

Tuesday, February 9
Sara M. Snell Music Theater
7:30 PM

Schumann Birthday Celebration

Jill Pearson, Soprano

Lorraine Yaros Sullivan, Mezzo Soprano

François Germain, Piano

In order to ensure a pleasant concert experience for both performers and audience, please refrain from:

- entering or leaving during the performance.
- bringing food or drink into the concert hall.
- taking flash photographs.
- using electronic devices (please remember to turn off your cellular phone, pagers and watches that chime on the hour).

Children who are able to sit quietly during the performance are welcome to our concerts.

Tape/video recording of performances is strictly prohibited without permission of the performers!

Thank you!

Selections from *Myrten*, Op. 25 (1840)

Robert Schumann
(1810-1856)

Widmung
Der Nußbaum
Jemand
Die Lotosblume
Lied der Suleika
Die Hochländer-Witwe
Aus den hebräischen Gesängen
Rätsel
Niemand
Im Westen
Du bist wie eine Blume

Jill Pearson
François Germain

Intermission

Frauenliebe und -leben, Op. 42 (1840)

Robert Schumann
(1810-1856)

Seit ich ihn gesehen
Er, der Herrlichste von allen
Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben
Du Ring an meinem Finger
Helft mir, ihr Schwestern
Süßer Freund, du blickest
An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust
Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan

Lorraine Yaros Sullivan
François Germain

TRANSLATIONS*

Selections from *Myrten (Myrtle Songs)*

Widmung (Dedication)

You are my soul, you are my heart, you are my joy and my sorrow,
You are the world in which I live, you are the heaven into which I soar,
You are the grave in which I have buried my sorrow forever!

You are rest, you are peace, you were given to me by heaven
Your love alone gives me a sense of worth,
Your gaze has transfigured me,
You raise me lovingly above myself, my good spirit, my better I!

Der Nussbaum (The Walnut Tree)

A walnut tree is growing in front of the house;
Fragrantly, airily, it spreads its leafy branches.
Many lovely blossoms are on the tree, gentle winds come by
to embrace them affectionately. They whisper together in pairs,
Bowing, gracefully inclining their delicate little heads
to receive the kiss of the breezes.
They are whispering about a girl who has been thinking night and day –
Ah, she herself doesn't know of what!
They are whispering – but who can understand
such very soft melody? – something about a bridegroom and next year,
about next year. The girl listens: the tree is rustling;
Longing, imagining, she sinks, smiling, into sleep and dreams.

Jemand (Somebody)

My heart is troubled for somebody – I won't say for whom;
I could wake a winter night! For the sake of Somebody.
Oh bliss! To somebody! Oh heaven! To somebody
I could roam through the whole world for the sake of somebody.
You powers who are gracious to love, O smile kindly on somebody!
Shield him when danger threatens, give safe guidance to somebody!
Oh bliss! To somebody! Oh heaven! To somebody!
I would – I would – What would I not do for my somebody?

Die Lotosblume (The Lotus Flower)

The lotus flower is afraid of the sun's splendor.
And with a drooping head, dreaming, she waits for the night.
The moon is her lover; he wakes her with his light,
And for him she obligingly unveils her devoted flower-face.
She blossoms and glows, she is radiant; she looks silently,
steadfastly up at the sky;
She exhales fragrance, weeps, and trembles for love and the pain of love.

Do you now know the reason for the tears that I can weep?
Should you not see them, you beloved, beloved man?
Stay there near my heart, feel it beating,
so that I may press you to me closer and closer!

Here by my bed there is room for the cradle,
where it may quietly shelter my lovely dream;
the morning will come when the dream awakes,
and from the cradle your image smiles up at me,—your image!

An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust (At my heart, at my breast)

At my heart, at my breast, you my bliss, you my joy!
Happiness is love, love is happiness, I've said it and will not take it back.
I thought I was rapturous before but I am even more supremely happy now.
Only she who nurses her baby,
only she who loves the child to whom she is giving nourishment,
only a mother knows what it means to love and to be happy.
Oh how sorry I feel for a man
that he cannot feel the happiness of being a mother!
You dear, dear angel you, you look at me and smile as you do!
At my heart, at my breast, you my bliss, you my joy!

Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan

(Now you have hurt me for the first time)

Now you have hurt me for the first time—but the blow struck deep.
You sleep the sleep of death, you hard, uncompassionate man.

The woman you have left behind peers at the future
and sees an empty world before her.
I have loved and I have lived; I am no longer alive.

I quietly withdraw into my inner self; the veil falls;
there I have you and my lost happiness, you who were my world!

*Translations taken from *Schumann's complete song texts* and *Selected Song Texts of Great German Lieder* by Beaumont Glass.

Du Ring an meinem Finger (Ring on my finger)

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

I had dreamed it to its end, the peacefully beautiful dream of childhood;
I found myself alone, lost in an empty, endless space.

Ring on my finger, you have just taught me something:
you have opened my eyes to the infinitely deep value of life.

I want to serve him, to live for him, to belong to him completely,
to give myself to him, and to find myself transfigured in his radiance.

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

Helft mir, ihr Schwestern (Help me, sisters)

Help me, sisters, be so kind and help me to adorn myself,
serve me, the happy woman, today.
Carefully bind the ornament of blooming myrtle around my forehead.

When I used to lie contented, and joyous at heart, in the arms of my beloved,
he was always impatiently calling for this day to come,
his heart filled with desire.

Help me, sisters, help me rid my mind of a silly anxiety,
so that I can receive him, the source of my joyousness, with clear eyes.

Have you appeared before me, my beloved, to give me, my sun, your light?
Let me bow to my lord in devotion and in humility.

Scatter flowers for him, sisters, present him with budding roses.
But I bid you a melancholy farewell, my sisters,
as I nevertheless joyously leave your ranks.

Süßer Freund, du blickest (Sweet friend, you look)

Sweet friend, you look at me with astonishment;
you can't understand how I can weep;
let the unaccustomed ornament of moist pearls
tremble joyfully and brightly in my eyes.

How anxious my heart is, and how blissful!
If I only knew how to say it in words;
come and hide your face here on my breast,
I want to whisper all my pleasure into your ear.

Lied der Suleika (Suleika's Song)

With what heartfelt pleasure, song, I perceive your meaning! Lovingly you seem
to say that I am at his side, and that he thinks of me eternally,
that he bestows the bliss of his love upon me, who am so far away, and who
have consecrated my life to him.

Yes, my heart is the mirror, my friend, in which
you have glimpsed yourself; onto my breast kiss after kiss has pressed your seal.
Sweet poem, its clearest truth enchains me in sympathy!
It purely embodies the radiance of love in the garment of poetry.

Die Hochländer-Witwe (The Highland Widow)

I have come down to the Lowlands, oh woe!
They have pillaged me so thoroughly that I perish for hunger.
It was not like that back in my Highlands; oh woe!
There was no woman more fortunate than I in the valleys or on the heights!

For at that time I had twenty cows; oh woe!
They gave milk and butter to me, and grazed in the clover.
And I had sixty sheep there; oh woe!
They warmed me with soft fleece when winter brought frost and snow.

No one in the entire clan could rejoice in greater happiness;
for Donald was the handsomest man, and Donald, he was mine!
So it remained, until Charlie Stuart came to set free Old Scotland;
then Donald had to lend his arm to Charlie and to the land.

What befell them, who does not know it? Right yielded to wrong,
and lord and vassal were defeated on Culloden's blood-stained field.
O! that I came into the Lowlands! O woe!
there is now no unhappier woman than I from the Highlands to the sea!

Aus den hebraischen Gesängen (From "Hebrew Melodies")

My heart is heavy! Up! Take the lute down from the wall;
only *that* can I still bear to hear; with an adroit hand entice tones from it
that will delude my heart! If my heart can still nourish a hope,
those tones will charm it hither and if my dry eyes are hiding tears,
they will flow, and will no longer burn me!
But let the flow of tones be deep and wild
and far removed from joy! Yes, singer, I must weep,
or else my heavy heart will be consumed! For, you see, by sorrow
it was nourished, it has long endured mute sleeplessness; and now, and
now, tested to the uttermost, may it either break or be healed by your song.

