

An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust

On my heart, at my breast
you my delight, you my joy!
Happiness is love, love is happiness,
I have said it and I do not take it back.
I thought myself overjoyed
but I am only overjoyed now.
Only she who nurses a child, only she who loves the child,
To whom the nourishment she gives;
Only a mother knows alone,
what it means to love and to be happy.
Oh how I pity though the man
who cannot feel a mother's happiness!
You dear, dear angel you,
you look at me and smile also!
On my heart, at my breast,
you my delight, you my joy!

Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz gethan

Now you have hurt me for the first time,
it has struck me hard.
You sleep, you hard, merciless man
the sleep of death.
The abandoned one looks at her future,
the world is empty, is empty.
Loved have I and lived,
I am no longer living.
I quietly retreat to my inner self,
the veil falls,
there I have you and my lost happiness,
you my world!

*This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the
requirements for the degree of Master of Music Performance.
This recital is under the direction of Ellie Murray and Dr. Paul French.*

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Andrea Sandoval, Mezzo-Soprano

Graduate Voice Recital

Jodi French, piano

Music at SOU

April 7, 2018 ▪ 7:30 p.m.

SOU Music Recital Hall

PROGRAM

My Mother Bids Me Bind My Hair
from *Six Original Canzonettas* Joseph Haydn
(1732-1809)

Frauenliebe und leben, op. 42 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 mich verwundert an
An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust
Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan

Charm of Lullabies, op. 41 Benjamin Britten
(1913-1976)
A Cradle Song
A Highland Balou
Sephestia's Lullaby
A Charm
The Nurse's Song

The Dancing Sunbeams Play
from *Six Original Canzonettas* Joseph Haydn
(1732-1809)

Help me, you sisters,
help me to chase away
a foolish anxiety,
that I with clear eye may receive him,
him, the source of joyfulness.
Is it you, my beloved,
do you appear before me,
will you give to me, sun, your radiance?
Let me in devotion,
let me in humility,
let me bow to the lord mine.
Strew before him, sisters,
strew before him flowers,
Bring him budding roses here.
But you, sisters,
greet I with melancholy,
joyfully departing from your ranks.

Süßer Freund, du blickest mich verwundert an
Sweet friend, you look on me in wonder,
You cannot understand
how I can weep;
Let the moist pearls' unaccustomed adornment
joyfully bright tremble in my eyes.
How so anxious my bosom,
how so filled with bliss!
If I only knew the words,
how I might tell you;
Come and hide your face
here on my breast,
I will whisper in your ear
All my happiness.
Do you know how I can shed these tears?
Should you not them see,
you beloved, beloved man/husband?
Remain on my heart, feel its beat,
that I may firmly and more firmly may press you to me.
Here, near my bed has the cradle space,
where it quietly will conceal my lovely dream;
the morning will come, when the dream will awake,
an from the cradle your image will smile up to me.

Ars longa vita brevis

Certainly a dream has bewitched me.
How could he from all the others
chosen someone as unimportant as I to honor and make happy?
It seemed to me, he might have said,
“I am forever yours”
It seemed to me-I must be dreaming still,
it can certainly never be so.
Oh let me die in my dream,
cradled in his arms,
and savor a most blessed death,
in endless tears of happiness.

Der Ring

You ring on my finger,
My golden little ring,
I press you devoutly to my lips,
(press) you devoutly to my heart.
I have finished with dreaming,
childhood's peaceful lovely dream.
I found myself alone, lost
in a barren, infinite space.
You ring on my finger,
you have just now taught me something
you have opened my eyes
to the infinitely deep value of life.
I want to serve him, for him live,
to belong to him completely,
to give myself up to him and find
myself transfigured in his radiance.

Helft mir, ihr Schwestern

Help me, you sisters,
Kindly myself adorn,
Serve me today, the happy one.
Bind busily for me about the forehead
The still blooming myrtle wedding crown.
As I in contentment,
joyous of heart,
lay in my beloved's arms,
he would forever call out
with longing in his heart,
impatiently for this day.

PROGRAM NOTES

Welcome everyone and thank you for attending my recital!
Tonight's selections include a wide variety of music from Haydn's *Six Original Canzonettas*, to song cycles by two of the most important composers of vocal music: Robert Schumann and Benjamin Britten.

Anne Hunter was a poet and friend of Classical composer Joseph Haydn (1732-1809) as well as the wife of the famous surgeon John Hunter. Haydn set six of her poems in his *Six Original Canzonettas* and they were published in 1792-1793. **My Mother Bids Me Bind My Hair** is a favorite from this set and tells the story of a somewhat spoiled young girl, pouting that her love is away. Her mother pragmatically suggests she put on her best dress and make the best of it.

