

The Department of Music presents:

## A Junior Voice/Trumpet Recital

featuring:

*Jessica Fritz, soprano*

*Brent Knudson, trumpet*

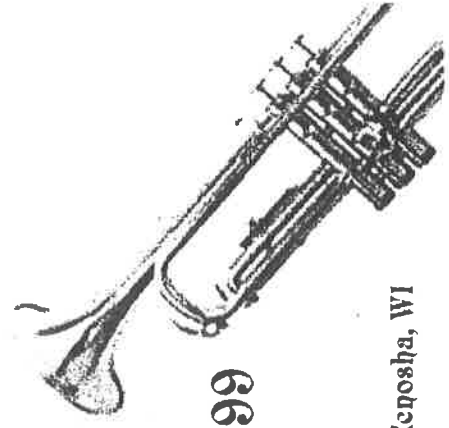
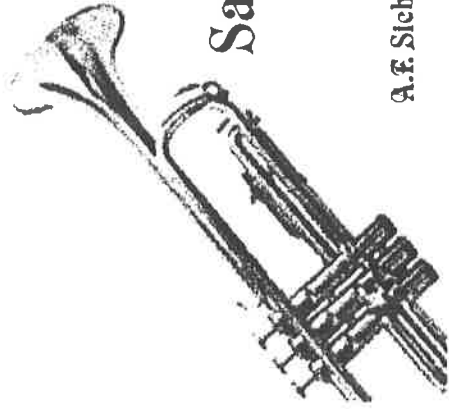
*Jane Livingston, piano*

assisted by:

*Kevin Burrow, organ*

*Derek Galvicious, trumpet*

*Mark Short, trumpet*



Saturday, May 1, 1999

4:00 p.m.

A.F. Siebert Chapel • Carthage College • Kenosha, WI

PROGRAM

Mi chiamano Mimi (LA BOHEME)

Giacomo Puccini  
(1858-1924)

Jessica Fritz, soprano  
Jane Livingston, piano

Trumpets of Spain

Robert Nagel  
(b. 1956)

Brent Knudson, trumpet  
Derek Galvicius, trumpet  
Mark Short, trumpet  
Jane Livingston, piano

Botschaft  
Vergebliches Ständchen

Johannes Brahms  
(1833-1897)

Nimmersatte Liebe  
Nun wandre, Maria

Hugo Wolf  
(1860-1903)

Allerseelen

Richard Strauss  
(1864-1949)

Jessica Fritz, soprano  
Jane Livingston, piano

Concerto in E-flat Major

Johann Nepomuk Hummel  
(1778-1837)

- I. Allegro
- II. Andante
- III. Rondo

Brent Knudson, trumpet  
Jane Livingston, piano

Over the Rim of the Moon

Michael Head  
(1900-1976)

- I. The Ships of Arcady
- II. Beloved
- III. A Blackbird Singing
- IV. Nocturne

Jessica Fritz, soprano  
Jane Livingston, piano

Prayer of St. Gregory

Alan Hohvaness  
(b. 1911)

Brent Knudson, trumpet  
Kevin Burrow, organ

In quelle trine morbide (MANON LESCAUT)

Giacomo Puccini

Jessica Fritz, soprano  
Jane Livingston, piano

Let the Bright Seraphim (SAMSON)

G.F. Handel  
(1685-1759)

Jessica Fritz, soprano  
Brent Knudson, trumpet  
Jane Livingston, piano

## TRANSLATIONS AND PROGRAM NOTES

*Si, mi chiamano Mimi* - Puccini

Yes, they call me Mimi, but my name is Lucia.

My story is brief.

On linen or on silk, I embroider at home and outside.

I am tranquil and happy and it is my recreation to make lillies and roses.

Those things that have such sweet enchantment please me,

That speak of dreams and of fancies, those things that are called poetry.

Do you understand me?

They call me Mimi, the reason I know not.

Alone, I make dinner by myself.

I do not always go to mass, but I pray often to the Lord.

I live alone, all alone; there in a white little room,

I look out on the roofs and into the sky,

But when the thaw comes, the first sun is mine,

The first kiss of April is mine.

