Program Notes and Translations

Frauenliebe und Leben Op. 42

Robert Schumann
(1810-1856)

No. 1: Seit ich ihn gesehen

Seit ich ihn gesehen,
Glaub ich blind zu sein;
Wo ich hin nur blicke,
Seh ich ihn allein;
Wie im wachen Traume
Schwebt sein Bild mir vor,
Taucht aus tiefstem Dunkel,
Heller nur empor.

Sonst ist licht- und farblos
Alles um mich her,
Nach der Schwestern Spiele
Nicht begehr ich mehr,
Möchte lieber weinen,
Still im Kämmerlein;
Seit ich ihn gesehen,
Glaub ich blind zu sein.

Since first seeing him,
I think I am blind,
Wherever I look,
Him only I see;
As in a waking dream
His image hovers before me,
Rising out of deepest darkness
Ever more brightly.

All else is dark and pale
Around me,
My sisters' games
I no more long to share,
I would rather weep
Quietly in my room;
Since first seeing him,
I think I am blind.

No. 2: Er, der Herrlichste von allen

Er, der Herrlichste von allen,
Wie so milde, wie so gut!
Holde Lippen, klares Auge,
Heller Sinn und fester Mut.

So wie dort in blauer Tiefe,
Hell und herrlich, jener Stern,
Also er an meinem Himmel,
Hell und herrlich, hehr und fern.

Wandle, wandle deine Bahnen;
Nur betrachten deinen Schein,
Nur in Demut ihn betrachten,
Selig nur und traurig sein!

He, the most wonderful of all,
How gentle and loving he is!
Sweet lips, bright eyes,
A clear mind and firm resolve.

Just as there in the deep-blue distance
That star gleams bright and brilliant,
So does he shine in my sky,
Bright and brilliant, distant and sublime.

Wander, wander on your way,
Just to gaze on your radiance,
Just to gaze on in humility,
To be but blissful and sad!

Höre nicht mein stilles Beten,
Deinem Glücke nur geweiht;
Darfst mich niedre Magd nicht kennen,
Hoher Stern der Herrlichkeit!

Nur die Würdigste von allen
Darf beglücken deine Wahl,
Und ich will die Hohe segnen,
Viele tausendmal.

Will mich freuen dann und weinen,
Selig, selig bin ich dann;
Sollte mir das Herz auch brechen,
Brich, o Herz, was liegt daran?

Do not heed my silent prayer,
Uttered for your happiness alone,
You shall never know me, lowly as I am,
You noble star of splendour!

Only the worthiest woman of all
May your choice elate,
And I shall bless that exalted one
Many thousands of times.

Then shall I rejoice and weep,
Blissful, blissful shall I be,
Even if my heart should break,
Break, O heart, what does it matter?

No. 3: Ich kann's nicht fassen

Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben,
Es hat ein Traum mich berückt;
Wie hätt er doch unter allen
Mich Arme erhöht und beglückt?

Mir war's, er habe gesprochen:
„Ich bin auf ewig dein"—
Mir war's—ich träume noch immer,
Es kann ja nimmer so sein.

O lass im Traume mich sterben,
Gewieget an seiner Brust,
Den seligen Tod mich schlürfen
In Tränen unendlicher Lust.

I cannot grasp it, believe it,
A dream has beguiled me;
How, from all women, could he
Have exalted and favoured poor me?

He said, I thought,
'I am yours forever',
I was, I thought, still dreaming,
After all, it can never be.

O let me, dreaming, die,
Cradled on his breast;
Let me savour blissful death
In tears of endless joy.

No. 4: Du Ring and meinem Finger

Du Ring an meinem Finger,
Mein goldenes Ringelein,
Ich drücke dich fromm an die Lippen,
Dich fromm an das Herze mein.

Ich hatt ihn ausgeträumet,
Der Kindheit friedlich schönen Traum,
Ich fand allein mich, verloren
Im öden, unendlichen Raum.

You ring on my finger,
My golden little ring,
I press you devoutly to my lips,
To my heart.

I had finished dreaming
Childhood's peaceful dream,
I found myself alone, forlorn
In boundless desolation.

Du Ring an meinem Finger
Da hast du mich erst belehrt,
Hast meinem Blick erschlossen
Des Lebens unendlichen, tiefen Wert.

Ich will ihm dienen, ihm leben,
Ihm angehören ganz,
Hin selber mich geben und finden
Verklärt mich in seinem Glanz.

Du Ring an meinem Finger,
Mein goldenes Ringelein,
Ich drücke dich fromm an die Lippen,
Dich fromm an das Herze mein.

You ring on my finger,
You first taught me,
Opened my eyes
To life's deep eternal worth.

I shall serve him, live for him,
Belong to him wholly,
Yield to him and find
Myself transfigured in his light.

You ring on my finger,
My golden little ring,
I press you devoutly to my lips,
To my heart.

