

11-14-2010

Greg Gallagher, Tenor, Senior Voice Recital

Greg Gallagher
Cedarville University

Follow this and additional works at: http://digitalcommons.cedarville.edu/junior_and_senior_recitals

 Part of the [Music Performance Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Gallagher, Greg, "Greg Gallagher, Tenor, Senior Voice Recital" (2010). *Junior and Senior Recitals*. 48.
http://digitalcommons.cedarville.edu/junior_and_senior_recitals/48

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.

THE CEDARVILLE UNIVERSITY
DEPARTMENT OF
MUSIC AND WORSHIP

PRESENTS THE

SENIOR VOICE RECITAL
OF
GREG GALLAGHER
TENOR

STEPHEN ESTEP
PIANO

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 2010
4 P.M.

RECITAL HALL
BOLTHOUSE CENTER FOR MUSIC
DIXON MINISTRY CENTER

PROGRAM

I

- AN DIE FERNE GELIEBTE, Op. 98 Ludwig van Beethoven
Auf dem Hügel sitz ich spähend (1770-1827)
Wo die Berge so blau
Leichte Segler in den Höhen
Diese Wolken in den Höhen
Es kehret der Maien
Nimm sie hin denn, diese Lieder

II

- POÈME D'UN JOUR, Op. 21, No. 1-3 Gabriel Fauré
Rencontre (1845-1924)
Toujours!
Adieu

- Notre amour*, Op. 23, No. 2 Gabriel Fauré

III

- Separazione* Giovanni Sgambati
(1841-1914)

- M'ama...non m'ama...* Pietro Mascagni
Scherzo (1863-1945)

- Core 'ngrato* Salvatore Cardillo
(1874-1947)

INTERMISSION

IV

- ON WENLOCK EDGE Ralph Vaughan Williams
On Wenlock Edge (1872-1958)
From Far, From Eve and Morning
Is My Team Ploughing
Oh, When I Was In Love With You
Bredon Hill
Clun

Assisted by Samantha Grelen, Violin I; Julia Hodecker, Violin II;
Jonathan Storch, Viola; and Audrey Hebson, Cello

TRANSLATIONS

Auf dem Hügel sitz ich spähend

On the hill sit I, peering into the blue,
hazy land, toward the far away
pastures where I you, beloved,
found.

Far am I, from you, parted,
separating us are hill and valley
between us and our peace, our
happiness and our sorrow.

Ah! The look can you not see, that to
you so ardently rushes, and the sighs,
they blow away in the space that
separates us.

Will then nothing more be able to
reach you, nothing be messenger of
love? I will sing, sing songs, that to
you speak of my pain!

For before the sound of love escapes
every space and every time, and a
loving heart reaches, what a loving
heart has consecrated!

Wo die Berge so blau

Where the mountains so blue out of
the foggy gray look down, where the
sun dies, where the cloud encircles, I
wish I were there!

There is the restful valley stilled are
suffering and sorrow where in the
rock quietly the primrose meditates,
blows so lightly the wind, I wish I
were there!

There to the thoughtful wood the
power of love pushes me, inward

sorrow, ah! This moves me not from
here, could I, dear, by you eternally
be!

Leichte Segler in den Höhen

Light veils in the heights and you, little
brook, small and narrow, should my
love spot you, greet her, from me,
many thousand times.

See you, clouds, her go then,
meditating in the quiet valley, let my
image stand before her in the airy
heavenly hall.

If she near the bushes stands, now
that autumn is faded and leafless,
lament to her, what has happened to
me, lament to her, little birds, my
suffering!

Quiet west, bring in the wind to my
heart's chosen one my sighs, that pass
as the last ray of the sun.

Whisper to her of my love's imploring,
let her, little brook, small and narrow,
truly, in your waves see my tears
without number!

Diese Wolken in den Höhen

These clouds in the heights, these
birds gaily passing, will see you, my
beloved. Take me with you on your
light flight!

These west winds will play joking with
you about your cheek and breast, in
the silky curls will dig. I share with you
this pleasure!

There to you from this hill busily, the
little brook hurries. If your image is
reflected in it, flow back without
delay!