The first sun is mine. There grows in a vase a rose...

I observe it leaf by leaf!

How pleasing the perfume of a flower!

But the flowers that I make, alas, do not have fragrance!

I wouldn't know what else to tell you about myself;

Who comes at the wrong hour to bother you.

*Trumpets of Spain* - Nagal

Robert Nagal was a faculty member of the Yale School of Music and founder-director of the New York Brass Quintet. He has performed as solo trumpeter with The Little Orchestra Society of New York and formerly solo cornetist with the Goldman Band.

*Botschaft (Message)* - Brahms

Blow, little breeze, gently and charmingly

Around the cheeks of the beloved,

Play tenderly in her locks,

Hurry not, away to flee.

Does she perhaps ask the question,

How it is with me, poor one speak:

"Endless was his sorrow, highly doubtful his plight;  
but now can he hope, again joyfully to revive,  
for you, lovely one, think of him."

*Vergebliches Ständchen (Fruitless Serenade)* - Brahms

Good evening, my jewel, good evening my child!

I come out of love to you,

Ah, open the door for me.

My door is closed, I'll not let you in;

Mother, she advised me wisely, were you in with pretext

It would be the end of me!

So cold is the night, so icy the wind,  
That my heart will freeze,  
That my love will extinguish,  
Open for me, my child!

Extinguishes it still (for good),  
Go home to bed to repose.  
Good night, my boy!

*Nimmersatte Liebe (Never satisfied love) - Wolf*

Such is love! With kisses to appease:  
Who is the fool and wants to fill a sieve with water only?  
And would draw water for a thousand years,  
And would kiss eternally, eternally even,  
You never satisfy her wishes.  
Love, love has at all hours new strange desires;  
We bit our lips sore, as we today kissed.  
The maiden held still in good composure,  
As the little lamb under the knife;  
Her eyes begged: go on,  
The more it hurts the better!  
Such is love, and was always thus,  
As long as love exists,  
And in no other way was  
Mr. Solomon in love.

*Nun wandre, Maria (Now wander, Mary) - Wolf*

Now wander, Mary, now wander on.  
Already the cocks crow and near is the place.  
Now wander, beloved, you jewel of mine,  
And soon we will be in Bethlehem.

Then rest you fine and slumber there.  
Already the cocks crow and near is the place.  
Well I see, mistress, your strength disappear;  
Can your pains, ah hardly endure.

Be confident! Surely we'll find shelter there;  
Already the cocks crow and near is the place.  
Were only passed your hour, Mary,  
I will reward the good news well.  
For the good news I would give away the little donkey!  
Already the cocks crow, come, near is the place.

*Allerseelen (All souls day) - Strauss*

Put on the table the fragrant mignonettes,  
The last red asters bring in,  
And let us again speak of love, As once in May.

Give me your hand, that I secretly press,  
And if one sees it, I do not care,  
Give me only one of your sweet glances,  
As once in May.  
It blooms and smells sweet today upon each grave,  
One day in the year is reserved for the dead,  
Come to my heart, that I again have you  
As once in May.

*Concerto in E-flat Major* - Hummel

Hummel was a child prodigy like many other great composers. When he was seven, Mozart was so impressed with Hummel's playing, that he offered to give him music lessons. Hummel lived with Mozart until he was nine. Mozart predicted a bright future for him. Hummel wrote this work for trumpet about a year before becoming Kapellmeister at Esterhazy, a position previously held by Haydn. I was premiered on January 1<sup>st</sup>, 1804 on the new keyed trumpet invented by Weidinger.

This work, in three movements has many varying styles. The first is in a majestic fanfare style alternating with a sweet, lyrical melody. The second movement is a dark, mysterious minor melody full of ornamentation. The last movement of the concerto is in a rondo style and has a light, bouncy style that perhaps sounds easier then it actually is. This movement is without ornamentation and in fact is sometimes very tricky to handle.

Over the Rim of the Moon - Head

*I. The Ships of Arcady*

Thro' the faintest filigree<sup>1</sup>

Over the dim waters go

Little ships of Arcady

When the morning moon is low.

