



NOV. 17<sup>TH</sup>, 2023  
CSUSB PA RECITAL HALL  
7:30 PM

# CSUSB OPERA THEATRE PRESENTS: OPERA AS SONG

*LIEDERKREIS* OP. 39 AND *FRAUENLIEBE UND LEBEN* BY ROBERT SCHUMANN

PERFORMANCES BY: LAURA CIFUENTES, DAVID HENRY, KELLEN MCNEIL, GABRIEL OROZCO, CASSANDRA PEREZ,  
CHRISTIAN QUEVEDO, MONICA SANCHEZ, AND EVE SILIEZAR. ALASTAIR EDMONSTONE, MUSIC DIRECTOR,  
STACEY FRASER, ARTISTIC DIRECTOR AND TERRILL CORLETT, GUEST CHOREOGRAPHER.

# PROGRAM

*Liederkreis*, Opus 39

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

In der Fremde  
Intermezzo  
Waldesgespräch  
Die Stille  
Mondnacht  
Schöne Fremde  
Auf einer Burg  
In der Fremde  
Wehmut  
Zweilicht  
Im Walde  
Frühlingsnacht

*Frauenliebe und Leben*

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  
An meinem Herz  
Du hast du mir den ersten Schmerz gethan

## PROGRAM NOTES

Op. 39 *Liederkreis*

Described by Schumann as being his "most Romantic music ever", *Liederkreis*, Op. 39 is set to poetry by Joseph Freiherr von Eichendorff. The twelve songs (with the exception of the *Intermezzo*) all describe outdoor settings, often with direct references to nature and travel - both physical and metaphysical. They are also highly Romantic in their expressive moodiness, whether ecstatic or melancholy, and the occasional aura of mystery, whether the unexplained tears of the bride in *Auf einer Burg* or the supernatural in *Waldesgespräch*. Schumann's selection of these varied poems itself creates a Romantic juxtaposition of emotions, and the passionate settings capture and emphasize those aspects. The wanderer is portrayed by the various members of our ensemble, who tell his story through spoken poetry, song, haunting bassoon melodic lines, and dance movement.

## *Frauenliebe und-Leben*

Often referred to as “the year of the song” in Schumann’s life, the year 1840 saw the completion of at least 137 songs, including the Op. 39 *Liederkreis*, *Dichterliebe*, Op. 48, and *Frauenliebe und-Leben*, written to poems of Adalbert von Chamisso. Schumann’s impending marriage to Clara was largely the inspiration for his burst of creativity; this seems especially clear in the case of *Frauenliebe und-leben*, which takes as its subject the earnest devotion of a wife and mother. Schumann arranged the songs of Op. 42 to represent something of a story, covering different stages of a woman’s life. We have taken a different twist with this story and given the poetry a more modern adaptation, that of inclusivity, and the complications, devastations and euphoria that come with falling in love.

-Notes from the Philadelphia Chamber Music Society & Stacey Fraser

# TRANSLATIONS

## **Liederkreis Op. 39**

Texts by Joseph Freiherr von Eichendorff

### **In der Fremde [In Foreign Parts]**

The clouds are coming from my homeland behind the red lightning flashes. But Father and Mother are long dead; no one there knows me anymore. How soon, oh how soon, the quiet time will come when I too will rest, when I too will rest and above me, the beautiful solitary forest will rustle, the beautiful solitary forest, and no one here will know me anymore, and no one here will know me anymore.

### **Intermezzo**

Your wonderful, blessed portrait I carry in the depths of my heart; it looks at me so youthfully and gaily at all times. My heart quietly sings within itself a beautiful old song that takes wing into the air and hastens to find you. Your wonderful, blessed portrait I carry in the depths of my heart; it looks at me so youthfully and gaily at all, all times.

### **Waldesgespräch [Conversation in the Forest]**

“It is late by now, it is cold by now; why are you riding your horse all alone through the forest? The forest is wide, you are alone, you beautiful bride, I will lead you home!” “Great are the treachery and deceit of men;

my heart is broken with sorrow; the hunting horn must be straying here and there; flee, flee, you do not know who I am." "So richly adorned are steed and woman, so wondrously beautiful, so wondrously beautiful her young body; now I recognize you--God be with me!--you are the witch Loreley!" "You have recognized me truly, you have recognized me truly; my castle silently gazes deep down into the Rhine from its lofty crag; it is late by now, it is cold by now; you will never find your way out of this forest, never, never out of this forest!"

### **Die Stille [The Quiet Woman]**

No one can know or guess how good I feel, how good! Ah, if only one man knew, only one man--no other human being should know! There is no quiet like this outside in the snow; the stars far above are not so mute and taciturn as my thoughts are. I wish I were a little bird and could fly over the sea, yes, and even farther, until I reached Heaven. No one can know or guess how good I feel, how good! Ah, if only one man knew, only one man no other human being should know, no other human being should know.

### **Mondnacht (Moonlight)**

It was as if the sky had quietly kissed the earth so that she in her flowery glow would dream only of him. The breeze passed through the fields, the ears of grain waved softly, the forests rustled gently, the night was so starry-bright. And my soul spread its wings wide and flew over the quiet countryside as if it were flying homeward.

