



Arizona State University

School of Music

DOCTORAL RECITAL SERIES

ELIZABETH B. MABEN

MEZZO SOPRANO

assisted by

Mamak Dahnad, piano

Robert Mills, piano

Dena Holland, soprano

Mike Cavalieri, baritone

KATZIN CONCERT HALL
Tuesday, March 21, 2000 • 5:00 p.m.

PROGRAM

Frauenliebe und Leben

Robert Schumann
1810-1856

1. Seit ich ihn gesehen
2. Er, der Herrlichste von allen
3. Ich kann's nicht fassen
4. Du Ring an meinem Finger
5. Helft mir, ihr Schwestern
6. Süßer Freund, du blickest
7. An meinem Herzen
8. Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan
Mamak Dahnad, piano

****There will be a 10-minute intermission****

Twelve poems of Emily Dickinson

Aaron Copland
1900-1990

1. Nature, the gentlest mother
2. There came a wind like a bugle
3. Why do they shut me out of Heaven?
4. The world feels dusty
5. Heart, we will forget him
6. Dear March, come in!
7. Sleep is supposed to be
8. When they come back
9. I felt a funeral in my brain
10. I've heard an organ talk sometimes
11. Going to Heaven!
12. The Chariot

Robert Mills, piano

"Soave sia il vento"

W.A. Mozart
1756-1791

from *Così fan tutte*

Dena Holland, soprano
Mike Cavalieri, baritone
Robert Mills, piano

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This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the performance requirements for the degree Doctor of Musical Arts in solo performance.
Elizabeth B. Maben is a student of David Britton.

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ARIZONA STATE UNIVERSITY

COLLEGE OF FINE ARTS
School of Music

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Elizabeth B. Maben
Mezzo-soprano

Vocal Recital
Texts and Translations

March 21, 2000
Katzin Concert Hall
5 pm



Frauenliebe und Leben

(text by Adelbert von Chamisso)

1. Seit ich ihn gesehen
Seit ich ihn gesehen,
Glaub' ich blind zu sein;
Wo ich hin nur blicke,
Seh' ich ihn allein;
Wie in wachen Traume
Schwebt sein Bild mir vor,
Taucht aus tiefstem Dunkle
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,
Glaub' ich blind zu sein.

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 dein in Schein,
Nur in Demut ihn betrachten,
Selig nur und traurig sein!

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 tausend mal!

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

1. Since I first saw him
Since I first saw him
I think I must be blind;
Wherever I look
I see only him;
As in a trance,
His image hovers before me,
Emerging from the deepest gloom
Even brighter.

All else is dark and colorless
In my surroundings;
My sisters' games
Interest me no longer;
I would rather weep
Quietly in my room.
Since I first saw him
I think I must be blind.

2. He, the noblest of all
He, the noblest of all,
How kind, how good he is!
Gentle mouth, clear eyes,
Bright temper and steady mood.

Just as, in the far-off blue,
Yonder star shines bright and splendid,
So he shines in my heaven,
Bright and splendid, sublime and remote.

Go your way;
Let me only regard your brightness,
Humbly gaze upon it
In happiness and sorrow!

Heed not my silent prayers,
Dedicated only to your fortune;
A lowly maid you may not know,
High star of splendour!

Only the worthiest of all
May be made happy by your choice,
And I will bless her
Many thousand times.

Then I will rejoice and weep;
Eternal bliss will then be mine.
And if my heart should break,
Break, heart – what does it matter?

3. Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben
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.

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

Ich hatt' ihn aus getraumet,
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 meiner 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,
An das Herze mein.

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,

3. I can't understand it, I don't believe it
I can't understand it, I don't believe it;
I must have been fooled by a dream.
How, from all the others, could he
Have chosen and blessed me?

It seemed as if he had said:
"I am forever yours";
It seemed I must still be dreaming,
For it can never be so.

O let me die in this dream,
Cradled in his embrace;
Let me be drowned
In tears of endless joy.

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

I had reached the end
Of childhood's lovely, peaceful dream;
I found myself alone and lost
In an endless wasteland.

You, ring on my finger,
You taught me then,
Opened my eyes
To life's infinite worth.

I will serve him, live for him,
Belong to him totally;
I will give myself to him
And find myself transfigured in his radiance.

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

5. Help me, O sisters
Help me, O sisters,
Kindly adorn me,
Serve me, the happy one, today.
Busily twine
About my brow
The blossoming myrtle.

