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THE UNIVERSITY OF RICHMOND
DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

Presents

ROBERT EMMERICH

baritone

Senior Recital

ASSISTED BY

Dr. Joanne Kong, *piano & harpsichord*

Jenni Swegan, *soprano*

Christopher Dolci, *tenor*

James Weaver, *bass*



Saturday, December 3, 2011

7:00 p.m.

PERKINSON RECITAL HALL

Thanks to

Chris Dolci, Jenni Swegan, and all my friends and family
who have been so supportive of my efforts this semester.

And, a special thank you to Dr. Kong, James Weaver,
and all of the music faculty
for giving me the opportunity to perform.



The Composers

Claudio Monteverdi (1567-1643)

Monteverdi's "Lamento della ninfa," a part of his eighth book of madrigals titled *Madrigali guerrieri, et amorosi* (Madrigals of Love and War), depicts a maiden "treading upon the flowers" longing for her lost lover. As the maiden tells her woeful story, a chorus of male voices echoes her pitiful feelings. In this piece, Monteverdi pits the soprano voice against the male chorus and instrumental continuo to extract as much emotion as possible from the text. This type of counterpoint was embellished and refined by many composers after Monteverdi, including Heinrich Schütz.

Heinrich Schütz (1585-1672)

Spending much of his early life under the tutelage of Italian composers Claudio Monteverdi and Giovanni Gabrieli, Schütz was quickly regarded as one of Germany's most prolific composers. Musically his works are structured around the interplay of different voices, often imitating each other, but seemingly never entering and ending at the same time. This style allowed him to easily bring each musical text to life. *Meister, wir haben die ganze Nacht gearbeitet* and *Eins bitte ich vom Herren* are two motets set to Bible scripture that exemplify Schütz's musical ingenuity.

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

Schumann composed *Liederkreis*, op. 24 in the year 1840, which has been called his *Liederjahr* (Year of Song). During this period, he composed some of his most famous works, including *Liederkreis*, op. 39, and *Dichterliebe*. *Liederkreis*, op. 24 sets the text of German poet, Heinrich Heine, one of Germany's most significant poets of the 19th century. This nine-song cycle traces the emotions of the narrator as he longs in his heart for his lover. It seems plausible that Robert Schumann had his own life in mind when setting this poetry to music. Schumann was prohibited from marrying his love, Clara Wieck, by her father until she came of age in 1840. It was the same year that opus 24 and many of Schumann's great works were composed!

—Notes by Robert Emmerich

SENIOR RECITAL

Robert Emmerich, *baritone*

Program

**Meister, wir haben die
ganze Nacht gearbeitet**

Heinrich Schütz
(1585-1672)

Eins bitte ich von Herren

Robert Emmerich, *baritone*
James Weaver, *bass*
Dr. Joanne Kong, *harpsichord*

Lamento della ninfa

Claudio Monteverdi
(1567-1643)

Jenni Swegan, *soprano*
Christopher Dolci, *tenor*
Robert Emmerich, *baritone*
James Weaver, *bass*
Dr. Joanne Kong, *harpsichord*

Intermission

Liederkreis, Opus 24

Robert Schumann
(1810-1856)

**Morgens steh ich auf und frage
Es treibt mich hin
Ich wandelte unter den Bäumen
Lieb' Liebchen, leg's Händchen
Schöne Wiege meiner Leiden
Warte, warte, wilder Schiffmann
Berg' und Burgen schaun herunter
Anfangs wollt'ich fast verzagen
Mit Myrten und Rosen**



Please silence cell phones, digital watches, and paging devices before the event.

Translations

Meister, wir haben die ganze Nacht gearbeitet

Meister, wir haben die ganze Nacht gearbeitet und nichts gefangen, aber auf dein Wort will ich das Netz auswerfen.

Eins bitte ich vom Herren

Eins bitte ich vom Herren, das hätte ich gern, daß ich im Hause des Herrn möge bleiben mein Lebelang, zu schauen die schönen Gottesdienst des Herren, und seinen Tempel zu besuchen.

Lamento della ninfa

A. Non Havea Febo Ancora
Non havea Febo ancora
recato al mondo il dí,
ch'una donzella fuora
del proprio albergo uscí.

Sul pallidetto volto
scorgeasi il suo dolor,
spesso gli veniva sciolto
un gran sospir dal cor.