### **Schöne Fremde [A Beautiful Spot in Foreign Parts]**

The treetops rustle and shudder as if the ancient gods were at this very moment making the rounds along these half-buried walls. Here behind the myrtle trees, in the splendor of a mysterious twilight, why do you speak to me confusedly, as if lost in dreams, you fantastic night?! All the stars twinkle to me with a gaze of ardent love; far-off places speak to me intoxicatedly as of great happiness that is to come!

### **Auf einer Burg [Within the Grounds of a Castle]**

The old knight has fallen asleep at his lookout post up there; over there rain showers pass and the forest rustles through the railing. His beard and hair have taken root, his breastplate and ruff have turned to stone, and he has sat up there in his quiet hermitage for hundreds and hundreds of years. Outside it is quiet and peaceful; everyone has gone down to the valley; solitary forest birds sing in the empty window arches. A wedding party is sailing down there in the sunshine on the Rhine; musicians are playing merrily and the beautiful bride--she is weeping.

### **In der Fremde [In Foreign Parts]**

I hear the brooks splashing here and there in the forest; in the forest, in

the rustling, I don't know where I am. The nightingales are singing here in the solitude as if they wanted to tell something about the beautiful old days! The moonbeams fly as if I saw the castle lying in the valley below, and yet it is so far from here! As if my sweetheart must be waiting for me in the garden full of red and white roses, and yet she has been dead so long, and yet she has been dead so long.

### **Wehmuth [Melancholy]**

It's true, I can sometimes sing as if I were happy; but, in secret, tears well up and that relieves my heart. When spring breezes play outdoors, nightingales let the song of longing pour forth from the crypt of their dungeon. Then all hearts listen and everyone rejoices, but no one feels the pains, the deep sorrow in the song.

### **Zwielicht [Twilight]**

Dusk is about to spread its wings; the trees quiver in alarm; clouds pass overhead like heavy dreams--what is the meaning of this terror? If you have a deer you love above all others, don't let it graze alone; huntsmen roam in the forest blowing their horns, voices wander back and forth. If you have a friend here on earth, don't trust him now; he may show friendship with his eyes and mouth, but he is planning war during this insidious peace. That which sinks in weariness today rises newborn tomorrow. Many things are lost in the night; be on your guard, be watchful and alert!

### **Im Walde [In the Forest]**

A wedding party was passing along the mountainside, and I heard the birds singing when a company of horsemen flashed into view and horns resounded: that was a merry hunt! And before I knew it, every echo had died away. Night covers the world all around; by now, forest rustling is heard only from the mountains, and I shudder in the depths of my heart, and I shudder in the depths of my heart.

### **Frühlingsnacht [Spring Night]**

Over the garden, through the air, I heard migratory birds passing. That is a sign of spring fragrance; down there blossoms are already appearing. I feel like exulting, I feel like weeping; it seems to me that it just can't be! All miracles are once more shining in along with the moonlight. And the moon, the stars say it, and the rustling grove whispers it in its dreams, and the nightingales sing it: "She is yours, she is yours!"

## **Frauenliebe und Leben [Women's Love and Life], Op. 42**

Texts by Adalbert von Chamisso; composed 1840; dedicated to Oswald Lorenz

### **Seit ich ihn gesehen [Since I first saw him]**

Since I first saw him, I have seemed to be blind; wherever I look I see only him. As in a waking dream his image hovers before me and emerges from the deepest darkness all the brighter, all the brighter. Everything else around me is deprived of light and colorless; I no longer desire to join in my sisters' games; I would rather weep silently in my little room.

### **Er der Herrlichste von Allen [He the most splendid of all men]**

He, the most splendid of all men, how gentle he is, how kind! Fine lips, bright eyes, clear mind, and firm spirit. Just like the star, shining and splendid there in the blue, so does he appear in my sky, shining and splendid, noble and distant. Go, go your ways; all I wish is to observe your radiance, merely to observe it humbly, merely to be blissful and sorrowful. Do not hear my quiet prayer, devoted exclusively to your happiness; it is not right for you to know me, a lowly maiden, you lofty star of splendor, lofty star of splendor! Only the worthiest woman of all may justify your choice by bringing you gladness, and I will bless the lofty woman thousands and thousands of times. Then I will rejoice and weep, then I will be blissful, blissful; even if my heart should break--break, my heart, what does it matter?

### **Ich kann's nich fassen nicht glauben [I can't grasp it, can't believe it]**

I can't grasp it, can't believe it; a dream has beguiled me. How could he have chosen poor me from among all women to elevate to his level and to make glad? It seemed to me he said: "I am yours forever." It seemed to me I was still dreaming; after all, it can't possibly be true; after all, it can't possibly be true! Oh, let me die while still in my dream, cradled in his embrace; let me enjoy the most blissful death, drinking tears of infinite pleasure. I can't grasp it, can't believe it; a dream has beguiled me. How could he have chosen poor me from among all women to elevate to his level and to make glad? I can't grasp it, can't believe it; a dream has beguiled me.