Before, when I lay
Contented and happy
In the arms of my loved one,

Immer noch rief er,
Sehnsucht im Herzen,
Ungeduldig den Heutigen Tag.

Helft mir, ihr Schwestern,
Helft mir verschrecken
Eine törichte Bangigkeit;
Dass ich mit klarem
Aug' ihn empfangen,
Ihn, die Quelle der Freudigkeit.

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

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

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.

Wie so bang mein Busen,
Wie so wonnevoll!
Wüsst' ich nur mit Worten,
Wie ich's sagen soll;
Komm und birg dein Antlitz
Heir an meiner Brust,
Will ins Ohr dir flüster'n 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 un fester
Nur dich drücken mag!

He still would
Be longing,
Impatiently awaiting this day.

Help me, O sisters,
Help me banish
A foolish fear;
So that I may meet him
With eyes clear,
Him, the source of my joy.

Have you, my love,
Appeared to me;
Do you give me, O sun your brightness?
Let me reverently
And humbly
Make obeisance to my master.

Scatter flowers before him,
O sisters,
Present him with budding roses.
But to you, my sisters,
I bid a sad farewell,
Departing with joy from your ranks.

6. Sweet friend, you gaze
Sweet friend, you gaze
At me in astonishment;
Can you not understand
Why I should be crying?
Let the unfamiliar ornament
Of the moist pearl
Tremble brightly
In my eye.

How fearful my bosom,
How blissful! –
Could I but say it with words.
Come and bury your head
Here on my breast;
I want to whisper to you
All my joy.

Now do you know
Why I am weeping?
Can you not see why,
You dear man?
Stay at my heart,
Feel its beat,
That I may press you
Closer and closer to me!

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 entgegenlacht.

7. An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust
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' überschwenglich mich geschätzt,
Bin überglücklich aber jezt.

Nur die da saugt, 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,
Du meine Wonne, du meine Lust!

8. Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan
Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan,
Der aber traf.
Du schlafst, 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,
Du meine Welt!

Here at my bed
Is the space for the cradle,
Where it may hise
My lovely dream;
The morning will come
When the dream awakes,
And your image
Smiles out at me.

7. At my heart, at my breast
At my heart, at my breast,
You my joy, you my bliss!

Happiness is love, love is happiness;
Once I have said it, and again I shall say it.

I considered myself rapturous,
But now I am still happier.

Only she who nurses and loves
The child whom she feeds –

Only a mother knows
What love and happiness mean.

O how I pity the man
Who cannot feel a mother's joy!

You lovely, lovely angel, you –
You look at me with a smile.

At my heart, at my breast,
You my joy, you my bliss!

8. Now you have hurt me for the first time
Now you have hurt me for the first time,
But deeply.
You sleep, you hard and pitiless man,
The sleep of death.

Forsaken, I look around me –
The world is empty.
My love and life are past; I am
No longer living.

I withdraw quietly into myself;
The veil falls;
There I have you and my lost happiness –
You, my whole world!

*(English translation taken from Phonogram International B.V.,
Baarn, 1976)*

Twelve Poems of Emily Dickinson

1. Nature, the gentlest mother
Nature, the gentlest mother
Impatient of no child
The feeblest or the waywardest
Her admonition mild
In forest and the hill
By traveler is heard
Restraining rampant squirrel or too impetuous bird.

How fair her conversation
A summer afternoon.
Her household, her assembly
And when the sun goes down
Her voice among the aisles
Incites the timid prayer
Of the minutest cricket
The most unworthy flower.

When all the children sleep,
She turns as long away,
As will suffice to light her lamps
Then, bending from the sky,
With infinite affection
And infiniter care
Her golden finger on her lip
Wills silence everywhere.

2. There came a wind like a bugle
There came a wind like a bugle,
It quivered through the grass,
And a green chill upon the heat so ominous did pass.

We barred the window and the doors
As from an emerald ghost
The doom's electric moccasin that very instant
passed.
On a strange mob of panting trees and fences fled
away.
And rivers where the houses ran the living looked that
day,
The bell within the steeple wild
The flying tidings whirled

How much can come
And much can go
And yet abide the world.

3. Why do they shut me out of Heaven?
Why do they shut me out of Heaven?
Did I sing too loud?
But I can sing a little minor,
Timid as a bird.

Wouldn't the angels try me just once more
Just see if I troubled them?
But don't shut the door.

Oh, if I were the gentlemen in the white robes and
they were the little hand that knocked,
Could I forbid?

Why do they shut me out of Heaven?
Did I sing too loud?

