

Boston University College of Fine Arts
School of Music

Ellalou Dimmock (1928-1995)
Honors Voice Recital 2020

Tara Dougherty, soprano
Tara Palazuelos, mezzo-soprano
Shiela Kibbe, piano

BOSTON UNIVERSITY

Founded in 1839, Boston University is an internationally recognized institution of higher education and research. With more than 33,000 students, it is the fourth-largest independent university in the United States. BU consists of 16 schools and colleges, along with a number of multi-disciplinary centers and institutes integral to the University's research and teaching mission. In 2012, BU joined the Association of American Universities (AAU), a consortium of 62 leading research universities in the United States and Canada.

BOSTON UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF FINE ARTS

Established in 1954, Boston University College of Fine Arts (CFA) is a community of artist-scholars and scholar-artists who are passionate about the fine and performing arts, committed to diversity and inclusion, and determined to improve the lives of others through art. With programs in Music, Theatre, and Visual Arts, CFA prepares students for a meaningful creative life by developing their intellectual capacity to create art, shift perspective, think broadly, and master relevant 21st century skills. CFA offers a wide array of undergraduate, graduate, and doctoral programs, as well as a range of online degrees and certificates. Learn more at bu.edu/cfa.

BOSTON UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF FINE ARTS

SCHOOL OF MUSIC

Founded in 1872, Boston University College of Fine Arts School of Music combines the intimacy and intensity of traditional conservatory-style training with a broad liberal arts education at the undergraduate level, and elective coursework at the graduate level. The school offers degrees in performance, conducting, composition and theory, musicology, music education, and historical performance, as well as artist and performance diplomas and a certificate program in its Opera Institute.

PERFORMANCE VENUES

CFA Concert Hall • 855 Commonwealth Avenue

Marsh Chapel • 735 Commonwealth Avenue

Tsai Performance Center • 685 Commonwealth Avenue

Boston Symphony Hall • 301 Massachusetts Avenue



Boston University College of Fine Arts
School of Music

Tara Dougherty, soprano
Tara Palazuelos, mezzo-soprano
Shiela Kibbe, piano

from *Spanisches Liederspiel, Op.71*
Botschaft (Geibel)
Erste Begegnung (Geibel)

Robert Schumann
(1810-1856)

Tara Dougherty, soprano
Tara Palazuelos, mezzo-soprano

Ständchen, Op.106 No.1 (Kugler)
Es träumte mir, Op.57 No.3 (Daumer)
Der Jäger, Op.95 No.4 (Halm)
Ach, wende diesen Blick, Op.57 No.4 (Daumer)
Vergebliches Ständchen, Op.84 No.4 (Zuccamaglio)

Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

Tara Dougherty, soprano

Madrid (Musset)

Pauline Viardot
(1821-1910)

Te quiero-dijiste (Grever)

Maria Grever
(1885-1951)

Los ojos (Machado)

Joelle Wallach
(b.1946)

Granada (Lara)

Augustin Lara
(1897-1970)

Tara Palazuelos, mezzo-soprano

Intermission

Haï luli! (de Maistre)

Pauline Viardot
(1821-1910)

Reflets (Maeterlinck)

Lili Boulanger
(1893-1918)

Soir d'hiver 1914-1915 (N.Boulanger)

Nadia Boulanger
(1887-1979)

Tara Palazuelos, mezzo-soprano

Vignettes: Letters from George to Evelyn (Honts)
From the Private Papers of a World War II Bride

Alan Louis Smith
(b.1955)

Prologue

Stationed in Europe:

I had seen fire
Good morning darling
I am still the busiest guy
... the build up

Crossing the English Channel:

I am the only officer

France, having survived the Normandy Invasion, D-Day:

Downpour of rain
The order of the day
It is still inconceivable

Telegram - Schism

Western Union

Epilogue

Tara Dougherty, soprano

from Facing Forward / Looking Back
Facing Forward (Heggie)

Jake Heggie
(b.1961)

Tara Dougherty, soprano
Tara Palazuelos, mezzo-soprano

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Botschaft, from *Spanisches Liederspiel*, Op.74
Emanuel Geibel (1815- 1884)

Nelken wind' ich und Jasmin,
Und es denkt mein Herz an ihn.

