

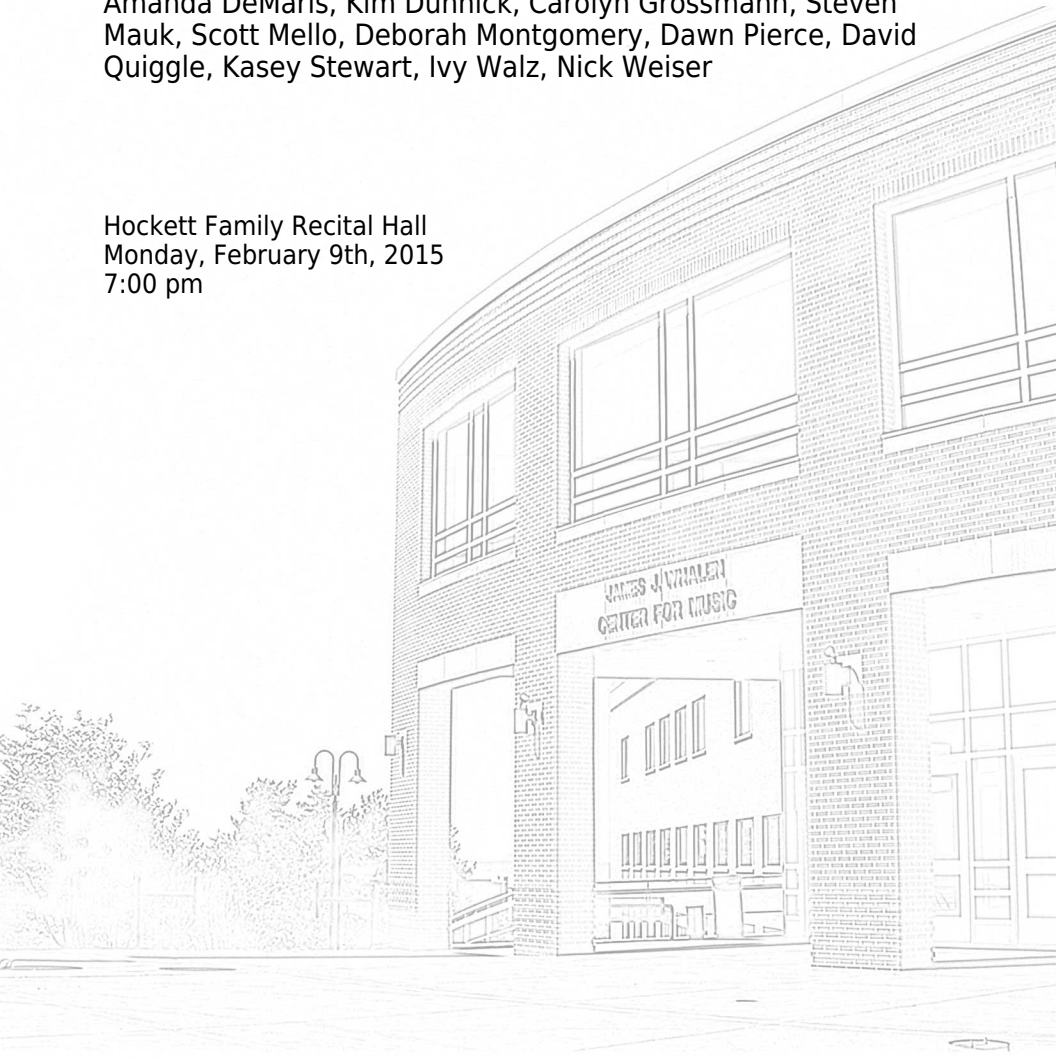
# After Dinner Mint Faculty Showcase

## *CARRY AS YOU CLIMB*

A collaboration of Ithaca College Junior Faculty  
and Senior Faculty

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

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



**ITHACA COLLEGE**

School of Music

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

## Program

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

Lo que vendra

Astor Piazzolla  
(1921-1992)

*Michael Caporizzo, guitar*  
*Pablo Cohen, guitar*

Arie aud dem Spiegel von Arkadien

Arnold Schoenberg  
(1874-1951)

*Amanda DeMaris, soprano*  
*Carolyn Grossmann, piano*

Surabaya Johnny  
from *Happy End*

Kurt Weill  
(1900-1950)

*Kasey Stewart, mezzo-soprano*  
*Nick Weiser, piano*

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

Franz Liszt  
(1811-1886)

*Charis Dimaras, piano*

Sweet Little Jesus Boy

Robert MacGimsey  
(1898-1979)

Wade in the Water

Arr. Mark Hayes  
b. 1949

*Dawn Pierce, mezzo-soprano*  
*Diane Birr, piano*

Fiasco (2014)  
*World Premiere*

Brendan Colling  
b. 1965

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

## Translations

### Barcarolle

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

### Arie aus dem Spiegel von Arkadien

Arie aus dem Spiegel von  
Arkadien

Aria from the Mirroring of  
Arcadia

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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