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Brittney Miesse, Soprano, Senior Voice Recital

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THE CEDARVILLE UNIVERSITY
DEPARTMENT OF
MUSIC AND WORSHIP

PRESENTS THE

SENIOR RECITAL
OF
BRITTNEY MIESSE
SOPRANO

DANIELLE HUTCHISON
PIANO

SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 2015
7 P.M.

RECITAL HALL
BOLTHOUSE CENTER FOR MUSIC
DIXON MINISTRY CENTER

PROGRAM

I

- Selections from MESSIAH George Frideric Handel
He Shall Feed His Flock (1685–1759)
Assisted by Kirsten Saur, alto
I Know that My Redeemer Liveth

II

- When I Am Laid in Earth*, from DIDO AND AENEAS .. Henry Purcell
(1659–1695)
- Porgi amor*, from
THE MARRIAGE OF FIGARO Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756–1791)

- Habanera*, from CARMEN Georges Bizet
(1838–1875)

III

- Muss es eine Trennung geben*, Op. 33 Johannes Brahms
(1833–1897)
- Wiegenlied*, Op. 98, No. 2 Franz Schubert
(1797–1828)
- L'heure exquise* Reynaldo Hahn
La bonne chanson (1874–1947)

IV

- Summertime*, from PORGY AND BESS George Gershwin
(1898–1937)
- Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man of Mine*,
from SHOW BOAT Jerome Kern
(1885–1945)

Unforgettable Nat King Cole
(1919–1965)

Smile Charlie Chaplin
(1889–1977)

Assisted by Abraham Church, percussion
and Connor Smith, string bass

Brittney is a student of Mark Spencer.

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

*No flash photography, please.
Please turn off all cell phones.*

TRANSLATIONS

Porgi amor

O Love, give me some remedy for my
sorrow, for my sighs! Either give me
back my darling or at least let me die.

Muss es eine Tennung geben

Must there be a parting that will
cause true hearts to break? No, that I
do not call living: dying is not so
bitter.

When I hear a shepherd's flute,
inside I grieve; when I gaze at a
sunset, I think passionately of you.

Is there then no true love? Must
there be pain and parting? If I'd
remained unloved I would then have
at least a glimmer of hope.

But so I must now lament: where is
Hope, but in the grave? Far away
must I bear my misery, In secrecy,
my heart breaks.

Wiegenlied

Sleep, sleep, gracious, sweet boy,
softly rocked by your mother's hand;

gentle rest, mild refreshment brings
you this floating cradle-strap.

Sleep, sleep in the sweet grave, still
protected by your mother's arms; all
her desires, all her possessions she
holds lovingly, glowing with love.

Sleep, sleep in the downy bosom, still
notes of love grow around you; a lily,
a rose, after sleep they will reward
you.

L'heure exquise

The white moon shines in the woods.
From each branch springs a voice
beneath the arbor. Oh my beloved...

Like a deep mirror the pond reflects
the silhouette of the black willow
where the wind weeps. Let us dream!
It is the hour...

A vast and tender calm seems to
descend from a sky made iridescent
by the moon. It is the exquisite hour!

Habanera

Love is a rebellious bird that no one
can tame, and if you call for it, it'll be
quite in vain for it's in its nature to
say no. Nothing helps, neither a
threat nor a prayer one talks well,
the other rests silent and it's the
other one that I prefer doesn't say a
thing, but pleases me. Love! Love!
Love! Love!

Love is a gypsy's child, it has never,
never known what law is, if you do
not love me, I love you, if I love you,
then beware! if you do not love me, if
you do not love me, I love you! but if I
love you, then beware!

The bird you thought you had caught
by surprise beats its wings and flies
away... love lies afar, you can wait for
it and when you don't expect it

anymore, there it is! All around you
twirls faster, faster it comes and
goes, and then comes back. You think
you've caught it, it eludes you, you
think you've escaped it, it captures
you. Love! Love! Love! Love!

Love is a gypsy's child, it has never,
never known what law is, if you do
not love me, I love you, if I love you,
then beware! If you do not love me, I
love you! but if I love you, then
beware!

La bonne chanson

The hard test will end. My heart,
smile at what is to come!

They are finished, the days of alarms,
when I was sad to the point of tears!

I have killed the bitter words, and
banished the dark fantasies!

My eyes, exiled from the sight of her
by a painful duty, my ear, avid to
hear the golden notes of her tender
voice, all my being and all my love
hail the happy day when, my only
dream and my only thought, my
fiancée will return to me!