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4-7-2023

### Lenten Liderabend: Songs of Loss, Longing, and Hope

Liesl Mindeman Dromi  
*John Brown University*

Ryan Ransdell

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#### Recommended Citation

Dromi, Liesl Mindeman and Ransdell, Ryan, "Lenten Liderabend: Songs of Loss, Longing, and Hope" (2023). *Guest Artist Concert Performances, Programs, and Posters*. 190.  
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*Lenten Liederabend*  
Songs of Loss, Longing, and Hope

Liesl Mindeman Dromi, soprano  
Ryan Ransdell, piano

# Program

Abendempfindung, K. 523

W. A. Mozart

Almighty and everlasting God, you hate nothing you have made and forgive the sins of all who are penitent: Create and make in us new and contrite hearts, that we, worthily lamenting our sins and acknowledging our wretchedness, may obtain of you, the God of all mercy, perfect remission and forgiveness; through Jesus Christ our Lord, who lives and reigns with you and the Holy Spirit, one God, for ever and ever. Amen.

Remember that you are dust, and to dust you shall return.

*Book of Common Prayer, from the liturgy for Ash Wednesday*

Mignons Gesang (Kennst du das Land), D. 321

Franz Schubert

So lasst mich scheinen, D. 877, no. 3

Auf dem Wasser zu singen, D. 774

Im Abendrot, D. 799

Does the road wind up-hill all the way?

Yes, to the very end.

Will the day's journey take the whole long day?

From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place?

A roof for when the slow dark hours begin.

May not the darkness hide it from my face?

You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?

Those who have gone before.

Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?

They will not keep you standing at that door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?

Of labour you shall find the sum.

Will there be beds for me and all who seek?

Yea, beds for all who come.

*Christina Rossetti, "Up-Hill"*

**Sechs Lieder, Op. 13**

**Clara Wieck Schumann**

1. Ich stand in dunklen Träumen
2. Sie liebten sich beide
3. Liebeszauber
4. Der Mond kommt still gegangen
5. Ich hab' in deinen Auge
6. Die stille Lotosblume

I said to my soul, be still, and wait without hope  
For hope would be hope for the wrong thing; wait without love,  
For love would be love of the wrong thing; there is yet faith  
But the faith and the love and the hope are all in the waiting.  
Wait without thought, for you are not ready for thought:  
So the darkness shall be the light, and the stillness the dancing.  
Whisper of running streams, and winter lightning.  
The wild thyme unseen and the wild strawberry,  
The laughter in the garden, echoed ecstasy  
Not lost, but requiring, pointing to the agony  
Of death and birth.

*T.S. Eliot, from "East Coker"*

**Selections from Brentano Lieder, Op. 68**

**Richard Strauss**

1. An die Nacht
2. Ich wollt ein Sträusslein binden
3. Säusle, liebe Myrthe

This is what the Lord says—  
he who made a way through the sea,  
a path through the mighty waters,  
who drew out the chariots and horses,  
the army and reinforcements together,  
and they lay there, never to rise again,  
extinguished, snuffed out like a wick:  
"Forget the former things;  
do not dwell on the past.  
See, I am doing a new thing!  
Now it springs up; do you not perceive it?  
I am making a way in the wilderness  
and streams in the wasteland.

*Isaiah 43: 16-19*

**Morgen, Op. 27, no. 4**

**Richard Strauss**

And for the tender love that our good Lord hath to all that shall be saved, He comforteth readily and sweetly, signifying thus: It is true that sin is cause of all this pain; but all shall be well, and all shall be well, and all manner of thing shall be well.

*St. Julian of Norwich*

# Translations

## **Abendempfindung** (Evening Feeling)

It is evening, the sun has vanished  
And the moon shines in silver luster;  
So too flies life's precious hours,  
Flying away as if in a dance.  
Soon the curtain will close  
On life's colorful scene.

Our play is over! Our friends' tears  
Already flow upon our grave.  
Soon, perhaps—a soft western breeze,  
A quiet foreboding comes over me—  
I will end this life's pilgrimage  
And fly to the land of rest.

If you will then weep by my grave,  
Mournfully gazing on my ashes,  
Then, oh friend, will I appear to you  
And will bring you a breath of heaven.

Give me but a small tear  
And pluck a little violet for my grave,  
And with your heartfelt gaze  
Look kindly on me below.

Dedicate to me but one tear, and ah!  
Be not ashamed so to give it,  
Oh it will be the most beautiful pearl  
In my heavenly crown.

