

# MUSIC AT NOON PROGRAM

OCTOBER 7, 2025  
University Recital Hall  
Sherry Steele, soprano  
Carolyn Herrington, piano

*Frauenlieben und Leben*

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 getan

Robert Schumann  
(1810–1856)

From *Men I Have Known*  
T.S.

Elizabeth Raum  
(b. 1945)

From *The Enchanted Pig*  
Tiara

Jonathan Dove  
(b. 1959)

From *Three Songs*  
For Tired and Broken Am I

Matthew Emery  
(b. 1991)

From *How to Get Heat Without Fire*  
The Pocketbook

Tom Cipullo  
(b. 1956)



University of  
**Lethbridge**

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**Piiksinaasin**

**UNIVERSITY OF LETHBRIDGE**  
**DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC**

# TRANSLATIONS

## *A woman's love and life, op.42*

I think I am blind,  
Wherever I look,  
I see only him.  
As in a waking dream  
His image hovers before me,  
Rising out of deepest darkness  
Ever more brightly.

All else is dark and pale  
Around me,  
My sisters' games  
I no more long to share,  
I would rather weep,  
Quietly in my room,  
Since first seeing him,  
I think I am blind.

II.  
He, the most wonderful of all  
How gentle and loving he is!  
Sweet lips, bright eyes,  
A clear mind and firm resolve.

Just as there in deep-blue distance,  
That star gleams bright and brilliant,  
So does he shine in my sky  
Bright and brilliant, distant and sublime!

Wander, wander on your way,  
Just to gaze on your radiance,  
Just to gaze on in humility,  
To be but blissful, and sad.

Do not heed my silent prayer,  
Uttered for your happiness alone,  
You shall never know my lowly self,  
You noble star of splendour.

Only the worthiest woman of all  
May your choice bless,  
And I shall bless that exalted one  
Many thousands of times.

I shall then rejoice and weep,  
Blissful, blissful I shall be,  
Even if my heart should break  
Break, O heart, what does it matter?

### III.

I cannot grasp it, believe it,  
A dream has beguiled me  
How, from all women, could be  
Have been exalted and favoured poor me?

He said, I thought  
"I am yours forever"  
I was, I thought, still dreaming,  
After all, it cannot be!

O let me, dreaming, die,  
Cradled on his breast;  
Let me savour blissful death  
In tears of endless joy!

### IV.

You ring on my finger,  
My little golden ring,  
I press you devoutly to my lips,  
To my heart.

I had finished dreaming  
Childhood's peaceful dream  
I found myself alone, forlorn  
In boundless desolation.

You ring on my finger,  
You first taught me,  
Opened my eyes  
To life's deep eternal worth.

I shall serve him, live for him,  
Belong to him wholly,  
Yield to him and find  
Myself transfigured in his light!

You ring on my finger,  
My little golden ring,  
I press you devoutly to my lips,  
Devoutly to my heart!



**V.**

Help me, my sisters,  
With my bridal attire,  
Serve me today in my joy,  
Busily braid about my brow  
The wreath of blossoming myrtle.

When with contentment  
And joy in my heart  
I lay in my beloved's arms,  
He still called,  
With longing heart,  
Impatiently for the day.

Help me, my sisters,  
Help me banish  
A foolish fearfulness;  
So that I with bright eyes  
May receive him,  
The source of my joy.

Have you, my love,  
Really entered my life,  
Do you, O sun, give me your glow,  
Let me in reverence,  
Let me in humility  
Bow before my lord.

**VI.**

Sweet friend, you look  
at me in wonder,  
You cannot understand  
How I can weep;  
Let the unfamiliar beauty  
Of these moist pearls  
Tremble joyfully bright  
In my eyes!

How anxious my heart is,  
How full of bliss,  
If only I knew  
How to say it in words,  
Come and hide your face  
Here against my breast,  
For me to whisper you  
All my joy.

Do you now understand the tears  
That I can weep,  
Should you not see them,  
Beloved husband!  
Stay by my heart,  
Feel how it beats,  
That I may press you  
Closer and closer.

Here by my bed  
There is room for the cradle,  
Silently hiding my blissful dream;  
The morning shall come  
When the dream awakens,  
And your likeness laughs up at me.



**VII.**

On my heart, at my breast,  
You my delight, my joy;

Happiness is love, love is happiness,  
I've always said and say so still.

I thought myself rapturous,  
But now am delirious with joy;

Only she who suckles, only she who loves  
The child that she nourishes,

Only a mother knows  
What it means to love and be happy;

Ah, how I pity the man  
Who cannot feel a mother's bliss.

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

Oh my heart, at my breast,  
You my delight, my joy!

**VIII.**

Now you have caused my first pain  
But it struck hard.

You sleep, you harsh and pitiless man,  
The sleep of death.

The deserted one stares ahead,  
The world is void.

I have loved and I have lived  
And now my life is done.

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

