood!
Dost know it well?

Yonder! Yonder!

Leads our path! Oh father, let us fare.

Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt

Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt
Weiß, was ich leide!
Allein und abgetrennt
Von aller Freude,
Seh ich [ans] I Firmament
Nach jener Seite.

Ach! der mich liebt und kennt,
Ist in der Weite.
Es schwindelt mir; es brennt
Mein Eingeweide.
Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt
Weiß, was ich leide!

Heiß mich nicht reden

Heiß mich nicht reden, heiß mich schweigen,
Denn mein Geheimnis ist mir Pflicht,
Ich möchte dir mein ganzes Innre zeigen,
Allein das Schicksal will es nicht.

Zur rechten Zeit vertreibt der Sonne Lauf

Die finstre Nacht, und sie muß sich erhellen,
Der harte Fels schließt seinen Busen auf,
Mißgönnt der Erde nicht die tiefverborgnen
Quellen.

Ein jeder sucht im Arm des Freundes Ruh,
Dort kann die Brust in Klagen sich ergießen,
Allein ein Schwur drückt mir die Lippen zu,
Und nur ein Gott vermag sie aufzuschließen.
them.

So laßt mich scheinen

So laßt mich scheinen, bis ich werde,
Zieht mir das weiße Kleid nicht aus!
Ich eile von des schönen Erde
Hinab in jenes [feste] I Haus.

Dort ruh' ich eine kleine Stille,
Dann öffnet sich der frische Blick;
Ich laße dann die reine Hülle,
Den Gürtel und den Kranz zurück.
Und jene himmlischen Gestalten
Sie fragen nicht nach Mann und Weib,

Und keine Kleider, keine Falten
Umgeben den verklärten Leib.

Only one who knows longing
Knows what I suffer!
Alone and cut off
From all joy,
I look into the firmament
In that direction.

Oh! he who loves and knows me
Is far away.
I am spinning,
My insides are burning.
Only one who knows longing
Knows what I suffer!

Don't ask me to speak; ask me to be silent.
For my secret is my duty.
I want to reveal my true self to you,
But fate will not allow it.

At the right time, the sun's course drives
away
The gloomy night, and it must brighten.
The hard rock opens up its bosom;
The earth lets forth its deep hidden springs.

A man seeks rest in the arms of a friend,
There can the heart pour out in lament.
But a vow seals my lips,
And only a God has the power to open

So let me seem, until I become so;
Don't take the white dress away from me!
I am hastening from the beautiful earth
Down to that hard house.

There I can rest a little while in tranquility,
Then a fresh vision will open up;
I will leave behind the pure covering,
The girdle and the wreath.
And those heavenly beings
Don't concern themselves with man and
'woman,
And no clothes, no robes
Cover the transfigured body.



Zwar lebt' ich ohne Sorg' und Mühe,
Doch fühlt' ich tiefen Schmerz genug.
Vor Kummer altert' ich zu frühe;
Macht mich auf ewig wieder jung!

I u menja byl kraj rodnoj;
Prekrasen on!
Tam jel' kachalas' nado mnoj...
No to byl son!
Sem'ja družej zhiva byla.
So vsekh storon
Zvuchali mne ljubvi slova...
No to byl son!

Vsjo otrjal u menja kaznjashchij Bog,-
Združiv'je, silu, voli, vozdukh, son.
O tebe ja pri mne ostavil On,
Chtob ja Jemu jeshchjo molit'sja mog.

Noch' pechal'na, kak mechty moji...
Daleko, v glukhoj stepi shirokoj,
Ogonek mercajet odinokij...
V serdce mnogo grusti i ljubvi.
No komu i kak razskazhesh' ty,
Chto zovjot tebja, chem serdce polno?
Put' dalek, glukhaja step' bezmolvna,
Noch' pechal'na, kak moji mechty.

Ne poj, krasavica, pri mne
Ty pesen Gruziji pechal'noj;
Napominajut mne [oni] i
Druguju zhizn' i bereg dal'nij.

Uvy, napominajut mne
Tvoji zhestokije napevy
I step', i noch', i pri lune
Cherty dalekoj, bednoj devy!

[Ja [prizrak]2 milyj, rokovoj,
Tebja uvidev, zabyvaju;
No ty pojosh', i predi mnoj
Jego ja vnov' voobrazhaju.]3

True, I have lived without trouble and toil,
Yet I have felt enough deep pain.
Through sorrow I have aged too early;
Make me forever young again!

A dream

My native land I once enjoyed
In realms afar,
Where waving pines their branches bowed...
My dream is o'er!
And friends I had though far apart.
Unknown 'twould seem;
Had love but stirred within my heart...
To wake my dream!

All once I gladly owned...

