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# Allison Butterworth, Soprano, Senior Voice Recital

Allison R. Butterworth

*Cedarville University*, [abutterworth@cedarville.edu](mailto:abutterworth@cedarville.edu)

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THE CEDARVILLE UNIVERSITY  
DEPARTMENT OF  
MUSIC AND WORSHIP

PRESENTS THE

SENIOR VOICE RECITAL  
OF  
ALLISON BUTTERWORTH  
SOPRANO

ALYSSA GRIFFITH  
PIANO

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 2015  
7 P.M.

RECITAL HALL  
BOLTHOUSE CENTER FOR MUSIC  
DIXON MINISTRY CENTER

## PROGRAM

### I

*Laudamus Te* ..... Antonio Lucio Vivaldi  
*Domine Deus* (1678–1741)

### II

*Non so piu cosa son* ..... Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart  
*Voi Che Sapete* (1756–1791)

### III

*Ich hab' in Penne einen Liebsten wohnen* ..... Hugo Wolf  
*Wand' ich in dem Morgentau* (1860–1903)  
*Elfenlied*

*Ich Wollt ein Strausslein Binden* ..... Richard Strauss  
*Morgen* (1864–1949)

### IV

*Villanelle des petits canards* ..... Emmanuel Chabrier  
*Ballade des gros dindons* (1841–1894)

### V

*Green* ..... Claude Debussy  
*Apparition* (1862–1918)

### VI

*If the World Should End* ..... Paul David Hewson  
(b. 1960)

*Light in the Piazza* ..... Mario Nascimbene  
(1941–1990)

Allison is a student of Mark Spencer.

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

### *Laudamus Te*

We praise you, We bless you, We adore you,  
We glorify you!

### *Domine Deus*

O Lord God, heavenly King, God the Father  
almighty. O Lord the only-begotten Son, Jesus  
Christ! Jesus Christ! Jesus Christ!

O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father.  
Son of the Father. Son of the Father. O Lord God,  
heavenly King, God the Father almighty.

### *Non So Piu*

I do not know anymore what I am, what I do,  
One moment I'm on fire, the next moment I am  
cold as ice, Every woman changes my color,  
Every woman makes me tremble. At the very  
mention of love, of delight, I am greatly troubled,  
my heart stirs within my chest, It compels me to  
speak of love A desire I can not explain. I speak  
of love while I'm awake, I speak of love while I'm  
dreaming, Water, shade, mountains, flowers,  
grass, fountains, echo, air, and the winds, The  
sound of my hopeless words are taken away  
with them. And if I do not have anyone near to  
hear me I speak of love to myself!

### *Voi Che Sapete*

You who know what love is, Women, see  
whether it's in my heart, What I am experiencing  
I will tell you, It is new to me and I do not  
understand it. I have a feeling full of desire, That  
now, is both pleasure and suffering. At first frost,  
then I feel the soul burning, And in a moment I'm  
freezing again. Seek a blessing outside myself, I  
do not know how to hold it, I do not know what  
it is. I sigh and moan without meaning to, throb  
and tremble without knowing, I find no peace  
both night or day, But even still, I like to  
languish. You who know what love is,

### *Ich hab in Penna*

I have a lover living in Penna. Another in the  
Maremma plain. One in the beautiful harbour of  
Ancona. For the fourth I must travel to Viterbo.  
Another one lives yonder in Casentino. The next  
one lives with me in the same place. I have yet  
another in Magione, four in La Fratta, ten in  
Castiglione.

### *Morgentau*

When I wander in the morning dew, through  
the fragrance-filled meadow, I grow so ashamed  
from the flowers around me!

The little dove on the church roof, the little  
fish in the mill brook, and the little snake so  
quiet in the weeds - all of them feel and name

themselves brides.

The apple blossom, shining brightly,  
thinks itself a proud little mother; cheerfully,  
so early in the year, the butterfly pair dies  
already.

God, what have I then done that I am  
without a spring mate, that, without even one  
sweet kiss I must die unloved?

