

University of Richmond

UR Scholarship Repository

Music Department Concert Programs

Music

2-25-2011

Senior Recital: Eric Rudofker, tenor

Department of Music, University of Richmond

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarship.richmond.edu/all-music-programs>



Part of the [Music Performance Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Department of Music, University of Richmond, "Senior Recital: Eric Rudofker, tenor" (2011). *Music Department Concert Programs*. 1107.

<https://scholarship.richmond.edu/all-music-programs/1107>

This Program is brought to you for free and open access by the Music at UR Scholarship Repository. It has been accepted for inclusion in Music Department Concert Programs by an authorized administrator of UR Scholarship Repository. For more information, please contact scholarshiprepository@richmond.edu.

MXX110225P

UNIVERSITY OF RICHMOND LIBRARIES



3 3082 01080 0638

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

¹Ford, W. "Handel's Cantatas." *Proceedings of the Musical Association*, 58th Sess. (1931-1932), pp. 32-42.

²ibid.

³ibid.

⁴Leissa, B. et al, www.gfhandel.org, 2008.

⁵ibid.

⁶John Daverio and Eric Sams. "Schumann, Robert." *Grove Music Online*. Oxford Music Online, <http://www.oxfordmusiconline.com/>.

⁷ibid.

⁸ibid.

Applause: 10:38
 Starts

Program

Eric Rudofker, tenor

Start Finish
 11:25 84:05

Look Down, Harmonious Saint, HWV 124 (1736)

George Frideric Handel
 (1685-1759)

Tapes
 Applause starts: 6:57
 Intermission

Start
 7:19

Dichterliebe, Op. 48 (1840)

Robert Schumann

- | | | |
|--|-------|------------------------|
| I. Im wunderschönen Monat Mai | 7:19 | (1810-1856) |
| II. Aus meinen Tränen sprießen | 8:50 | Text by Heinrich Heine |
| III. Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne | 9:47 | (1797-1856) |
| IV. Wenn ich in deine Augen seh' | 10:25 | |
| V. Ich will meine Seele tauchen | 12:05 | |
| VI. Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome | 12:57 | |
| VII. Ich grolle nicht | 14:53 | |
| VIII. Und wüßten's die Blumen, die kleinen | 16:28 | |
| IX. Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen | 17:38 | |
| X. Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen | 19:18 | |
| XI. Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen | 21:25 | |
| XII. Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen | 22:46 | |
| XIII. Ich hab' im Traum geweinet | 24:44 | |
| XIV. Allnächtlich im Traume seh' ich dich | 26:57 | |
| XV. Aus alten Märchen winkt es | 28:35 | |
| XVI. Die alten, bösen Lieder | 31:19 | |

Ends

35:52

Applause Ends

36:34

Speech Ends

36:59



"Look Down, Harmonious Saint"

11:25
Look down, harmonious Saint,
whilst we do celebrate thy art and thee!
of Music's force the wonders show,
the most of Heav'n we here can know.

12:58
Sweet accents all your numbers grace,
touch ev'ry trembling string;
each note in justest order place
of Harmony we'll sing.

17:27
It charms the soul, delights the ear,
to it all passions bow,
it gives us hope, it conquers fear,
and rules we know, not how.

Dichterliebe Op. 40

7:19
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.

8:50
II. From my tears sprout forth
Many blooming flowers,
And my sighing become joined with
The chorus of the nightingales.

9:47
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 - the source of all love -
IS the rose, lily, dove, and sun I love only
that which is small,
Fine, pure--the one, the ONE!

10:25

10:25
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.

12:05
V. I want to delve my soul
Into the cup of the lily;
The lily should give resoundingly
A song belonging to my beloved.

The song should shudder and tremble
Like the kiss from her lips
That she once gave me
In a wonderfully sweet hour.

12:57
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.

Flowers and little cherubs hover
Around our beloved Lady;
The eyes, the lips, the cheeks,
They match my beloved's exactly.

14:53
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.

I bear no grudge, and when my heart is
breaking!
I truly saw you in my dreams
And saw the night in the room of your
heart,
And saw the snake that bites your heart;
I saw, my dear, how truly miserable you
are.
I bear no grudge.

16:28

16:28
VIII. And if the blooms - the small ones - knew
How deeply wounded is my heart,
They would weep with me
To heal my pain.

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

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

But all of them could not know this,
Only one knows my pain;
She herself has indeed torn,
Torn my heart in two.

17:38
IX. There is a fluting and fiddling
With trumpets blaring in;
In a wedding dance dances
She who is my heart's whole love.

There is a ringing and roaring,
A drumming and sounding of shawms
In between which sob and moan
The lovely little angels.

19:18
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.

A dark longing is driving me
Up into the heights of the woods
Where in my tears can be dissolved
My own colossal woe.

21:25

21:25
XI. A young man loved a girl
Who had chosen another man;
This other man loved yet another girl
And wed that one.

The first girl married out of spite
The first, best man
That happened into her path;
That young man is not well off.

It is an old story,
Yet it remains ever new;
And to he whom it has just happened,
It will break his heart in two.

22:46
XII. On a shining summer morning
I wander around my garden.
The flowers are whispering and speaking;
I, however, wander silently.

The flowers are whispering and speaking
And look at me sympathetically.
"Do not be angry with our sister,
You sad, pale man."

24:44
XIII. I wept in my dream,
I dreamed you lay in a grave.
I awoke, and my tears
Still flowed down my cheeks.

I wept in my dream,
I dreamed you had abandoned me.
I awoke and I cried
Bitterly for a long while.

I wept in my dream,
I dreamed you were still good to me.
I awoke, and still
Streams my flood of tears.

26:51

XIV.

26:57

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.

28:35

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

31:19

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.

35:52

—Translation: Paul Hindemith

Special Thanks

to Margaret and Davis for lending their talents.

Thanks to Dr. Cable and Dr. Kong

for their guidance over the last four years.

*Thanks for Dr. Anderson and the entire music department
faculty and staff.*

*And thanks to friends and my family (including Alex)
for their love, support, and tolerance.*

