

Described by the Washington Post as looking and sounding “stunning”, soprano **Bridgid Eversole**’s roles include “Birdie” in Blitzstein’s Regina, “Fiordiligi” in Mozart’s *Così fan Tutte*, “Cleopatra” in Handel’s *Giulio Cesare*, “Nerone” in Monteverdi’s *L’incoronazione di Poppea* and “Mrs. Gibbs” in Rorem’s *Our Town*. She created the roles of “Athena” in Simpson’s *The Furies* and “Emily” in Martin’s opera *Life in Death*. Most recently Eversole performed the role of “Gilda” in Verdi’s *Rigoletto* with Opera Wilmington and the role of “Minerva” in Virginia Opera’s production of Offenbach’s *Orpheus in the Underworld*. Comfortable in the concert hall as well, Eversole has appeared as soloist in venues such as Carnegie Hall in New York, and Washington DC’s Constitution Hall. She has been the featured soprano soloist for works including Carissimi’s *Jephte*, Vivaldi’s *Gloria*, Fauré’s *Requiem*, Mozart’s *Exsultate Jubilate*, *Requiem* and *Vesperae Solennes de Confessore*, Handel’s *Messiah* and numerous Bach works. She premiered *A Crown of Stars*, composed by Andrew Simpson, for which the Washington Post noted she “sang with intelligence and skill, floating even her highest notes effortlessly.” In addition to maintaining an active performance schedule, Eversole has been on the music faculty at Frostburg State University, Garrett College, The University of North Carolina at Wilmington and University of Virginia. Currently she is on the faculty of Norfolk State University.

Dr. Brian Nedvin is an Associate Professor of Music at Old Dominion University, Vocal Coordinator, Director and Musical Director of the Opera and Musical Theatre productions. For the past two years, Nedvin has been the President of Virginia State NATS (National Association of Teachers of Singing), and he serves on several boards within the University, as well as in the community, including The Cantabile Project, an organization with which he has frequently performed. Nedvin has appeared throughout the United States, as well as internationally, singing as either the tenor soloist or as the leading tenor in operatic performances. Nedvin has performed in such prestigious venues as Avery Fischer Hall, Carnegie Hall, New York City Opera, Washington Opera, Pittsburg Opera, Arizona Opera, Cincinnati Opera, Arizona Opera, Opernhaus Dortmund, Oper der Stadt Bonn, and throughout the Czech Republic where he has sung six of the last eight years. In addition to these engagements, Nedvin presents his lecture recital on Music and the Holocaust throughout the United States. In the past several years, Nedvin has turned his attention to concert and recital work, appearing with the Norfolk Chamber Consort annually singing a variety of works such as: Britten’s *Abraham and Isaac*, Shostakovich’s *From Jewish Folk Poetry*, and most recently, two cantatas formerly attributed to Johann Sebastian Bach: *Ich weiß, daß mein Erlöser lebt* composed by Georg Phillip Telemann, and *Meine Seele rühmt und preist* by Georg Melchior Hoffman. Nedvin continues to be highly in demand as a performer and will make his debut with Waynesboro Symphony, singing the tenor soloist in Beethoven’s 9th Symphony this past April. Upcoming events include, singing Britten’s *Abraham and Isaac* at Christ and St. Lukes with Adriane Kerr and Stephen Coxe on December 9, 2016, and singing Shostakovich’s *From Jewish Folk Poetry* in Yiddish with the Norfolk Chamber Consort on April 17, 2017.

STEPHEN COXE received degrees from Swarthmore College (BA) and Yale University (MM, MMA, DMA), where his principal teachers in music composition were Martin Bresnick, Jacob Druckman, Ezra Laderman, and Gerald Levinson. He has received several awards, among them an Aaron Copland Award, ASCAP Award, Belgian-American Educational Foundation Fellowship, Composers Guild Award, Friends and Enemies of New Music Prize, and Meet the Composer grants, among others. Stephen has taught composition, music theory, music history, arranging, new music ensemble, and graduate theory at Old Dominion University, and he is Artistic Director of Instrumental Music at the Virginia Governor’s School for the Arts. For the last eighteen summers he has been a faculty member and resident composer at the Yellow Barn Music School and Festival in Vermont. He is also Artistic Co-Director of the Jubilus Festival, in Florida, currently in its twelfth season.

