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## Mostly Music: May 7, 2006

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Elizabeth P. Norman, *Soprano*  
Larry Block, *Cello*  
Mostly Music at  
Northeastern Illinois University  
Presents

Elizabeth P. Norman,  
Soprano

May 7, 2006  
Hosted by The Blocks  
1550 Ryders Lane  
Highland Park, Illinois

**Elizabeth P. Norman, Soprano**

Larry Block, *Cello*

Kit Bridges, *Piano*

**Program**

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| Vocalise Op. 34, No. 14   | Sergei Rachmaninoff<br>(1873-1943)                 |
| Er ist's<br>Jasminenstrauch<br>Widmung                              | Robert Schumann<br>(1810-1856)                     |
| Apres un Reve   | Gabriel Fauré<br>(1845-1924)                       |
| Apparition  | Claude Debussy<br>(1862-1918)                      |
| Berceuse  | A. Diepenbrock                                     |
| If You Talk in Your Sleep<br>Someone to Watch Over Me<br>Summertime | Nat. D. Ayer<br><br>George Gershwin<br>(1898-1937) |
| The Letter Song (from The Ballad of Baby Doe)                       | Douglas Moore                                      |

## **Elizabeth P. Norman, Soprano**

In just a few years, coloratura soprano Elizabeth Norman has gained a reputation as an accomplished interpreter of contemporary composers. A winner of the Metropolitan Opera National Finals, The American Opera Society Competition and the Union League Civic and Arts Foundation Award, she appears annually with the Grant Park Symphony in Chicago, as well as with members of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. Her active career ranges from solo recitals, chamber music performances to television and radio recordings.

Ms. Norman has performed concerts and oratorios around the world on some of the most well known stages, including the Metropolitan Opera House in New York City, the White House, the Kennedy Center in Washington D.C., the Musikverein in Vienna, as well as in Italy, Israel the African Countries of Madagascar, Mauritius, Kenya, Tanzania and Rwanda for the United States Information Agency.

Highlights from Ms. Norman's performances include a world premiere oratorio by Paul Schoenfield conducted by John Nelson, Knoxville Summer of 1915, Mahler's Fourth Symphony with Symphony II of Northbrook, the Elgin Symphony and the Northbrook Symphony. Ms. Norman has also appeared in La Boheme and La Cenerentola with the Lyric Opera in the neighborhoods production, Bach's Wedding Cantata with the Chicago Symphony Chamber Ensemble and Carmina Burana with the Grant Park Symphony. This season's concerts include an American opera by Logan/Harrison with the Black Music Repertory Ensemble at the Chicago Museum of Contemporary Art, Hayden's Creation with the Naperville Chorus, the Brahms Requiem and Exsultate Jubilate with the Duluth Superior Symphony and Michael Torke's Book of Proverbs with the Grand Park Symphony.

Ms. Norman holds a B.A. in Education and a Concentration in Voice from Morgan State University in Baltimore and a M.M. in Vocal Performance from DePaul University in Chicago where she studied with Norman Gulbrandsen.

## **Text and Translations**

### **Robert Schumann (1810-1856)**

#### **Er Ist's: Frühling läßt sein blaues Band**

Frühling läßt sein blaues Band  
Wieder flattern durch die Lüfte;  
Süße, wohlbekannte Düfte  
Streifen ahnungsvoll das Land.  
Veilchen träumen schon,  
Wollen balde kommen.  
Horch, [von fern ein leiser]! Harfenton!  
Frühling, ja du bist's!  
Dich hab ich vernommen!

#### **It's Him: Spring Lets Its Blue Ribbon**

Spring lets its blue ribbon  
flutter again in the breeze;  
a sweet, familiar scent  
sweeps ominously through the land.  
Violets are already dreaming,  
and will soon arrive.  
Hark! In the distance - a soft harp tone!  
Spring, yes it is you!  
I have heard you!

### **Jasminenstrauch**

Grün ist der Jasminenstrauch  
Abends eingeschlafen,  
Als ihn mit des Morgens Hauch  
Sonnenlichter trafen,  
Ist er schneeweiß aufgewacht:  
"Wie geschah mir in der Nacht?"  
Seht, so geht es Bäumen,  
Die im Frühling träumen.

### **Jasmine Bush**

Green is the jasmine bush  
as evening comes in to sleep;  
but when morning's breath  
meets the sun's light,  
it awakens and becomes snow-white:  
"What happened to me in the night?"  
See: this is how it goes with trees,  
as they dream in Spring.

### **Widmung: Du Meine Liebe, du mein Herz**

Du meine [Seele]1, du mein Herz,  
Du meine [Wonne, du]2 mein Schmerz,  
Du meine Welt, in der ich lebe,  
Mein Himmel du, darein ich schwebe,  
O du mein Grab, in das hinab  
Ich ewig meinen Kummer gab.

Du bist die Ruh, du bist der Frieden,  
Du bist [der]3 Himmel mir beschieden.  
Daß du mich liebst, macht mich mir wert,  
Dein Blick hat mich vor mir verklärt,  
Du hebst mich liebend über mich,  
Mein guter Geist, mein beßres Ich!

