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9-28-2014

## Jeremy Witt, Baritone, Senior Voice Recital

Jeremy C. Witt

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THE CEDARVILLE UNIVERSITY  
DEPARTMENT OF  
MUSIC AND WORSHIP

PRESENTS THE

SENIOR VOICE RECITAL  
OF  
JEREMY WITT  
BARITONE

ALYSSA GRIFFITH  
PIANO

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 2014  
3 P.M.

RECITAL HALL  
BOLTHOUSE CENTER FOR MUSIC  
DIXON MINISTRY CENTER

## PROGRAM

### I

Selections from MESSIAH ..... George Frideric Handel  
Recitative: *Behold, I Tell You a Mystery* (1685–1759)  
Aria: *The Trumpet Shall Sound*

### II

*Der Doppelgänger* ..... Franz Schubert  
*Die Wetterfahne* (1797–1828)  
*Der Leiermann*

*En prière* ..... Gabriel Fauré  
*Ici-bas* (1845–1924)

### III

*Hai già vinta la causa,*  
from THE MARRIAGE OF FIGARO .... Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart  
(1756–1791)

*Si può? Si può?*, from PAGLIACCI ..... Ruggero Leoncavallo  
(1857–1919)

### IV

*The Impossible Dream*, from MAN OF LA MANCHA ..... Mitch Leigh  
(1928–2014)

*Stars*, from LES MISÉRABLES ..... Claude-Michel Schönberg  
(b. 1944)

*Small Umbrella in the Rain*, from LITTLE WOMEN ..... Jason Howland  
(b. 1971)

Assisted by Alexandria Martella, soprano

*Light*, from NEXT TO NORMAL ..... Tom Kitt  
(b. 1974)

Assisted by Alexandria Martella and Allison Butterworth, sopranos,  
and Robert Rhodes, baritone

Jeremy is a student of Mark Spencer.

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

## TRANSLATIONS

### *Der Doppelgänger*

The night is quiet, the streets are calm,  
In this house my beloved once lived:  
She has long since left the town,  
But the house still stands, here in the same  
place.

A man stands there also and looks to the sky,  
And wrings his hands overwhelmed by pain:  
Upon seeing his face, I am terrified--  
The moon shows me my own form!

O you Doppelgänger! you pale comrade!  
Why do you ape the pain of my love  
Which tormented me upon this spot  
So many a night, so long ago?

### *Die Wetterfahne*

The wind plays with the weathervane  
Atop my beautiful beloved's house.  
In my delusion I thought  
It was whistling at the poor fugitive.

If he had seen it before,  
The crest above the house,  
Then he never would have looked for  
A woman's fidelity in that house.

The wind plays with hearts within  
as on the roof, but not so loudly.  
What is my suffering to them?  
Their child is a rich bride.

### *Der Leiermann*

There, behind the village,  
stands a hurdy-gurdy-man,  
and with numb fingers  
he plays the best he can.

Barefoot on the ice,  
he staggers back and forth,  
and his little plate remains ever empty.

No one wants to hear him,  
no one looks at him,  
and the hounds snarl at the old man.

And he lets it all go by,  
everything as it will,  
He plays, and his hurdy-gurdy is never still.  
Strange old man, shall I go with you?  
Will you play your hurdy-gurdy to my songs?

### *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!

### *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!

### *Hai già vinta la causa*

You've already won the case! What's this I  
hear! What snare have I fallen into?  
Miscreants! I want to... To punish you all...to  
please myself the sentence will be...But if he  
should pay the old pretender?  
Pay her! In what manner! And then there's  
Antonio, who refuses to give that unknown  
Figaro his niece in marriage. Cultivating the  
pride of this idiot... It's all profitable for a  
scam... the deed is done.

Will I see, while I sigh, one of my servants  
happy! And the good that I desire in vain,  
shall he have it? Will the hand of love be  
united to a vile object, the same woman  
who awakened love in me but did not have  
love for me? Ah no, leave it alone, I don't  
want this happiness, you were not born,

audacious man, to torment me, or perhaps yet to laugh at my unhappiness. My only hope now is my vendetta. It consoles my spirit, and makes me rejoice.

*Si può? Si può?*

May I? May I Ladies! Gentlemen!  
Excuse me if I alone introduce myself I am the Prologue: Since yet in the scene  
The author uses ancient masks; in part he wants to bring back the old customs, and send me back to you.

But not to tell you as before: "The tears we cry are false! Of spasms and our martyrs

Do not be alarmed!" No! No. The author has sought instead to depict a glimpse of life.

He believes utmost that the artist is a man

and that he must write for men, and be inspired by the truth. A nest of memories was singing at the bottom of his soul one day, and he wrote with genuine tears, and his sobs beat the tempo!

And so, you will see love as human beings love each other; you will see the sad fruits of hate.

The spasms of pain, shouts of rage, you will hear, and also laughter!

And you, rather than our poor actors' changes, consider our soul, since we are men of flesh and bone, and from this orphan world we breathe the same air as you!

I've told you the concept...now listen as it is carried out. Let's go. Begin!

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