

Ithaca College Digital Commons @ IC

All Concert & Recital Programs

Concert & Recital Programs

2-22-2016

Recital: Composition Studio

Nate Long

William Schmidt

Marianna Filippi

Josh Oxford

Follow this and additional works at: http://digitalcommons.ithaca.edu/music_programs

 Part of the [Music Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Long, Nate; Schmidt, William; Filippi, Marianna; and Oxford, Josh, "Recital: Composition Studio" (2016). *All Concert & Recital Programs*. 1626.

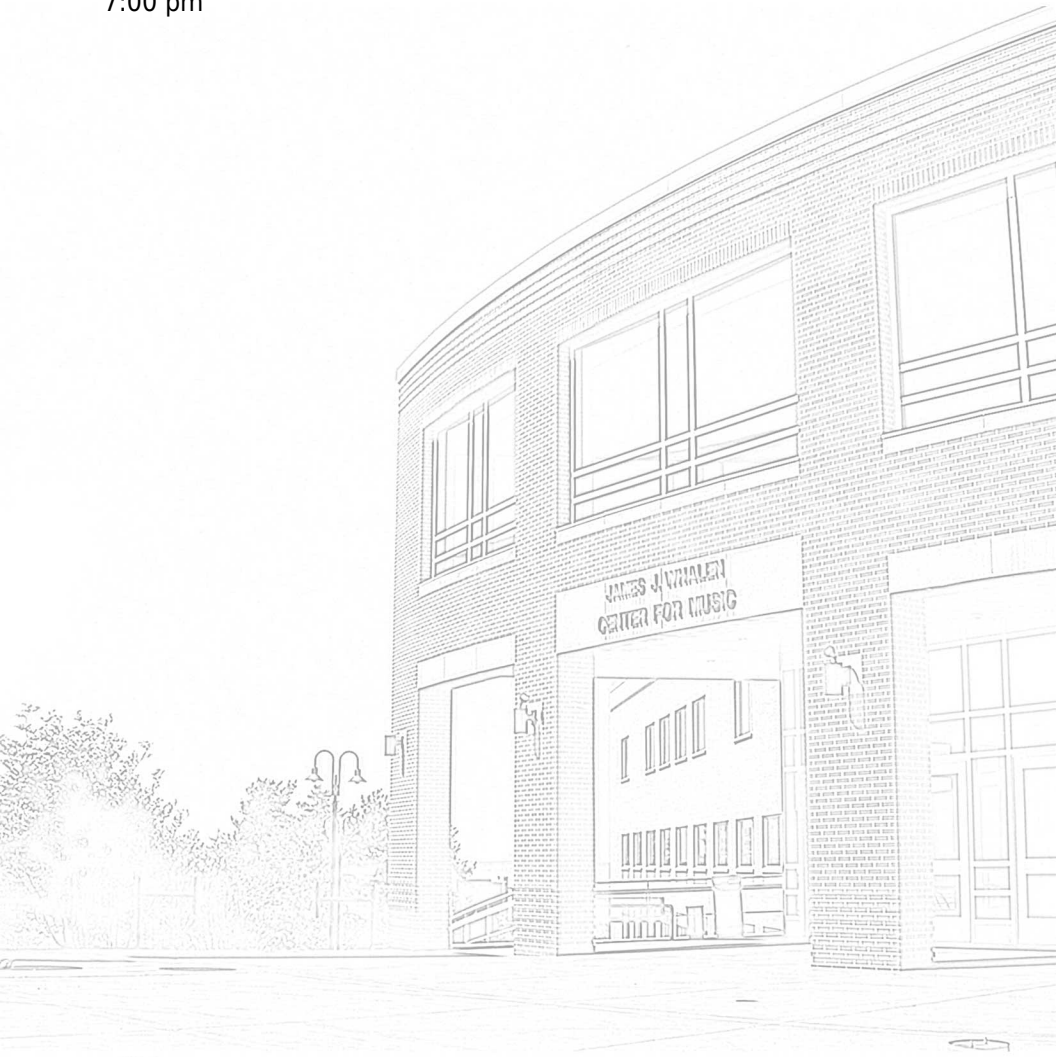
http://digitalcommons.ithaca.edu/music_programs/1626

This Program is brought to you for free and open access by the Concert & Recital Programs at Digital Commons @ IC. It has been accepted for inclusion in All Concert & Recital Programs by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ IC.

Composition Studio Recital

Music of Ithaca College
Composition Students

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Monday, February 22nd, 2016
7:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Purgatorio Canto XXVII

Nate Long

Choir

Sombra de los Emocionesj
I. Culpabilidad

William Schmidt

*Marguerite Davis, flute
Morgan Atkins, oboe
Jeremy Straus, french horn
Michael Petit, violin
David Fenwick, 'cello*

Impression No. 1

Marianna Filippi

*Marianna Filippi, accordion
Ian Jones, percussion*

12-Tone Major 7s
I.

Josh Oxford

*Matt Snyder, alto saxophone
Nick Merillat, marimba*

Purgatoria Canto XXVII

e disse: «Il temporal foco e l'eterno
veduto hai, figlio; e se' venuto in parte
dov'io per me più oltre non discerno.
Tratto t'ho qui con ingegno e con arte;
lo tuo piacere omai prendi per duce;
fuor se' de l'erte vie, fuor se' de l'arte.
Vedi lo sol che 'n fronte ti riluce;
vedi l'erbette, i fiori e li arbuscelli
che qui la terra sol da sé produce.
Mentre che vegnan lieti li occhi belli
che, lagrimando, a te venir mi fenno,
seder ti puoi e puoi andar tra elli.
Non aspettar mio dir più né mio cenno;
libero, dritto e sano è tuo arbitrio,
e fallo fora non fare a suo senno:
per ch'io te sovra te corono e mitrio».

And said, "The temporal fire and the
eternal,
Son, thou hast seen, and to a place art
come
Where of myself no farther I discern.
By intellect and art I here have brought
thee;
Take thine own pleasure for thy guide
henceforth;
Beyond the steep ways and the narrow
art thou.
Behold the sun, that shines upon thy
forehead,
Behold the grass, the flowerets, and the
shrubs
Which of itself alone this land produces.
Until rejoicing come the beauteous eyes
Which weeping caused me to come unto
thee,
Thou canst sit down, and thou canst
walk among them.
Expect no more orword or sign from me;
Free and upright and sound is thy
free-will,
And error were it not to do its bidding;
Thee o'er thyself I therefore crown and
mitre!"