Nelken all', ihr flammenroten,
Die der Morgen mir beschert,
Zu ihm send' ich euch als Boten
Jener Glut, die mich verzehrt.
Und ihr weißen Blüten wert,
Sanft mit Düften grüßet ihn,
Sagt ihm, daß ich bleich vor Sehnen,
Daß ich auf ihn harr' in Tränen.
Nelken wind' ich und Jasmin,
Und es denkt mein Herz an ihn.
Tausend Blumen, tauumflossen,
Find' ich neu im Tal erwacht;
Alle sind erst heut' entsprossen,
Aber hin ist ihre Pracht,
Wenn der nächste Morgen lacht.
Sprich du duftiger Jasmin,
Sprecht ihr flammenroten Nelken,
Kann so schnell auch Liebe welken?
Ach es denkt mein Herz an ihn!
Nelken wind' ich und Jasmin,
Und es denkt mein Herz an ihn.

Message, from Spanish Liederspiel
Translation © Richard Stokes, author of *The Book of Lieder* (Faber, 2005)

I gather carnations and jasmine
And my heart thinks of him.

All you flame-red carnations
which the morning presented me,
I send you to him as messengers
Of that passion which devours me.
And you dear white blooms—
greet him gently with your fragrance
tell him I am pale with longing
That I wait for him in tears.
I gather carnations and jasmine,
And my heart thinks of him.
A thousand flowers, drenched in dew,
I find in the valley, newly awakened;
though all blossomed but today,
their splendor will be gone
When the next smiling morning dawns.
Speak, O fragrant jasmine,
Speak, O flame-red carnations,
Can love too wither so quickly?
Ah, my heart thinks of him!
I gather carnations and jasmine,
And my heart thinks of him.

Erste Begegnung, *Spanisches Liederspiel*,
Op.74

Emanuel Geibel (1815- 1884)

Von dem Rosenbusch, o Mutter,
Von den Rosen komm ich;
An den Ufern jenes Wassers
Sah ich Rosen stehn und Knospen;
Von den Rosen komm ich.

An den Ufern jenes Flusses
Sah ich Rosen stehn in Blüte;
Von den Rosen komm ich,
Sah ich Rosen stehn in Blüte,
Brach mit Seufzen mir die Rosen
Von dem Rosenbusch, o Mutter;
Von den Rosen komm ich.
Und am Rosenbusch, o Mutter,
Einen Jüngling sah ich;
An den Ufern jenes Wassers
Einen schlanken Jüngling sah ich,
Einen Jüngling sah ich.
An den Ufern jenes Flusses
Sucht' nach Rosen auch der Jüngling,
Viele Rosen pflückt' er, viele Rosen,
Und mit Lächeln brach die schönste er,
Gab mit Seufzen mir die Rose.
Von dem Rosenbusch, o Mutter,
Von den Rosen komm ich.

First Encounter, from *Spanish Liederspiel*
Translation © Richard Stokes, author of *The*
Book of Lieder (Faber, 2005)

I come from the rose-bush, O mother
I come from the roses;
On the banks of those waters
I saw roses and buds;
I come from the roses.

On the banks of that river
I saw roses in blossom
I come from the roses
I saw roses in blossom,
sighing I picked the roses
from the rose-bush, O mother;
I come from the roses.
And by the rose-bush, O mother,
I saw a young man;
On the banks of those waters
I saw a slim young man,
I saw a young man.
On the banks of that river
The young man also looked for roses
Many roses he picked, many roses,
And smiling he picked the loveliest,
And sighing gave me the rose.
I come from the rose-bush, O mother,
I come from the roses.

Ständchen, Op. 106 No. 1
Franz Kugler (1808- 1858)

Der Mond steht über dem Berge,
So recht für verliebte Leut;
Im Garten rieselt ein Brunnen,
Sonst Stille weit und breit.

