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Junior Recital: Jacqueline Gabrielle Schimpf, soprano

Department of Music, University of Richmond

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JACQUELINE GABRIELLE SCHIMPF
SOPRANO

FROM THE STUDIO OF
JENNIFER CABLE

CAMP CONCERT HALL
SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 2016  7:30 PM

Department of Music

RICHMOND
School of Arts & Sciences
PROGRAM

Le nozze di Figaro, K. 492
“Un moto di gioia”
“An Chloë,” K. 524
Don Giovanni, K. 527
“Vedrai, carino”
“Batti, batti, o bel Masetto”

Der arme Peter, op. 53, no. 3
“Der Hans und die Grete”
“In meiner Brust”
“Der arme Peter wankt vorbei”

Four Poems by Emily Dickinson
“New Feet within My Garden Go”
“The Rose Did Caper on Her Cheek”
“Have You Got a Brook in Your Little Heart?”
“I Taste a Liquor Never Brewed”

Jacqueline Gabrielle Schimpf, soprano
Dr. Joanne Kong, piano

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart was an Austrian composer who was born into a musical family. Considered a child prodigy, he received his musical training from his father, Leopold. In tours organized by his father, Wolfgang would perform for nobility and heads of state. At a young age, he acquired a vast array of musical tastes and mastered music compositional techniques of all kinds, such as counterpoint, fugue, harmony, and instrumentation.

At age 30 he began his collaboration with Italian librettist Lorenzo Da Ponte. Together they created three great comic operas, or opere buffe: Le nozze di Figaro (1786), Don Giovanni (1787), and Cosi fan tutte (1790). “Un moto di gioia,” the first selection this evening, is from Le nozze di Figaro. This aria is sung by the main character, Susanna, who is feeling elated while she begins to seek revenge on an adulterous character. “Vedrai, carino” and “Batti, batti, o bel Masetto,” both from Don Giovanni, are sung by Zerlina, a peasant woman. Zerlina is constantly tempted by the noble and licentious Don Giovanni, in spite of her engagement to a fellow peasant, Masetto. She sings “Vedrai, carino” to console her fiancé after he is beaten by Don Giovanni in the street. “Batti, batti, o bel Masetto” is a controversial piece in which Zerlina tries to pacify angry
Masetto after she went off with Don Giovanni. It raises the question: is Zerlina powerful or powerless?

Mozart composed over 30 art songs and, although his compositional interests were concentrated elsewhere, he is considered a master of the genre. “An Chloë” demonstrates Mozart’s ability to capture the mood of a poem and seamlessly integrate its text with music. In this art song, the narrator expresses the deep love he feels for a lovely maiden named Chloe.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Un moto di gioia</th>
<th>A Surge of Joy</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Un moto di gioia</td>
<td>I feel a surge of joy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mi sento nel petto,</td>
<td>In my chest,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Che annunzia diletto</td>
<td>that announces delight</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In mezzo il timor!</td>
<td>amid the fear!</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Speriam che in contento
Finisca l’affanno
Non sempre è tiranno
Il fato ed amor.

--- Lorenzo Da Ponte

--- tr. Jacqueline Schimpf

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>An Chloë</th>
<th>To Chloë</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Wenn die Liebe aus deinen blauen,</td>
<td>When love shines from your blue,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hellen, offnen Augen sieht,</td>
<td>Bright, open eyes,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Und vor Lust hinein zu schauen</td>
<td>And with the pleasure of gazing into them</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mir’s im Herzen klopft und glüht;</td>
<td>My heart pounds and glows;</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Und ich halte dich und küss
Deine Rosenwangen warm,
Liebes Mädchen, und ich schließe
Zitternd dich in meinem Arm,

Mädchen, Mädchen, und ich drücke
Dich an meinen Busen fest,
Der im letzten Augenblicke
Sterbend nur dich von sich läßt;

And I hold you and kiss
Your rosy, warm cheeks,
Lovely maiden, and I clasp
You trembling in my arms,

Maiden, maiden, and I press
You firmly to my breast,
Which at the last moment,
Only at death, will let you go;
Then my intoxicated gaze is shadowed
By a gloomy cloud,
And I sit then, exhausted,
But blissful, next to you.

-- Johann Georg Jacobi

You shall see, my dear,
if you are good
what fine medicine
I want to give you.
It is natural,
it doesn’t taste bad,
and no pharmacist
knows how to make it.
It’s a certain balm
that I carry about me,
I can give it to you
if you wish to try it.
Would you like to know
where I keep it?
Here it is beating,
touch me here.

-- Lorenzo Da Ponte

Beat me, dear Masetto,
Beat your poor Zerlina.
I’ll stand here as meek as a lamb
And bear the blows you lay on me.
You can tear my hair out,
Put out my eyes,
Yet your dear hands
Gladly I’ll kiss.
Ah! I see you’ve no mind to:
Let’s make peace, dearest love!
In happiness and joy
Let’s pass our days and nights.

-- Lorenzo Da Ponte

-- tr. Camila Argolo Freitas Batista
Robert Schumann was a composer and music critic. He is best known for his symphonic and chamber works, although he composed in a wide range of genres. He was a leading proponent of Romanticism and served as an example to other European composers. The text for the song cycle Der arme Peter was written by Heinrich Heine. Der arme Peter is just one of the forty-three Heine texts that Schumann set to music. This song cycle details Peter’s unfortunate circumstance in which he must watch the woman that he loves marry someone else. Considering that most of Heine’s texts end with suicide, it is easy to infer Peter’s fate. The cycle ends on a major chord, and the words “Judgment Day” express the peace he finds in death.

