

11-20-2011

# Gabrielle Sanfilippo, Mezzo-Soprano, Senior Voice Recital

Gabrielle Sanfilippo  
*Cedarville University*

Follow this and additional works at: [http://digitalcommons.cedarville.edu/  
junior\\_and\\_senior\\_recitals](http://digitalcommons.cedarville.edu/junior_and_senior_recitals)

 Part of the [Music Performance Commons](#)

---

## Recommended Citation

Sanfilippo, Gabrielle, "Gabrielle Sanfilippo, Mezzo-Soprano, Senior Voice Recital" (2011). *Junior and Senior Recitals*. 27.  
[http://digitalcommons.cedarville.edu/junior\\_and\\_senior\\_recitals/27](http://digitalcommons.cedarville.edu/junior_and_senior_recitals/27)

This Program is brought to you for free and open access by DigitalCommons@Cedarville, a service of the Centennial Library. It has been accepted for inclusion in Junior and Senior Recitals by an authorized administrator of DigitalCommons@Cedarville. For more information, please contact [digitalcommons@cedarville.edu](mailto:digitalcommons@cedarville.edu).

THE CEDARVILLE UNIVERSITY  
DEPARTMENT OF  
MUSIC AND WORSHIP

PRESENTS THE

SENIOR VOICE RECITAL  
OF  
GABRIELLE SANFILIPPO  
MEZZO-SOPRANO

KRISTIN TROYER  
PIANO

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 2011  
3 P.M.

RECITAL HALL  
BOLTHOUSE CENTER FOR MUSIC  
DIXON MINISTRY CENTER

## PROGRAM

### I

Selections from Cantata No. 170

VERGNÜGTE RUH', BELIEBTE SEELENLUST. . . . . Johann Sebastian Bach

Aria: *Vergnügte Ruh'! Beliebte Seelenlust!* (1685–1750)

Recitative: *Die Welt, das Süundenhaus*

Aria: *Mir ekelt mehr zu leben*

Assisted by Meredith Lawrence, cello

### II

Selections from FRAUENLIEBE UND LEBEN, Op. 42 . . . . . Robert Schumann

*Seit ich ihn gesehen*, No. 1 (1810–1856)

*Du Ring an meinem Finger*, No. 4

*Gretchen am Spinnrade*, Op. 2 . . . . . Franz Schubert

(1797–1828)

### III

*Oiseaux, si tous les ans*, K. 307 . . . . . Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

(1756–1791)

*Le mariage des roses* . . . . . César Franck

*Lied* (1822–1890)

### IV

*Strings in the Earth and Air* . . . . . Richard Hundley

*Seashore Girls* (b. 1931)

*Moonlight's Watermelon*

### V

I HATE MUSIC! A CYCLE OF FIVE KID SONGS. . . . . Leonard Bernstein

*My Name is Barbara* (1918–1990)

*Jupiter Has Seven Moons*

*I Hate Music!*

*A Big Indian and a Little Indian*

*I'm a Person Too*

Gabrielle is a student of Mark Spencer.

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment  
of the Bachelor of Music Education degree.

*No flash photography, please. Please turn off all cellphones.*

TRANSLATIONS

*Vergnügte Ruh'! Beliebte Seelenlust!*

Contended rest, beloved'd inner joy we  
cannot find thee midst hell's mischief,  
but rather in the heav'nly concord;  
thou only mak'st the weak breast  
strong. Thus I'll let only virtue's  
talents, within my heart maintain  
their dwelling.

*Die Welt, das Sündenhaus*

The world, that house of sin, brings  
nought but hellish lyrics forth and  
seeks through hate and spite the  
devil's image e'er to cherish. Her  
mouth is filled with viper's bane,  
which oft the guiltless strikes with  
death, and would alone her "Raca!"  
utter. O righteous God, how far in  
truth is man from thee divided; thou  
lov'st, but yet his mouth cries curse  
and hate abroad and would his  
neighbor under foot e'er trample. Ah,  
this great sin defies propitiation!

*Mir ekelt mehr zu leben*

I'm sick to death of living, so take me,  
Jesus, hence! I fear for mine offenses,  
let me find there that dwelling  
wherein I may have rest.

*Seit ich ihn gesehen*

Since I saw him I believe myself to be  
blind, where I but cast my gaze, I see  
him alone. As in waking dreams his  
image floats before me, dipped from  
deepest darkness, brighter in ascent.  
All else dark and colorless  
everywhere around me, for the  
games of my sisters I no longer yearn,  
I would rather weep, silently in my  
little chamber, since I saw him, I  
believe myself to be blind

*Du Ring an meinem Finger*

Thou ring on my finger, my little  
golden ring, I press thee piously  
upon my lips piously upon my  
heart. I had dreamt it, the tranquil,  
lovely dream of childhood, I found  
myself alone and lost in barren,  
infinite space. Thou ring on my  
finger, thou hast taught me for the  
first time, hast opened my gaze  
unto the endless, deep value of life.  
I want to serve him, live for him,  
belong to him entire. Give myself  
and find myself transfigured in his  
radiance. Thou ring on my finger,  
my little golden ring, I press thee  
piously upon lips, piously upon my  
heart.

*Gretchen am Spinnrade*

My peace is gone, my heart is  
heavy, I will find it never and never  
more. Where I do not have him,  
that is the grave, the whole world is  
bitter to me. My poor head is crazy  
to me, my poor mind is torn apart.  
My peace is gone, my heart is  
heavy, I will find it never  
and never more. For him only, I  
look out the window only for him  
do I go out of the house. His tall  
walk, his noble figure, his mouth's  
smile, his eyes' power, and his  
mouth's magic flow, his handclasp,  
and ah! his kiss! My peace is gone,  
my heart is heavy, I will find it  
never and never more. My bosom  
urges itself toward him. Ah, might I  
grasp and hold him! And kiss him,  
as I would wish, at his kisses  
I should die!

*Oiseaux si tous les ans*

You birds, so every year you leave your climates as soon as the sad winter strips our groves. It isn't solely for a change of foliage or to avoid our foggy winter weather. But your destiny simply doesn't allow you to enjoy love beyond the season of flowers. For when she is gone, you look for another place to make an end of love every year.

*Le mariage des roses*

My dear one, do you know how the roses marry? It's a charming ceremony. They say all sort of sweet nothings as they open their lids. My sweet, do you know how the roses marry? They say, "Let us love each other! Life is so short! Let us have the sweetest kisses, the most ravished soul! While man, on his knees, doubts, hopes, or prays! My sisters, let us kiss each other! Life is so short!" Believe me, my dear one, believe me, let us love each other as they do. Look, spring

is coming to you, and the only law in the swallows' faithful nests is love. My queen, follow your king. Let us love as they do. Unless you have loved, what use is life on this earth? Our horizon is closed, shadow, night, mystery! Only one lamp is lit - love lights our way! Unless you have loved, what use is life on this earth?

*Lied*

Her hand gathered roses for me at this bush, she, like a dear harvest, still scarcely blossomed. Alas! The bunch of roses is withered, like her also; the harvest maid cut down in bloom of life lies here. But on the tombstone that covers you, Oh my loves! A wild rose, half-way open, still smiles, and when I return beneath the bush which overhangs, a voice from the grave says to me, "I will remember."



CEDARVILLE  
UNIVERSITY.