## **Mignons Gesang** (Mignon's Song)

Know you that land, where the lemon trees  
bloom,  
Where among dark leaves the golden oranges  
glow,  
A gentle wind from blue heaven wafts,  
The myrtle stands silent and the laurel grows  
tall?  
Do you know it well?

There! There would I go with you, my beloved!

Know you that house? Its roof rests on pillars,  
Its gleaming hall, its shimmering rooms,  
And marble statues stand and gaze upon me:  
"What have they done to you, you poor child?"  
Do you know it well?

There! There would I go with you, my protec-  
tor!

Know you the mountain, with its foggy path?  
The mule seeks its way among the mist;  
In its caves dwells the dragon's old brood;  
There the waterfall crashes over the cliff.  
Do you know it well?

There! There lies our path! Oh father, let us go!

## **So lasst mich scheinen** (So Let Me Seem)

So let me seem, until I become fully;  
Do not take the white dress from me!  
I hurry now from the lovely earth  
Down to that dark dwelling.

There will I rest a little while,  
And upon opening my eyes anew,  
I will leave behind the spotless dress,  
The sash and the wreath.

And the heavenly beings  
Do not ask whether you are a man or a woman,  
And no clothing, no robes  
Will cover my transfigured body.

Truly I have lived without much care or toil,  
Yet I have felt enough deep pain,  
I have aged too quickly from sorrow;  
Make me again forever young!

**Auf dem Wasser zu singen**  
(To Be Sung on the Water)

Amid the shimmer of the reflecting waves  
Glides the swaying rowboat like a swan;  
Ah, on the bright, gentle waves of joy,  
The soul glides along just like the boat.  
Then, shining down from heaven onto the waves  
The sunset dances all around the boat.

Over the treetops, the westward grove  
Beckons to us kindly in the ruddy light;  
Under the branches in the eastern grove  
The calamus murmurs in the ruddy light;  
With joy from heaven and peace from the groves,  
The soul can breathe in the reddening light.

Ah, the time vanishes away from me  
On dewy wings, over the rocking waves.  
Time flies away from me on shimmering wing,  
Morning fades again like it did yesterday,  
Until I myself also fly away on radiant wings.

**Im Abendrot**  
(At Sunset)

Oh how beautiful is your world, Father,  
When it shines in golden light!  
When your glory descends  
And transforms dust to shimmer,  
When the red glow gleams from the clouds,  
All silently framed in my window.

How could I complain? How could I be afraid?  
How could I be doubtful about you and me?  
No, I already carry your Heaven  
Within my heart always.  
And this heart, before it faints,  
Will drink in and savor the fading light.

**Ich stand in dunklen Traumen**  
(I Stood in Dark Dreams)

I stood in dark dreams and stared at her portrait,  
And her beloved face seemed to secretly come to life.  
A little smile crept over her lips,  
And melancholy tears glistened in her eyes.  
My tears also began to flow down my cheeks,  
And ah! I cannot believe that I have lost you.

**Sie liebten sich beide**  
(They Loved Each Other)

They loved each other, but neither  
Wanted to confess it.  
They regarded each other coldly,  
And would rather die of love.

They parted in the end, and met each other  
Only sometimes in dreams.  
They had long since passed away,  
But seemed to hardly know it.

**Liebeszauber**  
(Love Magic)

Love sang out like a nightingale  
In the rosebush;  
It sent the wondrously sweet sound  
Out into the green forest.

And as it sang, all around there arose  
A fragrance like a thousand flowers,  
And all the treetops rustled softly,  
And gently moved the air.

The brooks became quiet,  
And hardly splashed at all,  
The fawns stood as if in a trance  
And listened to the song.

And brighter and ever brighter  
The sunshine poured down;  
About the blossoms, forest, and gorge  
The golden-red glow covered all.

I also walked along the path  
And heard the song.  
Ah, since that hour my song  
Has only been its echo.

**Der Mond kommt still gegangen**  
(The Moon Comes Silently Rising)

The moon comes, silently rising  
In its golden light  
The weary earth sleeps  
In lovely splendor.

And on the breeze,  
Over the slumbering town,  
Float the many loving thoughts  
From many faithful minds.

And down in the valley  
My love's window sparkles;  
But I, out in the darkness,  
Silently gaze out into the world.

**Ich hab' in deinem Auge**  
(I Have Seen in Your Eyes)

I have seen in your eyes  
The ray of eternal love,  
I have seen on your cheeks  
The roses of heaven.

