Presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Arts Degree

THANKS:
Andrew, Evan, Wendy, Stacey, Ann, Sarah, Albert, Shawn, Patrick, Tom & Pat, Amy, Eric, Brenna

An Evening of Song
with
Brian Barrentine and Friends

Amy Williams, Eric Brandt, Johanna Hartick, Jacob Clark, Jared Shapiro, Colette Saneley, Eric Ginman, Brenna Thorpe, Brooks Ashmanskas, Jason Mc Dermott, Troy Kinsen and Nicole Ermann

Wednesday, April 4
8:15 p.m.
Greenwall Music Workshop
Program

Excerpts from Don Giovanni
"Finch' han dal vino."
—Amy Williams, piano
Aria.

"Deh vieni alla finestra."
Canzonetta.
—Jacob Glick, mandolin
Amy Williams, piano

"La ci darem la mano."
Duettino.
—Colette Sahely, soprano
Amy Williams, piano

On Wenlock Edge
Ralph Vaughan Williams

I. On Wenlock Edge.
II. From Far, from Eve and Morning.
III. Is My Team Ploughing.
IV. Oh, When I Was in Love with You.
V. Bredon Hill.
VI. Clun.

Amy Williams, piano
Kathryn Brandt, violin
Johanna Hulick, violin
Jacob Glick, viola
Jared Shapiro, cello
Lou Calabro, conductor

—intermission—

"Comes Once in a Lifetime"
from Subways Are for Sleeping
—J. Styne

"That's Life"
—Dean Kay and Kelly Gordon

"The Way You Look Tonight"
Words, Dorothy Fields
Music, Jerome Kern
—with Brenna Thorpe
Eric Ginman, piano

"The Fall"
Barrentine/Thorpe
—with The Killer B’s
with Brooks Ashmanskas & Brenna Thorpe

"Summertime"
from Porgy and Bess
—George Gershwin

"Georgia on My Mind"
—M. Carmichael

"You Are Too Beautiful"
Rodgers/Hart

"Ain't Misbehavin'"
Fats Waller

Eric Ginman, piano
Jason McDermott, guitar
Troy Kinser, double bass
Nicola Furman, drums
I. Finch’han dal vino

Now that the wine
Has set their heads whirling,
Go and prepare
A wonderful party.
If on the way
You meet some young lady,
Try also to bring
Her along.
Let the dancing be spontaneous
They can do the minuet,
The gavotte
Or the waltz,
Just as you like.
And I in the meantime
Behind the scenes
Will be flirting
With this one and that one.
Ah, to my list
Tomorrow morning
You will have to add
At least ten names!

II. Den vieni alla finestra

Come to the window, my treasure,
Come to console my lament.
If you deny me some relief,
I want to die before your eyes!
You whose mouth is sweeter than honey,
You whose heart cradles sweet desires!
Do not, my beloved, be cruel to me!
At least let me see you, my loved one!

III. la ci darem la mano

Don Giovanni:
There you will give me your hand,
There you will tell me “yes.”
You see, it is not far.
Let us leave, my beloved.

Zerlina:
I’d like to, but yet I would not.
My heart trembles a little.
It’s true I would be happy,
But he may be just tricking me.

Don Giovanni:
Come, my dearly beloved!

Zerlina:
I’m sorry for Masetto.

Don Giovanni:
I will change your life.

Zerlina:
Soon I won’t be able to resist.

Both:
Let us go, let us go, my beloved,
To soothe the pangs
Of an innocent love.
On Wenlock Edge
Poems from "A Shropshire Lad" by A. E. Houseman

No. 1—On Wenlock Edge
On Wenlock Edge the wood's in trouble: His forest fleece the Wrekin heaves; The gale, it plies the sapwoods double, And thick on Severn throw the leaves.

No. 2—From afar, from eve and morning
From afar, from eve and morning And you twelve-winded sky, The stuff of life to knit me Blew hither here am I.

No. 3—Is my team ploughing?
"Is my team ploughing, That I was used to drive And hear the harness jingle When I was man alive?"

No. 4—Oh, when I was in love with you
Oh, when I was in love with you Then I was clean and brave, And miles around the wonder grew How well did I behave.

No. 5—Bredon Hill
(In summertime on Bredon)
In summertime on Bredon The bells they sound so clear; Round both the tiers they ring them In steeples far and near, A happy noise to hear.

No. 6—Clun
In valleys of springs of rivers, By Ony and Teurn clun, The country for easy lives, The quietest under the sun, We still had sorrows to lighten, One could not always be glad, And lads knew trouble at Knighton When I was a Knighton lad.

And if a lad grows older The troubles he bears are more, He carries his griefs on a shoulder That handstalled them long before.

Tis a long way further than Knighton, A quieter place than Clun, Where doomsday may thunder and lighten And little 'twill matter to one.