No. 5: Helft mir, ihr Schwestern

Helft mir, ihr Schwestern,
Freundlich mich schmücken,
Dient der Glücklichen heute mir,
Windet geschäftig
Mir um die Stirne
Noch der blühenden Myrte Zier.

Als ich befriedigt,
Freudigen Herzens,
Sonst dem Geliebten im Arme lag,
Immer noch rief er,
Sehnsucht im Herzen,
Ungeduldig den heutigen Tag.

Helft mir, ihr Schwestern,
Helft mir verscheuchen
Eine törichte Bangigkeit,
Dass ich mit klarem
Aug ihn empfange,
Ihn, die Quelle der Freudigkeit.

Bist, mein Geliebter,
Du mir erschienen,
Giebst du mir, Sonne, deinen Schein?
Lass mich in Andacht,
Lass mich in Demut,
Lass mich verneigen dem Herren mein.

Help me, my sisters,
With my bridal attire,
Serve me today in my joy,
Busily braid
About my brow
The wreath of blossoming myrtle.

When with contentment
And joy in my heart
I lay in my beloved's arms,
He still called,
With longing heart,
Impatiently for this day.

Help me, my sisters,
Help me banish
A foolish fearfulness;
So that I with bright eyes
May receive him,
The source of all my joy.

Have you, my love,
Really entered my life,
Do you, O sun, give me your glow?
Let me in reverence,
Let me in humility
Bow before my lord.

Streuet ihm, Schwestern,
Streuet ihm Blumen,
Bringet ihm knospende Rosen dar,
Aber euch, Schwestern,
Grüss ich mit Wehmut,
Freudig scheidend aus eurer Schar.

Scatter flowers, O sisters,
Scatter flowers before him,
Bring him budding roses.
But you, sisters,
I greet with sadness,
As I joyfully take leave of you.

No. 6: Süsser Freund, du blickest

Süsser Freund, du blickest
Mich verwundert an,
Kannst es nicht begreifen,
Wie ich weinen kann;
Lass der feuchten Perlen
Ungewohnte Zier
Freudig hell erzittern
In dem Auge mir!

Sweet friend, you look
At me in wonder,
You cannot understand
How I can weep;
Let the unfamiliar beauty
Of these moist pearls
Tremble joyfully bright
In my eyes!

Wie so bang mein Busen,
Wie so wonnevoll!
Wüsst ich nur mit Worten,
Wie ich's sagen soll;
Komm und birg dein Antlitz
Hier an meiner Brust,
Will in's Ohr dir flüstern
Alle meine Lust.

How anxious my heart is,
How full of bliss!
If only I knew
How to say it in words;
Come and hide your face
Here against my breast,
For me to whisper you
All my joy.

Weisst du nun die Tränen,
Die ich weinen kann,
Sollst du nicht sie sehen,
Du geliebter Mann?
Bleib an meinem Herzen,
Fühle dessen Schlag,
Dass ich fest und fester
Nur dich drücken mag.

Do you now understand the tears
That I can weep,
Should you not see them,
Beloved husband?
Stay by my heart,
Feel how it beats,
That I may press you
Closer and closer.

Hier an meinem Bette
Hat die Wiege Raum,
Wo sie still verberge
Meinen holden Traum;
Kommen wird der Morgen,
Wo der Traum erwacht,
Und daraus dein Bildnis
Mir entgegen lacht.

Here by my bed
There is room for the cradle,
Silently hiding
My blissful dream;
The morning shall come
When the dream awakens,
And your likeness
Laughs up at me.

No. 7: An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust

An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust, Du meine Wonne, du meine Lust!	On my heart, at my breast, You my delight, my joy!
Das Glück ist die Liebe, die Lieb ist das Glück, Ich hab's gesagt und nehm's nicht zurück.	Happiness is love, love is happiness, I've always said and say so still.
Hab überschwenglich mich geschätzt, Bin überglücklich aber jetzt.	I thought myself rapturous, But now am delirious with joy.
Nur die da säugt, nur die da liebt Das Kind, dem sie die Nahrung giebt;	Only she who suckles, only she who loves The child that she nourishes;
Nur eine Mutter weiss allein, Was lieben heisst und glücklich sein.	Only a mother knows What it means to love and be happy.
O, wie bedaur' ich doch den Mann, Der Mutterglück nicht fühlen kann!	Ah, how I pity the man Who cannot feel a mother's bliss!
Du lieber, lieber Engel, Du Du schauest mich an und lächelst dazu!	You dear, dear angel, you, You look at me and you smile!
An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust, Du meine Wonne, du meine Lust!	On my heart, at my breast, You my delight, my joy!