*Der arme Peter, op. 53, no. 3*

(1)

Der Hans und die Grete tanzen herum,  
Und jauchzen vor lauter Freude.  
Der Peter steht so still und so stumm,  
Und ist so bläf wie Kreide.

Hans and Grete dance around  
and cheer with loud joy.  
Peter stands so still and mute,  
and is as pale as chalk.

Der Hans und die Grete sind Bräut’gam  
und Braut,  
Und blitzen im Hochzeitgeschmeide.  
Der arme Peter die Nägel kaut  
Und geht im Werkeltagskleide.

Hans and Grete are bride and groom,  
flashing in their wedding clothes.  
Poor Peter bites his nails  
and goes about in workday clothes.

Der Peter spricht leise vor sich her,  
Und schautet betrübt auf Beide:  
"Ach! wenn ich nicht gar zu vernünftig  
wär',  
Ich thäte mir was zu Leide."

Peter speaks softly to himself,  
gazing gloomily at the pair:  
Ah, if I weren’t so sensible,  
I might do myself harm.

(2)

"In meiner Brust, da sitzt ein Weh,  
Das will die Brust zersprengen;  
Und wo ich steh' und wo ich geh',  
Will's mich von hinnen drängen."

"Within my heart there lies an ache  
that will break my heart apart;  
wherever I stay, wherever I go,  
it is always pushing me onward.

"Es treibt mich nach der Liebsten Näh',  
Als könnt die Grete heilen;  
Doch wenn ich der ins Auge seh',  
Muß ich von hinnen eilen."

"It drives me to my beloved’s presence,  
as if Grete could heal it;  
but when I look her in the eye,  
I must hurry away from there.

Continued...
"Ich steig' hinauf des Berges Höh',
Dort ist man doch alleine;
Und wenn ich still dort oben steh',
Dann steh' ich still und weine."

"I climb to the heights of the mountain, for there one can be alone; and when I stay up there silently, then I stand mutely and weep."

Der arme Peter wankt vorbei,
Gar langsam, leichenbläul und scheu.
Es bleiben fast, wie sie ihn sehn,
Die Leute auf der Straße stehn.

Poor Peter staggars past, quite slowly, as pale as a corpse, and shy. When they see him, the people in the street almost stop in their tracks.

Die Mädchen flüstern sich ins Ohr:
"Der stieg wohl aus dem Grab hervor?"
Ach nein, ihr lieben Jungfräulein,
Der steigt erst ins Grab hinein.

Maidens whisper in one another’s ears: "Surely he has risen from the grave!" But no, dear young girls, he has not yet climbed into his grave.

Er hat verloren seinen Schatz,
Drum ist das Grab der beste Platz,
Wo er am besten liegen mag
Und schlafen bis zum jüngsten Tag.

He has lost his love; therefore, the grave is the best place for him. There he might best lie and sleep until Judgment Day.

-- Heinrich Heine

**John Duke** was an American composer and pianist who attended the Peabody Institute. He made significant contributions to the field of American song. According to Ruth Friedberg, during the 1930s he experimented with a linear and modal style, though he later returned to pianistically expansive neo-Romanticism. The latter style is exhibited tonight. This is not the only instance that John Duke set Emily Dickinson’s text to music. In this four-song cycle, he establishes a theme focused on nature.

Emily Dickinson’s text “New Feet within My Garden Go” depicts the beginning of a new spring. It also illustrates Dickinson’s nostalgic feeling upon thinking about someone else inhabiting her home and land after she is gone. “The Rose Did Caper on Her Cheek” creates an image of two nervous lovers who are not sure what the other is feeling until the end of the song, when it is clear that the pair is meant for each other. The text “Have You Got a Brook in Your Little Heart?” provides an opportunity for the listener or reader to self-reflect, asking if we go through life inattentively. The final song in the cycle, “I Taste a Liquor Never Brewed,” illustrates Dickinson’s fascination for and love of nature.
Four Poems by Emily Dickinson

(1)
New feet within my garden go,
New fingers stir the sod;
A troubadour upon the elm
Betray the solitude.

New children play upon the green,
New weary sleep below;
And still the pensive spring returns,
And still the punctual snow!

(2)
The Rose did caper on her cheek,
Her bodice rose and fell,
Her pretty speech, like drunken men,
Did stagger pitiful.

Her fingers fumbled at her work,
Her needle would not go;
What ailed so smart a little maid
It puzzled me to know,

Till opposite I spied a cheek
That bore another rose;
Just opposite, another speech
That like the drunkard goes;

A vest that, like the bodice, danced
To the immortal tune,
Till those two troubled little clocks
Ticked softly into one.

(3)
Have you got a brook in your little heart,
Where bashful flowers blow,
And blushing birds go down to drink,
And shadows tremble so?

Continued...
And nobody, knows, so still it flows,
That any brook is there;
And yet your little draught of life
Is daily drunken there.

Then look out for the little brook in March,
When the rivers overflow,
And the snows come hurrying from the hills,
And the bridges often go.

And later, in August it may be,
When the meadows parching lie,
Beware, lest this little brook of life
Some burning noon go dry!

(4)

I taste a liquor never brewed,
From tankards scooped in pearl;
Not all the vats upon the Rhine
Yield such an alcohol!

Inebriate of air am I,
And debauchee of dew,
Reeling, through endless summer days,
From inns of molten blue.

When landlords turn the drunken bee
Out of the foxglove’s door,
When butterflies renounce their drams,
I shall but drink the more!

Till seraphs swing their snowy hats,
And saints to windows run,
To see the little tippler
Leaning against the sun!