Neben der Mauer, im Schatten,
Da stehn der Studenten drei
Mit Flöt' und Geig' und Zither,
Und singen und spielen dabei.

Die Klänge schleichen der Schönsten
Sacht in den Traum hinein,
Sie schaut den blonden Geliebten
Und lispelt: „Vergiß nicht mein!“

Es träumte mir Op. 57 No. 3
Georg Friedrich Daumer (1800- 1875)

Es träumte mir,
Ich sei dir teuer;
Doch zu erwachen
Bedurft ich kaum.
Denn schon im Traume
Bereits empfand ich,
Es sei ein Traum.

Serenade
Translation © Richard Stokes, author of *The Book of Lieder* (Faber, 2005)

The moon shines over the mountain,
Just right for people in love;
A fountain purls in the garden –
Otherwise silence far and wide.

By the wall in the shadows,
Three students stand
With flute and fiddle and zither,
And sing and play.

The sound steals softly into the dreams
Of the loveliest of girls,
She sees her fair-headed lover
And whispers "Remember me!"

I dreamed
Translation © Richard Stokes, author of *The Book of Lieder* (Faber, 2005)

I dreamed,
I was dear to you;
But I scarcely needed
To awaken.
For even in my dreams
I felt,
It was a dream.

Der Jäger, Op. 95 No. 4
Friedrich Halm (1806- 1871)

Mein Lieb ist ein Jäger,
Und grün ist sein Kleid,
Und blau ist sein Auge,
Nur sein Herz ist zu weit.

Mein Lieb ist ein Jäger,
Trifft immer in's Ziel,
Und Mädchen berückt er,
So viel er nur will.

Mein Lieb ist ein Jäger,
Kennt Wege und Spur,
Zu mir aber kommt er
Durch die Kirchtüre nur!

Ach, wende diesen Blick, Op. 57 No. 4
Georg Friedrich Daumer (1800- 1875)

Ach, wende diesen Blick, dies Angesicht!
Das Inn're mir mit ewig-neuer Glut,
Mit ewig-neuem Harm erfülle nicht!

Wenn einmal die gequälte Seele ruht,
Und mit so fieberischer Wilde nicht
In meinen Adern rollt das heisse Blut—

Ein Strahl, ein flüchtiger, von deinem Licht,
Er wecket auf des Weh's gesammte Wut,
Das schlangengleich mich in das Herze sticht.

The Hunter
*Translation © Richard Stokes, author of The
Book of Lieder (Faber, 2005)*

My love's a huntsman,
And he dresses in green,
And his eyes are blue,
But his heart's too open.

My love's a huntsman,
Never misses his mark,
And he bewitches girls,
As many as he will.

My love's a huntsman,
Knows tracks and trails,
But he'll only come to me
Through the church door.

Ah, turn away that gaze
*Translation © Richard Stokes, author of The
Book of Lieder (Faber, 2005)*

Ah, turn away that gaze, that face!
Don't fill my inmost being with ever-new fire,
with ever-new grief!

When once my tormented soul finds rest,
And my hot blood no longer courses
Through my veins so wildly, so feverishly—

A single fleeting ray of your light
Would reawaken the entire rage of pain
That stings my heart like a serpent.

Vergebliches Stänchen, Op. 84 No. 4
Anton Wilhelm Florentin von Zuccalmaglio
(1803 - 1869)

Er: Guten Abend, mein Schatz,
Guten Abend, mein Kind!
Ich komm' aus Lieb' zu dir,
Ach, mach' mir auf die Tür,
Mach' mir auf die Tür!

Sie: Mein' Tür ist verschlossen,
Ich lass' dich nicht ein;
Mutter, die rät' mir klug,
Wär'st du herein mit Fug,
Wär's mit mir vorbei!

Er: So kalt ist die Nacht,
So eisig der Wind,
Dass mir das Herz erfriert,
Mein' Lieb' erlöschen wird;
Öffne mir, mein Kind!

Sie: Löschet dein' Lieb';
Lass' sie löschen nur!
Löschet sie immerzu,
Geh' heim zu Bett, zur Ruh'!
Gute Nacht, mein Knab'!

