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Alisha Symington, Mezzo-Soprano, Senior Voice Recital

Alisha Symington

Cedarville University, alishasymington@cedarville.edu

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THE CEDARVILLE UNIVERSITY
DEPARTMENT OF
MUSIC AND WORSHIP

PRESENTS THE

SENIOR VOICE RECITAL
OF
ALISHA SYMINGTON
MEZZO-SOPRANO

CAROLYN TICKER
PIANO

SUNDAY, APRIL 24, 2016
7 P.M.

RECITAL HALL
BOLTHOUSE CENTER FOR MUSIC
DIXON MINISTRY CENTER

PROGRAM

I

Erbarme dich, mein Gott, from ST. MATTHEW'S PASSION, BWV 244 J. S. Bach
(1685–1750)

Ellen Raquet, violin

II

An die Musik, D. 547 Franz Schubert
Ständchen, D. 889 (1797–1828)
Ganymed, D. 544

III

Che farò senza Euridice?, from ORFEO ED EURIDICE Christoph Willibald Gluck
(1714–1787)

IV

On the Death of a Linnet, Op. 21, No. 8 Sergei Rachmaninoff
As Fair as Day in Blaze of Noon, Op. 14, No. 9 (1873–1943)
For a Life of Pain I Have Given My Love, Op. 8, No. 4
When Silent Night Doth Hold Me, Op. 4, No. 3

V

Jump, Jive, an' Wail! Louis Prima
(1910–1978)
arr. Robert Rhodes
(b. 1993)

Earth Angel arr. Robert Rhodes

You Send Me Sam Cooke
(1931–1964)
arr. Kevin Hicks
(b. 1992)

Love Me Tender arr. Danielle Hutchison
(b. 1993)

Anna Zavodney, soprano; Danielle Hutchison, alto;
Caleb Peterson, tenor; Robert Rhodes, baritone; Kevin Hicks, bass

Alisha is a student of Beth Cram Porter and has studied with 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

Erbarme dich, mein Gott

Have mercy, my God, for the sake of my tears! See here, before you heart and eyes weep bitterly. Have mercy, my God.

translatum.gr/forum/index.php?topic=17417.0

An die Musik

O, wond'rous art, in countless gray and darkened hours, when life's most bitter taste of loneliness was mine have you transported my heart to warm and happy meadows, and so, you've offered me joy and fierce endurance, your magic beauty, your love, and peace.

Sometimes your harp pours forth a sigh of passion, so sweet a blessed chord in melodies of old, then heaven's doors with hours of love does open. Oh, gracious art, for these I thank you so! Oh, gracious music, I thank you so!

lieder.net/lieder/get_text.html?TextId=36451

Ständchen

My songs beckon softly through the night to you; below in the quiet grove, come to me, beloved!

The rustle of slender leaf tips whispers in the moonlight; do not fear the evil spying of the betrayer, my dear. Do you hear the nightingales call? Ah, they beckon to you, with the sweet sound of their singing they beckon to you for me.

They understand the heart's longing, know the pain of love, they calm each tender heart with their silver tones.

Let them also stir within your breast, beloved, hear me! Trembling I wait for you, come, please me!

lieder.net/lieder/get_text.html?TextId=13393

Ganymed

How in the morning light you glow around me, beloved Spring! With love's thousand-fold bliss, to my heart presses the eternal warmth of sacred feelings and endless beauty!

Would that I could clasp you in these arms!

Ah, at your breast I lie and languish, and your flowers and your grass press themselves to my heart. You cool the burning thirst of my breast, lovely morning wind! The nightingale calls lovingly to me from the misty vale.

I am coming, I am coming! but whither? To where?

Upwards I strive, upwards! The clouds float downwards, the clouds bow down to yearning love. To me! To me! In your lap upwards! Embracing, embraced! Upwards to your bosom, all-loving Father!

lieder.net/lieder/get_text.html?TextId=6413

Che farò senza Euridice?

Recitative: Alas! Where have I traversed? Where has a delirium of love thrust me? Bride! Euridice! Wife! Ah, she lives no more; I call her name in vain. Wretched me—I lose her once again and forever! Oh law! Oh death! Oh cruel memory! I do not have help: consolation does not come fourth for me! I see only (oh savage sight!) the sad aspect of my horrible state. Be satisfied, wicked fate: I am without hope!

Aria: What will I do without Euridice? Where will I do without my beloved? What will I do? Where will I go? What will I do without my beloved? What will I do without my beloved? Euridice! Oh God! Answer! I am still your faithful one. Ah, no more help, no more hope for me

comes fourth from earth, nor from
heaven!

salisbury.edu/music/archives/docs/2009_spring/Norris%20Prog%20S2009.pdf

On the Death of a Linnet

In this grave my linnet lies, that dear
child of nature. He has flown from this
life as if he were but a dream. He lived
only for love: he would greet me
tenderly with a song, and when he
alighted on my hand his touch was like
a caress. But love is a terrible thing: my
linnet had a winged friend, after whose
death he could not bear to live, and so
sought refuge in the grave.

monsegur-vaillant.com/sample.php?disc_id=7

As Fair as Day in Blaze of Noon

As fair as day in blaze of noon, as night
mysterious she keepeth; no tears of
grief she ever weepeth, all sorrow yet
to her unknown. My heart, with world's
affliction aching, In vain for love of her
is fired, ah! As billows ever stronger
breaking will woo the shoreland long
desired.

English version by Edward Agate

For a Life of Pain I Have Given My Love
For a life of pain I have giv'n my love.
He, the orphan boy, is no longer mine,
and my load is heavy and hard to bear.
Cruel hands have broken our wedding
tie, to the wars he went, and returns no
more. As a soldier's wife, I am left
alone. In a foreign land, I am getting
old. Ah! My load is heavy and hard to
bear.

Translation by Edward Agate

When the Silent Night Doth Hold Me

In the silence of the mysterious night,
your alluring babble, smiles and
glances, your fleeting glances, the locks
of your rich hair, locks pliant under my
fingertips – I will long be trying to get
rid of the images only to call them back
again. I will be repeating and correcting
in a whisper the words I've told you,
the words full of awkwardness, and,
drunk with love, contrary to reason, I
will be awakening the night's darkness
with a cherished name.

Translation by Yuri Mitelman



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