And as the ray in your eyes expires  
And as the roses scatter,  
Their lingering image remains  
In my heart forever fresh.

And never will I again look upon your cheeks  
And never will I again gaze into your eyes,  
Never will I behold the roses  
Or receive the ray of love.

**Die stille Lotosblume**  
(The Silent Lotus Flower)

The silent lotus flower  
Rises out of the blue sea,  
Its petals glitter and glow,  
Its cup is white like snow.

The moon pours down  
All its golden light from heaven,  
Sends all of its beams  
Into the lotus's heart.

In the water, circling around the flower,  
A white swan swims;  
It sings so sweetly, so softly,  
And gazes upon the flower.

It sings so sweetly, so softly,  
And wishes as it sings to die.  
O blossom, white blossom,  
Can you understand its song?

**An die Nacht**  
(To the Night)

Holy night!  
Peaceful star-encrusted sky!  
Everything that the light had divided  
Is now united,  
All wounds  
Bleed sweetly in the evening glow.

Belobog's spear  
Sinks into the heart of the drunken earth,  
With raptured gesture  
Dips a rose  
In the womb  
Of dark breezes.

Holy Night! Demure bride!  
Hide away your bashful shame,  
When the wedding goblet's fullness  
Is poured out,  
Thus into the lustful night  
Flows the day.

Holy night! Demure bride!  
Holy Night!

**Ich wollt ein Sträußlein binden**  
(I Meant to Gather a Bouquet)

I meant to gather a bouquet,  
But then the dark night came,  
And no flowers were to be found,  
Otherwise I would have brought it to you.

Then tears fell down my cheeks onto the  
clover.  
A flower sprang up, I now see it in the garden,  
I meant to pluck it for you, there in the dark  
clover,  
When all of the sudden it began to speak.  
"Ah, do not hurt me!  
Have a friendly heart,  
Consider your own suffering and do not let me  
Die in pain before my time!"

And had it not spoken thus  
All alone in the garden,  
I would have plucked it for you,  
But now that cannot be.

My sweetheart is far away from me,  
I am utterly alone,  
In loving dwells sadness,  
And it cannot ever be otherwise.

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*St. Julian of Norwich*



**Säusle, liebe Myrthe**  
(Rustle, Lovely Myrtle)

Rustle, lovely myrtle!  
How quiet it is in the world,  
The moon, the star-shepherd  
Drives the cloud-sheep in the clear heaven-field  
To the fountain of light.

Sleep my friend, oh sleep  
Until I am near you again.

Rustle, dear myrtle  
And dream in the starlight,  
The turtledove is cooing to her brood,  
The cloud-sheep silently proceed  
To the fountain of light.

Sleep my friend, oh sleep  
Until I am near you again.

Do you hear the fountains splashing?  
Do you hear the crickets chirping?  
Hush, hush, let us listen,  
Happy are they who die in dreams.

Happy are they who are cradled in the clouds,  
When the moon sings a lullaby!  
Oh how blissfully they fly,  
They that dream on fluttering wings,  
They that from the blue arc of heaven  
May pluck stars like flowers.

Sleep, dream, fly,  
I will wake you up soon  
And you will be happy

Rustle, dear myrtle!  
I am happy!

**Morgen!**  
(Tomorrow!)

And tomorrow the sun will shine again,  
And on the path that I travel,  
We, the happy ones, will once again unite  
On this sun-breathing earth.

And toward the shore, broad, blue-waved,  
We will walk down quietly and slowly;  
Speechless, we will gaze into each other's eyes  
And upon us will fall blissful, speechless silence.

## About the Performers

### Liesl Mindeman Dromi

Liesl Mindeman Dromi is a sought-after singer, voice trainer, and educator based in Northwest Arkansas. She holds a Master of Music in Vocal Pedagogy from Belmont University and a Bachelor of Arts in Music (vocal performance) from John Brown University.

Currently on faculty at John Brown University, Ms. Dromi is passionate about providing holistic, inclusive, supportive voice education that honors the sacred beauty and creative potential in every person.

### Ryan Ransdell

Ryan Ransdell is a collaborative pianist, organist, and music educator. He regularly works with soloists and ensembles throughout Northwest Arkansas, and has performed in regional, national, and international concerts and competitions. In all collaboration and teaching, he seeks to enable students to find joy and passion in studying music, and coaches further development of technique and artistry to encourage students to reach their full potential.