No. 8 Nun hast du mir…

Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan, Der aber traf. Du schläfst, du harter, unbarmherz'ger Mann, Den Todesschlaf.	Now you have caused me my first pain, But it struck hard, You sleep, you harsh and pitiless man, The sleep of death.
Es blicket die Verlassne vor sich hin, Die Welt ist leer. Geliebet hab ich und gelebt, ich bin Nicht lebend mehr.	The deserted one stares ahead, The world is void. I have loved and I have lived, And now my life is done.
Ich zieh' mich in mein Innres still zurück, Der Schleier fällt, Da hab ich dich und mein verlornes Glück, Du meine Welt!	Silently I withdraw into myself, The veil falls, There I have you and my lost happiness, You, my world!

“Domine Deus” from *Mass in C minor,* K. 427 — W. A. Mozart

Guest Performer: Sariah Seare-Young, mezzo-soprano — **(1756-1791)**

Written for the incomplete Mass in C minor in 1783, “Domine Deus” is a duet for two sopranos. This mass was written to appease his father-in-law Leopold and to honor Mozart and his wife Constanze’s wedding. Constanze, a very accomplished musician, sang this duet and many of the vocal solos at the premiere of this work in Salzburg. Mozart’s love of the female voice is undeniable in this piece as he challenges the singers with his musical writing.

In all honesty, this song is performed today as a competition between me and my dear friend, Sariah. Let’s see who wins this bet.

Domine Deus, Rex caelestis,	Lord God, King of Heaven,
Deus Pater omnipotens.	God the Father Almighty.
Domine Fili unigenite Jesu Christe.	Lord only-begotten Son, Jesus Christ.
Domine Deus, Agnus Dei, Filius Patris.	Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father.

Oh! Quand je dors — Franz Liszt

(1811-1886)

Have you ever fallen in love with a song? I fell in love with this song the moment I heard it and ever since it has continued to become even more dear to me. The atmosphere created through Liszt’s writing transports the listener into the most dreamy pining the heart can experience. The poet Petrarch’s love for Laura – undying and forever unrequited.

Oh! quand je dors, viens auprès de ma couche, Comme à Pétrarque apparaissait Laura, Et qu’en passant ton haleine me touche … Soudain ma bouche S’entr’ouvrira!	Ah, while I sleep, come close to where I lie, As Laura once appeared to Petrarch, And let your breath in passing touch me … At once my lips Will part!
Sur mon front morne où peut-être s’achève Un songe noir qui trop longtemps dura, Que ton regard comme un astre se lève … Et soudain mon rêve Rayonnera!	On my sombre brow, where a dismal dream That lasted too long now perhaps is ending, Let your countenance rise like a star … At once my dream Will shine!
Puis sur ma lèvre où voltige une flamme,	Then on my lips, where a flame flickers—

Éclair d'amour que Dieu même épura,
Pose un baiser, et d'ange deviens femme …
Soudain mon âme
S'éveillera!

A flash of love which God himself has purified—
Place a kiss and be transformed from angel into woman …
At once my soul
Will wake!

Moonlight

Lucyn Martindale
(b. 2001)

There is no one around.
Not a sound, not a snap of a twig, not a hint of humanity.
Simply the moonlight; starlight;
Holds tight to the hearts on the lawn, prior to dawn…

Pearly tears of angels fall and freeze the morn.
The sky wakes, beckoning, craning and bowing her head;
Desiring waning of violence and clashing of cymbals
As dew strikes the grass.

Who are we to behold sound in all its integrity?
Silence in all its fragility?
Or any happenings at all?

Songs from Letters: Calamity Jane to her daughter Janey, 1880-1902

Libby Larsen
(b. 1950)

Calamity Jane is a legendary figure in "Wild West" history that has always been of great interest to me. When I came across Libby Larsen's setting of letter fragments written by Calamity Jane to her daughter Janey, I knew I also wanted to explore the relationship between mother and daughter. Martha Jane Canary Hickok (Calamity Jane) wore many hats throughout her lifetime. This pioneer woman was oftentimes an outcast due to her rough nature and because she was a working woman. She was once a gambler, stagecoach driver, trick shooter, cowhand, barmaid, and prostitute. This life was not suitable for her daughter Janey, so Calamity Jane sent her away to be raised by her friend Jim O'Neil. All the while, Calamity Jane worked her hardest to provide for her child. As I read the text, I could see fragments of my own mother reflected within – the roughness, the hard-working spirit, and the determination. But above all, I see the dedication to provide for her children by all means necessary, in the unfortunate absence of a father.

This Woman's Work **Kate Bush**
(b. 1958)

This past semester, I had the opportunity to explore music from genres that I had never tried to sing before. "This Woman's Work" is the result of one of these adventures in my Singing the 80's class. The piano and voice setting made this song an ideal piece for me to experiment with the pop-style of singing. This song was originally featured on the soundtrack of the 1988 film, *She's Having a Baby*. The song reflects on the emotion and inner thoughts of a partner who is forced to confront the harsh and life-threatening reality of crisis during childbirth. Will they have the courage, the strength to continue if their partner's life is lost?