Rätsel (A Riddle)

Notes: In German, b-natural is known as “H.” The answer to this riddle is the letter h, though most of the humor is lost in translation. The riddle is referring to the use and frequency of the letter h in the German spelling of each word. Schumann gives away the riddle with the opening b-natural octaves in the piano and lets the piano answer the riddle completely at the end with a single b-natural in the right hand.

Translation:

Heaven whispers it, hell murmurs it; it sounds but weakly
in the reverberant echo, and if it appears in a word like “Fluth” it is mute;
on the heights it occurs twice. It loves the heat of battle,
when peace has fled; it has not been granted to men or women, but
instead to every hound or hare, if you dissect them.
Its trace is not to be found in poetry,
Scholarship has it, as do, above all, theology and philosophy.
It has the leading position among the heroes, but
it is never inwardly missing in the faint-hearted; it is rightly found
in every house, for, if you left it out, you’d be outside in the cold.
In Greek it is meager; more evident on the banks of the Tiber, in Latin;
most forceful of all in German.
It is hidden in the shadow, in floral wreaths at death,
you exhale it every day, it is only a [*breath*]. What is it? it is only [*the letter H*].

Niemand (Nobody – Counterpart to “Jemand”)

I have my wife alone, and – for sure! – I’ll share her with nobody.
I don’t want to be a cuckold, and I shall make nobody else a cuckold.
A little sack of gold belongs to me, but I am indebted to nobody for that;
I have nothing to lend, and nobody shall borrow from me.
I am nobody’s lord, and nobody’s vassal;
but my sword can sting: I am afraid of nobody.
I’m a merry oddball; I’ll hang my head for nobody;
if nobody bothers about me, then I’ll bother about nobody.

Im Westen (In the West)

I look beyond the Forth to the north:
what help would the north and the snow of the Highlands be to me?
What are the east and the south to me, where the sun is bright,
the distant land and the wild sea?
From the west, where the sun sinks, beckons
that which makes me happy in my sleep, in my dreams:
he who repays me with love lives in the west,
me and my baby who is pressed to my heart!

Du bist wie eine Blume (You are like a Flower)

You are like a flower, so sweet and lovely and pure;
I look at you, and melancholy steals into my heart.
I feel as if I should lay my hands on your head,
praying that God may keep you so pure and lovely and sweet.

Frauenliebe und –leben (A Woman’s Love and Life)

Seit ich ihn gesehen (Since I saw him)

Since I saw him I believe I must be blind;
Wherever I happen to look, I see only him;
his image hovers before me as if in a waking dream,
his image rises up, brighter and ever brighter, out of the deepest darkness.

Everything else all around me is without light and color,
I have no longer any interest in my sisters’ games;
I would rather weep quietly in my little room;
Since I saw him I believe I must be blind.

Er, der Herrlichste von allen (He, the noblest of men)

He, the noblest of men, how gentle he is, how good!
Appealing lips, bright eyes, a clear mind, and firm courage.

Like that star there, bright and glorious in the blue depths of the sky,
He, in my heaven, is bright and glorious, exalted, and far above me.

Follow, follow your course; just to look at your light,
just to look at it in humility is to be both blissful and sad!

Do not hear my quiet prayer, consecrated only to your happiness;
you should not know me, an insignificant girl, you lofty, glorious star!

Your choice should only make happy the worthiest of women,
and I shall bless that exalted one many thousand times.

I shall rejoice then, and weep; I shall be blissful then;
and even if my heart should break—go on and break, my heart!
What does that matter?

He, the noblest of men, how gentle he is, how good!
Appealing lips, bright eyes, a clear mind, and firm courage.
How gentle he is, how good!

Ich kann’s nicht fassen, nicht glauben (I can’t grasp it, can’t believe it)

I can’t grasp it, can’t believe it; a dream must have beguiled me;
why, out of all women, would he have chosen me to honor and bless?

It seemed to me that he may have said: “I am yours forever”;
it seemed to me—I must still be dreaming, it surely can never be so.

Oh let me die in that dream, lulled against his breast,
let me sip a blissful death in tears of endless delight.

I can’t grasp it, can’t believe it; a dream must have beguiled me.