OLD DOMINION UNIVERSITY

Department of Music

Old Dominion University Faculty Recital

Dr. Bridgid Eversole, soprano

Dr. Brian Nedvin, tenor

Dr. Stephen Coxe, piano



**OLD DOMINION
UNIVERSITY**

I D E A F U S I O N

Diehn Center for the Performing Arts

Chandler Recital Hall

Friday, November 18, 2016

7:30pm

Program

Ah del padre in periglio...
Ma qual mai s'offre, oh Dei

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

Allerseelen, Op.10, No.8
Nacht, Op.10, No.3
Zueignung, Op.10, No.1

Richard Strauss
(1864-1949)

Rain has fallen, Op.10, No.1
Sleep now, Op. 10, No. 2
I hear an army, Op.10, No.3

Samuel Barber
(1910-1981)

Frauenlieben und Leben

Robert Schumann
(1810-1856)

- I. Seit ich ihn gesehen
- II. Er, der Herrlichste von allen
- III. Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben
- IV. Du Ring an meinem Finger
- V. Helft mir, ihr Schwestern
- VI. Süßer Freund, du blickest
- VII. An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust
- VIII. Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz gethan

Vier Duette

Robert Schumann
(1810-1856)

- I. Liebesgarten
- II. Liebhabers Ständchen
- III. Unter'm Fenster
- IV. Familien-Gemälde

Du kommst im Dunkeln wie ein Dieb.
So fang mich!
Du hast mich wohl ein wenig lieb?
Von Herzen!

You come in the dark like a thief.
So catch me!
Do you have a little love for me?
With all my heart!

Und öffnest ich nach deinem Wunsch!
O öffne!
Da wär ja Schlaf und Ruhe hin!
Laß hin sein!
Ein Tauber du im Taubenschlag?
Beim Täubchen!
Du girrtest bis zum hellen Tag?
Wohl möglich!

And if I opened the door as you wish?
O open it!
That would be the end of sleep and peace!
Let them be!
Are you a dove in a dovecot?
With my little dove!
Will you coo until dawn?
Very possibly!

Nein, nimmer laß ich dich herein!
Tu's dennoch!
Du stelltest wohl dich täglich ein?
Mit Freuden!
Wie keck du bist und was du wagst!
So darf ich?
Daß du's nur keiner Seele sagst!
Gewiß nicht!

No, I will never let you in!
You must nonetheless!
Would you likely appear every day?
With pleasure!
How cheeky you are and how dare you!
So may I?
As long as you tell not a soul!
Of course not!

Familien-Gemälde
[Anastasius Grün and Anton Alexander]

Family painting

Großvater und Großmutter,
Die saßen im Gartenhag,
Es lächelte still ihr Antlitz,
Wie sonn'ger Wintertag.

Grandfather and grandmother,
they sat in the garden arbour;
there was a silent smile on their faces,
like a sunny winter's day.

Die Arme verschlungen, ruhten
Ich und der Geliebte dabei,
Uns blühten und klangen die Herzen
Wie Blumenhaine im Mai.

Arms intertwined,
my beloved and I rested there,
our hearts blossomed and sounded
like flower groves in May.

Ein Bächlein rauschte vorüber
Mit plätscherndem Wanderlied;
Stumm zog das Gewölk am Himmel,
Bis unseren Blicken es schied.

A little stream rippled by
with a babbling hiking song;
silently the clouds drifted in the sky,
until they disappeared from our view.

Es raschelte von den Bäumen
Das Laub, verwelkt und zerstreut,
Und schweigend an uns vorüber
Zog leisen Schrittes die Zeit.

The withered foliage of the trees
rustled and scattered,
and in silence time with its soft footsteps
passed by us.

Stumm blickte auf's junge Pärchen
Das alte stille Paar;
Des Lebens Doppelspiegel
Stand vor uns licht und wahr:

Without a word the old silent pair
gazed on the young couple.
A double mirror of life
stood before us light and true.

