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Greg Gallagher, Tenor, Junior Voice Recital

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The Cedarville University
Department of Music, Art, & Worship
presents the Junior Recital of

Greg Gallagher, Tenor
Aubrie Compitello, Piano

Sunday, February 21, 2010, 3:00 p.m.

I

Oiseaux, si tous les ans Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
Ridente la calma (1756-1791)
An Chloë

II

Il poveretto Giuseppe Verdi
In solitaria stanza (1813-1901)
Brindisi,
I. Versione

Brief Pause

III

Una furtiva lagrima, from L'ELISIR D'AMORE Gaetano Donizetti
(1797-1848)

IV

Selections from SONGS OF TRAVEL Ralph Vaughan Williams
The Vagabond (1872-1958)
The Roadside Fire
Whither must I Wander?
Bright is the Ring of Words

Greg is a student of Taylor Ferranti.

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

Translations

Oiseaux, si tous les ans

You birds, so every year you leave, change 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 (springtime) is gone, you look for another place to make an end of love every year.

Ridente la calma

May a happy calm arise in my soul and may neither a bit of anger nor fear survive in it. In the meantime you are coming, my beloved, to grasp those sweet chains that make my heart so grateful. May a happy calm arise in my soul and may neither anger nor fear survive in it.

An Chloe

When love shines from your blue, bright, open eyes, and with the pleasure of gazing into them my heart pounds and glows; and I hold you and kiss your rosy, warm cheeks, lovely maiden, and I clasp you trembling in my arms, maiden, maiden, and I press you firmly to my breast, which at the last moment, only at death, will let you go; then my intoxicated gaze is shadowed by a gloomy cloud, and I sit then, exhausted, but blissful, next to you.

Il Poveretto

Passerby that has a gentle look and seems to have a good heart, give this poor man a penny because today he hasn't had a thing to eat.

From my childhood on I was a soldier; fighting for my country I have crossed land and sea, but now that I'm burdened by years, now that my strength is gone even the land that I have defended, my homeland, has forgotten me.

In solitaria stanza

In a lonely room she languishes in terrible pain; the lips without voice, without

breath her breast, as in a deserted flower bed, by dew abandoned, beneath the summer's blaze a weak narcissus fades. I, from anxiety oppressed, race through remote paths and scream with cries that could stir the cliffs. Save, O merciful gods, this celestial beauty; perhaps you would not know how to create another Irene.

Brindisi

Pour me some wine! Only you, o glass, of all the earthly pleasures, are not a liar. You, life of the senses, joy of the heart. I have loved; two fatal glances inflamed me; I believed the friendship of the girl without wings, foolishness of youth, illusory imaginings. Pour me some wine, joy of the heart.

A friend, a lover will leave after a while, but you have no fear of that which destroys all: age doesn't offend you, it increases your virtue. April has faded, the roses have fallen, you are the one that lightens troubling worries, It is you that brings back the joy that once was. Pour me some wine, joy of the heart.

Who better than you can heal the heart of its wounds? If you had not given us your provident vine, human pain would be immortal. Pour me some wine! Only you, o glass, of all the earthly pleasures, are not a liar. You, life of the senses, joy of the heart.

Una furtiva lagrima

A sullen and secretive tear that started there in her eye those socializing bright young things seemed to provoke its envy.... What more searching need I do? She loves me, that I see. For just one moment the beating Of her hot pulse could be felt! With her sighing confounding momentarily my sighs! Oh God, I shall expire; I can't ask for more.