

Leave it to Eve to exaggerate matters;  
Better yet, consider her a miracle maker.  
For only Eve could create Atlantic from a saltshaker  
Or form a betrothal from mere Platonic chatters.

Leave it to Eve to fall in love with time trap  
For she never could bear to exist in the present –  
Living forever in yesterday's lament  
Or skipping "hello" to "I do." (Oh poor chap!)

Leave it to Eve to be blinded by thoughts of love  
And let one smile deceive her heart to soar.  
She's left to see it shatter on the floor,  
But that smile is the one thing she could think of.

Leave it to Eve to forget common sense  
And say to a stranger, "I don't know you,  
But you look kind of cute. So you'll just have to do."  
Then, too late, she sees they can't even be friends.

Leave it to Eve to demand perfection  
From all of creation except for Eve.  
I'm afraid, dear girl, you are too naive,  
And you're pushing your heart to dejection.

Leave it to Eve to rage in silence;  
She expects Adam to be Merlin, and perceive,  
Magically, that he has caused her to grieve.  
But he's merely Adam, and for that she takes offense.

Leave it to Eve to mourn Adam's leave  
(I really don't blame the man for escaping).  
She complains he's creation's most obtuse thing,  
But there's none as ridiculous as beautiful Eve.

Tirza Magdiel  
April 27, 2008

# *A Woman's Life and Love*

7:30pm // Butterfield Chapel

Tirza Magdiel, mezzo soprano // Tuesday, April 20,

## PART I

ACCOMPANIST  
Jaclyn Neighbors – *piano*

### ***Frauenliebe und Leben, Op. 42***

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

Based on the cycle of poems by Adelbert von Chamisso

This is a song cycle by Robert Schumann that pretty much evolved into the theme of my recital: A Woman's Life and Loves. Chamisso wrote the poem cycle in 1830, and Schumann set it to music in 1840, also known as his *Liederjahr* or "year of the song." Schumann was an excellent writer of melodies, and most of his love-themed lieder were composed based on the love that he had for Clara, his wife. *Frauenliebe und Leben* describes the journey of a woman's two loves: for the man of her dreams and for her child. I like the story that these songs tell, but I also like the short, memorable melodies. I would say that this work is quite challenging for me to express, since I have not experienced most of the things that the piece describes. However, it has been an interesting experience exploring the contrasting emotions portrayed in these songs.

#### *Frauenliebe und Leben*

1.  
Seit ich ihn gesehen, glaub ich blind zu sein;  
Wo ich hin nur blicke, seh' ich ihn allein;  
Wie im wachen Traume schwebt sein Bild mir vor,  
Taucht aus tiefstem Dunkel heller, heller nur  
empor,

Sonst ist licht und farblos alles um mich her,  
Nach der Schwestern Spiele nich begehrt' ich mehr.  
Möchte lieber weinen, still im Kämmerlein;  
Seit ich ihn gesehen, glaub' ich blind zu sein.

2.  
Er, der Herrlichste von allen,  
Wie so milde, wie so gut!  
Holde Lippen, klares Auge,  
Heller Sinn und fester Muth,

So wie dort in blauer Tiefe,  
Hell und herrlich jener Stern  
Also Er an meinem Himmel,  
Hell und herrlich, hehr und fern.

#### *A Woman's Loves and Life*

1.  
Since I have seen him, I believe I am blind;  
Whither I am looking, I see him alone;  
Like in a waking dream, his image floats before me,  
Rising from deepest darkness, brighter and  
brighter.

Everything else around me is light and colorless,  
The games of my sister I want to share no more,  
I would rather weep silently in my little chamber;  
Since I have seen him, I believe I am blind.

2.  
He, the most glorious of all,  
How kind he is, how good!  
Gentle mouth, clear eyes,  
Clear mind and firm courage,

Even as in yonder blue depth,  
Shines bright and glorious that star,  
So is he in my heaven,  
Bright and glorious, sublime and far.