Sie sahn uns an und dachten
Der schönen Vergangenheit;
Wir sahn sie an und dachten
Von ferner, künftger Zeit.

They looked at us and thought
of the beautiful past.
We looked at them and thought
of times long in the future.

Denn seh' ich dich nicht alle Stund,
Des Sternes Glut mein Herz verbrennt;
Doch kommst du, steigt er mild herauf,
Als geht im Mai die Sonne auf.

Liebhabsers Ständchen

[Robert Burns, translated to German by Wilhelm Gerhard]

Wachst Du noch, Liebchen?
Gruß und Kuß!
Dein Liebster naht im Regenguß.
Ihm lähmet Liebe Hand und Fuß;
Er möchte so gern zu seinem Schatz.

Wenn's draußen noch so stürmisch ist,
ich kenne junger Burschen List.
Geh hin, woher du kommen bist.
Ich lasse dich nicht ein.

O lass mich ein die eine Nacht,
Die eine, die eine Nacht,
Die Liebe ist's, die glücklich macht!

Horch, wie die Wetterfahnen wehn!
Sieh, wie die Sternlein untergehn!
Laß mich nicht hier im Regen stehn,
mach auf, mach auf dein Kämmerlein!

Der Sturm nicht, der in Nächten droht,
bringt irrem Wanderer größte Not,
als einem Mädchen jung und rot
der Männer süße Schmeichele'n.

Wehrest du, Liebchen, mir solche Huld,
so tötet mich die Ungeduld,
und meines frühen Todes Schuld
trifft dich allein, ja dich allein.

Das Vöglein auch, das singt und fliegt,
von Vogelstellers List besiegt,
zuletzt in böse Schlingen fällt,
ruft: o traue nicht dem Schein!

Nein, nein, nein, nein, ich öffne nicht!
Wenn's draussen noch so stürmisch ist,
Ich sag' es dir, die eine Nacht,
Ich lasse dich nicht ein.

Unter'm Fenster

[Robert Burns, translated to German by Wilhelm Gerhard]

Wer ist vor meiner Kammertür?
Ich bin es!
Geh, schier dich fort, was suchst du hier?
Gar Süße!

For if I do not see you all hours,
the glow of the star burns my heart;
but then you come, it soars gently,
as the sun rises in May.

Lover's serenade

Are you still awake, darling?
Greetings and kisses!
Your lover draws near in the downpour.
Love makes him lame in hand and foot;
He so longs to be with his sweetheart.

Even if it is still so stormy outside,
I know the cunning of young lads.
Go back, from where you have come.
I am not letting you in.

O let me in on this one night,
This one, this one night.
It is love that makes you happy!

Hark, how the weather-vanes flutter!
See, how the little stars are setting!
Don't let me stand here in the rain,
Open up, open up your chamber!

The storm, which looms at night,
Does not bring a greater problem to the crazy
wanderer
Than that which to a young and blushing girl
Does the sweet flatteries of men.

You deny me, darling, such a favour,
So that impatience will be the death of me,
And the blame for my early death
Will be yours alone, yes, yours alone.

Just as the little bird that sings and flies,
Overcome by the cunning of the fowler,
In the end falls into the evil snare,
Cries: O trust not the appearance!

No, no, no, no I will not open the door!
Even if it is stormy out there
I tell you this, this one night
I will not let you in.

Under the window

Who is at my bedroom door?
It's me!
Go, be off with you, what do you want here?
Really sweet!

From Don Giovanni

Act I, Scene 2: "Ma quell mai s'offre, oh Dei" (Donna Anna and Don Ottavio)

Donna Anna, who is betrothed to Don Ottavio, flees for help during a fight between her father and Don Giovanni. Upon returning with Don Ottavio, she discovers that her father has been killed. Don Ottavio vows to be both a father and husband to her. She responds by insisting that he take a sacred oath to avenge her father's death.

