

2-25-2011

Alisa Daum, Flute, and Gabrielle Sanfilippo, Junior Recital

Alisa Daum
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THE CEDARVILLE UNIVERSITY DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC AND WORSHIP

PRESENTS THE JUNIOR RECITAL OF

ALISA DAUM, FLUTE
DEANNA RUMAN, PIANO
AND
GABRIELLE SANFILIPPO, MEZZO SOPRANO
KRISTIN TROYER, PIANO

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 2011, 4:30 P.M.

Alisa

Sonata in E \flat Major, BWV 1031 Johann Sebastian Bach
Allegro moderato (1685-1750)
Siciliano
Allegro

Gabrielle

Auch kleine Dinge Hugo Wolf
(1860-1903)

MÖRIKE SONGS Hugo Wolf
Der Knabe und das Immelein
Elfenlied

Alisa

Density 21.5 Edgar Varèse
(1883-1965)

Gabrielle

Ballade des gros dindons Emmanuel Chabrier
Les cigales (1841-1894)

Alisa

Goldfish through Summer Rain Anne Boyd
(b. 1946)

Gabrielle

What If Lee Hoiby
A Clear Midnight (b. 1926)
Where the Music Comes From

Alisa

Sonatine Darius Milhaud
Tendre (1892-1974)
Souple
Clair

Alisa is a student of Lori Akins.

Gabrielle is a student of Mark Spencer.

Translations

Auch Kline Dinge

Even little things can delight us, even little things can be precious. Think how we gladly adorn ourselves with pearls; they are heavily paid for, and yet are small. Think how small is the olive's fruit, and is nevertheless sought for its virtue. Think only on the rose, how small she is, and yet, smells so sweet, as you know.

Der Knabe und das Immelein

In a vineyard up on the hill stands a cottage that is open to the elements. It has neither door nor window and time hangs heavy on it.

However the sultry the day, even if all the birds have fallen silent, you will hear buzzing on the sunflower. It is a bee all on its own.

My love has a garden in which there is a pretty beehive. Is that where you have flown from? Did she send you to me?

"Oh no, mate, nobody has sent me with any message. That child doesn't know anything about love. She has hardly set eyes on you.

What on earth can girls know when they have only just left school? Your dearest little treasure is still her mother's daughter.

I'm taking her some wax and honey. Goodbye. I've got a whole pound. How your little treasure is going to laugh! Her mouth will be watering already!"

Oh, I wish you would tell her I know something that is much sweeter. There is nothing more loveable on earth than having a hug and a kiss.

Elfenlied

At night in the village the watchman cried "Eleven!" A very small elf was asleep in the wood, just at eleven! And he thinks that the nightingale must have called him by name from the valley, or Silpelit might have sent for him.

So the elf rubs his eyes, comes out of his snail-shell house, and is like a drunken man, his nap was not finished; and he hobbles down, tip tap, through the hazel wood into the valley, slips right up to the wall; there sits the glow-worm, light on light.

"What are those bright windows? There must be a wedding inside; the little people are sitting at the feast, and dancing about in the ballroom. So I'll just take a peep in!" Shame! he hits his head on

hard stone! Well, elf, had enough, have you? Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

Ballade Des Gros Dindons

The big fat turkeys, across the fields, with solemn, placid steps, every morning, every evening, stupidly march in a row, in front of the shepherdess who spins as she hums old tunes, they form a docile procession, the big fat turkeys.

They look like wealthy merchants full of absurd pride, or haughty, spiteful magistrates regarding one with hostile eye: their red pendants oscillate; among the thistles they seem to be gravely holding council, the big fat turkeys.

Having never been moved by the notes of the nightingale, they follow, heavy and stumbling, one of their number, dignified as a town councillor, and when from the distant belfry the angelus chimes its slow ding! dong! They return to their habitat, the big fat turkeys!

Pompous and poorly, their only leaning is towards the practical and the useful, for them, love and its sweet songs are too futile a pastime; philistines of the bird world, with plump, black bellies, they care nothing for romance, the big fat turkeys!

Les Cigales

As the sun climbs higher and higher, patches of shade keep shrinking and noise multiplies on every side: it is noon, summer noon is singing! Directed by the blazing star is a chorus, who have rehearsed their parts, broadcasting a raucous cantata with resolute and tireless hearts

[refrain]

The cicadas, those tiny fellows, out-vibrato the loudest cellos. The cicadas' concerted din outperforms any violin!

They overdo it, the cicadas; they indulgently wallow in among the old olive-trees and the flowers of the dusty hollow. Enchanted with their power to sing, they press on with their crazy musicking. Through the branches and browning grasses their unremitting song takes wing.

And since for the work-weary peasants the abundant sun of summer in ample waves from high above pours the magic potion of slumber, all is still, to mark this special hour...except for these fanatics filling in the spaces between the chimes of the distant church tower!