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Lecture Recital: Libby Larsen's Love After 1950: A Modern "Frauenliebe"

Ivy Walz

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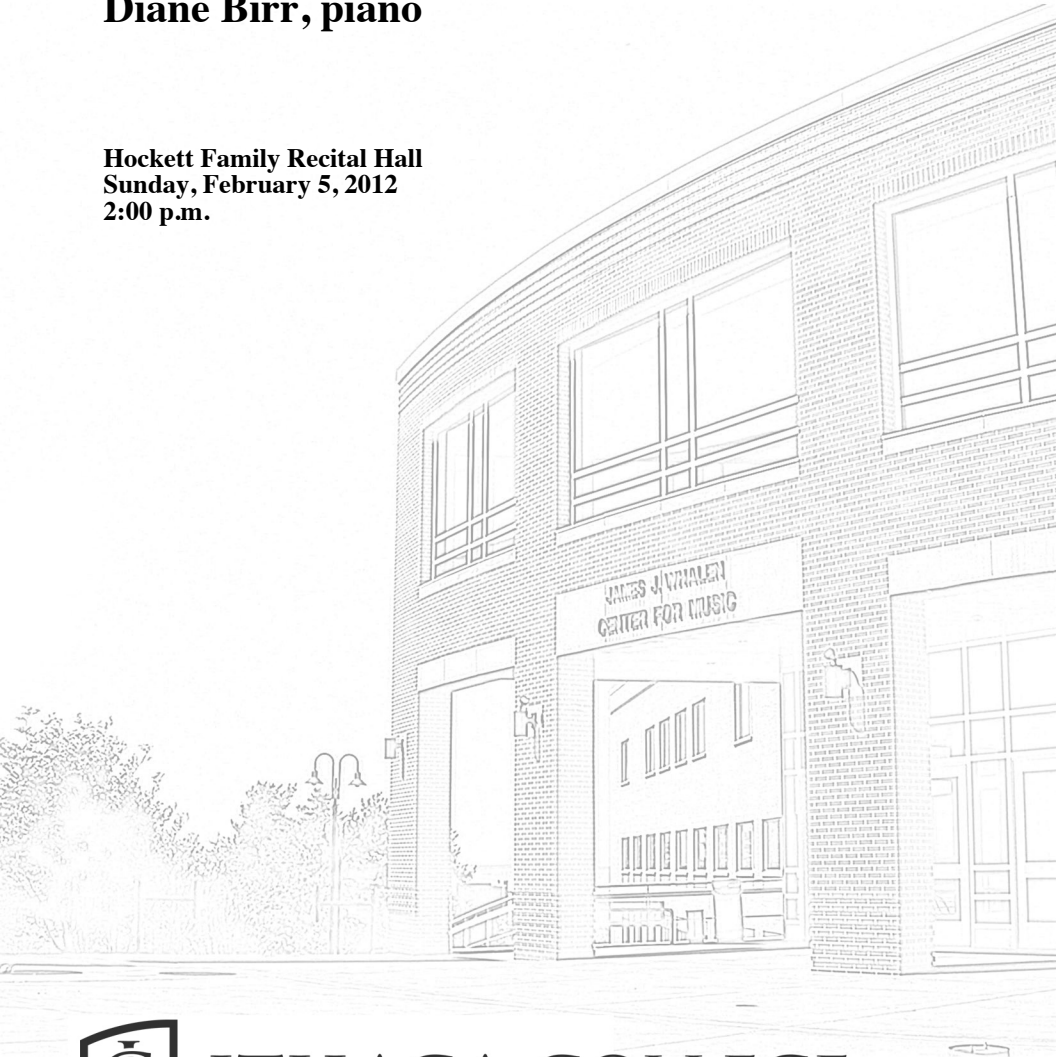
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Lecture Recital:

**Libby Larsen's Love After 1950:
A Modern "Frauenliebe"**

**Ivy Walz, mezzo-soprano
Diane Birr, piano**

**Hockett Family Recital Hall
Sunday, February 5, 2012
2:00 p.m.**



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Lecture

Libby Larsen's Love After 1950: A Modern "Frauenliebe"

Intermission

Recital

Frauenliebe und Leben

Seit ich ihn gesehen

Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben

Süßter Freund

Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan

Robert Schumann

(1810-1856)

Love After 1950

Boy's Lips (a blues)

Blonde men (a torch song)

Big Sister says, 1967 (a honky-tonk)

The empty song (a tango)

I make my magic (Isadora's dance)

Libby Larsen

(b. 1950)

Texts and Translations

Frauenliebe und Leben Adalbert von Chamisso

-1-

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

-1-

Since I saw him
I believe myself to be blind,
Wherever I look,
I see him alone.
As in a waking dream
his image floats before me,
out of the deepest darkness,
it rises ever more brightly.

All else dark and colorless
In anything around me,
for the games of my sisters
I no longer yearn,
I would rather weep,
silently in my little chamber,
since I saw him,
I believe myself to be blind.

