

3-14-2015

Emma Patterson, Mezzo-Soprano, Senior Voice Recital

Emma E. Patterson

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THE CEDARVILLE UNIVERSITY
DEPARTMENT OF
MUSIC AND WORSHIP

PRESENTS THE

SENIOR VOICE RECITAL
OF
EMMA PATTERSON
MEZZO-SOPRANO

JENNA BERKSTRESSER
PIANO

SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 2015
7 P.M.

RECITAL HALL
BOLTHOUSE CENTER FOR MUSIC
DIXON MINISTRY CENTER

PROGRAM

I

- Schliesse, mein Herze,*
from WEIHNACHTS-ORATORIUM, BWV 248 J. S. Bach
(1685–1750)
- Thou Art Gone up on High,* from MESSIAH George Frideric Handel
(1685–1759)

Assisted by Ellen Raquet, violin;
and Joshua Dissmore, cello

II

- Già dagli occhi il velo,*
from MITRIDATE RE DI PONTO Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756–1791)

III

- Das Ständchen* Hugo Wolf
Verschwiegene Liebe (1860–1903)
So lasst mich scheinen, bis ich werde
Kennst du das Land?

INTERMISSION

IV

- Irons-nous?* Giulio Alary
(1814–1891)
- Les Bretonnes* Reynaldo Hahn
(1874–1947)
- Joie!* Jules Massenet
(1842–1912)

Assisted by Alexandria Martella, soprano

V

- Let's Call the Whole Thing Off* George Gershwin
(1898–1937)
- My Funny Valentine* Richard Rodgers
(1902–1979)
- Blue Skies* Irving Berlin
(1888–1989)

Assisted by Caleb Peterson, baritone vocalist and trumpet;
Simon Yeh, tenor saxophone; Josh Drake, piano;
Joseph Morris, upright bass; and Adam Cole, drums

Emma is a student of 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

Schliesse, mein Herze

Enclose, my heart, these blessed miracles fast
within your faith! Let these wonders, these
divine works, forever be reinforcement of
your weak faith!

Già dagli occhi il velo

I must go... Oh heaven, but where shall I direct
my bold footstep? Ah, I hear you again, oh
sacred, powerful voices of nature, oh fierce
remorse of my heart. No, I am not so wicked,
and at this price, for this throne, Aspasia,
Romans, I detest you all.

Now the veil is lifted from my eyes; base
affections, I abandon you: I have repented and
listen only to the cries of conscience in my
heart. It is high time that reason returns to
rule in me; now I retrace the beautiful path of
glory and honor.

Das Ständchen

Over the roofs between pale clouds, the moon
gazes across; a student there in the street is
singing at his beloved's door.

And the fountains murmur again through the
still loneliness, as do the woods, from the
mountain down, just as in the good old times.

So in my young day, would I often on summer
nights also play my lute here and invent many
merry songs.

But from her silent threshold they have
carried my love away to rest and you, happy
fellow, sing, sing ever on!

Verschwiegene Liebe

Over treetops and corn and into the splendor
who may guess them, who may catch up with

them? Thoughts sway, the night is mute;
thoughts run free.

Only one guesses, one who has thought of
her by the rustling of the grove, when no
one was watching any longer except the
clouds that flew by my love is silent and as
fair as the night.

So lasst mich scheinen, bis ich verde

So let me seem, until I become so;
Don't take the white dress away from me!
From the beautiful earth I hasten down into
God's house.

There I will repose a moment in peace,
until I open my eyes afresh; then I will
leave behind the spotless garment, the belt
and the wreath.

And those spirits of heaven do not ask
whether one is 'man' or 'woman', and no
clothes, no robes will cover my
transfigured body.

Although I have lived without trouble and
toil, I have still felt deep enough pain.
Through sorrow I have aged too soon;
make me forever young again!

Kennst du das Land?

Do you know the land, where the lemon
trees bloom? Among dark leaves the golden
orange glows a soft wind from blue skies
drifts the myrtle quiet and high the laurel
stands? Do you know it well? There! There,
would I go with you, oh my beloved, go.

Do you know the house? On pillars rests its
roof that hall glistens, the room shines and
the marble statues stand and say: what

have they done to you poor child? Do you know it well? There! There. Would I go with you, oh my protector, go.

Do you know the mountain and its path? The mule seeks its way in the fog in caves dwells the dragon of old's brood, the cliff falls and over it the flood. Do you know it well? There! There, leads out way! Oh father, let us go!

Iron-nous?

From the summer that brought us together the beautiful days are going to come back. Will we go again together to see the woods, the flowering meadows?

Will we go? Every Sunday by the gay paths over there on the mist and under the branches will our steps wander in the distance?

Will we go? Among other things to visit the old garden where with our hands full of roses we came back one morning.

Will we go? Will we go without any worrying about those who are jealous of us in secret? Will we go?

Will we go? On an errant wave where ever we want in the little boat so joyful and we think ourselves on the far end of the world singing while we row together.

Will we go? Will we go to see the beach again? And sit on the beach where quite often when in the distance grumbled the thunder midnight would surprise dreaming?

Les Bretonnes

The Breton women with tender hearts Cry at the edge of the sea. The Breton

men in the heart of the sea are too far away from them to hear.

But when Christmas comes the men and the ladies meet again by the barrels of the strong liquors and whiskey.

The sadness of their race disappears from their eyes. Thus the saddest of places have their smiles and their grace.

It isn't a free gaiety of flight without wings that sings and dances to the stars on the beautiful nights of summer.

It is a savage, stolen gaiety, a laughter full of shivers, formed by the deep sadness of the drinks that burned their mouths.

Pray for them that they'll still live, these are wild children. Ah! The gods were stingy with them, the less born children of Amor.

Joie!

A little bird hops and sing, charming and amiable joy. It's like a paradise to play among the newly flowered bushes. La! La! La! Just newly flowered in our Forest bursting forth with green.

A little creek descends and sings, charming and amiable joy. The workers are gay and joyful for the fields and the meadows are also arrayed. La! La! La! The workers are also arrayed as are the forests bursting forth with green.

The young girl dances and sing, charming and amiable joy. The air is full of songs. The sky is pure blue, wow! Let's take hands, let's dance. La! La! La! Let's take hands, let's dance in our forest bursting forth with green.