

3-20-2011

Brittany Denningham, Mezzo-Soprano, Senior Voice Recital

Brittany Denningham
Cedarville University

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THE CEDARVILLE UNIVERSITY
DEPARTMENT OF
MUSIC AND WORSHIP

PRESENTS THE

SENIOR VOICE RECITAL
OF
BRITTANY DENNINGHAM
MEZZO SOPRANO

STEPHEN ESTEP
PIANO

SUNDAY, MARCH 20, 2011
4:30 P.M.

RECITAL HALL
BOLTHOUSE CENTER FOR MUSIC
DIXON MINISTRY CENTER

PROGRAM

I

Cangio d'aspetto, from ADMETO George Frideric Handel
Ombra mai fu, from SERSE (1685-1759)

II

Wie Melodien Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

Der Nussbaum Robert Schumann
(1810-1856)

Morgen Richard Strauss
(1864-1949)

III

Non so più, from THE MARRIAGE OF FIGARO ... Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

INTERMISSION

IV

Adieu Gabriel Fauré
Ici-bas (1845-1924)
En prière

V

Chinese Mother Goose Rhymes Bainbridge Crist
(1883-1969)

I. Ladybug

II. Baby Is Sleeping

III. Sad Old Cow

IV. The Mouse

V. Of What Use Is a Girl

VI. Pat a Cake

VII. The Old Woman

Before I Gaze at You Again, from CAMELOT Frederick Loewe
(1901-1988)

In His Eyes, from JEKYLL & HYDE Frank Wildhorn
(b. 1959)

Assisted by Lindsey Denningham, mezzo soprano

Brittany is a student of Taylor Ferranti.

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment
of the Bachelor of Arts in Church Music degree.

No flash photography, please.

Please turn off all cell phones.

TRANSLATIONS

Cangio d'aspetto

Cruel fate has been transformed
and joy is reborn again into my
heart. I am no longer subject to
pain and torment now that my
heart has returned to happiness.

Ombra mai fu

Tender and beautiful fronds of my
beloved plane tree, let Fate smile
upon you. May thunder, lightning,
and storms never bother your
dear peace, nor may you be
blowing winds be profaned.

Never was a shade of any plant,
dearer and more lovely, or more
sweet.

Wie Melodien

Like melodies it moves quietly
through my mind, it blooms like
spring flowers, and floats away like
a fragrance. But when one tries to
express it in words, and set it before
the eyes, like a gray mist it pales and
disappears like a breath. And yet
there remains in the rhyme perhaps a
fragrance hidden, can be brought
forth by tears.

Der Nussbaum

In front of the house stands a green
nut tree; fragrantly, airily it spreads
its leaves. It bears many lovely
blossoms; gentle winds come to
caress them. They whisper together in
pairs, gracefully inclining their gentle
heads to kiss. They whisper of a girl
who thinks night and day of—she
herself knows not what.

They whisper (but who can
understand so soft a song?) of a bride
groom and the year to come. The girl
listens, the tree rustles; longing and
wondering she sinks, smiling, into
sleep and dream.

Morgen

And tomorrow the sun will shine
again and on the path we walk in our
happiness it will again unite us in the
midst of this sun-breathing
earth... And to the wide shore with its
blue waves we shall again descend,
slow and still, mutely we shall look
into each other's eyes, and the silence
of happiness will again sink upon
us...

Non so più

I don't know anymore what I am;
what I'm doing; now I'm made of
fire, now of ice. Every woman

makes me change color; every woman makes me tremble. At merely the words "love," "pleasure," my breast becomes nervous and upset, and I desire for love—a desire that I can't explain—forces me to talk. I talk about love when awake; I talk about love when dreaming—to the water, to the shadow, to the mountains, to the flowers, to the grass, to the fountains, to the echo, to the air, to the winds which carry away with them the sound of my futile words. And if I don't have someone to hear me, I talk about love to myself.

Adieu

Like everything that dies quickly, the blown rose, the fresh multi-colored cloaks on the meadows. Long sighs, those we love, gone like smoke. One sees in this frivolous world, change. Quicker than the waves on the beach, Our dreams, quicker than frost on the flowers, our hearts! One believes oneself faithful to you, cruel, but alas! the longest of love affairs are short! And I say on leaving your charms, without tears, close to the moment of my avowal, adieu!

Ici-bas

In this world all the flowers wither, the sweet songs of the birds are brief; I dream of summers that will last always! In this world the lips touch but lightly, and no taste of sweetness remains; I dream of a kiss that will last always. In this world every man is mourning his lost friendship or his lost love; I dream of fond lovers abiding always!

En prière

If the voice of a child can reach you, O my Father, listen to the prayer of Jesus, on his knees before You! If You have chosen me to teach your laws on earth, I will know how to serve You, noble King of kings, O Light! On my lips, Lord, place the salutary truth, in order that he who doubts should with humility revere You! Do not abandon me, give me the necessary gentleness, to ease suffering, to relieve sorrow, the misery! Reveal Yourself to me, Lord, in whom I believe and hope: for You I wish to suffer and to die on the cross, at Calvary!