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Senior Recital: Eric Rudofker, tenor

Department of Music, University of Richmond

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THE UNIVERSITY OF RICHMOND
DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

Presents

Eric Rudofker, tenor
Senior Recital

Assisted by
Dr. Joanne Kong, piano and harpsichord
Dr. Davis Massey, cello
Margaret Moore, violin

Friday, February 25, 2011
7:00 p.m.
PERKINSON RECITAL HALL
George Frideric Handel may be best known for Messiah and other oratorios, but his significance extends beyond oratorio, as he composed in every musical genre of his time. Handel was born in Germany yet lived and worked in England, and was one of the first to write opera in the English language. An interest in Handel's Italian cantatas began in the 20th century. Most of them were written in Italy in the early 18th century and are some of his most musically-indulging works.\(^1\) "Look Down, Harmonious Saint" may have derived from a 1713 sketch with Italian text, but is recognized for being Handel's only cantata written in English.\(^2\) It is also his only cantata written for tenor; the vast majority of them are for soprano.\(^3\) The text comes from friend and librettist Newburg Hamilton, and serves as an ode to St. Cecilia, the patron saint of musicians.\(^4\) The piece first appeared as part of the oratorio Alexander's Feast, performed in London in February 1736.\(^5\) The cantata's stylistic ornamentation and word painting are delightfully playful and joyous.

Heinrich Heine was arguably the most profound poet of the Romantic era. Robert Schumann, composing at the height of the Romantic period, set 20 of Heinrich Heine's poems from Heine's Lyric Intermezzo in 1840. Schumann reordered his selected poems and called the cycle Dichterliebe ("The Poet's Love"). Dichterliebe in its final edition was not published until 1844, and only included 16 of the original 20 songs. The remaining four songs have recently been rediscovered, although the 16 are usually performed. The thematic story told through the cycle is thought to have been inspired by the stresses and difficulties of falling in love with Clara Wieck, the daughter of Schumann's piano teacher, Friedrich Wieck, who was opposed to their relationship.\(^6\) In 1840, Schumann took Friedrich Wieck to court over the right to marry his daughter.\(^7\) He won and married her shortly after. That same year, Schumann composed over 150 songs, including Dichterliebe.\(^8\)

The piano-voice relationship is filled with complexity and contrast, much like the emotional state of the character in the poems. Intense instrumental preludes and postludes facilitate as much poetic development as the text itself, providing beautiful and interpretive links from one song to the next.

---Program notes by Eric Rudofker

\(^2\) Ibid.
\(^3\) Ibid.
\(^5\) Ibid.
\(^7\) Ibid.
\(^8\) Ibid.
"Look Down, Harmonious Saint"

Look down, harmonious Saint, whilst we do celebrate thy art and thee! of Music's force the wonders show, the most of Heaven we here can know. Sweet accents all your numbers grace, touch ev'ry trembling string; each note in justest order place of Harmony we'll sing. It charms the soul, delights the ear, to it all passions bow, it gives us hope, it conquers fear, of Music's force the wonders show, and rules we know, not how.

Dichterliebe Op. 40

I. In the wonderfully beautiful month of May When all the buds are bursting open, There, from my own heart, bursts forth my own love, In the wonderfully beautiful month of May When all the birds are singing, So have I confessed to her; My yearning and my longing.

II. From my tears sprout forth Many blooming flowers, And my sighing become joined with The chorus of the nightingales. And if you love me, dear child, I will send you so many flowers; And before your window should sound The song of the nightingale.

III. The rose, the lily, the dove, the sun, I loved them all once in love's bliss. I love them no more, I love only The Small, the Fine, the Pure, the One; love only them. She herself - she is all love - is the rose, lily, dove, and sun I love only that which is small, Fine, pure—the one, the ONE!

IV. When I gaze into your eyes, All my pain and woe vanishes; Yet when I kiss your lips, I am made wholly and entirely healthy. When I lay against your breast It comes over me like longing for heaven; Yet when you say, "I love you!" I must cry so bitterly.