Richard Strauss' op.10 set eight songs by poet Hermann von Gilm. In *Allerseelen*, All Soul's Day, the table is set as it once was, or perhaps as it was the last time I saw my beloved. I relive the moment of furtively holding her hand, not caring if anyone sees the love that I have for her. As the emotions swell to the climax of the piece, the realization that she is physically gone is temporarily overcome with the seemingly tangible memory of her presence, yet, once that ecstatic moment passes, the words "as once in May" repeat, perhaps with the sad realization that I am, once again, alone. In the second selection, *Nacht*, all the vibrant colors of the world are seemingly stolen as the sun sets. The silver from the streams and the gold from the dome of the Cathedral are stolen, adding to the fear that the night will steal my beloved from me as well. In *Zueignung*, the words *habe dank* (have thanks) are repeated at the end of each stanza. I am grateful even though I hurt when we are away from one another. I am grateful for the physical blessings you brought to my life, and I am truly grateful for saving my soul and lifting me to heights never before imagined. *Habe dank!*

Allerseelen [Hermann von Gilm]

Stell auf den Tisch die duftenden Reseden,
Die letzten roten Aestern trag herbei,
Und laß uns wieder von der Liebe reden,
Wie einst im Mai.

Gib mir die Hand, daß ich sie heimlich drücke
Und wenn man's sieht, mir ist es einerlei,
Gib mir nur einen deiner süßen Blicke,
Wie einst im Mai.

Es blüht und duftet heut auf jedem Grabe,
Ein Tag im Jahr ist ja den Toten frei,
Komm an mein Herz, daß ich dich wieder habe,
Wie einst im Mai.

Nacht [Hermann von Gilm]

Aus dem Walde tritt die Nacht,
Aus den Bäumen schleicht sie leise,
Schaut sich um im weitem Kreise,
Nun gib acht.

Alle Lichter dieser Welt,
Alle Blumen, alle Farben
Löschst sie aus und stiehlt die Garben
Weg vom Feld.

All Soul's Day

Place on the table the fragrant herbs,
Bring inside the last red asters,
and let us speak again of love,
as once we did in May.

Give me your hand, so I can hold it secretly;
and if someone sees us, I don't care
Give me once more your sweet gaze,
as once you did in May.

Fragrant flowers adorn each grave,
one day in the year is free for the dead.
Come to my heart, so that I can have you again,
as once I did in May.

Lawrence Snyder

Night

Out of the forest comes the night,
And sneaks softly out of the trees,
Looks about in a wide circle,
Now beware.

All the lights of this earth,
All flowers, all colors
It extinguishes, and steals the sheaves
From the field.

Alles nimmt sie, was nur hold,
Nimmt das Silber weg des Stromes,
Nimmt vom Kupferdach des Doms
Weg das Gold.

Ausgeplündert steht der Strauch,
Rücke näher, Seel an Seele;
O die Nacht, mir bangt, sie stehle
Dich mir auch.

Zueignung [Hermann von Gilm]

Ja, du weißt es, teure Seele,
Daß ich fern von dir mich quäle,
Liebe macht die Herzen krank,
Habe Dank.

Einst hielt ich, der Freiheit Zecher,
Hoch den Amethysten-Becher,
Und du segnestest den Trank,
Habe Dank.

Und beschworst darin die Bösen,
Bis ich, was ich nie gewesen,
Heilig, heilig, ans Herz dir sank,
Habe Dank.

It takes everything that is dear,
Takes the silver from the stream,
Takes away, from the cathedral's copper roof,
The gold.

The shrubs stand plundered,
Draw nearer, soul to soul;
Oh, I fear the night will also steal
You from me.

Lawrence Snyder

Devotion

Yes, you know how much I languish,
how your absence feeds my anguish.
Love can bring the keenest pangs.
I am grateful

Once I posed as freedom's champion,
holding high my shining tankard,
and you blessed the toast I drank.
I am grateful.

Yes, you saved my soul from capture,
so that, raised to holy rapture,
fired with love in your arms I sank.
I am grateful.

Lawrence Snyder

James Joyce (1882-1941) is better known for his novels, including *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* (1916) and *Ulysses* (1922), than for his poetry, but Joyce was, indeed, a wonderful poet.

