

An impressionist painting of a woman standing in a field of tall grass. She is wearing a light-colored dress with a red sash and holding a large green umbrella. The background is a soft, hazy landscape with a blue sky and yellow light. The overall style is soft and painterly.

*Angela Brower*

*mezzo-soprano*

*Eckart Sellheim*

*pianist*

**Old American Songs**

Zion's Walls  
Long Time Ago  
Simple Gifts  
At the River

Aaron Copland  
1900-1990

***from* Poème de l'Amour et de la Mer, Opus 19**

La Fleur des Eaux  
Le Temps de Lilacs

Ernest Chausson  
1855-1899

**Zigeunerlieder, Opus 103**

He, Zigeuner  
Hochgetümte Rimaflut  
Wisst ihr, wann mein Kindchen  
Lieber Gott, du weisst  
Brauner Bursche  
Röslein dreie  
Kommt dir manchmal  
Rote Abendwolken

Johannes Brahms  
1833-1897

**Fünf Gedichte von Mathilde Wesendonck**

Der Engel  
Stehe Still!  
Im Treibhaus  
Schmerzen  
Träume

Richard Wagner  
1813-1883

***from* Le Nozze di Figaro**  
Voi che sapete

Wolfgang Amadé Mozart  
1756-1791

***from* Les Contes d'Hoffmann**  
Vois sous l'archet frémissant

Jacques Offenbach  
1819-1880

***from* Il Barbiere di Siviglia**  
Una voce poco fa

Giaochino Rossini  
1792-1868

- Intermission -

**THANK YOU!**

Thank you all for coming.  
It has been such a joy preparing this evening for you.

## TRANSLATIONS

*from Poème de l'Amour et de la Mer/Poem of Love and the Sea*

Translation by Waldo Lyman and Kathleen Maunsbach

**Ernest Chausson, music**

**Maurice Bouchoir, text**

### *The Flower of the Waters*

The air is filled with an exquisite scent of lilacs which, flowering to the heights of the walls below, perfume the women's hair.

The sea, in the heat of the sun, is all aflame,  
and over the fine sands which they kiss, roll the sparkling waves.

Oh, sky that mirrors the color of her eyes,  
wind that will sing among the lilacs in bloom, only to emerge all saturated with perfume;  
brooks that will moisten her dress,  
oh, green paths, you will tremble beneath her dear little feet,  
let me see my beloved!

And my heart awakened on this summer morn,  
for a lovely child stood on the shore,  
allowing her vibrant eyes to wander over me,  
and she smiled at me tenderly and shyly.  
You, whom youth and love have transfigured,  
you appeared to me then like the soul of all things.  
My heart flew toward you – you took it and held it,  
and from the open sky roses rained upon us.

How doleful and wild a sound, tolls the hour of parting!  
The sea rolls along the shore,  
mocking and caring not that this is the hour of parting!  
Birds pass with wings spread over the abyss, almost joyfully;  
in the heat of the sun the sea is green  
and I bleed silently, as I watch the sky, in all its brilliance.  
I bleed, thinking of my life that will vanish in the waves.  
My very soul has been taken from me,  
and the somber roar of the waves covers the sound of my sobs.  
Who knows whether this cruel sea will bring her back to my heart?  
My gaze is fixed upon her,  
the sea sings,  
and the mocking wind jeers at my heart's anguish.

### ***The Time of the Lilacs***

The time of the lilacs and the time of the roses will return no more this spring;  
the time of the lilacs and the time of the roses is gone,  
the time of the carnations too.  
The wind has changed; the skies are morose,  
and no longer shall we run to gather the flowering lilacs and the beautiful roses;  
the spring is sad and cannot blossom.

Oh! joyous and sweet springtime of the year, which came, last year, to engulf us in sunlight.  
Our flower of love is so completely faded, alas, your kiss cannot awaken it!  
And you, what are you doing?  
No budding flowers, no gay sunshine or cool shade;  
the time of lilacs and the time of roses with our love is dead for ever.