Vain Serenade
Translation © Richard Stokes, author of *The Book of Lieder* (Faber, 2005)

He: Good evening, my sweetheart,
good evening, my child!
I come because I love you;
Ah! open up your door to me,
open up your door!

She: My door's locked,
I won't let you in;
mother gave me good advice—
if you were allowed in,
all would be over with me!

He: The night's so cold,
the wind's so icy,
my heart is freezing,
my love will go out;
open up, my child!

She: If your love goes out,
then let it go out!
If it keeps going out,
then go home to bed and go to sleep!
Goodnight, my lad!

Madrid

Text by Alfred de Musset (1810-1857)

Madrid princesse des Espagnes,
Il court par tes mille campagnes
Bien des yeux bleu, bien des yeux noirs.
La blanche ville aux sérénades,
Il passe par tes promenades
Bien des petits pieds tous les soirs.

Madrid quand tes taureaux bondissent,
Bien des mains blanches applaudissent,
Bien des écharpes sont en jeux;
Par tes belles nuits étoilées
Bien des señoras long voilées
Descendent tes escaliers bleus.

Madrid, Madrid, moi je me raille
De tes dames à fine taille
Qui chaussent l'escarpin étroit;
Car j'en sais une, par le monde,
Que jamais ni brune ni blonde
N'ont valu le bout de son doigt!

Car c'est ma princesses Andalouse!
Mon amoureuse, ma jalouse,
Ma belle veuve au long réseau!
C'est un vrai démon,c'est un ange!
Elle est jaune comme une orange,
Elle est vive comme l'oiseau!

Or, si d'aventure on s'enquête
Qui m'a valu telle conquête,
C'est l'allure de mon cheval,
Un compliment sur sa mantille
Et des bon bons à la vanille
Par un beau soir de carnaval.

Madrid

Translation by Tara Palazuelos

Madrid, princess of all of Spain
It runs through your thousands of lands
Many a blue eye, many a black
The white city of serenades,
It passes through your promenades
On many little feet every night.

Madrid when your bulls are bounding
Many a white hand applauds,
Many banners are streaming;
On your beautiful starry nights,
Many a long-veiled señora strolls
Down your blue staircases.

Madrid, Madrid, I laugh
At your finely dressed women
Wearing narrow heels
Because I know that no one in all the world,
Neither brunette nor blonde,
Is worth the tip of her finger.

Because she is my Andalusian princess
My love, my jealous one,
My beautiful widow in a long veil!
A real demon, an angel!
She is yellow like an orange,
She is lively like a bird!

Now, if you want to know,
How I made this conquest,
It was the allure of my horse,
A compliment on her mantilla
And some vanilla bonbons
On a beautiful evening of carnival.

Te Quiero Dijiste
Text by María Grever (1885-1951)

Te quiero, dijiste.
Tomando mis manos entre tus manitas,
De blanco marfil.
Y senti en mi pecho,
Un fuerte latido,
Despues un suspiro y luego el chasquido,
De un beso febril.
Muñequita linda,
De cabellos de oro,
De dientes de perla,
Labios de rubi.
Dime si me quieres, como yo te adoro,
Si de mi, te acuerdas, como yo de ti.
Y a veces escucho un eco divino,
Que envuelto en la brisa,
Parece decir.
Si te quiero mucho, mucho, mucho, mucho,
Tanto como entonces, siempre hasta morir.

Los Ojos
Text by Antonio Machado (1875-1939)

Cuando murió su amada
Pensó en hacerse viejo
En la mansión cerrada,
Solo, con su memoria y el espejo
Donde ella se miraba un claro día.
Como el oro en el arca del avaro,
Pensó que guardaría todo un ayer en el
espejo claro.
Ya el tiempo para él no correría.

Mas, pasado el primer aniversario,
¿cómo eran-preguntó-. Pardos o negros,
Sus ojos? ¿Glaucos? ... ¿Grisés?
¿Cómo eran, ¡Santo Dios!, que no
recuerdo?...