The theme of the heart unites the three poems that comprise Barber's opus 10. In *Rain has fallen*, the piano creates the sense of the rain, and the harmonies create an atmosphere for remembering times past. *Sleep now*, like the unquiet heart of which it speaks, is an unquiet lullaby. Is the reference to winter in the middle section referring to the struggle at the end of life, and do the final four lines imply an acceptance of the inevitable? *I hear an army* is a powerful piece that evokes images of powerful and frightening forces ending with a passionate question that is never answered.

Rain has fallen [James Joyce]

Rain has fallen all the day.
O come among the laden trees:
The leaves lie thick upon the way of memories

Staying a little by the way of memories shall we
depart. Come, my beloved, where I may speak to
your heart.

Speak to you heart.

Bin übergücklich aber jetzt.
Nur die da säugt, nur die da liebt
Das Kind, dem sie die Nahrung gibt;
Nur eine Mutter weiß allein,
Was lieben heißt und glücklich sein.
O, wie bedaur' ich doch den Mann,
Der Mutterglück nicht fühlen kann!
Du lieber, lieber Engel, du!
Du schauest mich an und lächelst dazu!
An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust,

Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz gethan,
Der aber traf.
Du schläfst, du harter, unbarmherz'ger Mann,
Den Todesschlaf.

Es blicket die Verlaßne vor sich hin,
Die Welt ist leer.
Geliebet hab' ich und gelebt,
ich bin nicht lebend mehr.

Ich zieh mich in mein Innres still zurück,
Der Schleier fällt;
Da hab' ich dich und mein verlornes Glück,

The four duets that comprise Schumann's opus 34 detail the different stages and types of love. From youth to old age and from flirtatious to mature; they vary as much musically as they do poetically.

Die Liebe ist ein Rosenstrauch. [Robert Reinick]

Die Liebe ist ein Rosenstrauch.
Wo blüht er?
Ei nun, in unserm Garten,
Darin wir zwei, mein Lieb und ich,
Getreulich seiner warten,
wofür er uns aus Dankbarkeit
Alltäglich neue Blumen streut;
Und wenn im Himmel Rosen blühn,
Sie können doch nicht schöner blühn

Die Liebe ist ein klarer Bach.
Wo zieht er?
Ei nun, in unserm Garten.
So viele Wellen, so viel Lust
Und Freuden aller Arten;
Auch spiegelt er die Welt umher,

Als ob sie noch viel schöner wär';
Drauf fahren wir so lustig hin,
Wie Vöglein durch den Himmel ziehn.

Die Liebe ist ein heller Stern.
Wo glüht er?
Ei nun, in unserm Garten.
Ach, Liebchen, sprich, was läßt du mich
Doch oft so lange warten?
Denn seh' ich dich nicht alle Stund,
Des Sternes Glut mein Herz verbrennt;
Doch hab' ich dich nicht alle Stund

but now I am delirious with joy.
Only she who suckles, only she who loves
the child, to whom she gives nourishment;
Only a mother knows
what it is to love and be happy.
Oh, how I pity then the man
who cannot feel a mother's joy!
You dear, dear angel,
You look at me and smile,
At my heart, at my breast,

Now you have caused me my first pain,
how it struck me.
You sleep, you harsh, merciless man,
the sleep of death.

The abandoned one gazes ahead,
the world is void.
I have loved and lived,
I am living no longer.

I withdraw silently into myself,
the veil falls,
there I have you and my lost happiness,

Love is a rose bush.

Love is a rose bush.
Where does it bloom?
There now, in our garden,
wherein we two, my love and I,
stay each true to his own,
for which in gratitude it
daily strews new flowers for us.
And if in heaven roses bloom,
yet they could not bloom more beautiful.

Love is a clear stream.
Where does it flow?
There now, in our garden.
So many waves, so much pleasure
and all kinds of joy;
also it mirrors the world around,

as though it were even much fairer.
On it we sail away so happy,
as birds fly through the sky.

Love is a shining star.
Where does it shine?
There now, in our garden.
O darling tell me, for what do you let me
often wait so long?
For if I do not see you all hours,
the glow of the star burns my heart;
but I have not seen you all hours

Aug' ihn empfang,
Ihn, die Quelle der Freudigkeit.

