University Chamber Ensembles

Department of Music, University of Richmond

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THE UNIVERSITY OF RICHMOND

DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

PRESENTS

UNIVERSITY CHAMBER ENSEMBLES

MONDAY NOVEMBER 28TH, 2011

7:30 P.M.

CAMP CONCERT HALL
BOOKER HALL OF MUSIC
PROGRAM

Vulnerasti cor meum

Lamento della Ninfa
  a. Non havea Febo ancora
  b. Lamento della ninfa
  c. Si tra sdegnosi pianti

Jennimarie Swegan, soprano
Chris Dolci, tenor
Robert Emmerich, baritone
James Weaver, bass
Joanne Kong, harpsichord

Trio Sonata from Das Musikalische Opfer (The Musical Offering)
  I. Largo
  II. Allegro

Randy Allen, violin
Amanda Sellew, flute
Vivian Hsieh, harpsichord
Davis Massey, cello

Schön Blümelein

Kolibelnaya

Hard Times, Come Again No More

Whitney Cavin, soprano
Tim Wiles, baritone
Elise Medina, piano

Sonata in D Major, K. 448
  II. Andante

Yiran Duan, piano
Gita Massey, piano

INTERMISSION

Henri Dumont
(1610–1684)
Claudio Monteverdi
(1567-1643)

J. S. Bach
(1685–1750)

Robert Schumann
(1810-1856)
Alexander Gretchaninov
(1864-1956)
Stephen Foster
(1826-1864)

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)
Sonata for Flute, Viola and Harp
I. Pastorale

Gail Argenbright, flute
Nick Trevino, viola
Audrey Kindsfather, harp

Trio in a minor, Op. 188
I. Allegro moderato
III. Adagio

Lauren Oddo, oboe
Andrew Pericak, French horn
Erica Yamamoto, piano

Trio in d minor, Op. 49
I. Molto allegro agitato

Kikki Tso, violin
Doug Kellner, cello
Walter Beers, piano

TRANSLATIONS

Dumont: Vulnerasti cor meum
Thou hast wounded my heart, my sister, my spouse, with one of thy eyes, and with one hair of thy neck.
How beautiful are thy breasts, my sister, my spouse! Thy breasts more beautiful are than wine, and the sweet smell of thy ointments above all aromatical spices.

Monteverdi: Lamento della Ninfa
The Sun had not brought the day to the world yet, when a maiden went out of her dwelling.
On 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:
- 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
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!
So amidst disdainful tears, she spread her crying to the sky;
Thus, in the lovers' hearts Love mixes fire and ice.

Schumann: Schön Blümlein
I went at early dawning
The garden's pride to view,
And bright the flow'ret sparkled
All wet with pearly dew.

One flower I wish'd to gather,
The fairest I could see,
And as I bent to pluck it,
What murmurs met mine ear!

The butterflies and mayflies,
And all the insect tribe,
They hover'd round the flow'ret
And sweet was their song to hear!

They kiss'd and kiss'd again
The rosy lips of that fair flower,
And merrily they sported
A whole bright morning hour!

And when their play was over,
A pretty sight it was
To see what joy and gladness
Look'd through the flow'ret's eyes!

I could not break its tendrils,
I could not tear its stem.
I only said: sweet flow'ret,
Farewell, I leave thee here!

The butterflies and mayflies,
The dragonflies so gay,
How merrily all they sung to me
And thank'd me in their way!

Gretchaninov: Kolibelnaya
Bayoo, Bai. Ah! Twilight and evening of springtime, the birds in the air are singing and building nests in the shady woods. O nightingale, don't you build a nest there, but fly straight to our garden and build yours under the high gables. And even when you drink at the trough or eat ripe berries or warm your wings in the sun, always sing your song.
Bayoo, Bai.

Translation: Evelyn Lear and Thomas Stewart

UR Chamber Ensembles Coaches:

Joanne Kong  James Weaver  Alexander Kordzaia  Anastasia Jellison
Anne Guthmiller  eighth blackbird