

11-11-2012

# Alison Patton, Mezzo-Soprano, Senior Voice Recital

Alison Patton  
*Cedarville University*

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## Recommended Citation

Patton, Alison, "Alison Patton, Mezzo-Soprano, Senior Voice Recital" (2012). *Junior and Senior Recitals*. 7.  
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THE CEDARVILLE UNIVERSITY  
DEPARTMENT OF  
MUSIC AND WORSHIP

PRESENTS THE

**SENIOR VOICE RECITAL**

OF

**ALISON PATTON**  
MEZZO-SOPRANO

**STEPHEN ESTEP**  
PIANO

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 2012  
4:30 P.M.

RECITAL HALL  
BOLTHOUSE CENTER FOR MUSIC  
DIXON MINISTRY CENTER

## PROGRAM

### I

- Selections from MESSIAH ..... George Frideric Handel  
*He Shall Feed His Flock* (1685–1759)  
*O Thou That Tellest Good Tidings to Zion*

### II

- Che farò senza Euridice?*  
from ORFEO ED EURIDICE ..... Christoph Willibald von Gluck  
(1714–1787)
- Non so più cosa son,*  
from THE MARRIAGE OF FIGARO .... Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart  
(1756–1791)
- Faites-lui mes aveux,* from FAUST ..... Charles Gounod  
(1818–1893)

### III

- Frühlingsglaube,* D. 686 ..... Franz Schubert  
*Ständchen,* from SCHWANENGESANG, D. 957, No. 4 (1797–1828)
- LIEDER DER BRAUT AUS DEM LIEBESFRÜHLING ..... Robert Schumann  
*Mutter, Mutter! Glaube nicht!* (1810–1856)  
*Lass mich ihn am Busen hangen*

### IV

- Au bord de l'eau,* Op. 8, No. 1 ..... Gabriel Fauré  
*Après un rêve,* Op. 7, No. 1 (1845–1924)  
*Fleur jetée,* Op. 30, No. 2

### V

- The Daisies,* Op. 2, No. 1 ..... Samuel Barber  
*Sure on This Shining Night,* Op. 13, No. 3 (1910–1981)
- Selections from GITANJALI ..... John Alden Carpenter  
*The Sleep That Flits on Baby's Eyes* (1876–1951)  
*When I Bring to You Colour'd Toys*

Alison is a student of Mark Spencer.  
This recital is presented in partial fulfillment  
of the Bachelor of Music in Church Music Ministries degree.

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

## TRANSLATIONS

### *Che farò senza Euridice?*

Recitative: Alas! Where have I traversed?  
Where has a delirium of love thrust me?  
Bride! Euridice! Wife! Ah, she lives no  
more; I call her in vain. Wretched me—I  
lose her once again and forever! Oh law!  
Oh death! Oh cruel memory! I do not  
have help; counsel does not come forth  
for me! I see only (oh savage sight!) the  
sad aspect of my horrible state. Be  
satisfied, wicked fate: I am without hope!  
Aria: What will I do without Euridice?  
Where will I go without my beloved?  
What will I do? Where will I go? What  
will I do without my beloved? Euridice!  
Oh God! Answer! I am still your faithful  
one. Ah, no more help, no more hope for  
me comes forth from earth, nor from  
heaven!

### *Non so più cosa son*

I don't know anymore what I am, what  
I'm doing; now I'm made of fire, now of  
ice. Every woman makes me change  
color; every woman makes me tremble.  
At merely the words "love," "pleasure,"  
my breast becomes nervous and upset,  
and a desire for love—a desire that I  
can't explain—forces me to talk. I talk  
about love when awake; I talk about love  
when dreaming—to the water, to the  
shadow, to the mountains, to the  
flowers, to the grass, to the fountains, to  
the echo, to the air, to the winds which  
carry away with them the sound of my  
futile words. And if I don't have someone  
to hear me, I talk about love to myself.

### *Faites-lui mes aveux*

Greet her for me; bear my wishes!  
Flowers in bloom close by her, tell her  
that she is beautiful, that my heart night  
and day languishes from love. Reveal to  
her soul the secret of my passion, that it  
may give forth, with you, fragrances

more sweet! Withered! Alas, that  
sorcerer, whom God damns, has  
brought me bad luck! I can't touch a  
flower without it withering! Let me  
dip my fingers in the holy water! It's  
there that every evening Marguerite  
comes to pray! Let's see now! Let's see  
quickly! Are they withering? No!  
Satan, I laugh at you! It's in you that I  
have faith; speak for me! May she  
know the emotion she caused to be  
born, and of which my troubled heart  
has not spoken at all! If love startles  
her, may the flower upon her mouth at  
least be able to place a sweet kiss!

### *Frühlingsglaube*

The mild breezes are awake, they  
rustle and stir by day and night, they  
are at work everywhere; o fresh scent,  
o new sound! Now, poor heart, be not  
afraid. Now everything must change.  
The world grows lovelier every day,  
one cannot tell what yet may happen;  
the flowering will not end; the  
farthest, deepest valley blooms, now,  
poor heart, forget your pain! Now  
everything must change.

### *Ständchen*

Softly through the night my songs  
implore you, come down into the still  
grove with me, beloved; slender  
treetops rustle and whisper in the  
moonlight, fear not, sweet one, the  
betrayer's malicious eavesdropping.  
Do you hear the nightingales calling?  
Ah! they are imploring you. With the  
sweet music of their notes they  
implore you for me. They understand  
the bosom's yearning, they know the  
pangs of love, they can touch every  
tender heart with their silvery tones.  
Let them move your heart also;  
beloved, hear me! Trembling, I wait  
for you; come, give me bliss!

*Mutter, Mutter! Glaube nicht!*

Mother, mother do not believe that because I love him so much I am now short of love with which to love you as I have in the past. Mother, mother, since I love him I now truly love you. Let me draw you to my heart and kiss you as he kisses me! Mother, mother! Since I love him I finally love you completely for giving me the existence that has become so radiant for me.

*Lass mich ihn am Busen hangen*

Let me cling to his chest, mother, mother! Stop worrying. Don't ask: how shall it change? Don't ask: how shall it end? End? It shall never end, change, I still don't know how!

*Au bord de l'eau*

To sit together on the bank of the stream that passes, to see it pass; together, when a cloud floats in space, to see it float; when a cottage chimney is smoking on the horizon, to see it smoke; if nearby a flower spreads its fragrance, to absorb its scent; to hear at the foot of the willow, where water murmurs, the water murmurs, not to notice, while this dream lasts, the passage of time, but to feel deep passion only to adore each other; not to care at all about the world's quarrels, to ignore

them, and alone, together, facing all that grows weary, not to grow weary; to be in love while all passes away, never to change!

*Après un rêve*

In a slumber charmed by your image I dreamed of happiness, ardent mirage; your eyes were more tender, your voice pure and clear; you were radiant like a sky brightened by sunrise; you were calling me, and I left the earth to flee with you towards the light; the skies opened their clouds for us, splendors unknown, glimpses of divine light...Alas! Alas, sad awakening from dreams! I call to you, oh night, give me back your illusions; return, return with your radiance, return, oh mysterious night!

*Fleur jetée*

Carry away my passion at the will of the wind, flower, gathered with a song and thrown away in a dream. Carry away my passion at the will of the wind, like a cut flower perishes love. The hand that has touched you shuns my hand forever; let the wind that withers you, oh, poor flower, a while ago so fresh, and tomorrow colorless, let the wind that withers you, oh, poor flower, let the wind that withers you, wither my heaven.



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