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Catherine Stampfli, Soprano, and Greg Gallagher, Tenor, Junior Voice Recital

Catherine Stampfli
Cedarville University

Greg Gallagher
Cedarville University

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

Catherine Stampfli, Soprano

Katrina Gingerich, Piano

and

Greg Gallagher, Tenor

Aubrie Compitello, Piano

Sunday, January 31, 2010, 3:00 p.m.

I

Catherine

Già il sole dal Gange Alessandro Scarlatti
Caldo Sangue, from IL SEDECIA, RE DI GERUSALEMME (1660-1725)

II

Greg

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

III

Catherine

FÊTES GALANTES, set I Claude Debussy
En sourdine (1862-1918)
Claire de lune
Fantoches

IV

Greg

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

Intermission

V

Catherine

A WINTER COME Morten Lauridsen
When Frost Moves Fast (b.1943)
As Birds Come Nearer
The Racing Waterfall
A Child Lay Down
Who Reads by Starlight
And What of Love

VI

Greg

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

IX

Catherine

Spiel' ich die Unschuld vom Lande, from DIE FLEDERMAUS Johann Strauss
(1825-1899)

X

Greg

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

Catherine is a student of Beth Cram Porter.

Greg is a student of Taylor Ferranti.

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the Bachelor of Music in Vocal Performance degree.

Translations

Già il sole dal Gange

Already, from over the Ganges, the sun sparkles more brightly and dries every drop of the dawn, which weeps. With the gilded ray it adorns each blade of grass; and the stars of the sky it paints in the field.

Caldo sangue

Warm blood, now bathing my breast as proof of the love I bear to my father, flow now, flow from me, I am drained and close to death! Perhaps one day you will rise again to exact your vengeance on the hand that wounded me; and the flame now fading inside me, warm blood, will burn more brightly in you.

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.

En sourdine

Calm in the half-day that the high branches make, let us soak well our love in this profound silence. Let us mingle our souls, our hearts and our ecstatic senses among the vague languors of the pines and the bushes. Close your eyes halfway, cross your arms on your breast, and from your sleeping heart chase away forever all plans. Let us abandon ourselves to the breeze, rocking and soft, which comes to your feet to wrinkle the waves of auburn lawns. And when, solemnly, the evening from the black oaks falls, the voice of our despair, the nightingale, will sing.

Claire de lune

Your soul is a chosen landscape charmed by masquers and revellers playing the lute and dancing and almost sad beneath their fanciful disguises!

Even while singing, in a minor key, of victorious love and fortunate living they do not seem to believe in their happiness, and their song mingles with the moonlight, the calm moonlight, sad and beautiful, which sets the birds in the trees dreaming, and makes the fountains sob with ecstasy, the tall slender fountains among the marble statues!

Fantoches

Scaramouche and Pulcinella, brought together by some evil scheme gesticulate, black beneath the moon. Meanwhile, the learned doctor from Bologna slowly gathers medicinal herbs in the brown grass. Then his sassy-faced daughter sneaks underneath the arbor half-naked, in quest of her handsome Spanish pirate, whose distress a languorous nightingale deafeningly proclaims.

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.

Spiel ich die Unschuld vom Lande

When I play the innocent from the country, naturally in a short dress, I hop about quite playfully, as though I were a squirrel; and if a neat young man comes along, I wink at him, smiling though only through open fingers, like a child of nature, and I pull at my apron-strings - that's how you catch sparrows in the country. And if he follows me, wherever I go, I say naively, "You wicked man, you," then I sit next to him in the grass and finally start to sing: La la la la la ...

When you see that you must admit, it wouldn't be less than an awful shame if with this talent, with this talent I were not in the theatre!

Were I to play a queen, I would stride majestically, nodding here and nodding there, yes indeed, in all my glory! Everyone opens a path in my honor; they listen to the sounds of my song, smiling, I rule the kingdom and the people, A queen par excellence! La la la la la ...

When you see that you must admit, it wouldn't be less than an awful shame if with this talent, with this talent I were not in the theatre!

If I play a lady from Paris, ah, the wife of a marquis, ah, and a young count comes to the house, ah, he has designs on my virtue, ah, for two acts, I don't give in, but, ah, in the third, I weaken; then suddenly the door opens, oh dear, my husband; What will become of me, oh? "Forgive me, "I squeak; he forgives, ah in the final scene, people are crying; Yes, oh yes!