Salió a la calle un día
De primavera, y paseó en silencio
Su doble luto, el corazón cerrado...
De una ventana en el sombrío hueco
Vió unos ojos brillar. Bajó los suyos
Y siguió su camino.....
¡Comos éstos!

You said I love you
Translation by Tara Palazuelos

You said I love you
While taking my hands into your little ones
Of ivory white.
And I felt in my chest
A strong heartbeat
After a sigh and then the snap
Of a feverish kiss
pretty little doll
With hair of gold,
pearly teeth,
Red lips....
Tell me that you love me like I adore you,
That you remember me like I do you.
And at times I hear a divine echo
Wrapped up in the breeze
It seems to say
Yes I love you very, very, very, very much
So much that I will love you until I die...

The Eyes
Translation by Joelle Wallach

When his beloved died
He thought he would grow old
In the closed mansion
Alone, with his memory and his mirror
Where she saw herself on clear days.
Like gold in the ark of a miser
He thought that he could keep all of his
yesterdays in the clarity of the mirror.
For him, time wouldn't run.

But, the first anniversary passed,
"How were they?" he asked, "Hazel or
black, her eyes? Green? ... Gray?
How were they!?! Dear God! That I don't
remember?..."

He went out in the street one day
In the springtime and silently carried
His double mourning, his heart closed
From a dark hole in a window
He saw a pair of gleaming eyes. He looked
down and continued walking ...
"Like those!"

Granada

Text by Augustin Lara (1897-1970)

Granada tierra soñada por mí.
Mi cantar se vuelve gitano cuando
es para ti.

Mi cantar hecho de fantasía,
mi cantar flor de melancolía
que yo te vengo a dar.

Granada tierra ensangrentada
en las tardes de toros.
Mujer que conserva el embrujo
de los ojos moros.

De sueño rebelde y gitana cubierta de flores
y beso tu boca de grana jugosa manzana
que me había de amores

Granada manola cantada en coplas
preciosas.
No tengo otra cosa que darte que un ramo
de rosas, de rosas de suave fragancia que le
dieran marco a la Virgen morena.
Granada tu tierra está llena de lindas
mujeres,
de sangre y de sol.

Granada

Translation by Tara Palazuelos

Granada, land I've been dreaming of
When my song is for you it turns into
A Gypsy-like shout.

It's my song, made of fantasy,
Yes, my song, flower of melancholy,
That I now bring to you.

Granada, your soil is made bloody
By men and bulls fighting;
A woman with bewitching Moorish eyes

Dreaming of a rebel gypsy covered in
flowers and I kiss your mouth which is like
a ripe juicy apple that has me in love.

Granada manola sung with beautiful
rhymes
I've nothing to give you other than a bunch
of roses, roses of sweet fragrance that
will encircle the brown skinned Holy Virgin.
Granada your soil is full of beautiful
women
of blood and of sun.

Haï Luli

Text by Xavier de Maistre (1763-1852)

Je suis triste, je m'inquiète,
Je ne sais plus que devenir.
Mon bon ami devait venir,
Et je l'attends ici seulette.
Haï luli! Haï luli!
Où donc peut être mon ami?

Je m'assieds pour filer ma laine,
Le fil se casse dans ma main:
Allons! Je filerai demain,
Aujourd'hui je suis trop en peine.
Haï luli! Haï luli!
Qu'il fait triste sans son ami!

Si jamais il devient volage,
S'il doit un jour m'abandonner,
Le village n'a qu'à brûler,
Et moi-même avec le village!
Haï luli! Haï luli!

Reflets

Text by Maurice Maeterlinck (1862-1949)

Sous l'eau du songe qui s'élève
Mon âme a peur, mon âme a peur
Et la lune luit dans mon coeur
Plongé dans les sources du rêve
Sous l'ennui morne des roseaux,
Seul le reflet profond des choses
Des lys des palmes et des roses
Pleurent encore eau fond des eaux
Les fleurs s'effeuillent une à une
Sur le reflet du firmament
Pour descendre éternellement
Sous l'eau du songe et dans la lune

Haï Luli

Translation by Tara Palazuelos

I am sad, I am troubled,
I do not know what will happen.
My lover should come,
And I wait for him here all alone...
Haï Luli! Haï Luli!
Where could my love be?