### **Du Ring an meinem Finger [You ring on my finger]**

You ring on my finger, my little gold ring, I press you piously to my lips, piously to my lips, to my heart. I had dreamed it to the end, the peacefully beautiful dream of my childhood; I found myself alone, forsaken in an infinite barren space. You ring on my finger, then you began to teach me, you opened my eyes to the infinite, deep value of life. I want to serve him, live for him, belong to him completely, to sacrifice myself and find myself transfigured, and find myself transfigured in his radiance. You ring

on my finger, my little gold ring, I press you piously to my lips, piously to my lips, to my heart!

### **Helft mir, ihr Schwestern [Help me, sisters]**

Sisters, be friendly and help me adorn myself; be of service today to happy me! Busily wind about my forehead the wreath of blossoming myrtle! On other days when I rested, in peace and joyful at heart, in my lover's arms, he would always, with longing in his heart, call impatiently for this day. Help me, sisters, help me dispel a foolish fearfulness, so that I can receive him with clear eyes, him, the fountain of happiness. Have you appeared to me, my loved one? Are you giving me your warmth, O sun? Let me in worship, let me in humility, let me bow down to my lord and master. Strew flowers, sisters, strew flowers for him, bring him budding roses. But you, my sisters, I greet with melancholy as I joyfully depart from your circle, as I joyfully depart from your circle.

### **Süßer Freund [Sweet Friend]**

Sweet friend, you look at me with wondering eyes; you cannot understand how I can weep. Let the unaccustomed adornment of these moist pearls tremble with joyous brightness in my eyes! How fearful my heart is, how filled with bliss, if I only knew how to say it with words! Come and bury your face here on my bosom, and I shall whisper all my pleasure in your ear. Now that you know the tears that I can weep, you shall not see them my beloved, beloved man! Stay here close to my heart, feel its beating, so that I can press you closer and closer to me, close and closer! Here by my bed, there is room for the cradle, where it can quietly shelter my sweet dream; the morning will come when the dream awakens and from it, your likeness will smile at me, your likeness!

### **An meinem Herz [On my heart]**

On my heart, on my breast, you my bliss, you my bliss, you my pleasure! Happiness is love, love is happiness; that's what I say and I won't take it back. I esteemed myself excessively, but now I am happier than happy. Only the woman who nurses her child, only the woman who loves the child to whom she gives nourishment, only a mother knows what it means to love and to be happy. Oh, how sorry I feel for the man since he cannot feel the happiness of motherhood! You dear, dear angel, you look at me and smile as you do so! On my heart, on my breast, you my pleasure!

### **Du hast du mir den ersten Schmerz gethan [Now for the first time you have given me pain]**

Now for the first time you have given me pain, but a pain that struck its mark! You hard, merciless man, you are sleeping the sleep of death. The forsaken woman just sits and stares; the world is empty, is empty. I

have loved and lived; I am not alive anymore. I withdraw silently within myself; the veil falls. There I have you and my lost happiness, you my universe!

**THE CSUSB OPERA THEATRE** is an auditioned ensemble that stages a major opera production on campus every year. The innovative, modern, and zany adaptations of both standard operatic repertoire and new operatic works that have been produced by the CSUSB Opera Theatre have led to sold-out performances, as well as rave reviews across the Inland Empire community. Past productions include Offenbach's *Monsieur Choufleuri*, Bernstein's *Trouble in Tahiti*, Humperdinck's *Hänsel und Gretel*, Mozart's *Impresario* and *Così fan Tutte*, *Maria de Buenos Aires* by Astor Piazzolla, *Monkey See Monkey Do*, *Tango*, *Concert Suite from Frida*, *La Curandera* by Robert Xavier Rodríguez and their acclaimed Quentin Tarantino inspired production of Donizetti's *Don Pasquale*. CSUSB Opera Theatre produced the first abridged university production of Philip Glass' *Einstein on the Beach* featuring an all-Hispanic cast. Recent productions include a film adaptation of Missy Mazzoli's *Song from the Uproar* and an original staging of John Adams' *I was Looking at the Ceiling and Then I Saw the Sky*. Collaborators of the CSUSB Opera Theatre have included dancer/choreographer Faith Jensen-Ismay of the critically acclaimed San Diego-based dance company Mojalet Dance Collective, Brightwork newmusic, GRAMMY-winning pianist Nadia Shpachenko, the lotusflower new music project, Southern California-based conductors John Mario, Anthony Parnter and Kosta Popovich, Emmy-winning designer Jacqueline Saint-Anne as well as several CSUSB faculty and alumni. The CSUSB Opera Theatre is a proud seven-time recipient of the City of San Bernardino Fine Arts Commission grant and the National Endowment for the Arts.

Laura Cifuentes, soprano  
David Henry, baritone, dancer  
Kellen McNeil, baritone, bassoon  
Gabriel Orozco, tenor  
Cassandra Perez, soprano  
Christian Quevedo, tenor  
Monica Sanchez, mezzo-soprano  
Eve Silieazar, mezzo-soprano, dancer



Alastair Edmonstone, Music Director and Collaborative Pianist  
Stacey Fraser, Artistic Director  
Terrill Corletto, Guest Choreographer