Wandle, wandle deine Bahnen,  
Nur betrachten deinen Schein,  
Nur in Demuth ihn betrachten,  
Selig und, nur traurig sein!

Höre nicht mein stilles Beten,  
Deinem Glücke nur geweiht;  
Darfst mich, neid're Magd, nicht kennen,  
Hoher Stern der Herrlichkeit!

Nur die Würdigste von allen,  
Darf beglücken deine Wahl,  
Und ich will die Hohe segnen  
Viele tausendmal.

Will mich freunen dann und weinen,  
Selig, selig bin ich dann,  
Sollte mir das Herz auch brechen,  
Brich, o Herz, was liegt daran?

3.  
Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben,  
Es hat ein Traum mich berückt'  
Wie hätt' er doch unter Allen  
Mich Arme erhöht und beglückt?

Mir war's, er habe gesprochen:  
"Ich bin auf ewig dein."  
Mir war's, ich träume noch immer,  
Es kann ja nimmer so sein.

O lass im Traume mich sterben,  
Gewieget an seiner Brust,  
Den seligen Tod mich schlürfen  
In Tränen unendlicher Lust.

4.  
Du Ring an meinem Finger,  
Mein goldenes Ringelein,  
Ich drücke dich fromm an die Lippen,  
An das Herze mein.

Ich hatt' ihn ausgeträumet,  
Der Kindheit friedlich schönen Traum,  
Ich fand allein mich, verloren  
Im öden unendlichen Raum.

Du Ring an meinem Finger,  
Da hast du mich erst belehrt,  
Hast meinem Blick erschlossen,  
Des Lebens unendlichen, tiefen Werth.

Wander, wander along your course,  
Only to look at your light,  
Only to look at it humbly,  
Only to be blissful and sad!

Do not hear my silent prayer,  
Offered for your happiness;  
You must not know me, humble maiden,  
Noble star of glory!

Only the worthiest of all  
May your choice make happy,  
And I will bless the noble one,  
Many thousand times.

I shall rejoice and I shall weep then,  
Blissful, blissful I am then,  
Even though my heart should break,  
Break, o heart, what does it matter?

3.  
I cannot grasp, nor believe it,  
A dream must have me bewitched,  
How could he from among all others  
Have exalted and blessed poor me?

It seemed to me that he had spoken:  
"I am forever yours,"  
It seemed to me that I am still dreaming,  
For it can ever be thus.

Oh let me die in my dream,  
Cradled on his breast,  
Let me drink blissful death  
In tears of infinite joy.

4.  
You, ring, on my finger,  
My little golden ring,  
I press you devoutly to my lips,  
Devoutly to my heart.

My dream had come to an end,  
Childhood's peaceful, lovely dream,  
I found myself lonely and lost  
In empty, infinite space.

You ring on my finger,  
You taught me only then,  
You opened to my eyes,  
Life's infinite, deep value.

Ich will ihm dienen, ihm leben,  
Ihm angehören ganz,  
Hin selber mich geben und finden  
Verklärt mich in seinem Glanz.

5.  
Helft mir, ihr Schwestern, freundlich mich  
schmücken,  
Dient der Glücklichen heute, mir.  
Windet geschäftig mir um die Stirne,  
Noch der blühenden Myrte Zier,

Als ich befriedigt, freudigen Herzens,  
Sonst dem Geliebten im Arme lag,  
Immer noch rief er, Sehnsucht im Herzen,  
Ungeduldig den heutigen Tag.

Helft mir, ihr Schwestern, helft mir  
Verscheuchen eine törichte Bangigkeit;  
Dass ich mit klarem Aug' ihn empfangen;  
Ihn, die Quelle der Freudigkeit.

Bist, mein Geliebter, du mir erschienen,  
Gibst du mir, Sonne, deinen Schein?  
Lass mich in Andacht, lass mich in Demuth,  
Lass mich verneigen dem Herren mein.

Streuet ihm, Schwestern, streuet ihm Blumen,  
Bringet ihm knospende Rosen dar.  
Aber euch, Schwestern, grüss' ich mit Wehmut,  
Freudig scheidend aus eurer Schar.