### *Elfenlied*

At night in the village the watchman cried,  
eleven! A very small elf was asleep in the  
forest - just at eleven! And he thinks that  
called to him from the valley in his name the  
nightingale, called him. Rubbing the elf's eyes  
out, comes out of his shell, and is like a  
drunken man, his nap was not finished; and  
he hobbles down, tip tap by hazel's down in  
the valley's, slips right up to the wall through  
so dense, since the firefly sits light to light.  
"What are those bright windows as a wedding  
there will be: The kids sit at the feast, and  
getting on in the hall. Since peep I'll just take a  
little 'no!' - Ugh, hits his head on hard stone!  
Elf, you have enough! Gukuk! Gukuk!

### *Ich wollt ein Stauslein binden*

I would have made a bouquet but dark  
night arrived and there was no little flower to  
be found, or I would have brought it.

Then down my cheeks flowed tears onto  
the clover - I saw that one small flower had  
come up now in the garden.

I wanted to pick it for you deep in the  
dark clover, but it began to speak: "Ah, do not  
harm me!

"Be kind-hearted, consider your own  
grief, and do not let me die in agony before my  
time!"

And if it had not spoken so, in the garden  
all alone, I would have plucked it for you, but  
now that cannot be.

My sweetheart has not come, I am so  
entirely alone. In love dwells tribulation, and  
it can be no different.

### *Morgen*

And tomorrow the sun will shine again  
and on the way that I will go, she will again  
unite us, the happy ones amidst this sun-  
breathing earth, and to the beach, wide,  
wave-blue will we still and slowly descend  
silently we will look in each other's eyes and  
upon us will sink the mute silence of  
happiness.

*Villanelle des petits canards*

They go, the little ducks, all along the river, like good country folk!

And dabbling, happy to disturb the clear water, they go, the little ducks.

They seem a little suckers, but they are in their case, like good country folk.

In full of tadpoles water where a slight tremble grass, they go, the little ducks,

Walking through scattered groups, in a steady pace like good country folk!

In the beautiful green of spinach, moist watercress they go, the little ducks,

And though somewhat mocking, they are good-natured humor like good country folk!

Doing circles talkative a real bedlam of noise, they go, the little ducks,

Plump, glossy and fellows they are gays in their way, like good country folk!

Love and nasal each with its gossip they go, the little ducks, like good country folk!

*Ballade des gros dindons*

Large turkeys, through fields, on not solemn and quiet, by morning by sunsets, stupidly walking in a row, before the shepherdess who queue humming old trills, go to docile procession large turkeys!

They will seem to wholesalers filled with a fool morgue bailiffs rogues and villains you look a hostile eye their red pendant swings; they appear among the thistles, seriously hold a council, large turkeys!

Having never found touching the sounds that the file nightingale they follow, heavy and stumbling, one of them, worthy as a town counselor; and when at distant bell the Angelus made his slow din! donations! They return home, large turkeys!

Fat tribunals, only their inclinations are to practice and useful, for them, love and sweet songs are too idle pastime; bourgeois of the volatile gent, rounding black tummies, they do not care any idyll, large turkeys!

*Green*

Here are fruits, flowers, leaves and branches and here is my heart which beats only for you. Do not tear your two white hands and in your eyes so beautiful this humble or soft.

I can still covered with dew the wind in the morning just icing on my forehead. Let my fatigue, rested your feet, dream of dear moments that will refresh.

On your young breast let my head roll any sound again for your last kisses; let it soothe the good storm, and let me sleep a little while you rest.

*Apparition*

The moon was saddened. Seraphims in tears dreaming, bows at their fingers, in the calm of filmy flowers threw dying violas of white sobs sliding over the blue of corollas. It was the blessed day of your first kiss; my reverie, loving to torture me, wisely imbibed its perfume of sadness that even without regret and without setback leaves the gathering of a dream within the heart that gathered it. I wandered then, my eye riveted on the aged cobblestones. When, with light in your hair, in the street and in the evening, you appeared to me smiling and I thought I had seen the fairy with a hat of light who passed in my sweet dreams as a spoiled child, always dropping from her carelessly closed hand a snow of white bouquets of perfumed stars.