Sí calpestando fiori
errava hor qua, hor là,
i suoi perduti amori
cosí piangendo va:

B. "Amor", dicea, il ciel
mirando, il piè fermo,
"dove, dov'è la fè
ch'el traditor giurò?" Miserella.

"Fa' che ritorni il mio
amor com'ei pur fu,
o tu m'ancidi, ch'io
non mi tormenti più."

Miserella, ah più no, no,
tanto gel soffrir non può.

"Non vo' più ch'ei sospiri
se non lontan da me,
no, no che i martiri
più non darammi affè. Perché di lui mi
struggo, tutt'orgoglioso sta,
che si, che si se'l fuggo
ancor mi pregherà?"

Master, we have toiled all the night,
and have taken nothing:
nevertheless at thy word I will let down
the net.

King James Bible, Luke 5:5
—transl. scripturetext.com

One this have I desired of the Lord,
that will I seek after;
that I may dwell in the house of the Lord
all the days of my life,
to behold the beauty of the Lord,
and to enquire in his temple.

King James Bible, Psalm 27:4
—transl. scripturetext.com

A. The Sun had not brought
The day to the world yet,
When a maiden
Went out of her dwelling.

In her pale face
Grief could be seen,
Often from her heart
A deep sigh was drawn.

Thus, treading upon flowers,
She wandered, now here, now there,
And lamented her lost loves
Like this:

B. "O Love," she said,
Gazing at the sky, as she stood,
"Where's the fidelity
That the deceiver promised?" Poor her.

"Make my love come back
As he used to be
Or kill me, so that
I will not suffer anymore."

Poor her! She cannot bear
All this coldness!

"I don't want him to sigh any longer
But if he's far from me.
No! He will not make me suffer
Anymore, I swear!
He's proud
Because I languish for him.
Perhaps if I fly away from him

.....Cont'd.

Se ciglio ha più sereno
colei, che'l mio non è,
già non rinchiude in seno,
Amor, sí bella fè.

Ne mai sí dolci baci
da quella bocca havrai,
ne più soavi, ah taci,
taci, che troppo il sa."

C. Sí tra sdegnosi pianti
spargea le voci al ciel;
cosí ne' cori amanti
mesce amor fiamma, e gel.

He will come to pray to me again.
If her eyes are more serene, than mine,
O Love, she does not hold in her heart
A fidelity so pure as mine.

And you will not receive from those lips
Kisses as sweet as mine,
Nor softer. Oh, don't speak!
Don't speak! you know better than that!"

C. So amidst disdainful tears,
She spread her crying to the sky;
Thus, in the lovers' hearts
Love mixes fire and ice.

—transl. Lied and Art Song Library

(Intermission)

Liederkreis, Opus 24

Morgens steh' ich auf und frage

Morgens steh' ich auf und frage:
Kommt feins Liebchen heut?
Abends sink' ich hin und klage:
Aus blieb sie auch heut.

In der Nacht mit meinem Kummer
lieg' ich schlaflos, wach;
träumend, wie im halben Schlummer,
träumend wandle ich bei Tag.

Es treibt mich hin

Es treibt mich hin, es treibt mich her!
Noch wenige Stunden, dann soll ich sie
schauen, sie selber, die schönste der
schönen Jungfrauen;
Du treues Herz, was pochst du so schwer!

Die Stunden sind aber ein faules Volk!
Schleppen sich behaglich träge,
Schleichen gähnend ihre Wege;
Tummle dich, du faules Volk!

Tobende Eile mich treibend erfaßt!
Aber wohl niemals liebten die Horen;
Heimlich im grausamen Bunde verschworen,
Spotten sie tückisch der Liebenden Hast.

Every morning I awake and ask:
Will my sweetheart come today?
Every evening I sink down and lament:
She stayed away again today.

All night with my grief
I lie sleepless, waking;
Dreaming, as if half asleep,
Dreaming, I pass the day.

I'm driven here, I'm driven there!
In only a few more hours I will see her,
She herself, the fairest of fair young women;
You true heart, how heavily you pound!

But the hours are lazy people!
They drag themselves comfortably and
sluggishly, creeping with yawns along their
paths; rouse yourself, you lazy fool!

A charging hurry seizes and drives me!
But the Hours have never been in love;
Sworn secretly to cruel conspiracy,
They mock treacherously the lover's haste.

Ich wandelte unter den Bäumen

Ich wandelte unter den Bäumen
mit meinem Gram allein;
da kam das alte Träumen
und schlich mir ins Herz hinein.