6.  
Süßer Freund, du blickest mich verwundert an.  
Kannst es nicht begreifen, wie ich weinen kann;  
Lass der feuchten Perlen ungewohnte Zier  
Freudig hell erzittern in dem Auge mir.

Wie so bang mein Busen, wie so wonnevoll!

Wüsst' ich nur mit Worten, wie ich's sagen soll;  
Komm und birg dein Antlitz hier an meiner Brust,  
Will in's Ohr dir flüstern alle meine Lust.

Weisst du nun die Tränen, die ich weinen kann,  
Sollst du nicht sie sehen, du geliebter, geliebter  
Mann?

Bleib' an meinem Herzen, fühle dessen Schlag,  
Dass ich fest und fester nur dich drücken mag.

I want to serve him, live for him,  
Wholly belong to him,  
Give myself and find myself  
Transfigured in his splendour.

5.  
Help me, my sisters, kindly adorn me,  
  
Serve me, the happy one, today.  
Wind zealously around my forehead,  
The lovely wreath of myrtle in bloom.

When I contended, with a joyful heart,  
Formerly lay in my beloved's arms,  
He always invoked, his heart filled with yearning,  
Impatient by this very day.

Help me, my sisters, help me  
Cast out a foolish anxiety,  
That I with bright eyes may receive him,  
Him, the source of all happiness.

Have you, my beloved, come to me,  
Do you, sun, give me your light?  
Let me devoutly, let me humbly,  
Let me bow to my master and lord.

Strew, sisters, strew flowers before him,  
Budding roses offer to him.  
But you, sisters, I greet with sadness,  
Joyfully parting from your midst.

6.  
Sweet friend, you look amazed at me,  
You cannot understand how I can weep;  
Let the moist pearl's adornment  
With playful clarity tremble in my eyes.

How frightened is my heart, how with rapture  
filled,

If I only knew the words to tell it to you;  
Come and hide your face here on my breast,  
Let me whisper in your ear all my delight.

Now you know the tears that I must shed,  
Should you then not see them, you beloved,  
beloved man?

Stay near my heart, feel its throbbing,  
So that I may clasp you only firmer and firmer.

Hier an meinem Bette hat die Wiege Raum,  
Wo sie still verberge meinen holden Traum;  
Kommen wird der Morgen, wo der Traum erwacht,

Und daraus dein Bildnis mir entgegen lacht,

Dein Bildnis!

7.  
An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust,  
Du meine Wonne, du meine Lust!  
Das Glück ist die Liebe, die Lieb' ist das Glück,  
Ich hab's gesagt und nehm's nicht zurück

Hab' überschwenglich mich geschätzt,  
Bin übergücklich aber jetzt.  
Nur die da säugt, nur die da liebt  
Das Kind, dem sie die Nahrung gibt;

Nur eine Mutter weiss allein,  
Was lieben heisst und glücklich sein,  
O wie bedaur' ich doch den Mann,  
Der Mutterglück nicht fühlen kann!

Du lieber, lieber Engel, du,  
Du schauest mich an und lächelst dazu!

8.  
Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan,  
Der aber traf.  
Du schläfst, du harter, unbarmherz'ger Mann,  
Den Todesschlaf.

Es blicket die Verlass'ne vor sich hin,  
Die Welt ist leer, ist leer.  
Geliebet hab'ich und gelebt,  
Ich bin nicht lebend mehr.

Ich zieh' mich in mein Inn'res still zurück,  
Der Schleier fällt,  
Da hab' ich dich und mein verlor'nes Glück,  
Du meine Welt!

Here by my bed the cradle will have its place,  
Where it may in silence hide my lovely dream;  
There will come a morning when the dream  
awakens,  
And from the cradle your image will smile up at  
me,

Your image!

7.  
On my heart, on my breast,  
You my delight, you my joy!  
Happiness is love and love is happiness,  
I have said it and won't take it back.