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

Streuet ihm, Schwestern,
Streuet ihm Blumen,
Bringt ihm knospende Rosen dar.
Aber euch, Schwestern,
Grüß' ich mit Wehmuth,
Freudig scheidend aus eurer Schaar.

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 den Auge mir.

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.

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.

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

An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust,
Du meine Wonne, du meine Lust!
Das Glück ist die Liebe,
die Lieb ist das Glück,
Ich hab's gesagt und nehm's nicht zurück.
Hab' übergücklich mich geschätzt

eyes may receive him,
the source of joy.

You , my beloved,
Have appeared to me,
Will you, sun, shine to me?
Let me in devotion,
let me in humility,
let me bow before my lord.

Strew him, sisters,
strew him with flowers,
bring him budding roses,
but you, sisters,
I greet sadly,
joyfully departing from your midst.

Sweet friend, you look

upon me in wonder,
you can not grasp it,
how I can weep;
Let the moist pearls
unaccustomed adornment
tremble, joyous bright,
in my eyes.

How anxious my heart,
how full of bliss!
If I only knew the words
To say it;
come and bury your face
here in my breast,
I want to whisper in your ear
all my happiness.

Know now the tears,
that I can weep?
Should you not see them,
beloved man?
Stay against my heart,
feel its beat,
so that I may press you,
even closer.

Here, at my bed,
Is the cradle's place,
where it silently hides
my sweet dream;
the morning will come
where the dream awakes,
and from your image

At my heart, at my breast,
You my delight, my joy!
Joy is love,
Love is joy,
I have said it, and will not take it back.
I thought myself rapturous,

Sleep now [James Joyce]

Sleep now
O sleep now
O you unquiet heart!
A voice crying "Sleep now"
Is heard in my heart.

The voice of the winter
Is heard at the door.
O sleep, for the winter
Is crying "Sleep no more, sleep no more, sleep
no more."

My kiss will give peace now
And quiet to your heart-
Sleep on in peace now,
O you unquiet heart!

I hear an army [James Joyce]

I hear an army charging upon the land,
And the thunder of horses plunging, foam about
their knees: Arrogant, in black armour, behind
them stand, Disdaining the reins, with fluttering
whips, the charioteers.

They cry unto the night their battle-name:
I moan in sleep when I hear afar their whirling
laughter. They cleave the gloom of dreams, a
blinding flame, Clanging, clanging upon the
heart as upon an anvil.

They come shaking in triumph their long, green
hair: They come out of the sea and run shouting
by the shore. My heart, have you no wisdom
thus to despair? My love, my love, my love, why
have you left me alone?

Frauenlieben und Leben was composed by **Robert Schumann** in 1840. That year is known as his *Lieder Jahr* (Year of Song). It was also the year that he married Clara Wieck, after great opposition from her father. The eight songs in the cycle are based on the poetry of **Adelbert von Chamisso**. Robert Schumann was criticized for using Chamisso's poetry as it was thought to be inferior to other German poets, like Goethe and Heine. Chamisso wrote the poems for his bride to be which resonated well with Robert, as he also composed it as a wedding gift for Clara. The cycle tells the story of a woman and her emotional journey through love. Each song has a very different mood. The first song, **Seit ich ihn gesehen**, speaks of love at first sight. The piano doubles the vocal phrases, which will be an important technique to remember at the end of the cycle. **Er, der Herrlichste von Allen** is filled with passion as she expresses her affection for her beloved. In **Ich Kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben**, the woman is in disbelief that this man truly loves her in return and that they will soon be united in marriage. The piano supports her breathlessness and beating heart. **Du Ring an Meinem Finger** is the fourth song in the cycle. The heartfelt musical marking in the score portrays the sincere sentiment that she is fulfilling her dream of giving herself completely to her beloved. In contrast to number four, **Helft mir, ihr Schwestern**, quickly sets up the busy commotion of her wedding day. Schumann opens with a musical phrase reminiscent of the same one heard in "Widmung", a song that he also composed that year as a wedding gift for Clara. After the bustle of the preparations throughout the song, he concludes with a stately wedding march. **Süßer Freund** exposes the voice for the first time in a way not yet heard in the cycle. It is also the first song that is not in a flat key, but rather G major, hinting of the joy to come when she tells her husband that she is pregnant. The baby arrives. **An Meinem Herzen** is the ecstasy the woman feels with her baby, a emotion that only a mother can understand. Schumann's postlude slows the song down, representing the woman embracing her baby and putting her to sleep. Although Chamisso ended the poetry with the woman and her grandchildren, Schumann decided to omit that poem.