I sit down to spin my wool,
The strand breaks in my hand:
Let's go! I'll spin tomorrow,
Today I am too much in pain.
Haï Luli! Haï luli!
How sad he will feel without his love!

If he ever becomes fickle
If he abandons me one day
The village has nothing to do but burn,
And myself with the village!
Haï luli! Haï luli!

Reflections

English Translation © Richard Stokes

Beneath the water of the dream that rises
My soul is afraid, my soul is afraid
And the moon lights my heart
Plunged into the source of the dream
Under the dismal boredom of the reeds,
Only the deep reflection of things
Of lilies of fins and of roses
Weep on the edge of the water
The flowers shed their petals one by one
Upon the reflection of the heavens
To descend forever
Under the water in the dream and the moon

Soir d'hiver

Text by Nadia Boulanger (1887-1979)

Une jeune femme berce son enfant.
Elle est seule, elle pleure, mais elle chante,
Car il faut bien qu'il entende
La chanson douce et tendre pour qu'il
s'endorme.

"Voici Noël, mon petit enfant bleu.
Les cloches sonneront
Pour que tu sois joyeux."

Celui qu'elle aime est parti...
Et la chanson s'arrête!
Elle dit:
"Où est-il à cette heure?
Entend-il ma voix?
Et sait-il que je vis?"

Elle pleure si simplement
Que le cœur en a mal.
Elle regarde son fils
Et cherche s'il ressemble
À celui qu'elle attend inlassablement,
De toute son âme, de toute sa tendresse!

Elle pleure, mais elle espère!
Elle entend de loin la victoire,
Elle devine la lutte sans merci,
Mais elle croit à la Justice,
Elle sait que toute une vie s'est donnée,
Joyeuse et fière, et elle attend,
Auprès de ce berceau si petit,
Qui tient le cœur d'un homme.

Winter Night

Translation by Tara Palazuelos

A young woman cradles her child.
She is alone, she weeps, but she sings
Because he has to hear
The sweet and tender song so that he may
Fall asleep.

"Christmas is here, my little child of blue.
The bells will ring,
Bringing happiness to you."

The man she loves has left....
And the song stops!
She says:
"Where is he now?
Does he hear my voice?
And does he know that I'm alive?"

She weeps so simply
That her hearts hurts
She gazes at her son
And looks for a resemblance
To the one for whom she waits untiringly,
With all her soul, with all her tenderness!

She weeps, but she hopes!
She hears Victory from afar,
She guesses that it's a thankless struggle,
Yet she believes in justice,
She knows that a whole life has been given,
happy and proud, she waits
Right next to the tiny cradle,
That holds a man's heart.

Vignettes: Letters from George to Evelyn (Honts)
From the Private Papers of a World War II Bride

Prologue

Dearest...

Darling...

Stationed in Europe

December '42

I had seen fire go through the young pines in drought season. But it was no more swift than passion's blaze through us. Our hearts were rejoined and we were in each other's arms. We were pitiful in the bliss and pain of it—so lavish were our loves so strong our need and right for each other and so vigorous and sentient our years. You will remember, won't you?

6 April '44

Good morning darling. The sun has just come up. It's a beautiful morning. The grassy downs are sparkling like myriads of diamonds. Sheep are placidly grazing around my tent satisfied with the prospect of getting both food and drink in the same mouthful and displaying their woolly youngsters with great pride. From the top of our hill the great sea is as quiet as a lake. The anchored hulls of all the cargo ships are quietly swaying to and fro keeping rhythm with gently swells that do not end in surf. This morning my heart goes out to you.

Mar. 18 '44

I am still the busiest guy in the seven armies and the days and nights run together and melt away with alarming speed. Still, each one that passes brings closer that time when my purgatory on earth shall be ended and I can enter into my heaven through the portals of your two lovely arms.