### ***Acht Zigeunerlieder/Eight Gipsy Songs***

Translation by Lucien Stark

**Johannes Brahms, music**

**Hugo Conrat (after the Hungarian), text**

1. Hey, Gipsy, play your violin!  
Play the song of the unfaithful girl!  
Let the strings weep, lament, sadly and anxiously, until hot tears moisten my cheeks!
  
2. River Rima with your towering banks, how drear you are;  
by its edge I loudly moan for you, my love!  
Waves dash by, waves rush along, and rumble up to the riverbank where I stand;  
by the banks of the Rima let me weep eternally for her!
  
3. Do you know when my darling is most beautiful?  
When her sweet little mouth jokes and laughs and kisses.  
Dear little girl, you are mine, I kiss you fervently;  
loving heaven created you for me alone!  
  
Do you know when I like my sweetheart best?  
When he holds me close in his arms.  
Dear lover, you are mine, I kiss you fervently;  
loving heaven created you for me alone!
  
4. Dear God, you know how often I have regretted the kiss I once gave my sweetheart.  
My heart commanded me to kiss him;  
I will think about that first kiss as long as I live.  
  
Dear God, you know how often in the silence of the night  
I have thought about my loved one in pleasure and pain.  
Love is sweet, even if repentance is bitter;  
my poor heart will remain eternally, eternally true to him.

5. A sun-tanned lad leads his beautiful blue-eyed sweetheart to the dance;  
he boldly strikes his spurs together; a csárdás melody begins;  
he kisses and caresses his sweet loved one,  
turns her around, leads her, rejoices and leaps;  
he throws three bright silver coins onto the cimbalom to make it twang.

6. Three little roses in a row blossom so red;  
there is no law against a young man's visiting a young girl!  
Dear God, if that were forbidden,  
the beautiful, wide world would have been gone long ago;  
to remain unmarried is a sin!

The prettiest little town in Alföld is Kecskemét;  
there are really a lot of good-looking and nice girls!  
Friends, find yourselves a bride there,  
ask for her hand and establish your household;  
drain the cup of joy!

7. Do you sometimes recall, my darling,  
what you once promised me with a sacred oath?  
Don't deceive me, don't abandon me;  
you don't know how much I love you;  
love me as I love you,  
and then God's grace will pour down upon you!

8. Red evening clouds pass by in the firmament;  
my heart burns longingly for you, my darling.  
The sky beams in glowing splendor,  
and I dream, by day and night, only of my sweet lover.

**Fünf Gedichte für eine Frauenstimme/Five Poems for Woman's Voice** Richard Wagner, *music*  
Translation by George Bird and Richard Stoked Mathilde Wesendonck, *text*

### **1. The Angel**

In early days of childhood, often I heard talk of angels  
who heaven's glorious bliss  
exchange for the sun of earth,  
So that when, in dread sorrow,  
a heart yearns, hidden from the world;  
when it wishes silently to bleed and perish in streams of tears;  
when its fervent prayer begs only for deliverance –  
then down that angel floats and raises it gently to heaven.  
And to me an angel has come down,  
and upon gleaming wings, it bears far from every pain my spirit now heavenwards!

### **2. Stand Still!**

Whirring, rushing wheel of time,  
measure of eternity; gleaming spheres in the wide universe,  
you who surround the globe of earth;  
eternal creation, cease, enough of becoming,  
let me be!  
Cease, generative powers,  
primal, ever-creating thought!  
Stop your breath, still your urge in silence for just one second!  
Surging pulses, fetter your beating;  
and, eternal day of willing!  
That in blessed, sweet oblivion I might measure all my bliss!  
When eye drinks eye in bliss,  
soul drowns utterly in soul;  
being rediscovers itself in being,  
and the goal of every hope is near;  
when lips are mute in silent wonder,  
and the heart no further wish desires –  
then man perceives eternity's sign,  
and solves your riddle, holy Nature!

