

3-29-2009

Lisbeth Cummings, Soprano, and Greg Gallagher, Tenor, Junior and Sophomore Voice Recital

Lisbeth Cummings
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The Cedarville University Department of Music, Art, & Worship
presents the Junior and Sophomore Recital of

Lisbeth Cummings, Soprano
Amanda Roebuck, Piano
and
Greg Gallagher, Tenor
Aubrie Compitello, Piano

Sunday, March 29, 2009, 3:00 p.m.

I

Lisbeth

Pur dicesti Antonio Lotti
(1667-1740)
Il fervido desiderio Vincenzo Bellini
(1801-1835)

II

Greg

Selections from MESSIAH George Frideric Handel
Recitative: *Comfort ye my people*; Aria: *Every Valley Shall Be exalted* (1685-1789)

III

Lisbeth

Der Nussbaum Robert Schumann
Lied der Braut (I) (1810-1856)
Lied der Braut (II)

IV

Greg

Aprile Francesco Paolo Tosti
A vucchella (1846-1916)
Ideale

Intermission

V

Lisbeth

Mai Gabriel Fauré
Aurore (1845-1924)

VI

Greg

L'heure exquise Reynaldo Hahn
Si mes vers avaient des ailes (1875-1947)

IX

Lisbeth and Greg

Scene and Duet from THE ELIXIR OF LOVE Gaetano Donizetti
Recitative: *Carlo elisir, se mio!* (1797-1848)
Scene e Duetto: *Esulti pur la barbara*

Lisbeth is a student of Beth Cram Porter.
Greg is a student of Taylor Ferranti.

Translations

Pur di cesti

You have really uttered, o lovely lips, that dear, sweet 'yes' which brings me bliss.
To honor her flame love opened you with a kiss, sweet fount of pleasure.

Il fervido desiderio

When will that day come when I shall be able to see again the one whom my loving heart so much desires?

When will that day come when I will gather you to my bosom, beautiful flame of love, my soul? Ah, beautiful flame of love, my soul!

Der Nussbaum

A nut-tree blooms before the house, fragrant, airily it spreads its leafy branches wide. Many lovely blossoms gleam thereon, gentle winds are coming, to embrace them heartily. They whisper always paired in twos, bending, bowing gracefully for a kiss their frail little heads. They whisper of a maiden, who was thinking all night and all day, but alas! Did not know of what, they whisper, they whisper, who can understand such a soft melody? Whisper of the bridegroom and of next year. The maiden listens, a breeze stirs the tree; yearning, hoping she sinks smiling into sleep and dream.

Lied der Braut (I)

Mother, Mother, do not think, because I love him, oh so much, that now love is lacking in me to love you as I did before. Mother, Mother! Since I love him, I love you all the more. Let me take you to my heart, kissing you as he does me! Mother, Mother, since I love him I only love you wholly, because you gave me my life, that has turned into such glory.

Lied der Braut (II)

Let me cling to his breast, Mother, Mother, stay your fear. Do not ask: what is to come? Do not ask: how shall it end? End? It shall never, never end and what will come, I know not yet! Let me cling to his breast, let me!

Aprile

Do you not smell in the air the perfume that Spring breathes out? Do you not hear in your soul the sound of a new, enticing voice? It's April! It's the season of love! Come, lovely one, to the flowery meadow!

Your foot will tread among violets, you will wear roses and bluebells, and the white butterflies will flutter around your black hair. It's April! It's the season of love! Please come, my lovely one, to the flowery meadow!

A vuchella

Yes, like a little flower, is your little mouth only slightly faded.

Oh, come give me, come give me, --like a small rose—give me a tiny kiss, give me one, Canatella!

Give one and take one, a tiny little kiss like this tiny mouth which seems like a little rose only slightly faded.

Ideale

I followed you like a rainbow of peace along the paths of heaven; I followed you like a friendly torch in the veil of darkness, and I sensed you in the light, in the air, in the perfume of flowers, and the solitary room was full of you and of your radiance.