V. I want to delve my soul Into the cup of the lily; The lily should give resoundingly A song belonging to my beloved.

VI. In the Rhine, in the holy stream Is it mirrored in the waves, With its great cathedral, That great, holy city Cologne. In the Cathedral stands an image Painted on golden leather; Into the wildness of my life Has it shone, friendly.

VII. I bear no grudge, even when my heart is breaking! Love lost forever! I bear no grudge. Although you shine in diamond splendor, No beam falls into the night of your heart. I will know that for a long time.

VIII. And if the blooms - the small ones - knew How deeply wounded is my heart, They would weep with me To heal my pain.

IX. There is a fluting and fiddling With trumpets blaring in; In a wedding dance dances She who is my heart's whole love.

X. I hear the dear song sounding That once my beloved sang. And my heart wants to burst so strongly From the savage pressure of pain.

XI. A young man loved a girl Who had chosen another man; This other man loved yet another girl And wed that one.

XII. On a shining summer morning I wander around my garden. The flowers are whispering and speaking; I, however, wander silently.

XIII. I wept in my dream, I dreamed you lay in a grave. I awoke, and my tears Still flowed down my cheeks.

A refreshing song.

A song belonging to my beloved.

And if they knew my woe - The little golden stars - They would come down from their heights And speak their consolation to me.

And if the nightingales knew How sad and ill I am, They would let forth merrily A refreshing song.

And if she once gave me That once my beloved sang.

A drumming and sounding of shawms In between which sob and moan The lovely little angels.

And if the nightingales knew How deeply wounded is my heart, They would shudder and tremble Into the cup of the lily; The lily should give resoundingly A song belonging to my beloved.

The little golden stars - They would let forth merrily And if the nightingales knew How deeply wounded is my heart, They would come down from their heights And speak their consolation to me.

And if the nightingales knew How deeply wounded is my heart, They would let forth merrily A refreshing song.

The lily should give resoundingly A song belonging to my beloved.

A refreshing song.

A song belonging to my beloved.

And if the nightingales knew How deeply wounded is my heart, They would let forth merrily A refreshing song.

And if the nightingales knew How deeply wounded is my heart, They would let forth merrily A refreshing song.

And if the nightingales knew How deeply wounded is my heart, They would let forth merrily A refreshing song.
XIV.
Nightly I see you in my dreams
And I see you greet me, friendly,
And crying out loudly, I throw myself
At your sweet feet.

You look at me sorrowfully
And shake your dear, blond head;
From your eyes sneak forth
The pearly teardrops.

You say a soft word to me secretly,
And give me a branch of the cypress;
I awake, and the branch is gone,
And I have forgotten the word.

XV.
From old fairy tales beckons
To me a white hand,
Where there is a singing and sounding
Of a magical land,

Where multicolored flowers bloom
In golden twilight,
And glow lovely and fragrant
With their bridal visage,

And where green trees sing
Primeval melodies;
Where breezes sound secretly,
And birds warble,

And mist-figures rise
From the earth
And dance airy round-dances
In an odd chorus,

And blue sparks burn
On every leaf and twig,
And red lights run
In a mad, chaotic circle,

And loud springs break
Out of wild marble stone,
And in the streams – oddly –
Shine forth the reflections.

Ah! If I could enter there
And indulge my heart
And give up my agony
And be free and holy!

Ah! This is the land of bliss
That I see so often in a dream,
But when the morning sun comes,
It melts like mere froth.

XVI.
The old, angry songs,
The dreams angry and wicked--
Let us now bury them.
Fetch a large coffin.

In it will I lay many things,
But I will still not say quite what.
The coffin must be still larger
As the cask in Heidelberg.

And fetch a death bier
And planks firm and thick;
They must be still longer
Than the bridge to Mainz.

And fetch me, too, twelve giants;
They must be still stronger
Than that strong St. Christopher
In the Cathedral to Cologne on the Rhine.

They should carry the coffin away
And sink it down deep in the sea,
Since such a great coffin
Deserves a great grave.

Do you know why the coffin
Must be so large and heavy?
I sank with it my love
And my pain, deep within.

---Translation: Paul Hindemith---

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