-2-

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 deinen Schein,

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

-2-

He, the noblest of all—
how kind, good!
Fine lips, clear eyes,
Bright soul and strong spirit.

As yonder in the deep blue
That bright and glorious star
So is he in my heaven,
Bright and glorious, high and
distant.

Go, go your way:
Only let me contemplate your
brilliance,
Only in humility consider it,
Only be blest and melancholy!

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,
Segnen viele tausendmal.

Will mich freuen dann und weinen,
Selig, selig bin ich dann,
Sollte mir das Herz auch brechen

Brich, O, Herz, was liegt daran!

-3-

Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht
glauben,
Es hat ein Traum mich bertückt;
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.

Do not listen to my quiet prayer.
Dedicated only to your good
fortune;

Take no notice of me, the lowly
maid,
O high and splendid star!

Only the worthiest of all
Shall be favored by your choice;
And I will bless the exalted one,
Bless her many thousand times.

I will rejoice, then, weep,
For then I am happy—happy!
Even though my heart should
break—
Break, o heart, what can it matter!

-3-

I cannot grasp or believe it;
I am beguiled by a dream.
How could he, from among them all,
Have exalted and blessed so lowly
one as I?

It seemed to me—he spoke:
"I am yours forever"—

It seemed to me—I am still
dreaming.

It cannot ever be so.

O let me perish in my dream,
Lulled upon his breast!
Let me relish the most blessed death
In the endless happiness of tears.

-4-

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

Ich hatt ihn ausgeträumet,
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 meinem Blick erschlossen
Des Lebens unendlichen, tiefen
Wert.

Ich werd' 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
Dich fromm an das Herze mein.

-5-

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,
Dem Geliebten im Arme lag,
Immer noch rief er,

-4-

O ring upon my finger,
My little golden ring,
I press you devoutly on my lips,
Devoutly to my heart.

I had done with dreaming
The peaceful dream of childhood;
Only to find myself lost
In endless desert space.

O ring upon my finger,
It was you who first taught me,
Revealed to my sight
The infinite value of life.

I will serve him, live for him,
Belong to him entirely,
Give myself and find
Myself transfigured in his light.

O ring upon my finger,
My little golden ring,
I press you devoutly to my lips,
Devoutly to my heart.

-5-

Help me, sisters,
Please to adorn myself,
Serve me, the happy one, today.
Busily wind
Around my forehead
The blossoming myrtle wreath.

As I lay peacefully,
Happy in heart,
In my beloved's arms,
He was always crying out

Sehnsucht im Herzen,
Ungeduldig den heutigen Tag.

Helft mir, ihr Schwestern,
Helft mir verschleichen
Eine törichte Bangigkeit,
Daß ich mit klarem
Aug ihn empfangen,
Ihn, die Quelle der Freudigkeit.

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

Streuet ihm, Schwestern,
Streuet ihm Blumen,
Bringt ihm knospende Rosen dar,
Aber euch, Schwestern,
Grüß ich mit Wehmut
Freudig scheidend aus eurer Schar.

-6-

Süßer Freund, du blickest
Mich verwundert an,
Kannst es nicht begreifen,
Wie ich weinen kann;
Laß der feuchten Perlen
Ungewohnte Zier
Freudenhell erzittern
In den Auge mir

Wie so bang mein Busen,
Wie so wonnevoll!
Wußt ich nur mit Worten, Wie ich's
sagen soll;
Komm und birg dein Antlitz
Hier an meiner Brust,
Will in's Ohr dir flüstern

With longing in his heart,
Impatient for this day.

Help me, sisters,
Help me to banish
A foolish anxiety,
So that I may with clear eye
Receive him,
Him, the source of my happiness.

When you beloved,
Appeared to me,
O sun, did you give me your light?
Let me in devotion,
Let me in humility
Bow before my lord.

Scatter flowers before him,
Sisters,
Bring him the budding roses.
But sisters,
I greet you with sweet melancholy
As I happily leave your group.

-6-

Dear friend, you look
At me in astonishment.
You don't understand
How I can weep;
Leave the moist pearls—
Unwonted ornament—
To glisten, bright with happiness,
On my eye.

How anxious I am,
How full of delight!
If only I had the words
To say it;
Come and bury your face
Here on my breast,

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 und fester
Nur dich drücken mag.

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 entgegen lacht.

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 entgegen lacht.

-7-

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 übergücklich aber jetzt.

Into your ear I will whisper
All my happiness.

Now do you understand the tears,
That I can weep?
Ought you not see them,
dearest man?
Rest upon my heart,
Feel its beat, and nearer and nearer
Let me draw you.

Here by my bed
Is place for the cradle
Which shall quietly hide
My lovely dream.
The morning will come
When the dream awakens,
And from it your image
Will smile at me.

-7-

Upon my heart, upon my bosom,
Oh my joy, oh my rapture!

