

Thank You

To my friends, especially Kim, Dana, Ethan, Ron, Zubin, Katrina and Heather; the Poster Artists (Natasha, Sara, Amber, Adam, Lindsey). To Ida, Yoshiko, Sue, and Carol. To my family, especially my Mom. And to Allli. Thanks.

welcome to

Kevin Casey's Senior Voice Concert

HERE IS KEVIN CASEY

Deane Carriage Barn
Wednesday, April 24th
8:30 pm

This concert was made possible in part through the generous support of Judith Rosenberg Hoffberger '54 and the Henry Ruth Blaustein Rosenberg Foundation.

Program

If I Were a Rich Man	Jerry Bock, Sheldon Harnick
Madamina	Mozart (<i>Don Giovanni</i>)
Cockles and Mussels	traditional
Paradise Lost	Anton Rubinstein
The Pig and the Drunk	traditional
Ben Backstay	sea chanty

~intermission~

Olin Blitch Sermon	Carlisle Floyd (<i>Susannah</i>)
Le Veau D'Or	Charles Gounod (<i>Faust</i>)
What Child Is This?	traditional
Fin C'han Dal Vino	Mozart (<i>Don Giovanni</i>)
Wayfaring Stranger	traditional

Ben Backstay was a Bosun,
 A Very Jolly Boy.
 And none as he, so merrily,
 Could sing all hands ahoy.
 Could sing all hands ahoy,
 Could sing all hands ahoy.
 With a chip chop cherry chop,
 Foddle roddle riddle rop.
 Chip chop cherry chop,
 Fol de rol ray.

One day our gallant Captain,
 A very jolly dog.
 Gave out unto the whole ship's crew
 A double whack of grog. A double, etc.

Which made Ben Backstay tipsy,
 All to his heart's content.
 And while he was half-seas over,
 Right overboard he went. Etc.

A shark appeared on starboard side,
 And sharks no man can stand.
 For they just gobble up everything,
 Just like them sharks on land. Etc.

They threw him out some tackling,
 Of saving him they'd hopes,
 But since the shark bit off his head,
 He could not see the rope. Etc.

And now his headless ghost appeared,
 All on the briny lake,
 An' calling all the hands right aft,
 Said, "By me a warning take." Etc.

"Through drinkin' grog I lost my life,
 An' lest my fate ye meet,
 Don't ever mix your rum me boys,
 But always take it neat." Etc.

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Madamina

My lady, this is the list of the beauties that my master has loved; a list that I made myself. In Italy 640. In Germany 231. 100 in France, in Turkey 91. But in Spain there are already 1003. There are among these peasant girls, servants, townspeople, there are countesses and baronesses, marquesses, princesses. And there are women of every class, Of every shape, of every age.

In the blonde he praises the gentility; in the brunette, the constancy; in the pale ones, the sweetness. He wants in the winter the fat one, in the summer the lean one and the tall, majestic one; the little one, always delicate. Of the old ones he makes conquest for the pleasure of putting them on the list. His prevailing passion is the young beginner. It doesn't matter if she's rich, ugly, or beautiful. Provided that she wears a skirt, you know that which he does!

Le Veau D'Or

The calf of gold is still standing! His Power is honored from one end of the earth to the other end. To feast the infamous idol, Kings and peoples confounded, to the somber noise of the golden coins, dance a mad round about his pedestal. And Satan conducts the ball.

The calf of gold is conquerer of gods! In his derisive glory, the despicable monster reviles heaven! At his feet he contemplates the wild ragings of the human race, hurling themselves, the sword in hand, in the blood and in the mire, where shines the ardent metal!

Fin C'han Dal Vino

So that their heads may be warmed with wine, prepare a great feast; if you find in the square some girls, bring them along with you; let the dancing be without any set plan. Some the minuet, some the folia, some the allemande you will make to dance. And I, meanwhile, in the other corner, with this one and that one want to make love. Ah, my list, by tomorrow morning, must grow by ten.