All once I gladly owned hath God reclaimed,
My spirit, health and courage, sleep and light;
And thee alone His grace to me allowed,
That I might pray until he call me hence.

Night is mournful

The night is as sad as my dreams...
Far away, in the wide savage steppe,
A solitary light is glimmering...
There is much sadness and love in my heart.
But to whom and how could you tell
What is beckoning you, what your heart is full of?
The road is long, the savage steppe is silent,
The night is as sad as my dreams.

Do not sing, my beauty...

Do not sing, my beauty, to me
your sad songs of Georgia;
they remind me
of that other life and distant shore.

Alas, They remind me,
your cruel melodies,
of the steppe, the night and moonlit
features of a poor, distant maiden!

That sweet and fateful apparition
I forget when you appear;
but you sing, and before me
I picture that image anew.

Olas gigantes

Olas gigantes que os rompéis bramando
En las playas desiertas y remotas,
Envuelto entre las sábanas de espuma,
¡Llevadme con vosotras!

Ráfagas de huracán, que arrebatáis
Del alto bosque las marchitas hojas,
Arrastrando en el ciego torbellino,
¡Llevadme con vosotras!

Nubes de tempestad que rompe el rayo
Y en fuego ornáis las desprendidas orlas,
Arrebatado entre la niebla oscura,
¡Llevadme con vosotras!

Llevadme, por piedad, a donde el vertigo
Con la razón me arranque la memoria.
¡Por piedad! ... ¡Tengo miedo de quedarme
Con mi dolor a solas,

Tu pupila es azul

Tu pupila es azul y cuando ríes,
Su claridad suave me recuerda
El trémulo fulgor de la mañana
Que en el mar se refleja.

Te pupila es azul, y cuando lloras,
Las transparentes lágrimas en ella
Se me figuran gotas de rocío
Sobre una violeta.

Tu pupila es azul, y si en su fondo
Como un punto de luz radia una idea,
Me parece en el cielo de la tarde
¡Una perdida estrella! ¡Ah!

Besa el aura

Besa el aura que gime blandamente
Las leves ondas que jugando riza;
El sol besa la nube en Occidente
Y de purpura y oro la matiza; Ah!

La llama en derredor del tronco ardiente
Por besar a otra llama se desliza
Y hasta el sauce, inclinando se a su peso
Al río que le besa vuelve un beso. Ah!

Gigantic waves that roaring break
On the deserted and remote beaches,
Wrapped around the sheets of foam
Carry me with you!

Gusts of the hurricane that snatch
The high forest's wilted leaves
Dragged in the blind whirlwind
Carry me with you!

Clouds of the storm that breaks the sun's rays
And in fire the air is removed;
Snatched among the dark fog
Carry me with you!

Carry me with you, by pity! To where
my mind cannot start my memories.
By pity! I fear that if I stay
my pain will consume me.



How blue your eyes are, and when you laugh
How their soft clarity reminds me
Of the tremulous shine of morning
The sea reflects upon its waters.

How blue your eyes are, and when you cry
How the crystal tears that well up in them
seem to me the drops of dew
That collect upon a violet.

How blue your eyes are, and how their depths
Can radiate an idea like a point of light,
How much they seem to me a lost star
In the evening sky! Oh!

Kisses of the sunrise spread softly to
The light waves that playfully curl.
The sun kisses the clouds in the west
And the purple and gold bloom.

Its flame burns around the willow's trunk
to slip a kiss to a rising flame
And even the willow leans its weight down
Toward the river to meet the sun's kiss



Cherry tree duet from *L'amico Fritz* - P. Suardon

Fritz: Suzel, buon dì. D'un gaio rosignuolo la voce mi svegliò.

Suzel: Che dite mai?

Fritz: Mi piace come canti...

Suzel: Oh, signor Fritz... Canto così come mi vien dal core.

Fritz: Quei fiore son per me?

Suzel: Per voi li ho còlta ed oltre i fiori ho pronta una sorpresa...

Fritz: Una primizia certo...

Suzel: Le ciliege.

Fritz: Ah! Le ciliege! E son di già mature?

Suzel: Han della porpora vivo il colore, son dolci e tenere...

Fritz: Di Maggia è simile a un vago fiore fragranza roseo...

Suzel: Son pronta a coglierne un mazzettino, debbo gettarvele?

Fritz: Gettate subito, bell'augellino, la saprò prendere... Son fresche e morbide, di brina ancora son tutte roride... Ma... è da quell'albero, che, sull'aurora, pispiglia il passero?

Suzel: Sì da quell'albero

Fritz: Cio ch'egli dice, non said comprendere.

Suzel: Io lo so intendere... ch'egli è felice nel canto mormora: sui rami floridi ha i suoi piccini... lieti lo aspettano; agili scherzano dei bianco-spini, tra i fiori candidi.

