

12-3-2016

## Brittney Mitchell, Senior Voice Recital

Brittney S. Mitchell

*Cedarville University*, [bsmitchell@cedarville.edu](mailto:bsmitchell@cedarville.edu)

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THE CEDARVILLE UNIVERSITY  
DEPARTMENT OF  
MUSIC AND WORSHIP

PRESENTS THE

SENIOR VOICE RECITAL  
OF  
BRITTNEY MITCHELL

CALVIN HITCHCOCK  
PIANO

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 2016  
7 P.M.

RECITAL HALL  
BOLTHOUSE CENTER FOR MUSIC  
DIXON MINISTRY CENTER

## PROGRAM

### I

*Quia respexit*, from MAGNIFICAT, BWV 243

*Flößt, mein Heiland*, from WEIHNACHTS-ORATORIUM, BWV 248

..... J. S. Bach (1685–1750)

Assisted by Riley Larson, oboe, and Tim True, cello

### II

*Ich wollt ein Sträußlein binden*, Op 68, No. 2

..... Richard Strauss (1864–1949)

*Die Nacht*, Op. 10, No. 3 . . . . . Richard Strauss

*Hat dich die Liebe berührt* . . . . . Joseph Marx (1882–1964)

### III

*Ah! Je veux vivre*, from ROMÉO ET JULIETTE

..... Charles Gounod (1818–1893)

### PAUSE

### IV

*Crudeli, fermate, oh Dio*, from LA FINTA GIARDINIERA, K. 196

..... W. A. Mozart (1756–1791)

### V

*Vocalise* . . . . . Wilbur Chenoweth (1899–1980)

*Vocalise*, Op. 34 No. 14 . . . . . Sergei Rachmaninoff (1873–1943)

### VI

SIX ELIZABETHAN SONGS . . . . . Dominick Argento (b. 1927)

*Diaphenia*

*Hymn*

*Spring*

*Sleep*

*Dirge*

*Winter*

Brittney is a student of Beth 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.*

### **Quia respexit**

For he has regarded the low estate  
of his handmaiden:  
behold, for from this time,  
may I be called blessed.

### **Flößt, mein Heiland**

O my Savior, does your name  
Instill even the very tiniest seed  
of that powerful terror?  
No, you yourself say no. (No!)  
Shall I shun death now?  
No, Your sweet word is there!  
Or shall I rejoice?  
Yes, o Savior, You Yourself say yes.  
(Yes!)

### **Ich wollt ein Sträußlein binden**

I would weave a garland  
Then came dark night  
and there was no flower to be found,  
else had I brought it.  
Then flowed from my cheeks  
tears onto the clover -  
a little flower I saw  
now growing in the garden.  
I wanted to pick it for you  
down in the dark clover,  
Then it began to speak:  
"Ah, do not hurt me!  
Be kind-hearted,  
think of your own pain,  
and do not let me  
die in suffering before my time!"  
Had it not spoken so,  
In the garden all alone,  
I would have picked it for you,  
but now it cannot be.  
My treasure has stayed away,  
I am so entirely alone.  
In love lives trouble,  
and it cannot be otherwise.

### **Die Nacht**

From the thicket steps the night,  
From the trees it steals so softly,  
Spreads itself in widened circle,  
Now, take care  
All the brightness of the world  
All the flowers and the colours,  
Quenched are they as sheaves are  
stolen  
From the field.  
All is taken that is dear,  
Like the silver from the stream  
And the copper roof from church  
With the gold.  
Also plundered is the bush  
Ever closer, come beloved;  
For the night I fear may also  
Steal you too.

### **Hat dich die Liebe berührt**

If love hath entered thy heart,  
Still midst the tumult of people,  
Walking in golden sunlight,  
Safely by God thou'rt led.  
As lost in dreams thou dost go,  
Gazing on all things around thee,  
Leaving to others their pleasures,  
Led by one only desire.  
Shy, in thyself thou dost draw,  
Yet wouldst deny it, how vainly,  
That now the crown of thy lifetime,  
Shining thy brow adorns.

**Ah! Je veux vivre**

I want to live  
In the dream that exhilarates me.  
This day again!  
Sweet flame,  
I guard you in my soul  
like a treasure!  
This rapture of youthfulness  
doesn't last, alas! but a day,  
then comes the hour  
at which one cries,  
the heart surrenders to love  
and the happiness flies without  
returning.  
Far from a morose winter,  
let me slumber  
and breath in the rose  
before it dies.

**Crudeli, fermate, oh Dio**

Cruel men, stop, oh God!  
Here alone you leave me...  
Wretched me...who will help me,  
who will give me succor?  
Ah, gods, I am lost;  
be moved to pity.  
Where am I? What has happened to  
me?  
Then I'm brought here,  
unhappy me, to die! Merciful gods,  
if you are moved by my grief, by my  
weeping,  
please guide my footsteps...  
But, oh God! Through these rocks,  
I don't know where to go...  
Wherever I look, I see nothing  
but images of horror, and I feel only  
The sound of my grief, of my torment.  
Ah, from weeping and sobbing  
I can barely breathe:  
I have no voice, no strength;  
my courage is weakening in my heart.



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