3-29-2009

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

Lisbeth Cummings
Cedarville University

Greg Gallagher
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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
(1810-1856)
Lied der Braut (I)
Lied der Braut (II)

IV

Greg

Aprile ..................................................... Francesco Paolo Tosti
(1846-1916)
A vuchella
Ideale

Intermission

V

Lisbeth

Mai ...................................................... Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1924)
Aurore

VI

Greg

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

IX

Lisbeth and Greg

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

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

Recital Hall
Bolthouse Center for Music

No flash photography
Please turn off all cell phones
Joyful, like a lip to the bottom of the sky's dress. Come, and may the gaze
love in your heart!
The tree, penetrated with scents and songs, may the blazing breath of noon
weary of mingling your soul with the countryside, the woods, the charming
shadows, the wide patches of moonlight by the shore of the sleeping
horizon, the horizon that this world attaches, humble and
melancholy, the wide patches of moonlight by the shore of the sleeping
horizon, 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 cherubine side, 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
Adina: (Now who's that idiot? He looks like... It's Nemorino? And so
happy? Why is that?)
Adina: (He tries to break the chains of love, but I know love is stronger; the
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: (Why he won't even look! What can have changed him?)
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: (He's hiding his devotion.)
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: (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...

Translations

Fur 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 bridgroom 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 vachella
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, Canella!
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 perfumes 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!