

Gabrielle Martorana
Accompanied by: Kristina Shatuho

Junior Voice Recital
Organ Hall | 2017, April 5th | 7:30p.m.

Toglietemi La Vita Ancor -Alessandro Scarlatti

[You can] even take away my life, cruel heavens, if you want to carry off my heart, take away my life. Deny me the sun's rays, severe spheres¹, if you are pleased with my sadness, just take away my life.

Se Tu M'ami - Alessando Parisotti

If you love me, if you sigh only for me, dear shepherd, I am sorrowful for your sufferings; yet I delight in your love. But if you think that I must in return love only you, little shepherd, you are subject to deceiving yourself easily. The beautiful purple rose will Silvia choose today; With the excuse of its thorns, tomorrow, then, will she despise it. But the advice of the men I will not follow. Just because the lily pleases me, I do not have to despise the other flowers.

Winterlied -Felix Mendelssohn

My son, where do you want to go so late? Don't go into the forest, you'll never find your sister, O stay with me at home! Outside it's so cold, so raw and the wind blows fiercely; You'll be all alone in the wide forest, O stay with me, my child! O Mother, Mother, let me go, dry the tears in your eyes, I will certainly find [my] sister and bring her back to us. Until I find her, I'll have no peace, and certainly no rest; I'm used to snow and wind, I'll come back to you soon.

Verborgtheit - Hugo Wolf

Let, o world, o let me be! Lure me not with what love giveth, Make this heart of mine content with its own pleasure, its own grief! What grieves me, I know it not, it is some unheard-of thorn; Yet through my tears I will see. The warming sunlight come the morn. Oft when I forget myself a savory pleasure lifts my gloom, 'tis then I feel from deep within my infirm spirit at once renewed.

Der Gärtner -Hugo Wolf

As white as the snow, the most beautiful princess go through the avenue. The way the little horse Hintanzet so hold, the sand I strewed, he [flashes] like gold! You rosenfarb's little hut probably on and off, O throw a feather, steely down! And do you mind a bloom of mine, take a thousand for one, take all for it!

Les Cigales -Emmanuel Chabrier

The sun is directly over the path, the shadow turns blue under the fig trees, the cries in the distance multiply, it is noon, it is noon that sings! Under the star that conducts the choir, the singers which are concealed throw their raucous hooting from such a tireless heart! The cicadas, those bugs, have more soul than violins, the cicadas, the little cicadas, sing better than violins!

Villanelle Des Petits Canards -Emmanuel Chabrier

They go, the little ducks, all on the bank of the river, like fine country folk! Paddlers and wrigglers, happy from muddying the clear water, they go, the little ducks. They seem a little gullible, but they go about their business like fine country folk! In the water full of tadpoles, where a flimsy weed quivers, they go, the little ducks, marching in scattered groups, at a steady pace like fine country folk! In the fair spinach-green of the damp watercress bed, they go, the little ducks, and though a bit snarky, they are of good-natured humor like fine country folk! Making, in chattering circles, a veritable riot of noise, they go, the little ducks, chubby, glossy and jolly, they are jolly in their own way, like fine country folk! Amorous and nasal, each with its crony, they go, the little ducks, like fine country folk!

Fair House of Joy -Roger Quilter

Fain would I change that note to which fond Love hath
charm'd me long, long to sing by rote, Fancying that that
harm'd me; yet when this thought doth come 'Love, Love
is the perfect sum of all delight!' I have no other choice
either for pen or voice to sing or write. O Love! They
wrong thee much that say thy sweet is bitter,
When thy rich fruit is such as nothing can be sweeter, fair
house of joy and bliss, where truest, where truest pleasure
is, I do adore thee: I know thee what thou art,
I serve thee with my heart, and fall before thee,
And fall before thee

Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal -Roger Quilter

Now sleeps the crimson petal, now the white;
Nor waves the cypress in the palace walk;
Nor winks the gold fin in the porph'ry font.
The firefly wakens; waken thou with me.
Now folds the lily all her sweetness up,
And slips into the bosom of the lake.
So fold thyself, me dearest, thou, and slip
Into my bosom and be lost in me.

Love's Philosophy -Roger Quilter

The fountains mingle with the River And the Rivers with
the Ocean, The winds of Heaven mix for ever
With a sweet emotion; Nothing in the world is single;
All things by a law divine In one another's being mingle.
Why not I with thine? See the mountains kiss high
Heaven And the waves clasp one another; No sister-
flower would be forgiven If it disdained its brother;
And the sunlight clasps the earth And the moonbeams
kiss the sea:What are all these kissings worth
If thou kiss not me?

Del Cabello Mas Sutil -Fernando Obradors

From that finest hair which thou dost braid
I would craft a chain to draw thee by my side.
A cup within thy house, dear maid, I'd pray become,
Wherein I'd kiss thy mouth as oft as thou drink from
...Ah!

El Majo Discreto -Enrique Grandados

Some say that my beloved is homely. It is possible that he
may be, for love is desire which blinds and dizzies. For long
have I known that loving is not seeing. But if my beloved is
not a man whose beauty turns heads and astonishes, then he
is discreet and the keeper of a secret that I entrusted to him
knowing that he is true. What could this secret be that my
beloved is safeguarding? It would be indiscreet for me to
reveal it. It is no small feat to learn the secrets between a
man and a woman. He was born in Lavapiés . Uh-huh! He is
handsome, handsome is he!