

11-20-2010

# Lisa Pollock, Mezzo-Soprano, Senior Voice Recital

Lisa Pollock  
*Cedarville University*

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THE CEDARVILLE UNIVERSITY  
DEPARTMENT OF  
MUSIC AND WORSHIP

PRESENTS THE

SENIOR VOICE RECITAL  
OF  
LISA POLLOCK  
MEZZO SOPRANO

NOELL SUTTON  
PIANO

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 2010  
4:30 P.M.

RECITAL HALL  
BOLTHOUSE CENTER FOR MUSIC  
DIXON MINISTRY CENTER

## PROGRAM

*Non lo dirò col labbro*, from TOLOMEO ..... George F. Handel  
*Cangiò d'aspetto*, from ADMETO (1685-1759)

*Lied der Mignon* ..... Franz Schubert  
*Nacht und Träume* (1797-1828)  
*Ständchen*  
*Du bist die Ruh*

*Cruda sorte!...Già so per pratica*,  
from L'ITALIANA IN ALGERI ..... Gioacchino Rossini  
(1792-1868)

## INTERMISSION

### II

*Rêve d'Amour* ..... Gabriel Fauré  
*Ici-bas* (1845-1924)  
*Après un Rêve*  
*Dans les ruines d'une abbaye*

### III

*A Change in Me*, from BEAUTY AND THE BEAST ..... Alan Menken  
(b. 1949)

*Someone Else's Story*, from CHESS ..... Benny Andersson  
(b. 1946)

*Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man*, from SHOW BOAT ..... Jerome Kern  
(1885-1945)

Assisted by Aubrie Compitello, piano; Tim Lukasiewicz, bass;  
Kyle Schick, saxophone; and Ben Yeh, drums

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

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

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

## TRANSLATIONS

### *Non lo dirò col labbro*

I will not say it with my lips, which have  
not that courage;

Perhaps the sparks of my burning eyes,  
revealing my passion, my glance will speak.

### *Cangiò d'aspetto*

Cruel destiny has changed its aspect and in  
my breast is reborn complete happiness.

I no longer feel pain and suffering now  
that my heart has turned to joy.

### *Lied der Mignon*

Only he who knows what yearning is  
knows how I suffer!

Alone and cut off from all happiness, I look  
up into the sky toward yonder side. Alas!  
he who loves and knows me is far away. I  
grow dizzy. I am inwardly inflamed.

Only he who knows what yearning is  
Knows how I suffer!

### *Nacht und Träume*

Holy Night, thou art descending. Dreams,  
too, are floating downward, like thy  
moonlight through the space, through the  
quiet hearts of men.

They behold it with joy, and call aloud  
when the day breaks: "Return again, Holy  
Night! Sweet dreams, return again!"

### *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!

### *Du bist die Ruh*

Thou art rest and gentle peace, thou art  
longing, and that which stills it. I  
consecrate to thee, with my joys and  
griefs, as thy dwelling place, my eyes  
and heart.

Enter into me and close thou the gates  
softly behind thee: Drive other griefs  
from this breast, let this heart be filled  
with thy joys.

My world of sight thy radiance alone can  
illuminate. O, fill it to the full!

### *Cruda sorte!...Già so per pratica*

Cruel fate! Tyrannical love! This is the  
reward of my faith: There is neither  
horror, terror, nor anguish equal to that  
which I feel in me. For you alone, oh my  
Lindoro, I find myself in such peril; from  
whom do I hope, oh, God for advice?  
Who will give me comfort?

Here deftness is wanted; no more  
frenzies or fear. Now it's time for  
courage ... now they'll see who I am.

I already know through experience  
what may be the effect of a languid  
glance, of a little sigh. I know how men  
are tamed—yes, I know how men are  
tamed. Be they gentle or rough, be they

coolness or fire, they are all the same,  
more or less. They all ask for it, they all  
desire it: happiness from a lovely woman.  
Yes, yes...

*Rêve d'Amour*

If there is a lovely lawn watered by the sky,  
where in every season is born some  
blossoming flower, where one gathers  
freely lily, woodbine and jasmine, there I  
want to make a path for your feet to tread.

If there is a loving breast wherein honor  
dwells, where a tender devotion never is  
morose, if this noble breast always beats  
for a worthy aim, I will make of it the  
pillow where your head can rest.

If there is a dream of love with the scent of  
roses, where one finds every day  
something that is sweet, a dream blessed  
by the Lord, where two souls unite, oh, I  
will make of it a nest where your heart will  
rest.

*Ici-bas*

Down here all lilacs die, all songs of the  
birds are short, I dream of summers that  
endure forever!

Down here lips fade and leave nothing of  
their velvet, I dream of kisses that last  
forever!

Down here, all men weep For their  
friendships or their loves...I dream of  
couples who remain, who remain always  
together!

*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 toward 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!

*Dans les ruines d'une abbaye*

Alone, those two, charmed, singing, how  
they love each other; how they gather  
the spring that God sows, what sparkling  
laughter in these shadows, once crowded  
with pale faces, with sad hearts.

They are quite newly wed, they call to  
each other the charming, varying cries,  
joy's fresh echoes, mingling with the wind  
that trembles, turn the dark convent into  
a friendly place.

They strip the jasmine of its petals on the  
tombstone where the abbess joins her  
hands in prayer, they seek each other,  
they pursue each other, they see your  
dawn come up, love, in the night of the  
old cloister.

They go away, billing; they adore each  
other, they kiss at every moment, and  
then once more under the pillars, the  
arches, and the marbles ... that is the  
story of the birds in the trees.



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