Fritz: Come ne interpreti bene il linguaggio!

Suzel: Sembra che parlino... Sembra salutino coi canti il raggio del dì che nasce!

Fritz: Tutto tace... eppur tutto al cor mi parla... Questa pace fior di qui, dove trovarla? Tu sei bella, o stagion primaverile! Rinnovella fiori e amori il dolce aprile!

Suzel: Qual incanto nel risveglio d'ogni fiore! Riso e pianto, tutto è palpito d'amore! Tutto il prato d'un tappeto s'è smaltato... Al Signore s'alza l'inno di ogni core!

Fritz: Good day Suzel, I thought I heard a nightingale.

Suzel: And found it was a raven.

Fritz: You sing like any lark.

Suzel: Good Master Fritz, I sing as my heart prompts me.

Fritz: Are those for me?

Suzel: For you I've culled them, and a sweet surprise awaits you.

Fritz: The first sheaf of the harvest?

Suzel: No, these sweet cherries.

Fritz: Cherries! And are they ripe so early?

Suzel: See how their purple cheeks are softly blushing. See, from their rosy lips sweetness is gushing.

Fritz: Fragrance of spring all around your breathing.

Suzel: Catch them in bunches. See, them I am wreathing.

Fritz: Throw them here quickly, you darling, you beauty, I'm here to catch them-a most pleasant duty. Fresh as the dew they are, now fallen daily. Is this the tree where the birds sang so gaily?

Suzel: This is the tree.

Fritz: Of what were they singing? Teach me the song that the birds' throats were singing.

Suzel: I know the singing well. Birds gaily caroling high on the tree sing of the pleasures of life, gay and free. No care have they, nor thought of tomorrow. Leaving to human souls trouble and sorrow.

Fritz: Oh, let me know what their carol is telling. How well you interpret their language!

Suzel: Oh, I can hear them within their snug dwelling. They sing of the glory of sun-risen day.

Fritz: All is silent. Yet to my heart a message comes from the silence, bringing love's sweet presage. Oh lovely spring, season of hope and joy! Fair April's promise all my thoughts employ.

Suzel: What bliss and sadness from these flowers arise, all nature seems to yield to love's surprise. The meadows praise God with sweet incense of flowers, the birds chant hymns excelling songs of ours.

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Jennifer Rivera
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Lawrence Bianco

1997-1998

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Patrick Gagnon

1998-1999

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Kristy Ererra
Oshin Gregorian

1999-2000

Devone Patane
Michel Bouvier
Alison Tupay

2000-2001

Maria D'Amato
Kristen Faerber
Gianmarco Marostica
Daniel Billings

2001-2002

Emily Landa
Kelly Margraf

2002-2003

Merly Atlas
Sean Landers
Kristin Ezell
Emily Ezzie

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 opera at the New York City Opera, the Caramoor Festival, Cincinnati Opera, Metz-France, Montecarlo Opera and Nevada Opera.

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.

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UPCOMING EVENTS AND PERFORMANCES

Thursday, November 20, 8:00 pm

**Boston University
Chamber Orchestra**
Samuel Pascoe and Sergey Khanukaev, conductors
Tsai Performance Center

Monday, November 24, 8:00 pm

**Boston University
Symphony Orchestra, Symphonic Chorus,
and Chamber Orchestra**
Benjamin Britten War Requiem
Ann Howard Jones and David Hoose, conductors
All Saints Choir of Boys, Ashmont
Jeremy Bruns, conductor
Kelly Kaduce, soprano
Mark Goodrich, tenor
William Sharp, baritone
Symphony Hall, Boston

Monday, December 1, 2003, 8:00 pm

Muir String Quartet
Beethoven Quartet in A Major, Op. 18, No. 5
Quartet in Bb Major, Op. 130
Tsai Performance Center

Wednesday, December 3, 2003, 8:00 pm

Percussion Ensemble Concert
Dan Bauch, assistant director with Ayako Yoda, piano
Works by Harrison, Van Brink, Pape, Mulhly, and Cage
Concert Hall

Monday, December 8, 8:00 pm

ALEA III
Lament for John
Colleagues and friends of Professor John Daverio
composed and perform new works dedicated to his memory.
Artists include Amlin, Zazofsky, Papdakis, Ruske, and Bisesi
Tsai Performance Center

Thursday, December 11, 2003, 8:00 pm

Boston University Wind Ensemble
David Martins, conductor
Malcolm Arnold *Tam O'Shanter Overture, Op. 51*
Edgar Varese *Octandre*
Anthony Iannacone *After a Gentle Rain*
The Dark Green Glistens with Old Reflections
Sparkling Air Bursts with Dancing Sunlight
Gordon Jacob *More Old Wine in New B*
Eric Whitacre *Ghost Train*
Tsai Performance Center

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