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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