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Michaela Wade, Mezzo-Soprano, Junior Voice Recital

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THE CEDARVILLE UNIVERSITY
MUSIC AND WORSHIP DEPARTMENT

PRESENTS THE

JUNIOR VOICE RECITAL
OF

MICHAELA WADE, MEZZO-SOPRANO
AUDREY RUTT, PIANO

FRIDAY, APRIL 8, 2016, 5 P.M.

- Frauenliebe und-Leben*, Op. 42 Robert Schumann
(1810–1856)
1. Seit ich ihn gesehen
 2. Er, der Herrlichste von allen
 3. Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben
 4. Du Ring an meinem Finger
 5. Helft mir, ihr Schwestern
 6. Süßer Freund, du blickest
 7. An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust
 8. Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan

Michaela is a student of Mark Spencer.

This recital presented in partial fulfillment of the
Bachelor of Arts in music degree.

TRANSLATIONS

Seit ich ihn gesehen

Since I saw him I believe I must be blind: wherever I happen to look I see only him; his image hovers before me as if in a waking dream, his image rises up, brighter and ever brighter, out of the deepest darkness. Everything else all around me is without light and color, I have no longer any interest in my sisters' games; I would rather weep quietly in my little room; since I saw him I believe I must be blind.

Er, der Herrlichste von allen

He, the noblest of men, how gentle he is, how good! Lovely lips, bright eyes, a clear mind, and firm courage. Like that star there, bright and glorious in the blue depths of the sky, He, in my heaven, is bright and glorious, exalted, and far above me. Follow, follow your course; just to look at your light, just to look at it in humility, is to be both blissful and sad! Do not hear my quiet prayer, consecrated only to your happiness; you should not know me, an insignificant girl, you lofty, glorious star! Your choice should only make happy the worthiest of women, and I shall bless that exalted one many thousand times. I shall rejoice then, and weep; I shall be blissful then; and even if my heart should break—go on and break, my heart! What does it matter? He, the noblest of men...how gentle he is, how good!

Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben

I can't grasp it, can't believe it; a dream must have beguiled me; why, out of all women, would he have chosen *me* to honor and bless? It seemed to me that he may have said: "I am yours forever"; it seemed to me—I must be dreaming, it surely can never be so. Oh let me die in that dream, lulled against his breast, let me sip a blissful death in tears of endless delight. I can't grasp it, can't believe it...a dream must have beguiled me.

Du Ring an meinem Finger

You ring on my finger, my little golden ring, I press you devoutly to my lips, to my heart. I had dreamed it to its end, the peacefully beautiful dream of childhood; I found myself alone, lost in an empty, endless space. You ring on my finger, you have just taught me something: you have opened my eyes to the infinitely deep value of life. I want to serve him, to live for him, to belong to him completely, to give myself to him, and to find myself transfigured in his radiance. You ring on my finger, my little golden ring, I press you devoutly to my lips, to my heart.

Helft mir, ihr Schwestern

Help me, sisters, be so kind and help me to adorn myself, serve me, the happy woman, today. Carefully bind the ornament of blooming myrtle around my forehead. When I used to lie contented, and joyous at heart, in the arms of my beloved, he was always impatiently calling for this day to come, his heart filled with desire. Help me, sisters, help me rid my mind of a silly anxiety, so that I can receive him, the source of my joyousness, with clear eyes. Have you appeared before me, my beloved, to give me, my sun, your light? Let me bow to my lord in devotion and in humility. Scatter flowers for him, sisters, present him with budding roses. But I bid you a melancholy farewell, my sisters, as I nevertheless joyously leave your ranks.

Süßer Freund, du blickest

Sweet friend, you look at me with astonishment; you can't understand how I can weep; let the unaccustomed ornament of moist pearls tremble joyfully and brightly in my eyes. How anxious my heart is, and how blissful! If I only knew how to say it in words; come and hide your face here on my breast, I want to whisper all my pleasure into your ear. Do you know the reason for the tears that I can weep? Should you not see them, you beloved, beloved man? Stay there near my heart, feel it beating, so that I may press you to me closer and closer! Here by my bed there is room for the cradle, where it may quietly shelter my lovely dream; the morning will come when the dream awakes, and from the cradle your image smiles up at me,—your image!

An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust

At my heart, at my breast, you my bliss, you my joy! The happiness is the love, the love is the happiness, I have said it and will not take it back. I thought I was rapturous before, but I am even more supremely happy now. Only she who nurses her baby, only she who loves the child to whom she is giving nourishment, only a *mother* knows what it means to love and to be happy. Oh how sorry I feel for a man that he cannot feel the happiness of being a mother! You dear, dear angel you, you look at me and smile as you do! At my heart, at my breast, you my bliss, you my joy!

Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan

Now you have hurt me for the first time—but the blow struck deep. You sleep the sleep of death, you hard, uncompassionate man. The woman you have left behind peers at the future and sees an empty world before her. I have loved and I have lived; I am no longer alive. I quietly draw into my inner self; the veil falls; there I have you and my lost happiness, you who were my world!