I deemed myself so fortunate,  
But I am more than happy now.  
Only she who suckles, only she who loves  
The child to whom she gives nourishment;

Only a mother can know,  
What it means to love and to be happy,  
Oh how sorry I am for the man,  
Who cannot feel a mother's bliss.

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

8.  
Now you have caused me the first pain,  
That really hurt.  
You sleep, you hard and cruel man,  
The sleep of death.

The now forsaken woman stares into a void,  
The world is empty, empty.  
I have loved and I have lived,  
I do not live any more.

I silently withdraw into myself,  
The veil is falling,  
Then I have you and my lost happiness,  
You, my world!

\* There will be a 5-minute intermission following the first part. \*

## PART II

RHYTHM SECTION  
Beth Hascall - *piano*  
Warren Kinser - *bass*  
Eric Wade - *drums*

### **“The Wizard and I” from *Wicked***

Music and lyrics by Stephen Schwartz

My friend Sandra introduced me to the new musical *Wicked*, and this song almost instantly became one of my favorites from the musical. Having always loved *The Wizard of Oz*, it has been fun exploring the world of Oz before Dorothy’s arrival. *Wicked* tells the story of Elphaba, a girl struggling for acceptance due to being born green, and how she became the Wicked Witch of the West. This song, “The Wizard and I,” captures Elphaba’s hopes of being accepted, approved, and “de-greenified” by the Wizard of Oz. I found this song entertaining because Stephen Schwartz successfully integrates irony through his use of some classic Wicked Witch of the West tidbits in this song.

### **“Over the rainbow” from *The Wizard of Oz***

Music by Harold Arlen  
Lyrics by E.Y. Harburg

Featuring Bethany Ross - *violin*

After “The Wizard and I,” it would be a crime to not sing something from the original Oz-themed musical. This song is probably the most famous song from *The Wizard of Oz*, widely loved and performed as a standalone jazz, pop ballad, or as inspiration for new works. I decided to do the musical version of this Harold Arlen song about hopes and dreams, arranged for voice, piano, and violin.

### **“What you don’t know about women” from *City of Angels***

Music by Cy Coleman  
Lyrics by David Zippel

Featuring Melody DoRaMe - *soprano*

I fell in love with this song the first time I heard it. It is a duet from the musical *City of Angels*, but now it is mostly performed as standalone jazz or show tune. It’s witty, funny, tells the message in a very entertaining manner, and it’s fun to sing, especially with Melody! The message of the song could probably be summarized with the following: what men don’t know about women could *really* fill a shelf of books!

## **“Come rain or come shine”**

Music by Harold Arlen

Lyrics by Johnny Mercer

Featuring Dustin Sikstrom – *alto sax*

“Come rain or come shine” is my ultimate favorite jazz song. Harold Arlen originally composed this song as part of the musical, *St. Louis Woman*. However, this song fared better in popularity than the musical it was composed for. I not only like the romantic lyrics, but also its melody and its smooth harmony. I think it’s also very appropriate to be sung in the Pacific Northwest, where we never can tell if it’ll rain or shine.

## **“Don’t rain on my parade” from *Funny Girl***

Music and lyrics by Bob Merrill and Jule Styne

It took me a while to settle with a song to end the recital. I wanted a song that is full of fun and has an attitude to it. These characteristics are definitely present in this song from the musical *Funny Girl*. The musical is based on the life of Broadway star and comedienne, Fanny Brice, and her stormy relationship with entrepreneur and gambler Nicky Arnstein. “Don’t rain on my parade,” ends the first act and tells of Brice’s decision to marry Arnstein, despite his gambling problem. Through this song, I found that I share one thing in common with Fanny Brice: sheer stubbornness. So nobody is ‘gonna rain on my parade.



Many people play music, but only certain people have what it takes to be a true musician. Tirza Magdiel is, without exception, a true musician. Born on April 18, 1988 and raised in Jakarta, Indonesia, Tirza began her musical pursuits by learning to play the piano at the age of three. However, she later discovered that her true passions were singing and playing the violin (which she began playing at the age of eight). Since then, Tirza has performed with a strings chamber group, various orchestras and has been involved with a number of choirs and vocal groups.