Mar. 21st '45

The build up for the big push rapidly being completed.

Crossing the English Channel

March 10, '44

I am the only officer aboard from my outfit; the boys are at a high pitch and primed for action. I am not the big chap that you may have imagined... right now I feel very small and unfit, unequal to the job that is awaiting for me just beyond the horizon and I am guilty of hiding a great loneliness and not a little fear behind a demeanor of official bravado and I confess feeling very smug in your love. Shouldn't I feel more proud of attaining you than if I were the big, brave invincible knight of your dreams?

France, having survived the Normandy Invasion, D-Day

July 2nd, '44

Downpour of rain—bombers—fighters—mud—shattered dwellings—dead livestock—up-rooted trees—et cetera.

14 Oct '44

The order of the day is mud mud mud. Thin slippery mud thick sticky mud, French mud German mud. The rain is continuing unabated and the channel is pounding at its cliff confines as though it were possessed of the devil himself.

Nov. 22 '44

It is still inconceivable to me that you have chosen to share your life with me a love which has given me new life a new goal and a new approach to heaven.

Telegram-Schism

Western Union 1945 April 2 PM 6 24

..TA84

T.WA291 Government Washington DC 2 753P

The secretary of war desires to express his deep regret that your husband First Lieutenant Honts George W was killed in action in Germany 25 March 45 confirming letter follows

A J ULIO the Adjutant General

2 5 4 5.

Epilogue

My heart, my mind, my soul is yours—Love me—love me—I adore you love me, too. My best to everyone... Must run now my sweet— gotta run now baby. Love George

Facing Forward

Text by Jake Heggie

Let it go.
Let it out of your heart.
Set it free.
Let it be a part, set apart.
And maybe then you will see.
Maybe then it will be a little easier to let go
and be free.
And you want to be free, don't you?

Which way are you looking?
What are you looking for?
Go on. Be Strong.
There's so much to be living for.

Let it go.
Let it out of your heart.
Set it free.
Let it be a part, set apart.
And maybe you will see.
Maybe then it will be a little easier to let go
and be free.
And you want to be free, don't you?

Oh, mom, which way was I looking?
What was I looking for?
Go on. Be strong.
There's so much to be living for and so
many other people to give to.

Let it go.
Let it out of your heart.
Set it free.
And maybe then, baby, you'll see.
You'll see yourself.

PERFORMER BIOGRAPHIES

Tara Dougherty, soprano, from Bristol, Pennsylvania, is currently a senior at Boston University where she studies under the tutelage of Dr. Lynn Eustis. Ms. Dougherty has performed in a variety of solo and ensemble works. Recently, she has performed as an ensemble member in Boston University's productions of *The Rake's Progress* and *La Traviata* under the baton of conductor William Lumpkin. As a member of the Boston University Opera Workshop and Opera Project, she has performed scenes by Weber, Humperdinck, and Mozart. Ms. Dougherty has also participated in the VIVA Festival with Opera Project Columbus, and CoOPERative at Westminster Choir College. Next summer, Ms. Dougherty is engaged to perform as part of Curtis Summerfest at The Curtis Institute of Music. In addition to her dedication to performing arts, Ms. Dougherty has been pursuing a minor in education through the Wheelock College of Education at BU.

Tara Palazuelos is a Mexican-American mezzo-soprano and is currently a senior at Boston University where she studies under the tutelage of Prof. Penelope Bitzas. Ms. Palazuelos has sung in Boston University's opera productions *The Rake's Progress* and *La Traviata*, under the baton of Prof. William Lumpkin. As part of the Boston University Opera Project and Opera Workshop, she has performed scenes by Viardot, Bizet, Cimarosa, Menotti, Handel, and more. Ms. Palazuelos has performed in solo and ensemble capacities throughout the U.S. and Europe, with renowned ensembles including the Oregon Symphony Orchestra and POPS, the Pacific Youth Choir, and Oregon Bach Festival Chorus. She has recorded radio programs and a studio album with Portland based "little-orchestra" Pink Martini. She has performed as part of the Oregon Bach Festival and the Aquilon Music Festival. Ms. Palazuelos has a particular passion for Latin American music, diversity, and arts education.

