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4-1-2017

# Senior Recital: Derek Wohl, percussion

Derek Wohl

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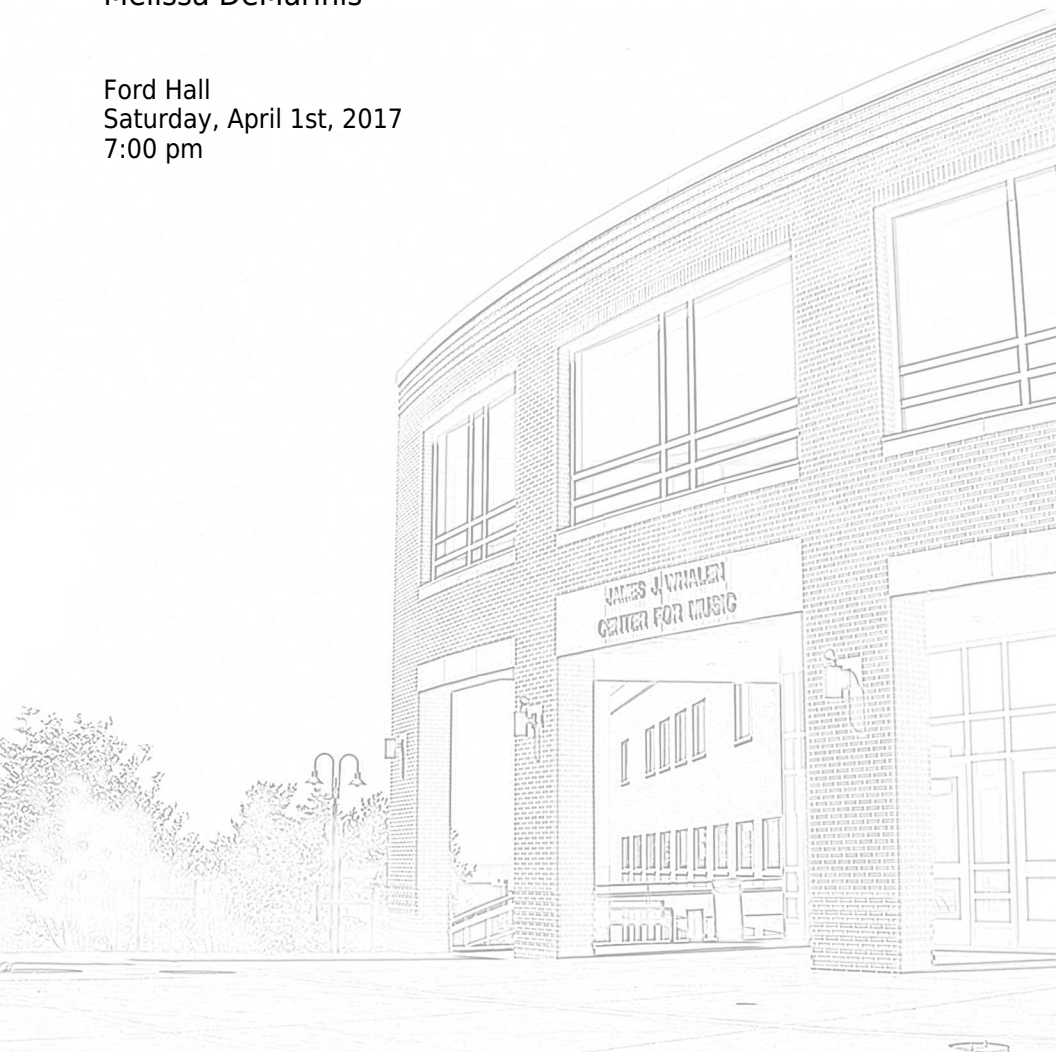
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**Senior Recital:**  
Derek Wohl, percussion

The Marimba Ragtime Band  
Zappaholics Anonymous  
Daniel Syvret  
Sensei Noelle-Marie Cabrales  
Melissa DeMarinis

Ford Hall  
Saturday, April 1st, 2017  
7:00 pm



**ITHACA COLLEGE**

School of Music

# Program

Kata	<i>Sensei Noelle-Marie Cabrales</i>	Derek Wohl
Blues for Gilbert		Mark Glentworth
Bye Bye Medley	<i>The Marimba Ragtime Band Jamie Kelly Lillian Fu Daniel Monte Corey Hilton</i>	arr. Bob Becker

