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Caleb Peterson, Tenor, Junior Voice Recital

Caleb Peterson

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THE CEDARVILLE UNIVERSITY
MUSIC & WORSHIP DEPARTMENT

PRESENTS THE

JUNIOR VOICE RECITAL
OF

CALEB PETERSON, TENOR

DANIELLE HUTCHISON, PIANO

FRIDAY, APRIL 17, 2015, 7 P.M.

Selections from PSEAUME DE DAVID, Book 3

..... Jan Pieterszoon Sweelinck
O Seigneur, que de gents (1562-1621)
Car tu es mon tresseur bouclier

Assisted by Aleska Barkoviak, soprano;
Danielle Hutchison, alto; and Robert Reid, baritone

TRE ARIETTA Vincenzo Bellini
Il fervido desiderio (1801-1835)
Dolente immagine di Fille mia
Vaga luna che inargenti

Torna, vezzosa Fillide Vincenzo Bellini

Caleb is a student of Mark Spencer.

TRANSLATIONS

O Seigneur, que de gents

O Lord, how my adversaries have increased! Many are rising up against me. Many are saying of my soul, "There is no deliverance for him in God." Selah.

Car tu es mon tresseur

But You, O Lord, are a shield about me, my glory, and the One who lifts my head. I was crying to the Lord with my voice, and He answered me from His holy mountain. Selah.

Il fervido desiderio

When will that day come when I may see again that which the loving heart so desires?

When will that day come when I welcome you to my bosom, beautiful flame of love, my own soul?

Dolente immagine di Fille mia

Sorrowful image of my Phillis, why do you sit so desolate beside me? What more do you wish for? Streams of tears have I poured on your ashes.

Do you fear that, forgetful of sacred vows, I could turn to another? Shade of Phillis, rest peacefully; the old flame cannot be extinguished.

Vaga luna que inargentì

Lovely moon, you who shed silver light on these shores and on these flowers and breathe the language of love to the elements,

You are now the sole witness of my ardent longing, and can recount my throbs and sighs to her who fills me with love.

Tell her too that distance cannot assuage my grief, that if I cherish a hope, it is only for the future.

Tell her that, day and night, I count the hours of sorrow, that a flattering hope comforts me in my love.

Torna, vezzosa Fillide

Return, charming Fillide, to your dear shepherd; far from your eyes my heart finds no peace.

To your dear abode I always turn my steps and I cry night and day: where is my Fillide?

I ask the shore: what is my Fillide doing? And it seems to answer: weeping far from you!

I ask the river: where is my Fillide? With a hoarse murmur it says: she is weeping.

Your dear face, fountain of every desire, I see it at every moment impressed in my mind.

But seeing more clearly that it is not with me, I cry, weeping always: where is my Fillide?

I have made in my pain a tempestuous sea; I do not find one, beloved, who can relieve it?

What is Death doing, God, that it does not call me? I cannot cry out any more: where is my Fillide?