4. The world feels dusty
The world feels dusty, when we stop to die.
We want the dew then
Honors taste dry.
Flags vex a dying face
But the least fan stirred by a friend's hand
Cools like the rain.
Mine be the ministry when thy thirst comes
Dews of thyself to fetch and holy balms.

5. Heart, we will forget him
Heart, we will forget him
You and I, tonight.
You may forget the warmth he gave.
I will forget the light.
When you have done, pray tell me,
That I my thoughts may dim.
Haste, lest while you're lagging, I may remember him.

6. Dear March, come in!
Dear March, come in!
How glad I am.
I looked for you before.
Put down your hat.
You must have walked.
How out of breath you are.

Dear March, how are you?
And the rest?
Did you leave Nature well?
Oh, March come right upstairs with me, I have so
much to tell.

I got your letter and the bird's
The maples never knew that you were coming,
I declare,
How red their faces grew,
But March forgive me.
And all those hills you left for me to hue,
There was no purple suitable,
You took it all with you.

Who knocks?
That April?
Lock the door,

I will not be pursued.
He stayed away a year, to call when I am occupied.
But trifles look so trivial
As soon as you have come
And blame is just as dear as praise
And praise as mere as blame.

7. Sleep is supposed to be
Sleep is supposed to be,
By souls of sanity,
The shutting of the eye.

Sleep is the station grand
Down which on either hand
The hosts of witness stand.

Morn is supposed to be,
By people of degree
The breaking of the day,
Morning has not occurred
That shall aurora be
East of eternity.
One with the banner gay
One in the red array
That is the break of day.

8. When they come back
When they come back if blossoms do,
I always feel a doubt if blossoms can be born again
When once the art is out.

When they begin if robins do,
I always had a fear I did not tell:
It was their last experiment last year.

When it is May, if May return.
Has nobody a pang that on a face so beautiful we
might not look again?

If I am there, one does not know what party one may
be tomorrow,
But if I *am* there,
I take back all I say!

9. I felt a funeral in my brain
I felt a funeral in my brain,
And mourners to and fro,
Kept treading, treading till it seemed that sense was
breaking through.

And when they all were seated
A service like a drum
Kept beating till I thought my mind was going numb.

And then I heard them lift a box,
And creak across my soul

With those same boots of lead again,
Then space began to toll
As all the heavens were a bell
And being but an ear.
And I and silence some strange race
Wrecked solitary here.

10. I've heard an organ talk sometimes
I've heard an organ talk sometimes
In a cathedral aisle
And understood no word it said.
Yet held my breath the while
And risen up and gone away,
A more Bernardine girl
And know not what was done to me.
In that old hallowed aisle.

11. Going to Heaven!
Going to Heaven!
I don't know when.
Pray do not ask me how
Indeed I'm too astonished to think of answering you.

Going to Heaven!
How dim it sounds.
And yet it will be done
As sure as flocks go home at night
Unto the shepherd's arm!
Perhaps you're going too!
Who knows?
If you should get there first
Save just a little place for me,
Close to the two I lost.
The smallest "robe" will fit me, and just a bit of "crown"
for you know we do not mind our dress when we are
going home.

Going to Heaven!
I'm glad I don't believe it
For it would stop my breath
And I'd like to look a little more at such a curious
earth.
I am glad they did believe it
Whom I have never found
Since the mighty autumn afternoon,
I left them in the ground.

12. The Chariot
Because I would not stop for Death,
He kindly stopped for me.
The carriage held but just ourselves and Immortality.
We slowly drove
He knew no haste and I had put away
My labor and my leisure too
For his civility.

We passed the school where children played,
Their lessons scarcely done
We passed the fields of gazing grain
We passed the setting sun,
We paused before a house that seemed a swelling of
the ground
The roof was scarcely visible, the cornice but a
mound,

Since then 'tis centuries but each feels shorter than
the day,
I first surmised
The horses' heads were toward eternity.

“Soave sia il vento”
from
Così fan tutte

Dorabella and Fiordiligi, have just said a tearful
goodbye to their lovers, Ferrando and Guglielmo. The
men have been called away to military duty, and are
departing by ship. In this trio, the sisters and Don
Alfonso are watching the ship disappear over the
horizon, and saying a little prayer for safe travels.

Soave sia il vento,
tranquilla sia l'onda
ed ogni elemento
begnigno risponda
ai nostri desir.

May the wind be gentle,
May the waves be calm,
And may all the elements
Be kind and grant our desires.
(English translation by Jonathan Burton)