### **3. *In the Greenhouse (Study to Tristan and Isolde)***

High-vaulted leafy crowns,  
canopies of emerald,  
children of distant zones, tell me why you grieve?  
Silent, you bend your branches,  
draw signs upon the air, and, as mute witness to your sorrows,  
a sweet fragrance rises.  
With longing and desire,  
wide you open your arms, and, victim of delusion,  
embrace desolation's awful void.  
Well, I know, poor plant;  
one fate we share, though bathed in light and glory,  
our homeland is not here!  
And as, gladly, the sun parts from the empty gleam of day,  
so he truly suffers,  
veils himself in the dark of silence.  
Quiet it grows,  
a whisper,  
a stir fills the dark room uneasily:  
heavy drops I see hanging on the leaves' green edge.

### **4. *Anguish***

Sun, each evening you weep  
your fair eyes red,  
when, bathing in the sea's mirror,  
you are overtaken by early death.  
Yet, in your old splendor,  
you rise,  
glory of the somber world,  
newly awakened in the morning,  
a proud, heroic conqueror!  
Ah, why should I lament, and see you,  
my heart, so oppressed,  
if the sun itself must despair,  
if the sun itself must sink?  
And if death beget only life,  
and anguish bring only delight:  
oh, how I give thanks that nature gave me such anguish!

### **5. Dreams (Study to Tristan and Isolde)**

Say, what wondrous dreams embrace my senses,  
that they have not, like bubbles, vanished to a desolate void?  
Dreams,  
that with each hour, each day bloom fairer,  
and with their heavenly tidings pass blissfully through the mind!  
Dreams,  
which like sacred rays plunge into the soul,  
there to paint an eternal picture:  
forgetting all, remembering one!  
Dreams,  
as when spring sun kisses the buds from the snow,  
so that into never-suspected bliss the new day welcomes them,  
so that they grow and bloom,  
dreaming bestow their scent,  
gently glow and die upon your breast,  
then sink into the grave.

*from Le Nozze di Figaro/The Marriage of Figaro*  
**Voi che sapete/You who know what Love is**  
Translation by Naomi Gurt Lund

**Wolfgang Amadé Mozart, music**  
**Lorenzo da Ponte, text**

You who know what love is,  
ladies, see if I have it in my heart.

I'll tell you what I'm feeling,  
it's new for me, and I don't understand anything.  
I have a feeling, full of desire,  
which now is full of delight, and now misery.  
I freeze and then feel my soul go up in flames,  
then in the next moment, I turn to ice.

I'm searching for affection outside of myself,  
I don't know who holds it,  
I don't know what it even is!

I sigh and lament without wanting to,  
I twitter and tremble without knowing why,  
I don't find peace night or day,  
but I still enjoy languishing this way.

You who know what love is,  
ladies, see if I have it in my heart.

*from Les Contes d'Hoffmann/The Tales of Hoffmann*  
**C'est l'amour vainqueur/It is love the conqueror**  
Translation by Karen Mercedes

**Jacques Offenbach, music**  
**Jules Barbier and Michel Carré, text**

See, beneath the quivering bow  
the sound box vibrates,  
hear the heavenly accent of this unconscious heart.  
Listen: passing through the air,  
the sound, penetrating and clear,  
of this tearful chord:  
It consoles your tears,  
it mingles its sorrows with your elated sorrow.  
It is love, love the conqueror,  
Poet, give your heart!

*from Il Barbiere di Siviglia/The Barber of Seville*  
**Una voce poco fa**  
Translation by Gabriel Huaroc

**Gioachino Rossini, music**  
**Cesare Sterbini, text**

A voice has just echoed here into my heart;  
my heart is already wounded,  
and it was Lindoro who shot it.  
Yes, Lindoro will be mine,  
I've sworn it, I'll win!

The tutor will refuse,  
I'll sharpen my mind,  
finally he'll accept,  
and happy I'll rest.