Wer hat euch dies Wörtlein gelehret,
ihr Vöglein in luftiger Höh?
Schweigst still! Wenn mein Herz es höret,
Dann tut es noch einmal so weh.

“Es kam ein Jungfräulein gegangen,
die sang es immerfort,
da haben wir Vöglein gefangen
das hübsche, goldne Wort.”

Das sollt ihr mir nicht mehr erzählen,
Ihr Vöglein wunderschlau;
ihr wollt meinem Kummer mir stehlen,
ich aber niemandem trau.

Lieb Liebchen, leg's Händchen

Lieb Liebchen, leg's Händchen aufs Herze
mein;
ach, hörst du, wie's pochet im Kämmerlein?
da hauset ein Zimmermann schlimm und arg,
der zimmert mir einen Totensarg.

Es hämmert und klopft bei Tag und bei
Nacht;
es hat mich schon längst um den Schlaf
gebracht.
Ach! Sputet euch, Meister Zimmermann,
damit ich balde schlafen kann.

Schöne Wiege Meiner Leiden

Schöne Wiege meiner Leiden,
schönes Grabmal meiner Ruh',
schöne Stadt, wir müssen scheiden, -
Lebe wohl! ruf ich dir zu.

Lebe wohl, du heil'ge Schwelle,
wo da wandelt Liebchen traut;
lebe wohl! du heil'ge Stelle,
wo ich sie zuerst geschaut.

Hätt' ich dich doch nie gesehen,
schöne Herzenskönigin!
Nimmer wär' es dann geschehen,
daß ich jetzt so elend bin.

Nie wollt' ich dein Herze rühren,
Liebe hab' ich nie erlerte;
nur ein stilles Leben führen
wollt' ich, wo dein Odem weht.

I wandered among the trees,
alone with my suffering;
along came that old dream
and crept into my heart.

Who taught you this little word,
you tiny birds in the airy heights?
Be quiet! If my heart hears it,
Then all my pain will return.

“It came from a young woman,
who sang it again and again;
that is how we tiny birds captured
this pretty, golden word.”

You should not explain this to me now,
you tiny, cunning birds;
you wanted to steal my grief from me,
but I trust no one.

Dear sweetheart, lay your hand on my heart;
ah, do you hear the hammering inside?
Inside there lives a carpenter, wicked and
evil:
he's building my coffin.

He hammers and pounds by day and by
night;
it has been a long time since I could sleep.
Ah, hurry, Mister Carpenter,
finish so that I can sleep.

Pretty cradle of my sorrows,
pretty tombstone of my rest,
pretty town - we must part, -
farewell! I call to you.

Farewell, you holy threshold,
across which my darling would tread;
farewell! you sacred spot
where I first saw her.

Would that I had never seen you,
lovely queen of my heart!
Never would it then have happened,
that I would now be so wretched.

I never wished to touch your heart,
I never begged for love;
all I wished was to lead a quiet life
where your breath could stir me.

...Cont'd

Doch du drängst mich selbst von hinnen
bitter Worte spricht dein Mund;
Wahnsinn wühlt in meinen Sinnen,
und mein Herz ist krank und wund.

Und die Glieder matt und träge
schlepp' ich fort am Wanderstab,
bis mein müdes Haupt ich lege
ferne in ein kühles Grab.

Warte, Warte, wilder Schiffmann

Warte, warte, wilder Schiffmann,
gleich folg' ich zum Hafen dir;
von zwei Jungfrauen nehm' ich Abschied,
von Europa und von ihr.

Blutquell, rinn' aus meinen Augen,
Blutquell, brich aus meinem Leib,
daß ich mit dem heißen Blute
meine Schmerzen niederschreib'.

Ei, mein Lieb, warum just heute
[schauderst du]², mein Blut zu sehn?
Sahst mich bleich und herzeblutend
Lange Jahre vor dir stehn!

Kennst du noch das alte Liedchen
von der Schlang' im Paradies,
die durch schlimme Apfelgabe
unsern Ahn ins Elend stieß.

Alles Unheil brachten Äpfel!
Eva bracht' damit den Tod,
Eris brachte Trojas Flammen,
du brachst'st beides, Flamm' und Tod.

Berg' Und Burgen Schaun Herunter

Berg' und Burgen schau herunter
in den spiegelhellen Rhein,
und mein Schiffchen segelt munter,
rings umglänzt von Sonnenschein.

