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Catherine Stampfli, Soprano, Senior Voice Recital

Catherine Stampfli
Cedarville University

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THE CEDARVILLE UNIVERSITY
DEPARTMENT OF
MUSIC AND WORSHIP

PRESENTS THE

SENIOR VOICE RECITAL
OF
CATHERINE STAMPFLI
SOPRANO

KATRINA GINGERICH
PIANO

SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 2011
3 P.M.

RECITAL HALL
BOLTHOUSE CENTER FOR MUSIC
DIXON MINISTRY CENTER

PROGRAM

I

- NEL DOLCE DELL'OBLIO George Frideric Handel
Recitativo: Nel dolce dell'oblio (1685-1759)
Aria: Giacché il sonno a lei dipinge
Recitativo: Così fida ella vive al cuor che adora
Aria: Ha l'inganno il suo diletto
Assisted by Stacey Russell, flute and Audrey Hebson, cello

II

- Im Frühling* Franz Schubert
Heimliches Lieben (1797-1828)
Auf dem Wasser zu singen
Rastlose Liebe

III

- Volta la terrea*, from UN BALLO IN MASCHERA Giuseppe Verdi
Caro nome, from RIGOLETTO (1813-1901)

INTERMISSION

IV

- Le vert colibri* Ernest Chausson
Les papillons (1855-1899)
Sérénade italienne

V

- I HATE MUSIC Leonard Bernstein
My name is Barbara (1918-1990)
Jupiter Has Seven Moons
I Hate Music
A Big Indian and a Little Indian
I'm a Person Too

Catherine is a student of Beth Cram Porter and Taylor Ferranti.

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

*No flash photography, please.
Please turn off all cell phones.*

TRANSLATIONS

NEL DOLCE DELL'OBLIO

Recitativo: In the sweetness of slumber, although she is sleeping, my beloved Phyllis' thoughts are waking and in the stillness Cupid never ceases to disturb her peace in many different ways while she sleeps.

Aria: Since sleep deceives her with the illusion of her lover's image, she imagines, in the stillness, that she is embracing his chains.

Recitativo: Thus she remains faithful to the beloved heart and in the shade she breathes the sunlight that she loves so dearly.

Aria: The deception enjoys it when thoughts are overwhelmed by feelings and believe the dream to be true. but when thoughts, on waking, reveal the error then the deception feels its pain.

Im Frühling

Quietly I sit on the hill's slope. The sky is so clear; a breeze plays in the green valley. Where I was at Spring's first sunbeam once-
alas, I was so happy!

When I was walking at her side, so intimate and so close, and deep in the dark rocky spring was the beautiful sky, blue and bright; and I saw her in the sky.

Look how colorful Spring already looks out from bud and blossom! Not every blossom is the same for me: I like best to pick from the branch from which she picked hers!

For all is as it was: the flowers, the field; the sun does not shine less brightly, nor does the spring reflect any less charmingly the blue image of the sky.

The only things that change are will and delusion: Joys and quarrels alternate, the happiness of love flies past, and only the love remains - The love and, alas, the sorrow.

Oh, if only I were a little bird, there, on the meadow's slope, then I would remain here on these branches, and sing a sweet song about her the whole summer long.

Heimliches Lieben

Oh dear, when your lips touch mine my soul is kidnapped by joy, I feel deep down a nameless trembling, my bosom heaves.

My eyes aflame, glow spreads over my cheeks, my heart beats with an unknown desire, my spirit strays, intoxicated lips stammering, I can hardly compose myself.

My life hangs in such a moment upon your sweet, rose-soft mouth, and my life in your dear arm's embrace almost leaves me.

Oh that my soul could escape from itself, my entire soul in your soul to glow but those lips that with longing burn must part, oh that my being cannot dissolve in kisses when joined so closely to your mouth and to your heart that never aloud may dare to beat for me.

Auf dem Wasser zu singen

In the middle of the shimmer of the reflecting waves glides, as swans do, the wavering boat. Ah, on joy's soft shimmering waves glides the soul along like the boat; then from Heaven down onto the waves dances the sunset all around the boat.

Over the treetops of the western grove waves, in a friendly way, the reddish gleam; under the branches of the eastern grove murmur the reeds in the reddish light; joy of Heaven and the peace of the grove is breathed by the soul in the reddening light.

Ah, time vanishes on dewy wing for me, on the rocking waves; tomorrow, time will vanish with shimmering wings again, as yesterday and today, until I, on higher more radiant wing, myself vanish to the changing time.

Rastlose Liebe

To the snow, to the rain to the wind opposed, in the mist of the ravines through the scent of fog, Always on! Always on! Without rest and peace!

I would rather through suffering fight myself, than so many joys of life endure.

All the inclining of heart to heart, ah, how curiously that creates pain!
Where shall I flee? To the forest move? All in vain! Crown of life, happiness without peace, love, are you!

Volta la terrea

She turns her earthen brow to the stars.
How sparkles her eyes when to beauties their ends she predicts sad or happy of their loves!

Ah, yes, she is with Lucifer in collusion always.

Whoever grasps the soothsayer's skirt, whether he crosses the sea [sailor], or flies to war [soldier], no matter if his fortune is sweet or bitter from her he will learn what is truly in his heart.

Caro nome

Gualtier Maldè, name of him whom I love: you carved yourself on my heart, beloved.

Sweet name, you who made my heart throb for the first time, you must always remind me the pleasures of love! My desire will fly to you on the wings of thought and my last breath will be yours, my beloved.

Le vert colibri

The green hummingbird, king of the hills, seeing the dew and the bright sun glitter on his nest, woven of fine grasses, like a light breeze escapes into the air, he hurries

and flies to the nearby springs, where the reeds make the sound of the sea, where the red hibiscus, with its heavenly scent, unfolds and brings a humid light to the heart. Towards the golden flower he descends, alights, and drinks so much love from the rosy cup that he dies, not knowing if he could have drained it.

On our pure lips oh my beloved, my soul likewise would have wanted to die of the first kiss, which has perfumed it.

Les papillons

The butterflies, color of snow, float in swarms over the sea; lovely white butterflies, when may I take to the blue road of the sky? Do you know, beauty of beauties, My dancing-girl with eyes of jade, if they would lend me their wings, tell me, do you know where I would go? Without taking a single kiss to the roses, across valleys and woods I would go to your half-closed lips, flower of my soul, and there I would die.

Sérénade italienne

Let us embark in a boat on the sea to pass the night among the stars, see, the breeze is just blowing enough to swell the cloth of the sails. The old Italian fisherman and his two sons, who guide us, hear but do not understand the words we fill our speech with. Upon the sea, calm and somber, see we can exchange our souls, and no one will understand our voices, but the night, the sky and the waves.



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