Pianist **Shiela Kibbe** maintains an international career as recital partner to instrumentalists and vocalists alike, concertizing throughout the United States and Europe, as well as in China, Japan, and Russia.

She has premiered works by American composers Howard Frazin, Daniel Pinkham, Elena Ruehr, David Sisco, Julian Wachner, and John Wallace, and has been a guest artist for the Eastern Trombone Workshop, Florestan Recital Project, National Trumpet Competition, International Trombone Association, Naumburg Vocal Competition, and WordSong, Inc.

Shiela Kibbe may be heard in recordings with Courtney Miller, oboist – Centaur Records (*Modern Fairy Tales*), Terry Everson, trumpeter – Albany Records (*In the Style Of*), Stephen Salters, baritone – Qualiton Records (Cyprés label), and the John Oliver Chorale – Koch.

She served as Director *ad interim* of the CFA School of Music from 2016-2019, returning to teaching this fall as Chair of the Collaborative Piano Department. Graduates of her studio hold teaching and performing positions with artistic organizations and academic institutions across the United States and in Asia.

Dimmock Recital Alumni

1996-1997

Jennifer Rivera
Georgia Jarman
Lawrence Bianco

1997-1998

Miranda Rowe
Patrick Gagnon

1998-1999

Katherine Jolly
Kristy Ererra
Oshin Gregorian

1999-2000

Devon Patane
Michel Bouvier
Alison Tupay

2000-2001

Maria D'Amato
Kristen Faerber
Gianmarco Marostica
Daniel Billings

2001-2002

Emily Landa
Kelly Markgraf

2002-2003

Meryl Atlas
Sean Landers
Kristin Ezell
Emily Ezzie

2003-2004

Alexander Boyer
Kendall Lima

2004-2005

Laura Parker
Robert Mezzanotte

2005-2006

Avery Griffin
Sherri Snow

2006-2007

Heather Hoopes

2007-2008

Amanda H. Bulat
Sarah St. Denis
Michael Nishimura
Cassandra Santiago

2008-2009

Liana Guberman

2009-2010

Elizabeth Evans
Mary Henriquez
Tatyana Ilyin
Daniel Ross

2010-2011

Christopher Maher
Tara Deieso
Edward Cleary

2011-2012

Lea Madda
Tom Curry

2012-2013

Suzanne Karpov
Joanna Lynn-Jacobs
Mariya Shoteva

2013-2014

Virginia Barney
Melanie Burbules

2014-2015

Naomi Brigell
Erik Van Heyningen

2015-2016

Erika Anderson
Rose Lewis

2016-2017

Madeline Bueter
Francesco Logozzo
Marissa Plati

2017-2018

Joyner Horn

2018-2019

Jessica Graves
Dylan Gregg

2019-2020

Caroline Bourg
Anna Carolina Pelaez

Recipients of the Ellalou Dimmock Voice Honors Award have distinguished themselves with graduate degrees from institutions such as The Juilliard School, Manhattan School of Music, and the College Conservatory of Cincinnati, among others. They have attended the Juilliard Opera Center, the Music Academy of the West, the Tanglewood Music Center, Merola Opera Program, the Santa Fe Opera Apprentice Program, and the Opera Theater of St. Louis; they have performed with numerous opera companies such as Covent Garden, Berlin Staatsoper, Teatro Reggion di Torino, Glimmerglass Festival, Santa Fe Opera, Opera Theater of St. Louis, New York City Opera, Wolf Trap, Central City, Dallas Opera, the Caramoor Festival, Boston Lyric Opera, Sarasota Opera, Cincinnati Opera, and Montecarlo 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 of prize money for the singers as well as honoraria for participating musicians.

The senior-class singers chosen by the voice faculty to perform in 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.

Donations may be made to:
The Ellalou Dimmock Memorial Fund
The Boston University College of Fine Arts
Attn: Office of Stewardship
19 Deerfield Street
Boston, MA 02215