Yes, Lindoro will be mine,  
I've sworn it, I'll win!

I am gentle,  
I am respectful,  
I am obedient,  
sweet, loving,  
I let myself be ruled,  
I let myself be guided.

But if they touch where my weak spot is,  
I'll be a viper  
and a hundred traps,  
before giving up,  
will I make for them to fall!



# Angela Brower

## Mezzosoprano

Rising young mezzo-soprano Angela Brower was raised in Mesa, Arizona and studied at Arizona State University and Indiana University. During her studies, she began an active concert career and developed her operatic repertoire to include such roles as Cherubino *Le nozze di Figaro* and Hansel *Hänsel and Gretel*. In addition to earning several awards and prizes during her studies, she performed at Glimmerglass Opera as a part of the 2008 "Young American Artists Program". From there she was invited into the Junges Ensemble of the Bayerische Staatsoper where she was a member from 2008-2010 and debuted such roles as Sandman *Hänsel and Gretel*, Orsini *Lucrezia Borgia* and Zaida *Il Turco in Italia*. Her portrayal of Dorabella *Così fan tutte* earned her particular attention on the main stage of the Nationaltheater. During her time in the studio, Ms. Brower also made her successful debut as Angelina in the opera studio production of *La Cenerentola*.

Angela Brower is currently a member of the ensemble at the Bayerische Staatsoper and is the recipient of the prestigious 2009 Munich Festival Prize. In the 2011/2012 season, she made a triumphant role debut as Nicklausse in the Bayerische Staatsoper's new production of *Les Contes d'Hoffmann* alongside Rolando Villazón and Diana Damrau. Other roles include Cherubino *Le Nozze di Figaro*, and Dorabella *Così fan tutte*. Ms. Brower made her debut at the Festspielhaus Baden-Baden when she sang Dorabella in concert performances, led by Yannick Nézet-Seguin, alongside Rolando Villazón. The performances were recorded by Deutsche Grammophone as second installment of the label's multi-part Mozart cycle, with the recording slated for release in 2013.

In the 2012-13 season, she made her role debut as Rosina in Rossini's *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* in Munich, and could also be heard as Hänsel in Humperdinck's *Hänsel und Gretel*. On the concert stage, she made her debut with the NDR Radiosinfonie Orchester, led by Yan Pascal Tortelier, in concerts of Chausson's "Poeme de l'amour" and Ravel's "Sheherazade" and sang concerts of Bernstein's Symphony No. 1 with the Maggio Musicale Fiorentino.

Upcoming role debuts and performances in the 2013/2014 season include Octavian *Der Rosenkavalier* at the Klagenfurt State Theater, Nicklausse *Les Contes d'Hoffmann* at the New National Theater in Tokyo, Japan, Annio in the new production of *La Clemenza di Tito*, and Komponist *Ariadne auf Naxos* in Munich, as well as Siebel in the new production of *Faust* at the Festspielhaus Baden-Baden starring Anna Netrebko.



## Eckart Sellheim

received his musical training in Germany and Switzerland; Adolf Drescher and Jakob Gimpel were among his teachers. He was appointed to the faculty of the two major conservatories in Cologne and continued his academic career as an Associate Professor of Piano and Chamber Music at the University of Michigan. From 1989 until 2008 he was Professor and Director of

Collaborative Piano at Arizona State University. He also served as Guest Lecturer of Fortepiano and Performance Practice at the Musikhochschule in Trossingen, as well as at various music academies in Germany, and has taught numerous master classes in the United States and in several European countries.

Mr. Sellheim maintains an active performance schedule, having made concert tours in the USA, Latin America and the Caribbean, the Middle East, Africa, and throughout Europe. He appears regularly on radio programs in Germany and in the USA and has made more than 20 recordings as piano and fortepiano soloist and collaborative pianist, a number of them on the CBS-Sony label with his late brother, renowned German cellist Friedrich- Jürgen Sellheim.