Ruhig seh' ich zu dem Spiele
goldner Wellen, kraus bewegt;
still erwachen die Gefühle,

Freundlich grüssend und verheißend
lockt hinab des Stromes Pracht;
doch ich kenn' ihn, oben gleißend,
birgt sein Innres Tod und Nacht.

Oben Lust, im Busen Tücken,
Strom, du bist der Liebsten Bild!
Die kann auch so freundlich nicken,
lächelt auch so fromm und mild.

Yet you yourself pushed me away from you,
with bitter words at your lips;
Madness filled my senses,
and my heart is sick and wounded.

And my limbs are heavy and sluggish;
I'll drag myself forward, leaning on my staff,
until I can lay my weary head
in a cool and distant grave.

Wait, wait, wild boatman,
soon I'll follow you to the harbor;
from two maidens I am taking my leave,
from Europe and from Her.

Stream of blood, run from my eyes,
stream of blood, burst from my body,
so that with this hot blood
I can write down my agonies.

Ah, my dear, why just today
do you shudder to see my blood?
You've seen me pale, my heart bleeding,
standing before you for many years!

Do you know that old song
about the serpent in Paradise
who, by wickedly giving an apple,
threw our ancestors into misery?

Apples have caused every ill!
Eve brought death through them,
Eris caused the flames of Troy;
and you brought both, flame and death.

Mountains and castles gaze down
into the mirror-bright Rhine,
and my little boat sails merrily,
the sunshine glistening around it.

Calmly I watch the play
of golden, ruffled waves surging;
silently feelings awaken in me
that I have kept deep in my heart.

With friendly greetings and promises,
the river's splendor beckons;
but I know it - gleaming above
it conceals within itself Death and Night.

Above, pleasure; at heart, malice;
O river, you are the very image of my
beloved!
She can nod with just as much friendliness,
also smiling so devotedly and gently.

Anfangs wollt'ich fast verzagen

Anfangs wollt' ich fast verzagen,
und ich glaubt', ich trüg' es nie;
und ich hab' es doch getragen -
aber fragt mich nur nicht, wie?

At first I almost despaired,
and I thought I would never be able to bear it;
yet even so, I have borne it -
but do not ask me how.

Mit Myrten und Rosen

Mit Myrten und Rosen, lieblich und hold,
mit duft'gen Zypressen und Flittergold,
möcht' ich zieren dieß Buch wie 'nen
Totenschrein, Und sargen meine Lieder
hinein.

O könnt' ich die Liebe sargen hinzu! Auf
dem Grabe der Liebe wächst Blümlein der
Ruh', da blüht es hervor, da pflückt man es
ab, doch mir blüht's nur, wenn ich selber im
Grab.

Hier sind nun die Lieder, die einst so
wild, wie ein Lavastrom, der dem Ätna
entquillt, Hervorgestürzt aus dem tiefsten
Gemüt, und rings viel blitzende Funken
versprüht!

Nun liegen sie stumm und totengleich, nun
starren sie kalt und nebelbleich, doch aufs
neu die alte Glut sie belebt, wenn der Liebe
Geist einst über sie schwebt.

Und es wird mir im Herzen viel Ahnung
laut: der Liebe Geist einst über sie taut; einst
kommt dies Buch in deine Hand, du süßes
Lieb im fernen Land.

Dann löst sich des Liedes Zauberbann, die
blaßen Buchstaben schaun dich an, sie
schauen dir flehend ins schöne Aug',
und flüstern mit Wehmut und Liebshauch.

With myrtle and roses, lovely and pretty,
with fragrant cypresses and gold tinsel,
I would decorate this book like a coffin
and bury my songs inside it.

O if only I could bury my love there as well!
On the grave of Love grows the blossom
of peace;
it blooms and then is plucked,
yet it will bloom for me only when I am my-
self in the grave.

Here now are the songs which, once so wild,
like a stream of lava that flowed from Etna,
burst from the depths of my heart,
and spray glittering sparks everywhere!

Now they lie mute and death-like,
now they stare coldly, pale as mist,
but the old glow will revive them afresh,
when the spirit of love someday floats above
them.

And in my heart the thought grows loud:
the spirit of love will someday thaw them;
someday this book will arrive in your hands,
you, my sweet love in a distant land.

Then shall the songs' magic spell be broken,
and the white letters shall gaze at you;
they'll gaze beseechingly into your lovely
eyes, and whisper with sadness and a breath
of love.

—transl. Lied and Art Song Library