Absorbed by you, I dreamed a long time of the sound of your voice, and earth's every anxiety, every torment I forgot in that dream. Come back, dear ideal, for an instant to smile at me again, and from your face will shine on me a new dawn.

Mai

Since May in full flower in the meadows is calling us, come, do not weary of mingling your soul with the countryside, the woods, the charming shadows, the wide patches of moonlight by the shore of the sleeping billows, the path that ends where the road begins, and the air and the spring and the immense horizon, the horizon that this world attaches, humble and joyful, like a lip to the bottom of the sky's dress. Come, and may the gaze of the chaste stars which falls upon the earth through so many veils, may the tree, penetrated with scents and songs, may the blazing breath of noon in the fields, and shadow and sun, water and greenery, and the radiance of all nature make, like a double flower, beauty blossom on your forehead and love in your heart!

Aurore

From the gardens of night the stars are flying away, golden bees attracted by an invisible honey, and the dawn, extending the whiteness of its cloth in the distance, weaves with silver threads the blue cloak of the sky.

From the garden of my heart intoxicated by a slow dream my desires fly away upon the steps of morning, like a light swarm called in the copper horizon by a plaintive, eternal and faraway song.

They fly to your feet, those stars chased from the clouds, exiled from the golden sky where your beauty flourishes And, seeking unknown paths toward you, mingle their dying light with the dawning day.

L'heure exquise

The white moon shines in the forest; from every branch comes forth a voice, under the foliage. Oh my beloved...

The pond, a deep mirror, reflects the silhouette of the dark willow, in which the wind is crying. Let us dream! 'Tis the hour...

A vast and tender calm seems to descend from the firmament which the orb clads in rainbow colors. It is the exquisite hour!

Si mes vers avaient des ailes

My verses would flee, sweet and frail, to your garden so beautiful, if my verses had wings, like a bird!

They would fly, glittering, to your cheery firseide, if my verses had wings, like the wind.

To you, pure and faithful, they'd hasten, night and day, If my verses had wings, like love!

Scene and Duet from the Elixir of Love

Nemorino: Potion of love, I have you! Precious elixir... how mighty is your power; before I even taste it. I feel the magic through my body glowing! Why will it not be showing, why is it not effective, for still another day! The time is wasted! Now to drink.

Oh, wonder! Delicious! Again I'll taste it. Oh, how it warms my being, sweet through my veins it's flowing! Ah! I wonder if she can feel it starting, as the flame melts her heart. Surely she feels it... for why else am I happy, filled with excitement, so confident of love, all of a sudden? La la la..

Adina: (Now who's that idiot? He looks like... It's Nemorino? And so happy? Why is that?)

Nemorino: La la la... (Good Heaven! Adina...but no... I won't go near... With all my sighing I won't tire her for now. Besides... tomorrow that unmerciful heart will sigh and love me.)

Adina: (Why he won't even look! What can have changed him?)

Nemorino: La la la...

Adina: (He might be just pretending, he seems to be so gay.)

Nemorino: (She does not feel the potion.) La la la...

Adina: (He's hiding his devotion.)

Nemorino: (My suffering and misery won't make her laugh much longer! Tomorrow will be different. Tomorrow she'll love me, so hopelessly, tomorrow she'll love me, she will love me.)

Adina: (He tries to break the chains of love, but I know love is stronger; the more he tries to breakaway, the stronger love will be, the stronger he will find the chains of love.)

Nemorino: La la la...

Adina: Bravissimo! My lesson has succeeded.

Nemorino: It is true, you gave me good advice and I will try to heed it.

Adina: All that was so upsetting?

Nemorino: I hope to be forgetting!

Adina: Your passion that was burning?

Nemorino: The tide will soon be turning. Another day's enduring and then my heart is free.

Adina: Indeed? How reassuring, however... we will see.

Nemorino: One more day only.

Adina: We will see.

Nemorino: My suffering and misery...

Adina: He tires to break the chains of love...

Nemorino: For one day only

Adina: Oh, really?

Nemorino: One day more.

Adina: Yes?

Nemorino: Yes! My suffering and misery...

Adina: He tries to break the chains of love...