It would not have had as much of a dramatic ending as **Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan**. This is the most mature of all the songs in the cycle as the woman grieves over the death of her beloved. The recitative style leaves the voice exposed and vulnerable, adding to the emptiness she now feels. Schumann was known for using preludes and postludes in his songs, especially during his *Lieder Jahr*. He ends **Frauenlieben und Leben** with a long postlude in which he uses the same music from the first song, **Seit ich ihn gesehen**. He leaves out some of the vocal lines which makes the listener remember and long for it, just as the woman is reminiscing and longing for her life with her beloved.

Frauenlieben und Leben

Text: Adelbert von Chamisso (1781 - 1838)

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 begehrt ich mehr,
Möchte lieber weinen,
Still im Kämmerlein;
Seit ich ihn gesehen,

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

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 Demuth ihn betrachten,
Selig nur und traurig sein!

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

Nur die Würdigste von allen
Darf beglücken deine Wahl,
Und ich will die Hohe segnen,
Viele tausend Mal.
Will mich freuen dann und weinen,
Selig, selig bin ich dann,
Sollte mir das Herz auch brechen,

A Woman's Love and Life

Since I saw him
I believe myself to be blind,
Wherever I look,
I see him alone.
as in a waking dream
his image floats before me,
rising from darkest depths,
only more brightly.

All else dark and colorless
everywhere around me,
for my sisters' games
I no longer yearn,
I would rather weep,
silently in my room,
since I saw him,

He, the most noblest of all,
O how gentle, so good!
Sweet lips, clear eyes,
bright mind and steadfast courage.

As there in the blue depths,
bright and glorious, that star,
so he is in my heavens,
bright and wonderful, lofty and distant.

Wander, wander your paths,
just to observe your radiance,
just to observe in meekness,
just to be blissful and sad!

Hear not my silent prayer,
For only to your happiness,
You may not know me, lowly maid,
lofty star of glory!

Only the worthiest of all
may make happy your choice,
and I will bless her, the exalted one,
many thousands of times.
I will rejoice then and weep,
blissful, blissful I will be then;
even if my heart should break,

Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben,
Es hat ein Traum mich betückt;
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 seligsten Tod mich schlürfen

Du Ring an meinem Finger,
Mein goldnes 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.

Du Ring an meinem Finger,
Da hast du mich erst belehrt,
Hast meinem Blick erschlossen
Des Lebens unendlichen 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 goldnes Ringelein,
Ich drücke dich fromm an die Lippen,

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 verschrecken
Eine thörichte Bangigkeit;
Daß ich mit klarem

I can't grasp it, nor believe it,
a dream has bewitched me,
how should he, among all the others,
lift up and favored poor me?

It seemed to me, as if he spoke,
"I am yours forever",
I was, it seemed, still dreaming,
For it could never be so.

O let me, dreaming, die,
cradled on his breast,
blissful death let me savour,

Ring on my finger,
my little golden ring,
I press you devoutly upon my lips
devoutly upon my heart.

I had finished dreaming it,
the tranquil, pleasant dream of childhood,
I found myself alone and lost
in boundless desolation.

Ring on my finger,
You have taught me for the first time,
Have unlocked my gaze
To the endless, deep value of life.

I will serve him, live for him,
belong entirely to him,
Give myself and find myself
transfigured in his radiance.

Ring on my finger,
my little golden ring,
I press you devoutly upon lips,

Help me, sisters,
In kindness, adorn me,
serve me, today's fortunate one,
busily wind
about my brow
the adornment of flowering myrtle.

When I, content,
with joyful heart,
lay in my beloved's arms,
so he called me,
with yearning in his heart,
impatiently for today.

Help me, sisters,
help me to banish
a foolish anxiety,
so that I with clear