## Intermission

Losa	<i>Daniel Syvret, marimba</i>	Emmanuel Séjourné
Chinese Food	<i>Melissa DeMarinis, oboe</i>	Derek Wohl
It's Over Isn't It		Rebecca Sugar arr. Derek Wohl
Pure Imagination		Leslie Bricusse Anthony Newley arr. Alex Stopa
Packard Goose	<i>Zappaholics Anonymous Corey Hilton, marimba Jamie Kelly, marimba Lillian Fu, xylophone, chimes, glock Spenser Forwood, drums</i>	Frank Zappa arr. Derek Wohl (1940-1993)

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This recital is in fulfillment of the degree B.M. in Percussion Performance.  
Derek Wohl is from the studio of Gordon Stout.

## Lyrics

### It's Over Isn't It

I was fine with the men  
Who would come into her life  
now and again  
I was fine 'cause I knew  
That they didn't really matter  
until you

I was fine when you came  
And we fought like it was all  
some silly game  
Over her, who she'd choose  
After all those years I never  
thought I'd lose

It's over, isn't it? Isn't it?  
Isn't it over?  
It's over, isn't it? Isn't it?  
Isn't it over?  
You won and she chose you  
And she loved you and she's  
gone  
It's over, isn't it?  
Why can't I move on?

War and glory, reinvention  
Fusion, freedom, her attention  
Out in daylight my potential  
Bold, precise, experimental

Who am I now in this world  
without her?  
Petty and dull with the nerve  
to doubt her  
What does it matter? It's  
already done  
Now I've got to be there for  
her son<sup>1</sup>

It's over, isn't it? Isn't it?  
Isn't it over?  
It's over isn't it? Isn't it?  
Isn't it over?  
You won and she chose you  
And she loved you and she's  
gone  
It's over, isn't it?  
Why can't I move on?  
It's over, isn't it?  
Why can't I move on?

### Packard Goose

*Joe: (clutching the hood ornament of an ancient car)*  
Maybe you thought I was the packard goose  
Or the Ronald Macdonald of the Nouveau-abstruse  
Well fuck all them people, I don't need no excuse for being what I am.  
Do you hear me, then?  
All them rock 'n rollw riters is the worst kind of sleaze  
Selling punk like some new kind of English disease  
Is that the wave of the future? Aw, spare me please!  
Oh no, you gotta go. Who do you write for? I wanna know. I believe  
you is the government's whore  
And keeping peoples dumb is where you're coming from  
And keeping peoples dumb is where you're coming from

Fuck all them writers with the pen in their hand  
I will be more specific so they might understand  
They can all kiss my ass but because it's so grand they'd best just say  
stay away

Hey, hey, hey

Hey, joe, who did you blow?

Moe pushed the button boy and you went to the show

Better suck a little harder or the shekels won't flow

And I don't mean your thumb

So on your knees you bum

Just tell yourself it's yum

And suck it 'till you're numb

Journalism's kinda scary and of it we should be wary wonder what  
became of Mary?

*And no sooner has he wondered, a vision of mary appears to him,  
delivering a little lecture...*

*Voice of Mary's vision:*

Hi! it's me...the girl from the bus...Remember? The last tour? Well...

Information is not knowledge. Knowledge is not wisdom. Wisdom is

not truth. Truth is not beauty. Beauty is not love. Love is not music.

Music is the best...Wisdom is the domain of the wis(which is extinct).

Beauty is a french phonetic corruption of a short cloth neck ornament  
currently in resurgence...

*And no sooner has she spoken (which is awkward and probably  
incorrect but what the fuck), enormous flabby short cloth neck  
ornaments obscure the horizon in a multitude, beating their ugly  
wings*

*Orking their hidden chrome snap attachments as they resurge in the  
direction of the white zone seeking snack material near the utensil  
shrines of greater america...*

*Joe:*

If you're in the audience and like what we do

Well, we want you to know that we like you all too

But as for the sucker who will write the review

If his mind is prehensile

He'll put down his pencil

And have himself a squat on the cosmic utensil

Go give it all you got on the cosmic utensil

Sit 'n spin until you rot on the cosmic utensil

He really needs to squat on the cosmic utensil

Now that I got that over with I'll just play my Imaginary guitar again

Hey...

Soundin' pretty good!

Hey...get down!