Es kehret der Maien, es blühet die Au
May returns, the meadow blooms,
the breezes they blow so softly, so
mildly, chattering, the brooks now
run.

The swallow, that returns to her
hospitable roof, she builds, so busily,
her bridal chamber, love must dwell
there.

She brings, so busily, from all
directions, many soft pieces for the
bridal bed, many warm pieces for the
little ones.

Now live the couple together so
faithfully, what winter has separated
is united by May, what loves, that he
knows how to unite.

May returns, the meadow blooms,
the breezes they blow so softly, so
mildly, only I cannot go away from
here.

When all that loves, the spring
unites, only to our love no spring
appears, and tears are our only
consolation.

Nimm sie hin denn, diese Lieder
Take, then, these songs, that I to you,
beloved, sang, sing them again in the
evenings to the sweet sounds of the
lute!

When the red twilight then moves
toward the calm, blue lake, and the
last ray dies behind that hilltop;

And you sing, what I have sung, what
I, from my full heart, artlessly have
sounded, only aware of its longings.

For before these songs yields, what
separates us so far, and a loving heart
reaches for what a loving heart has
consecrated.

Rencontre

I was sad and pensive when I met you,
I sense less today my persistent
torment; tell me, were you the girl I
met by chance the ideal dream I have
vainly sought? A passer-by with gentle
eyes, were you the friend who
brought happiness to a lonely poet,
and did you shine upon my vacant
heart like the native sky on an exiled
spirit? Your shy sadness, so like my
own, loves to watch the sun set over
the sea! Your delight is awakened
before its immensity, and the evenings
spent with your lovely soul are dear to
me. A mysterious and gentle
sympathy already binds me to you like
a living bond; my soul trembles with
overpowering love, and my heart
cherishes you, knowing you hardly at
all...

Toujours!

You ask me to be quiet, to flee from
you forever to a distant place, and to
depart alone without thinking of the
one whom I love! You might more
easily ask the stars to fall from the sky,
or the night to lift its veils, or the day
to rid itself of its brightness! Ask the

immense ocean to dry up its vast waters, and, when the winds are raging dementedly, ask them to calm their dismal sobbing! But do not hope that my soul can uproot its sorrow and douse its flame as the springtime can shed its flowers!

Adieu

Like everything that dies quickly, the blown rose, the fresh multi-colored cloaks [of flowers] on the meadows. Long sighs, those we love, gone like smoke. One sees in this frivolous world, change. Quicker than the waves on the beach, our dreams, quicker than frost on the flowers, our hearts. One believes oneself faithful to you, cruel, but alas! The longest of love affairs are short! And I say on quitting your charms, without tears, close to the moment of my avowal, farewell.

Notre amour

Our love is something light like the perfumes which the breeze brings from the tips of ferns for us to inhale as we dream. Our love is something light.

Our love is something enchanting like the morning's songs in which regrets are not heard but uncertain hopes vibrate. Our love is something charming.

Our love is something sacred like the forests' mysteries in which an

unknown soul quivers and silences have voices. Our love is something sacred! Our love is something infinite like the paths of the evening, where the ocean, joined with the sky, falls asleep under slanting suns.

Our love is something eternal like all that has been touched by the fiery wing of a victorious god, like all that comes from the heart. Our love is something eternal!

Separazione

Full of sadness this parting; ah, how so hard to leave thee! Oh, how sore is the pain, the sorrow, it gives me!

M'ama...non m'ama...

She loves me... she loves me not! Pick the petals any way I like, she loves me... she loves me not! Ah, she doesn't love me! What do the petals tell me of love? That I am not loved? Come on, try again. Surely there's a petal missing from this flower!

Core 'ngrato

Catari, Catari, why do you tell me only words of bitterness, why only things that torment me Catari? Don't forget that once I gave you my heart, Catari, don't forget! Catari, Catari, why do you say these things that make me suffer? You never think of my pain, you never think if it, you don't care. Ungrateful heart, you wrenched my life from me and now it's all over, you no longer think of me!

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

This recital is present in partial fulfillment of the
Bachelor of Music in Vocal Performance degree.

No flash photography, please.

Please turn off all cell phones.

