

11-2-2008

## Alise Merrin, Mezzo-Soprano, and Laura Thayer, Piano, Junior Recital

Alise Merrin  
*Cedarville University*

Laura Thayer  
*Cedarville University*

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The Cedarville University Department of Music, Art, & Worship

presents the Junior Recital of

**ALISE MERRIN, Mezzo- Soprano**  
**Stephen Estep, Piano**

and

**LAURA THAYER, Piano**

**Sunday, November 2, 2008, 3:00 p.m.**

Alise  
*Tutta raccolta ancor*, from SCIPONE ..... George Friedrich Handel  
*Bel piacerre*, from AGRIPPINA (1685-1759)

Laura  
*Fantasy in c minor* ..... Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart  
(1685-1759)

Alise  
*Du bist die Ruh*, Op. 59, No. 3 ..... Franz Schubert  
*Frühlingsglaube*, Op. 20, No. 2 (1797-1828)

Laura  
*Prelude in e minor*, Op. 28, No. 4 ..... Frédéric Chopin  
*Prelude in A-flat Major*, Op. 28, No. 17 (1810-1849)  
*Prelude in c minor*, Op. 28, No. 20  
*Prelude in g minor*, Op. 28, No. 22

Alise  
*En sourdine*, Op. 58, No 2 ..... Gabriel Fauré  
*Mandoline*, Op. 58, No 1 (1845-1924)

Laura  
*Prelude in b minor*, Op. 32, No. 10 ..... Sergei Rachmaninoff  
(1873-1943)

Alise  
THREE BROWNING SONGS, Op 44 ..... Amy Marcy Cheney Beach  
*The year's at the spring* (1867-1944)  
*Ah, Love, but a day!*  
*I send my heart up to thee*

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

Laura is a student of Charles Clevenger.

Alisa's recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the Bachelor of Music Education degree.

## Translations

### *Tutta raccolta ancor*

I feel exalted  
While my heart is throbbing.  
I feel my love swell  
Within my trembling breast.

### *Bel piacere*

'Tis great pleasure to enjoy  
To enjoy a faithful love!  
This brings contentment to the heart.  
Splendour is not measured by beauty,  
If it does not come from a faithful heart.

### *Du bist die Ruh*

You are peace,  
The mild peace,  
You are longing  
And what stills it.

I consecrate to you  
Full of desire and pain  
As a dwelling here  
My eyes and heart.

Come with me,  
And latch  
quietly behind you  
the gates.

Drive other pain  
Out of this breast  
May my heart be full  
With your desire.

The tabernacle of my eyes  
by your radiance  
alone is illumined,  
O fill it completely!

### *Frühlingsglaube*

The gentle winds are awakened.  
They murmur and waft day and night.  
They create in every corner.  
Oh fresh scent, oh new sound!  
Now, poor heart, fear not!  
Now everything, everything must change.

The world becomes more beautiful with each day.  
One does not know what may yet happen.  
The blooming doesn't want to end.  
The farthest, deepest valley blooms.  
Now, poor heart, forget the pain!  
Now everything, everything must change.

### *En sourdine*

Calm in the half day  
The branches are high  
Our love enters  
This profound silence  
Our souls, our hearts  
And our senses enraptured  
Amidst the faint waves  
Of the pines and the trees  
Half-close your eyes  
Cross your arms on your breast  
And from your heart  
Drive away all plans  
Let us surrender  
To the soft and rocking breath  
Who comes at your feet to ripple  
The waves of red lawns  
And when, solemnly, the evening  
Falls on the black oaks  
The voice of our desperation,  
The nightingale, sings.

### *Mandoline*

The givers of serenades  
And the beautiful listeners  
Exchange insipid talk  
Under the singing branches  
It's Tircis and it's Aminte  
And it's the eternal Clitandre  
And it's Damis, who is cruel  
To write many tender verses  
Their short jackets of silk  
Their long robes with trains  
Their elegance, their joy  
And their soft blue shadows  
Whirl in ecstasy  
On a rose and grey moon  
And the mandoline plays  
Among the chills of wind.  
The givers of serenades  
And the beautiful listeners  
Exchange insipid talk  
Under the singing branches