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### Cindy Dvirnak Schultz in a Faculty Recital

Cindy Dvirnak Schultz

*Ouachita Baptist University*

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**OUACHITA BAPTIST UNIVERSITY**

**School of Music**

**FACULTY RECITAL**

**CINDY DVIRNAK SCHULTZ**

**Mezzo-Soprano**

**Russell Hodges, piano**

**Ralph Rauch, flute**

**Thursday, January 27, 1977**

**8:00 P.M.**

**Mabee Fine Arts Center Recital Hall**

# PROGRAM

## I

Frauenliebe und Leben, Op. 42

Robert Schumann  
(1810-1856)

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, du blickest  
An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust  
Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz gethan

## II

Der Hirt auf dem Felsen, Op. 129

Franz Schubert  
(1797-1828)

# INTERMISSION

## III

Three Songs

Charles Ives  
(1874-1954)

Two Little Flowers  
The Greatest Man  
Where The Eagle

## IV

From the Biblical Songs, Op. 99

Antonín Dvořák  
(1841-1904)

Clouds and Darkness  
Lord, Thou Art My Refuge  
God is My Shepherd  
Turn Thee to Me  
Sing Ye a Joyful Song

## V

Parto, parto  
from La Clemenza di Tito

Wolfgang Mozart  
(1756-1791)

# PROGRAM NOTES

## Frauenliebe und Leben (A Woman's love and life)

### SEIT ICH IHN GESEHEN (Since I first saw him)

Since I first saw him I have been blind to all else. I see only him, wherever I go, by day in vision, by night in a dream made brighter still by the darkness.

All else is dark and grey; I have no heart for my sisters' games, I would rather sit and weep all alone in my room, blind to all else since I first saw him.

### ER, DER HERRLICHSTE VON ALLEN (He, the best of all)

He is the finest of all men; how gentle and loving he is; sweet lips, bright eyes, clear head, true heart. As stars shine in the blue depths of the sky, so he is a star in my sky, bright and glorious, high and far.

Go on your way, just let me gaze on your brightness; humbly to think of that is all my sorrow and all my joy. Heed not my silent prayer said for your happiness; you must not know so lowly a maid as I, you high and bright star.

Only the finest of all women is worthy of your choice; and she shall have my thousandfold blessing. And I shall be glad and joyful, though I weep; what matter if my heart should break?

### ICH KANN'S NICHT FASSEN, NICHT GLAUBEN (I can not, dare not believe it)

I cannot fathom it, cannot believe it; I must be dreaming. How from among all women, could he possibly have chosen to honour and bless me?

I thought I heard him say "I am yours for ever," but I must still be dreaming, it cannot be true.

Oh, let me die in this dream, cradled in his arms; what bliss so to die, in tears of endless joy.

### DURING AN MEINEM FINGER (Thou Ring upon my Finger)

Ring on my finger, dear golden ring, I press you devoutly to my lips, to my heart.

I woke from the peaceful dream of childhood and found myself alone in the wide world. But you, ring on my finger, have opened my eyes to the real truth of life.

I shall live to serve him, to be his alone, surrender myself and become transfigured in the light of his love.

### HELFT MIR, IHR SCHWESTERN (Help me, oh Sisters)

Help me, my sisters, with my bridal wreath, tend me on this my happiest of days; twine the myrtle blossom about my brow.

When I lay happily in my loved one's arms he would always tell me how impatiently he longed for the dawn of our wedding-day.

Help me, dear sisters, help me to dispel my foolish fears; let me receive him, the source of all my joy.

And are you here, my love? Sun, do you shine? Let me bow to my Lord in all reverence and humility.

Spread flowers for him, sisters, offer him rosebuds. But to you, my sisters, I bid a sad farewell, though I leave you with joy.

“  
SÜSSER FREUND, DU BLICKEST  
(Sweet my friend, thou viewest)

Dear friend, you look at me in surprise, you cannot understand why I weep. Let the unaccustomed glory of wet pearls quiver in my eyes, for they shine with joy. How anxious my heart feels, yet how blissful; if only I knew how to say it in words. Come and hide your face here on my breast, let me whisper all my joy. Now do you know why I am crying? Should you not see my tears, my beloved husband? Stay by my heart, feel how it beats; let me hold close, closer.

Here by my bedside there is room for a cradle, silently hiding my blissful dream; and one morning the dream will wake and look at me laughing with your eyes. Your eyes!

AN MEINEM HERZEN, AN MEINER BRUST  
(Here on my bosom, here on my heart)

On my heart, at my breast, my child, my joy. Happiness is love, love is happiness; so I have always said and so I say still. I once thought myself boundlessly happy, but now I truly am. Only a woman loving the child at her breast, only a mother can know the real meaning of love and happiness. How I pity a man, who cannot know the joy a mother has.

You dear angel, looking at me and laughing: come to my heart, my breast, my child, my joy.

NUN HAST DU MIR DEN ERSTEN SCHMERZ GETHAN  
(Now for the first time you have given me pain)

Now for the first time you have hurt me, but this hurt is grievous; hard, pitiless man, you are sleeping the sleep of death.

Left all alone, I survey an empty world. I have lived and loved, and now my life is done. I draw silently into my inmost soul; the veil falls. There I have you and my past happiness, you my whole world!

Der Hirt auf dem Felsen  
(The Shepherd on the Rock)

When I stand on the highest rock and look down into the deep valley, and sing and sing; faintly, from the deep, dark valley the echo returns.

The stronger my voice, the more ringing is the echo from below. My loved one lives so far from me that I long passionately to be with her.

I am consumed by deep grief, my joy is gone, my hope is gone on earth. I am so lonely here. So longing the song rang through the forest and the night; it pulls hearts to heaven with wonderful power.

Spring waits to burst forth — the spring is my joy and I prepare to wander.

La Clemenza di Tito  
(The Clemency of Titus)

*In August, 1791, three months before his death, Mozart wrote his last opera seria, *La Clemenza di Tito*, for the coronation of Leopold II as King of Bohemia.*

*This particular aria is from Act I where Sextus is agreeing to help Vitellia, the woman he loves, to avenge Tito, the Roman emperor, who has rejected Vitellia in favor of another woman.*

I go, but you, my love, return with me in peace; I shall be what pleases you most, I shall do whatever you want.

Look at me, and I forget everything, and I fly to avenge you, only of your look shall I think.

Ah, you Gods! What power you gave to beauty.