
Junior and Senior Recitals

Concert and Recital Programs

9-30-2021

Jenna Beremand, Soprano, Senior Voice Recital

Jenna N. Beremand

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THE CEDARVILLE UNIVERSITY
DEPARTMENT OF
MUSIC AND WORSHIP

PRESENTS THE

SENIOR VOICE RECITAL

OF

JENNA BEREMAND
SOPRANO

EMMA ROSS
PIANO

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 2021
3 P.M.

RECITAL HALL
BOLTHOUSE CENTER FOR MUSIC
DIXON MINISTRY CENTER

PROGRAM

I

If Music Be the Food of Love Henry Purcell (1659–1695)
On Mighty Wings the Eagle Proudly Soars Aloft Joseph Haydn (1732–1809)

II

Widmung Robert Schumann (1810–1856)
Die Forelle Franz Schubert (1797–1828)
Im Frühling

III

Selections from SIX MÉLODIES Emmanuel Chabrier (1841–1894)
 2. *Ballade des gros dindons*
 1. *Villanelle des petits canards*
Les papillons Ernest Chausson (1855–1899)

IV

At the Zoo, Op. 21 Arthur Kramer (1890–1969)
 1. *The Porcupine*
 2. *The Snake*
 3. *The Giraffe*
The Green Dog Herbert Kingsley (1858–1937)
Animal Crackers Richard Hageman (1881–1966)

V

For Good from WICKED Stephen Schwartz (b. 1948)

Assisted by Maria Drollinger, mezzo-soprano

Before the Throne of God Above Vikki Cook (b. 1960)
 arr. Annamarie Wells (b. 1998)

Assisted by Allison Zieg, soprano;
Micaiah Jones and Annamarie Wells, altos

Thank You for the Music from MAMMA MIA
..... Benny Andersson (b. 1946) and Björn Ulvaeus (b. 1945)

Assisted by Noah Ramirez, vibraphone

Jenna is a student of Mark Spencer.

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

Translations

Widmung (Dedication)

You my soul, you my heart,
You my rapture, O you my pain,
You my world in which I live,
My heaven you, to which I aspire,
O you my grave, into which
My grief forever I've consigned!
You are repose, you are peace,
You are bestowed on me from heaven.
Your love for me gives me my worth,
Your eyes transfigure me in mine,
You raise me lovingly above myself,
My guardian angel, my better self!
Richard Stokes -
<https://www.oxfordlieder.co.uk/song/406>

Die Forelle (The Trout)

In a clear little brook,
There darted, about in happy haste,
The moody trout
Dashing everywhere like an arrow.
I stood on the bank
And watched, in sweet peace,
The fish's bath
In the clear little brook.

A fisherman with his gear
Came to stand on the bank
And watched with cold blood
As the little fish weaved here and there.
But as long as the water remains clear,
I thought, no worry,
He'll never catch the trout
With his hook.

But finally, for the thief,
Time seemed to pass too slowly.
He made the little brook murky,
And before I thought it could be,
So his line twitched.
There thrashed the fish,
And I, with raging blood,
Gazed on the betrayed one.
Betsy Schwarm -
<https://www.britannica.com/topic/Die-Forelle>

Im Frühling (In Spring)

I sit silently on the hillside.
The sky is so clear,
the breezes play in the green valley
where once, in the first rays of spring,
I was, oh, so happy.

Where I walked by her side,
so tender, so close,
and saw deep in the dark rocky stream
the fair sky, blue and bright,
and her reflected in that sky.

See how the colourful spring
already peeps from bud and blossom.
Not all the blossoms are the same to me:
I like most of all to pluck them from the branch
from which she has plucked.

For all is still as it was then,
the flowers, the fields;
the sun shines no less brightly,
and no less cheerfully,
the sky's blue image bathes in the stream.

Only will and delusion change,
and joy alternates with strife;
the happiness of love flies past,
and only love remains;
love and, alas, sorrow.

Oh, if only I were a bird,
there on the sloping meadow!
Then I would stay on these branches here,
and sing a sweet song about her
all summer long.
Richard Wigmore -
<https://www.oxfordlieder.co.uk/song/717>

Ballade des gros dindons (The Ballad of the Plump Turkey)

The stout turkeys, they cross fields
with a step solemn and untroubled,
at dawn, at dusk,
stupidly march in a line,
before the shepherdess who sings,
humming an old tune,
they go in docile procession,
the stout turkeys!

They seem like fat merchants,
filled with an imbecile haughtiness,
like bailiffs, arrogantly and spitefully
watching you with a hostile eye;
Their red wattles oscillate,
they seem, among the thistles
gravely to hold a council,
the stout turkeys!

They have not ever found moving
the sounds that the nightingale makes,
they follow, clumsy and stumbling,
one among them, dignified as a magistrate;
And when from the distant bell tower,
the Angelus makes its slow ding! dong!
they return to their homes,
the stout turkeys!

Sages stout, their only inclinations
are to the practical and useful,
for them, love and its sweet songs
are a pastime too trifling;
Philistines of the race of birds,
rotund with black paunches,
they care nothing for any romance,
the stout turkeys!
http://www.jamescsliu.com/classical/Chabrier_Volailleries.html#turkeys

Continued on the back

Villanelle des petits canards (Song of the Little Ducks)

They go, the little ducks,
All at the side of the river,
Like good country folk!

Paddlers and wrigglers,
Happy to trouble the clear water,
They go, the little ducks,

They seem a little silly,
But they are at their business,
Like good country folk!

In the water full of tadpoles,
Where light grass trembles,
They go, the little ducks,

Marching in separate groups,
In a regular pace
Like good country folk!

Amorous and nasal,
Each one with its hearsay,
They go, the little ducks,
Like good country folk!
Brian Charles Witoswki -
https://www.lieder.net/lieder/get_text.html?TextId=21510

Les papillons (The Butterflies)

The snow-coloured butterflies
Fly in swarms over the sea;
beautiful white butterflies, when might I
take to the blue path of the air?

Do you know, O fairest of the fair,
my dancing girl with jet-black eyes,
were they to lend me their wings,
do you know where I would go?

Without kissing a single rose,
across valleys and forests
I'd fly to your half-closed lips,
flower of my soul, and there would die.
Richard Stokes -
<https://www.oxfordlieder.co.uk/song/2783>