Music remains a vital part of Tirza’s life today. She is an exceptional musician and has a passion to spread her love for music to others. “Music expresses emotions that sometimes words can’t even express,” she says. Her favorite composer is Georges Bizet, and her favorite genre includes late Romantic/20th century music.

Tirza will be graduating from Northwest University in May with her degrees in Youth Ministry, Music, and Biblical Studies. After graduation, she hopes to acquire a job that will allow her to teach music and then hopes to go on to graduate school to earn a Master of Arts degree in Marriage and Family Therapy. *(Written by Jessica Pillay)*

*A Woman's life and love*

Special thanks to:

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Kristi Henderson  
Jessica Pillay

Don't miss these upcoming Music Department events:

Saturday, April 24, 3:00PM

Honors Music Recital  
Butterfield Chapel

Friday, April 30, 7:30PM

Spring Choral Concert  
University Presbyterian Church, Seattle



## Verborgenheit (Secrecy)

Lass, o Welt, o lass mich sein!  
Locket nicht mit Liebesgaben,  
Lasst dies Herz alleine haben  
Seine Wonne, seine Pein!  
Was ich traure, weiss ich nicht,  
Es ist unbekanntes Wehe;  
Immerdar durch Thranen sehe  
Ich der Sonne liebes Licht.  
Oft bin ich mir kaum bewusst,  
Und die helle Freude zuchet  
Durch die Schwere, so mich drucket,  
Wonniglich in meiner Brust.

Tempt me not, O world, again  
With the joys of love's illusion;  
Let my heart in lone seclusion  
Hoard its rapture and its pain!  
Unknown grief fills all my days,  
Sorrow from my searching hidden  
Floods my eyes with tears unbidden  
When the sunlight meets my gaze.  
Oft when dreaming brings me rest,  
Comes a cheering ray of gladness  
Thro' the shadows of my sadness,  
Lights the gloom within my breast.

## Au bord de l'eau (At the Water's Edge)

S'asseoi tous deux au bord du flot  
qui passé, Le voi passer;  
Tous deux s'il glisse un nuage en l'e-  
space,  
Le voi glisser;  
A l'horizon s'il fume un toit de  
chaume, Le voir fumer;  
Aux alentours, si quelque fleau em-  
baume,  
S'en embaumer;  
Entendre au pied du saule ou l'eau  
murmure, L'eau murmurer,

To sit together on the bank of the  
stream that passes, to see it pass;  
Together, when a cloud floats in  
space,  
To see it float;  
When a cottage chimney is smoking  
on the horizon, to see it smoke;  
If nearby a flower spreads its fra-  
grance,  
To absorb its scent;  
To hear at the foot of the willow,  
where water murmurs, the water  
murmurs,

## Wie Melodien (Like Melodies)

Wie Melodien zieht es  
Mir leise durch den Sinn,  
Wie Frühlingsblumen blüht es  
Und schwebt wie Duft dahin.  
Doch kommt das Wort und fast es  
Und führt es vor das Aug,  
Wie Nebelgrau erbast es  
Und schwindet wie ein Hauch.  
Und dennoch ruht im Reime  
Veborgen wohl ein Duft,  
Den mild aus stillem Keime  
Ein feuchtes Auge ruft.

Like melodies it pervades  
My senses softly.  
Like spring flowers it blooms  
And drifts along like fragrance.  
But when a word comes and grasps it  
And brings it before the eye,  
Like gray mist it fades  
And vanishes like a breath.  
And yet there remains in the rhyme  
A certain hidden fragrance,  
Which gently, from the dormant bud,  
A tearful eye evokes.