### **Dedication: You my soul, you my heart**

You my soul, you my heart,  
you my bliss, o you my pain,  
you the world in which I live;  
you my heaven, in which I float,  
o you my grave, into which  
I eternally cast my grief.

You are rest, you are peace,  
you are bestowed upon me from heaven. That you love me makes me  
worthy of you; your gaze transfigures me before you; you raise me  
lovingly above myself, my good spirit, my better self!

**Gabriel Faure (1845-1924)**

**Après un rêve**

Dans un sommeil que charmait ton image  
Je rêvais le bonheur, ardent mirage,  
Tes yeux étaient plus doux, ta voix pure et sonore,  
Tu rayonnais comme un ciel éclairé par l'aurore;

Tu m'appelais et je quittais la terre  
Pour m'enfuir avec toi vers la lumière,  
Les cieux pour nous entr'ouvraient leurs nues,  
Splendeurs inconnues, lueurs divines entrevues,

Hélas! Hélas! triste réveil des songes  
Je t'appelle, ô nuit, rends moi tes mensonges,

Reviens, reviens radieuse,  
Reviens ô nuit mystérieuse!

**After a dream**

In a slumber which held your image spellbound  
I dreamt of happiness, passionate mirage,  
Your eyes were softer, your voice pure and sonorous,  
You shone like a sky lit up by the dawn;

You called me and I left the earth  
To run away with you towards the light,  
The skies opened their clouds for us,  
Unknown splendours, divine flashes glimpsed,

Alas! Alas! sad awakening from dreams  
I call you, O night, give me back your lies,

Return, return radiant,  
Return, O mysterious night.

**Claude Debussy (1862-1918)**

**Apparition**

La lune s'attristait. Des séraphins en pleurs  
Rêvant, l'archet aux doigts, dans le calme des fleurs  
Vaporeuses, tiraient de mourantes violes  
De blancs sanglots glissant sur l'azur des corolles.  
- C'était le jour béni de ton premier baiser ;  
Ma songerie aimant à me martyriser  
S'enivrait savamment du parfum de tristesse  
Que même sans regret et sans déboire laisse  
La cueillaison d'un Rêve au coeur qui l'a cueilli.  
J'errais donc, l'oeil rivé sur le pavé vieilli.  
Quand avec du soleil aux cheveux, dans la rue  
Et dans le soir, tu m'es en riant apparue  
Et j'ai cru voir la fée au chapeau de clarté  
Qui jadis sur mes beaux sommeils d'enfant gâté  
Passait, laissant toujours de ses mains mal fermées  
Neiger de blancs bouquets d'étoiles parfumées.

**Apparition**

The moon became sad. Tearful Seraphims  
Dreaming, bow in hand, in the calm of hazy flowers,  
pulled from the dying violets  
White sobs, gliding on the azure of the corollas.  
It was the blessed day of your first kiss.  
My musings, loving to make me a martyr,  
Knowingly became drunk with the perfume of sadness  
Which even without regret and without aftertaste leaves  
The harvest of a dram in the heart that plucked it.  
I wandered off, my eye riveted on the aged pavement,  
When, with the sun in your hair, in the street  
And in the evening, you appeared to me, laughing  
And I believed that I saw the fairy with her cap of light,  
Who, long ago, passed through my sweet slumbers of a spoiled child,  
Always, from her half-closed hands, allowing white bouquets of  
Perfumed stars to fall like snow.

## Alphons Diepenbrock (1862-1921)

### Berceuse

Le Seigneur a dit à son enfant:  
Va, par le clair jardin innocent  
Des anges, où brillent les pommes et les roses.  
Il est à toi. C'est ton royaume.  
Mais ne cueille des choses que la fleur;  
Laisse le fruit aux branches.  
N'approfondis pas le bonheur.

Ne cherche pas à connaître  
Le secret de la terre  
Et l'énigme des êtres.  
N'écoute pas la voix qui t'attire  
Au fond de l'ombre, la voix qui tente,  
La voix du serpent, ou la voix des sirènes,  
Ou celle des colombes ardentes  
Aux bosquets sombres de l'Amour.  
Reste ignorante,  
Ne pense pas; chante.  
Tout science est vaine,  
N'aime que la beauté.  
Et qu'elle soit pour toi toute la vérité.

### Lullaby

The Lord has spoken to his child.  
Go by the clear innocent garden.  
The angle shines the apples and roses.  
It is for you, it is your kingdom.  
But, don't gather the things that flower.  
Leave the fruits and branches.  
Happiness goes no further.

Don't look to know  
the secret of the earth and  
the puzzle of being.  
Don't listen to the voices which attract

to the bottom of the shadows  
--the voice which tempts,  
the voice of the serpent, the voice of the sirens  
and that of the ardent dove.  
O, dark grove somber of the love,  
rest in ignorance.  
Don't think, sing.  
All knowledge is vanity.  
Don't love anything but beauty,  
and what will be yours is all truth.

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