

1-30-2010

Alise Merrin, Mezzo-Soprano, Senior Voice Recital

Alise Merrin
Cedarville University

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THE CEDARVILLE UNIVERSITY
DEPARTMENT OF
MUSIC, ART, & WORSHIP

PRESENTS THE

SENIOR VOICE RECITAL
OF

ALISE MERRIN
MEZZO-SOPRANO

STEPHEN ESTEP
PIANO

SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 2010
3:00 P.M.

RECITAL HALL
BOLTHOUSE CENTER FOR MUSIC
DIXON MINISTRY CENTER

Program

I

Il mio bel foco Benedetto Marcello
(1686-1739)

Vittoria, mio core! Giacomo Carissimi
(1604-1674)

II

Der Musensohn Franz Schubert

Du liebst mich nicht (1797-1828)

Die junge Nonne

III

Rêve d'amour Gabriel Fauré

Après un rêve (1845-1924)

Les roses d'Ispahan

Brief Intermission

IV

Lullaby, from THE CONSUL Gian Carlo Menotti
(1911-2007)

Why So Pale and Wan, Fond Lover? Norman Dello Joio

How Do I Love Thee? (1913-2008)

V

La maja dolorosa, número 2 Enrique Granados

El majo tímido (1867-1916)

El tra la la y el punteado

VI

Come Home, from ALLEGRO Richard Rodgers
(1908-1979)

Home, from BEAUTY AND THE BEAST arr. Stephen Estep
(b. 1975)

Assisted by Cristina Hatch, violin

The World Above, from THE LITTLE MERMAID arr. Stephen Estep

Assisted by Cristina Hatch, violin

Alise is a student of Beth Cram Porter.

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

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

Translations

Il mio bel foco

My beautiful fire, however far or near
I may be never changing temper
for you, dear eyes, it will burn forever.

That flame which kindled me is so pleased
with my soul that it never is extinguished.
And if the fates make you mine lovely rays
of my beloved sun, other light my soul does
not want nor will ever want.

Vittoria, mio core!

Victory, my heart! No longer weep,
love is dissolved the vile servitude.

The ungodly woman deceived you
with charms, lies, and deceptive caresses.

Fraud and sorrow have no more place;
the embers of her cruelty have gone out!

From laughing eyes no arrows shoot
which struck a deadly wound in my breast.

Neither grief nor torment I worry no longer.
I broke every string, fear has disappeared!

Der Musensohn

Through fields and woods I wander, piping
my song I go from place to place! And
moving to the rhythm and moving with the
measure, everything moves with me.

I can hardly wait for the first bloom in the
garden, the first blossom on the tree. They
greet my songs, and when winter comes
again I still sing that dream.

I sing them far and wide through the ice's
realm as the winter blooms beautiful!
These flowers fade, and I find new joy
in the hilltowns.

For, as I beside the linden encounter young
little people, I immediately excite them. The
blunt fellow swells, the stiff girl twirls to my
melody.

You give my feet wings and drive through
valley and hills, your favorite, far from
home. My dear, sweet muse, when on her
bosom will I finally again find rest?

Du liebst mich nicht

My heart is broken, you do not love me!
You have let me know, you do not love
me! Although I came to you pleading and
wooing, and overflowing with love, you
do not love me! You have said, with
spoken words, with too much certainty:
you do not love me!

I will miss the stars, I will miss the moon,
And the sun, you do not love me! Why
does the rose bloom? Why does the
jasmine bloom? Why does the narcissus
bloom? You do not love me!

Die junge Nonne

How roars through the treetops the
howling storm; it rattles the rafters, it
shakes the house. It rolls the thunder, it
flashes the lightning, and the night is
dark, as the grave. So be it, so be it.

So it raged recently in me; it roared to
life, as the storm does now my limbs
trembled, as the house does now. It flared
love, as the lightning does now, and my
heart was dark, as the grave.

Now rage, you wild, powerful storm;
in my heart is peace, in my heart is calm.
The bridegroom awaits the loving bride,
cleansed by purifying flames, to eternal
love betrothed.

I await, my Savior, with longing eyes;
come, heavenly bridegroom, take your
bride, release her soul from earthly
imprisonment. Hark! The bell peacefully
rings from the tower! The sweet sound
invites me overpoweringly to eternal
heights. Hallelujah!

Rêve d'amour

If there is a charming lawn watered by the
sky, where in every season some flowers
bloom, where we can gather by the
handful lilies, honeysuckle, and jasmine,
I want to make it the path where your foot
will step!

If there is a loving breast where honor
rules, where tender devotion has nothing

morose. If that noble breast always beats for a worthy purpose, I want to make it the cushion where your head will rest!

If there is a dream of love scented with roses., where every day is found something sweet, a dream that God blesses, where one soul unites with another. Oh! I want to make it the nest where your heart will rest!

Après un rêve

In a slumber, charmed by your image, I dreamed of happiness, ardent mirage, your eyes were softer, your voice pure and sonorous, you shone like a sky lit by the dawn.

You called me, and I left the earth to run away with you toward the light; the heavens opened their clouds for us unknown splendors, divine light glimpsed!

Alas, alas! Sad awakening from dreams I call you, O night, give me back your lies, return, return brighter. Return, O mysterious night.

Les roses d'Ispahan

The roses of Ispahan in their sheath of moss the jasmine of Mosul, the orange blossoms, have a scent less fresh, an aroma less sweet, O fair Leilah,! than your gentle breath.

Your lips are coral and your laughter light sound better than rippling water and with sweet voice better than the joyful wind which rocks the orange tree better than the bird that sings beside a nest of moss.

O Leilah! Ever since in their airy flight all the kisses fled your lips so sweet, there is no more fragrance in the pale orange tree nor heavenly aroma of roses in the moss.

Oh! May your young love, that light butterfly, come back to my heart on a swift and gentle wing and again scent the flowers of the orange tree the roses of Ispahan in their sheath of moss.

La maja dolorosa, número 2

Oh, love of my life, no, no you have not died! How could I exist if that were true?

I want crazily to kiss your mouth! I want to safely enjoy more of your happiness.

But alas, I am delirious, dreaming my love no longer exists. Around me the world is crying and sad in my grief I find no comfort! But dead and cold the lover will always be mine.

El majo tímido

He arrives at my window and looks at me through the night. When he sees me and sighs, he goes down the street. Oh! What a shy boy. If this is how life passes, I will be amused!

El tra la la y el punteado

It is in vain, my love, that you keep talking because there are things that in answer I am always singing Tra la la... The more you ask Tra la la... In me you cause no griefs nor shall I leave my song Tra la la...