Ne pas sentir tant que ce reve dure  
Le temps durer,  
Mais n'apportant de passion

Not to notice, while this dream lasts,  
The passage of time,  
But to feel deep passion

Qu'a s'adorer,

Only to adore each other;

Sans nul souci des querelles du  
monde,

Not to care at all about the world's  
quarrels,

Les ignorer,

To ignore them,

Et seuls tous deux devant tout ce qui  
lasse, Sans se lasser;

And alone, together, facing all that  
grows weary, not to grow weary;

Sentir l'amour devant tout ce qui  
passé,

To be in love while all passes away,  
Never to change!

Ne point passer!

Never to change!

## Die Schwestern (The Sisters)

Wir Schwestern zwei, wir schonen,  
So gleich von Angesicht,  
So gleich kein Ei dem ander,  
Kein Stern dem andern nicht,  
Wir Schwestern zwei, wir schonen,  
Wir haben nuss braun Haar;  
Und flichst du sie in einen Zopf,  
Man kennt sie nicht furwahr,  
Wir Schwestern zwei, wir schonen,  
Wir tragen gleich Gewand,  
Spazieren auf dem Wiesenplan,  
Dem Wiesenplan, und singen Hand in  
Hand.  
Wir Schwestern zwei, wir schonen,  
Wir spinnen um die Wett,  
Wir sitzen an einer Kunkel,  
Wir schlafen in einem Bett,  
O Schwestern zwei, ihr schonen!  
Wie hatsich das Blattchen gewandt!  
Ihr liebet einerlei, Liebchen,  
Jetzt hat das Liedel ein End:

Two sisters we, so lovely,  
And like as like can be,  
As eggs are like each other,  
Or one star like another,  
Two sisters we, so lovely,  
With hair nut brown and fine.  
You twine it in a single braid,  
And her's is just like mine.  
Two sisters we, so lovely,  
Together all the day.  
We dally in the meadow land,  
Where, hand in hand, We sing along  
the way.  
Two sisters we, so lovely,  
We spin a single thread,  
We sit at a single distaff,  
We sleep in a double bed,  
O sisters both, so lovely,  
Now how does the next chapter run?  
You love the very same lover,  
And here the story ends:

## Translations

### Voi, che sapete (You Know the Answer)

Donne, vedete, s'io l'ho nel cor, Love's tender secret share it with me,  
Donne, vedete, s'io l'ho nel cor. Ladies, I beg you, share it with me.  
Quello ch'io provo, vi ridiro', This new sensation I under go,  
E' per me nuovo capir nol so. It is so different from all I know.  
Sento un affetto pien di desir, Filled with excitement, walking on air,  
Ch'ora e' diletto, ch'ora e' martir. First I am happy, soon I despair.  
Gelo, e poi sento l'alma avampar, Now I am chilly, next time aflame.  
E in un momento torno a gelar. Not for a moment am I the same.  
Ricerco un bene fuori di me, I am pursuing some sunny ray,  
Non so chi il tiene, non so cos' e. But it eludes me, try as I may.  
Sospiro e gemo, senza voler, I can't stop sighing, hard as I try,  
Palpito e tremo senza saper. And then I tremble, not knowing why.  
Non trovo pace note, ne di, From this dilemma I find no peace,  
Ma pur mi piace languir cosi. And yet I want it never to cease.

### Sull Aria (To Romeo)

Sull aria. Che soave zefiretto, zefiretto... To Romeo. When the breeze is gently  
blowing,  
Questa sera spirera', questa sera And the evening shadows fall,  
spirera',  
Sotto i pini del boschetto, sotto i pini? In the grove where pines are growing,  
Ei gia il resto capira. Certo, certo il capira. And the rest he will recall. Yes, the rest  
he will recall.  
Certo, certo il capira. Canzonetta sull' And the rest he will recall. Let us read it  
aria. together.  
Che soave zefiretto, questa sera spirera. When the breeze is gently blowing, and  
the evening shadows fall,  
Soto i pini del boschetto. Certo, certo il In the grove where pines are growing.  
capira. And the rest he will recall,  
Il capira, certo, certo il capira, He will recall, yes, the rest he will recall,  
Il capira, il capira, il capira. He will recall, he will recall, he will recall.