



Faculty Recital Series

2012-2013 Season

Sara M. Snell Music Theater

Sunday, September 16, 7:30 PM

David Pittman-Jennings, Baritone
Eugenia Tsarov, Piano

Konzert in C für Klavier
Allegro

Vivaldi – Bach

Cantata No. 8 “Amore Traditore”
Aria: Amore traditore
Recitativo: Voglio provar, se posso
Aria: Chi in amore

Johann Sebastian Bach
(1685-1750)

Michelangelo-Lieder (1877-1887)
Wohl denk’ ich oft
Alles endet, was entsteht
Fühlt meine Seele

Hugo Wolf
(1860-1903)

Vier ernste Gesänge Op. 121 (1896)
Denn es gehet dem Menschen
Ich wandte mich und sahe an
O Tod, wie bitter bist du
Wenn ich mit Menschen- und mit Engelszungen

Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

PROGRAM NOTES/TRANSLATIONS

Konzert in C für Klavier

Originally a Concerto Grosso by Antonio Vivaldi (1678-1741), this is one of several hundred works which J.S. Bach transcribed or arranged for keyboard. We have chosen it as a “preludium” to the cantata, because of its Italian style.

Cantata No. 8: Amore traditore

This cantata is one of two set by Bach to Italian texts. While the first aria and recitative have the usual, in this case, very sparsely figured, basso continuo accompaniment, the keyboard accompaniment of the last aria is written out in full by the composer – a unique example of the art of accompaniment in Bach’s style.

Aria: Amore traditore

Traitorous love, you will betray me no more. I no longer want your chains, your worries, sorrows and servitude.

Recitativo: Voglio provar, se posso

I will try, if I can, to heal my soul of the fatal wound, and live, if I may, without your attacks: there will be no more hope, sighs of pain, and joy in my heart. No more will you joke with my constancy.

Aria: Chi in amore

Who in love has fate as an enemy, is foolish to not cease to love. The soul must throw off the harsh twists (of fate) if it doesn’t find relief from the suffering.

Michelangelo-Lieder

Set by Wolf on three poems from Michelangelo Buonaroti over a ten-year period from 1877-1887, the music reflects the dark nature of Michelangelo's writing.

Wohl denk' ich oft...

Often I think about my past life – how it was before my love for you. No one at that time paid attention to me. Every day was lost for me. I thought that I could escape and fly from mankind through song. Now, I am praised and loved, and all people know that I am here.

Alles endet, was entstehet...

Everything that is created ends. Everything around us disappears. Because time flees, and the Sun sees that everything around us disappears: thought, speech, pain and joy. And those who were our relatives disappeared like shadows in daytime – like mist in a breeze. We were also human beings, happy and sad, like you. And now we are here, lifeless – we are only dirt, as you can see. Everything that is created ends. Everything around us disappears.

Fühlt meine Seele...

Does my soul feel the long sought light of God, who created it? Is it a light from another beautiful being that my heart remembers from another vale of tears? Is it a sound, a face in a dream, that fills my eyes and heart at once with an incomprehensible, burning pain which brings me to tears? I don't know. What I long for, feel, what draws me, is not in me. Tell me, how can I gain it. It shows me only another's graciousness; in which I have sunk since we met. I am driven by a "yes" and "no", a sweetness and a bitterness. For that, my lady, your eyes are guilty.

Vier ernste Gesänge Op.121

Certainly in the entire musical literature of the Nineteenth century, there is no other comparable work for solo voice and piano using texts from both the Old and New Testaments. In fact, Brahms' work towers as a testament for our times. Through his condensation of the musical language of Bach, Mozart, and Beethoven, in his collation of millenia-old verses, Brahms left behind a musical work, which the composers of the future, who intend to create something new and essential, must study in the most serious way.

1). Ecclesiastes 3:19-22

For what happens to men happens also to the beasts,
just as one dies, so dies the other;
yes, they all have the same breath;
so man is no different from the animals:
all is in vain.

All go to the same place; all are made from dust and return to dust.

Who knows, whether the spirit of man goes upwards, and the spirit of animals goes down into the earth?

Then I see that there is nothing better than that a man should be happy in his own works;
for that is his lot in life: for who can help him see what will be when he is gone?

2). Ecclesiastes 4:1-3

So I returned, and considered all the oppressions that are committed under the sun:

and see the tears of those who were oppressed, and who had no comforter; and that their oppressors were too powerful that they could not be comforted.

Then I praised the dead who are already dead more than the living who are still alive. Yes, even better is he who has not yet been born, and has not seen the evil work that is done under the sun.

3). Ecclesiastes (Sirach) 41:1-2

O Death, how bitter you are, when a man thinks of you – a man who has good days, and enough, and has a life free of worries and who is fortunate in all things and can still eat well. O Death, how bitter you are.

O Death, how good you are to those who are in need, who are feeble and old, and who are weighed down by worries, and have nothing to hope for and no expectations! O Death, how good you are.

4). I Corinthians 13:1-3, 12-13

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not love, I am like a sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.

And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge so that I could remove mountains, and have not love, I am nothing.

And if I were to give all my goods to the poor, and gave my body to be burned, and if I did not have love, it profits me nothing.

We see now through a mirror darkly, but then face to face; now I know in part; but then I shall know even also as I am known.

And now abides faith, hope and love, these three; but the greatest of these is love.