Senior Recital: Robert Emmerich, baritone

Department of Music, University of Richmond

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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 Daiei, 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

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

Meister, wir haben die ganze Nacht gearbeitet
Meister, 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

Eins bitte ich vom Herren
One this have I desired of the Lord,
that will I seek after;

to behold the beauty of the Lord,
and to enquire in his temple.

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

Lamento della ninfa

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
Anyone, I swear!
He's proud
Because I languish for him.
Perhaps if I fly away from him

.....Cont'd.

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

Liederkreis, Opus 24

Morgens steh' ich auf und frage

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.

Es treibt mich hin

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.

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

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

C. Si tra sdegnosi pianti
spargan le voci al ciel;
cosi 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)
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 Höhe?
Schweigt still! Wenn mein Herz es höret,
Daun tut es noch einmal so weh.
"Es kam ein Jungfräulein gegangen,
die sang es immerfort,
mit meinem Gram allein;
die sang es mit meinem Gram allein;
wer hat euch diesen Wörtlein gelehret,
ich wandelte unter den Bäumen,
der zimmert mir einen Totensarg.
Da haust ein Zimmermann schlimm und arg,
das hlibsche, goldne Wort.
"Es kam ein Jungfräulein gegangen,
die sang es immerfort,
mit meinem Gram allein;
die sang es mit meinem Gram allein;
wer hat euch diesen Wörtlein gelehret,
ich wandelte unter den Bäumen,
der zimmert mir einen Totensarg.
Da haust ein Zimmermann schlimm und arg,
das hlibsche, goldne Wort.

Die kann auch so freundlich nicken,
birgt sein Innres Tod und Nacht.

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

Strom, du hist der liebsten Bild!
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!

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.

Ruhig seh' ich zu dem Spiele
goldner Wellen, kraus bewegt;
still erwachen die Gefühle,
freundlich grüssend und verliebend
lockt hinab des Stromes Pracht;
doch ich kenne ihn, oben gleitend,
birgt sein innres Tod und Nacht.

Oben Lust, im Busen Tücken,
Flamm' und Tod.

Doch du drängtest mich selbst von hinnen
bittre Worte spricht dein Mund;
Wahnsinn wählt 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 kühlres Grab.

Warte, Warte, wilder Schiffmann
Warte, warte, wilder Schiffmann,
gleich folg' ich zum Hafen dir;
von zwei Jungfrauen nehm' ich Abschied,
durch Apfelgabe unsern Ahn ins Elend stieß.

Alles Unheil brachten Äpfel!
Eva brach'd damit den Tod,
Eris caused the flames of Troy;
and you brought both, flame and death.

Do you know that old song
about the serpent in Paradise
who, by wickedly giving an apple,
throw 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.

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

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.


Hier sind nun die Lieder, die einst so wild, wie ein Lavastrom, der dem Atna 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 tau't;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 fliehend ins schöne Aug', und flüstern mit Wehmut und Liebeshauch.

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.

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 myself 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