Robert Schumann (1810-1856) is one of the best composers of the nineteenth century composing masterpieces in multiple instrumental genres (symphonic, chamber music, solo piano music) but is perhaps best remembered for his beautiful songs, which are among the finest of the entire nineteenth century. In 1840, Schumann was given permission to marry Clara Wiek and, in his joy, he composed hundreds of songs including one of his most beloved works, the song cycle *Frauenliebe und leben (A Woman's Love and Life)*. Based on poetry by Adelbert von Chamisso, the cycle follows the life of a young woman as she falls in love, marries, has a child, and suffers the death of her husband. The first song, **Seit ich ihn gesehen**, depicts the moment she falls in love. In **Er, der Herrlichste von allen** we begin to see the depth of her passion. In **Ich kann's nicht fassen**, we see she is in shock that the man she has loved from afar has actually proposed to her, a humble maiden. In **Der Ring an meinem Fänger** she sing of her joy on wearing her wedding ring. **Helft mir, ihr Schwestern** takes place on the awaited wedding day and centers around the eager bride's joy as the wedding day approaches. She is joyous, nervous, excited, and comes to the realization that after today she will no longer be as her fellow maidens. **Süßer Freund, du blickest mich verwundert an** skips ahead in time to when the woman is now pregnant. In this song, she tries to explain her tears of joy to her husband. In **An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust** the woman tells of her happiness on becoming a mother. Finally we reach the concluding song, **Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz gethan**. The music turns dark as her husband, the light of her life, perishes. She had made him her whole world, through him she had loved and lived, and so, in losing him she can only feel dead.

The 20th century British composer Benjamin Britten (1913-1976) set five poems and organized them into a cycle in 1947 for Nancy Evans, a British concert and opera singer. Unlike the last cycle, each poem in *A Charm of Lullabies* is by a different author, and so there is no narrative story, rather a series of scenes. We begin with **A Cradle Song** (text by William Blake from *Poems from the Notebook*) which, despite the slight dissonance between the voice and piano, sounds like a typical lullaby as the mother attempts to soothe her baby to sleep. Next comes **The Highland Balou** (text by Robert Burns from the *Scots Musical Museum*) which has a decided Scottish flair. We now come to the point when the cycle takes a shift in mood from these lighter themes to a more unsettling, dissonant atmosphere. In **Stephanie's Lullaby** (text by Robert Greene from *Menaphon*, a prose-poem) the mother encourages her son not to cry, saying that more grief awaits as he grows older as she remembers her own grief. The next piece is deceptively entitled **A Charm** (text by Thomas Randolph from *The Jealous Lovers*) and is anything but charming. Here the crying baby is rebuked by the mother "Quiet! Sleep!" and she goes so far as to threaten the child with several deities of the underworld. Finally, we end the cycle with **Nurse's Song** (text by John Philip from *The Commodity of Patient and Meeke Grissill*) which partially returns to a calmer mood. In this piece, the baby has now been abandoned by the mother and the nurse attempts to soothe the baby.

To end this recital we return to Haydn and the first song of his *Six Original Canzonettas*: **The Dancing Sunbeams Play**, also known as **The Mermaid's Song**. The text for this piece was based off a freely translated Italian text (source unidentified) and is an excellent example of Haydn at his most charming,

Thank you all again for coming! Special thanks to my insightful and patient instructors Dr. Paul French and Mrs. Ellen Murray, amazing pianist Mrs. Jodi French, OCA faculty, and to my supportive family and friends.

TRANSLATIONS

Schumann's *Frauenliebe und leben*

Seit ich ihn gesehen

Since I first saw him,
I believe I must be blind;

Wherever I look I only see him;
As if in a waking dream
his image floats before me,
it rises from the deepest darkness,
brighter, ever brighter upward.
Everything else lacks light and color
everywhere around me here,
for my sister's games
I have no desire any longer,
I would rather weep,
quietly in my little room;
Since I first saw him,
I believe I must be blind.

Er, der Herrlichste von allen

He, the most wonderful of all,
how so gentle, how so good!
Lovely lips, clear eye,
bright mind and steadfast resolve/courage.
Just as in the blue depths of heaven
the sun shines bright and glorious,
likewise he is in my heaven,
bright and glorious, lofty and distant.
Go, go your way,
only to observe your radiance,
only in humility it to observe,
is to be blissful and yet sad!
Hear not my silent prayer,
which to your happiness alone is dedicated;
you must me, lowly maid, not know,
lofty star of glory!
Only the worthiest woman of all should be made happy by your choice,
and I will that exalted one bless,
bless many thousand times.
I will myself rejoice then and weep,
Blissful, blissful am I then;
And should my heart also break,
let it break, what does it matter?

Ich kann's nicht fassen

I cannot comprehend it or believe it,