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
http://digitalcommons.cedarville.edu/junior_and_senior_recitals/48
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
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

POÈME D'UN JOUR, Op. 21, No. 1-3 ............................... Gabriel Fauré
Rencontre
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
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;
Jonothan Storch, Viola; and Audrey Hebson, Cello
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.*