I can hear the sailor's song

From the blue edge of the sea

Passing like the lights along

Thro' the dusky filigree.

Then where moon and waters meet

Sail by sail they pass away

With little friendly winds replete

Blowing from the breaking day.

And when the little ships have flown

Dreaming still of Arcady

I look across the waves, alone

In the misty filigree

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<sup>1</sup>A misty haze

## *II. Beloved*

Nothing but sweet music wakes  
My beloved, my beloved  
Sleeping by the blue lakes,  
My own beloved!

Song of lark and song of thrush,  
My beloved, my beloved!  
Sing in morning's rosy blush  
My own beloved!

When your eyes dawn blue and clear  
My beloved, my beloved!  
You will find me waiting here,  
My own beloved!

## *III. A Blackbird Singing*

A blackbird singing  
On a moss upholstered stone,  
Blue bells swinging,  
Shadows widely blown,  
A song in the wood,  
A ship on the sea.  
The song was for you  
And the ship was for me.

A blackbird singing  
I hear in my troubled mind  
Blue bells swinging  
I see in a distant wind.  
But sorrow and silence  
Are the wood's threnody,<sup>2</sup>  
The silence for you  
And the sorrow for me.

## *IV. Nocturne*

The rim of the moon  
Is over the corn.  
The beetles drone  
Is above the thorn.  
Grey days come soon  
And I am alone;  
Can you hear my moan  
Where you rest, Aroon?<sup>3</sup>

When the wild tree bore  
The deep blue cherry,  
In night's deep pall  
Our loved kissed merry  
But you come no more

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<sup>2</sup>a song for the dead

<sup>3</sup>Romantic Irish folk song character

Where it's woodlands call,  
And the grey days fall  
On my grief, Asthore!<sup>4</sup>

<sup>4</sup>a mythological character

*Prayer of St. Gregory* - Hovhanness

Hovhanness is an American composer of Armenian and Scottish descent and is one of the most distinctive figures in contemporary music. He is also one of the most prolific, with an opus tally hovering around four hundred. This work originally written for trumpet and strings and is from the opera "Etchmiadzin" (1946). The simplicity of the continuo, the organ in this case, makes the solo trumpet soar above it.

*In quelle trine morbide* - Puccini

In those laces soft, in the alcove gilded,  
There is a silence, a mortal chill...  
A coldness that freezes me!  
And I, who myself was accustomed to a caress voluptuous  
Of lips ardent and of fiery embrace,  
Now have an entirely different thing!  
O my humble abode, you return before my eyes...  
Gay, isolated, white,  
Like a dream gentle of both peace and love!

*Let the Bright Seraphim* - Handel

Let the bright seraphim in burning row.  
Their loud uplifted angel trumpets blow.  
Let the cherubic host, it tuneful choirs  
Touch their immortal harps with golden wires.

I would like to thank my family for always supporting me and always backing me 100%. Without your support, I wouldn't be here. I would like to thank Dr. Sjoerdsma for having all the patience in the world! Thank you for never giving up on me. More great things are coming ahead! I would like to thank Jane for all the hard work and late night practicing that we did. She is not only my teacher, she's my friend and mentor. Thanks to Amy Folman, my best friend for putting up with me, thanks for sticking by me! Thanks to Tracy Liljegen for the wonderful program an poster design. Thanks to all my Lambda Kappa brothers for all the love and support. And finally, thanks to God for all the wonderful blessings he has bestowed upon me.

Jessica

I would like to thank Dr. Winkle for all the advice and encouragement he has given me since being at Carthage. I'd also like to thank Jane, Derek, Mark, and Kevin for all the time they have given up to be a part of this recital. I would hate to forget to mention my friends who have offered me support in performing this recital. Thanks to everyone!!  
You rock my world!

Brent

Jessica's portion of the recital is in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the performance emphasis in the music major. Jessica Fritz studies with Dr. Richard Sjoerdsma. Brent Knudson studies with Dr. Kenneth Winkle.