Happiness is love, love is happiness,
I have said it before and I don't take
it back.

I have thought myself over-happy,
But I am over-happy now.

Nur die da säugt, 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!

-8-

Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz
getan,
Der aber traf.
Du schläfst, 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!

Only she who gives suck, only she
who loves
The child to whom she gives
nourishment,

Only a mother knows
What it is to love and to be
fortunate.

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

You look at me and smile,
You dear, dear angel!

-8-

Now you have hurt me for the first
time—
Really hurt me.
You sleep, you hard, pitiless man,
The sleep of death.
The forsaken one looks before her—
The world is void.
I have loved and lived—I am
No longer alive.

I withdraw silently within myself,
The veil falls,
There I have you and my lost
happiness,
You my world!

Boy's Lips
Rita Dove

In water-heavy nights behind grandmother's porch
We knelt in the tickling grasses and whispered:
Linda's face hung before us, pale as a pecan,
And it grew wise as she said:
"A boy's lips are soft
As soft as baby's skin."
The air closed over her words.
A firefly whirred near my ear, and in the distance
I could hear the streetlamps ping
Into miniature suns
Against a feathery sky.

Blonde Men
Julie Kane

I think I ought to warn you
that I hate blonde men
before you break your heart.

I hate the greenish gold
of their eyebrows and lashes,
how they shatter the sun into rainbows.

And their eyes:
like a long drink of water.
That clear and that cold.

Worse than the eyes
is the blonde hair
the shock of a bright blonde head
slanting above me like a sunbeam
on the covers of my dark blue bed.

Big Sister says, 1967
Kathryn Daniels

Beauty hurts, big sister says,
yanking a hank of my lanky hair
around black wire-mesh rollers
whose inside bristles prick my scalp
like so many pins. She says I better
sleep with them in.
She plucks, tweezes, glides razor
blades over tender armpit skin,
slathers downy legs with stinking
depilatory cream, presses straight lashes
bolt upright with a medieval looking

padded metal clamp. Looking good
hurts, Beryl warns. It's hard work
when you're not born beautiful.

The Empty Song
Liz Lohead

Today saw the last of my Spanish shampoo.
Lasted an age now that sharing with you,
such a thing of the past is.
Giant Size. The brand
was always a compromise.
My new one's tailored exactly to my needs.
Non-spill. Protein-rich.
Feeds Body, promises to solve my problem hair.
Sweetheart, these days it's hard to care,
But oh oh insomniac moonlight
how unhoneyed is my middle of the night.
I could see you
far enough. Beyond me
how we'll get back together.
Campsites in Spain, moonlight,
heavy weather.
Today saw the end of my Spanish shampoo,
the end of my third month without you.

I Make My Magic
Muriel Rukeyser

I make my magic
of forgotten things:
night and nightmare and the midnight wings
of childhood butterflies—
and the darkness, the straining dark
underwater and under sleep—
night and a heartbreak try to keep
myself, until before my eyes
the morning sunlight pours
and I am clear of all chains
and the magic now that rains
down around me is
a sunlight magic,
I come to a sunlight magic,
yours.

Upcoming Events

February

- 7 - Hockett - 7:00pm - Faculty Showcase
- 10 - Hockett - 7:00pm - Kelly Covert, flute
- 11 - Ford - 4:00pm - Ithaca College Concerts: Cantus masterclass
- 11 - Ford - 8:15pm - Ithaca College Concerts: Cantus
- 12 - Ford - 3:00pm - Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra
- 21 - Hockett - 7:00pm - Eufonix Quartet
- 23 - Hockett - 7:00pm - Mia Hynes, piano
- 24 - Hockett - 3:00pm - Mia Hynes, piano masterclass
- 24 - Ford - 8:15pm - Black History Month Concert
- 27 - Hockett - 7:00pm - Composition Premieres III
- 28 - Ford - 8:15pm - Symphonic Band
- 29 - Ford - 8:15pm - Concert Band

March

- 2 - Hockett - 3:00pm - Mary Hayes North Competition for Senior Piano Majors
- 2 - Ford - 8:15pm - Percussion Ensembles
- 4 - Ford - 4:00pm - Symphony Orchestra
- 4 - Hockett - 7:00pm - Patrice Pastore, soprano; Diane Birr, piano
- 5 - Ford - 8:15pm - Jazz Ensemble
- 6 - Nabenhauer - 4:00pm - Masterclass: Joe Alessi, trombone
- 6 - Hockett - 7:00pm - Louis K. Thaler Concert Violinist Series: Brian Lewis, masterclass
- 6 - Ford - 8:15pm - Brass Choir/Women's Chorale
- 7 - Ford - 8:15pm - Louis K. Thaler Concert Violinist Series: Brian Lewis, violin
- 8 - Ford - 8:15pm - Wind Ensemble
- 10 - Ford - 8:00pm - Cayuga Chamber Orchestra