

Love, Loss & Light

Sahar Hassan, mezzo soprano
Lara Bolton, Keyboard artist, conductor, arranger

Rückert Lieder

After poems of Friedrich Rückert

Gustav Mahler (1860-1911)

Blick mir nicht in die Lieder
Ich atmet' einen linden Duft
Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen
Um Mitternacht
Liebst du um Schönheit

Abschiedslieder, Op. 14

*After poems by Christina Rossetti,
Edith Ronsperger, Ernst Lothar*

Erich Wolfgang Korngold (1897-1956)

Sterbelied
Dies eine kann mein Sehnen nimmer fassen
Mond, so gehst du wieder auf
Gefaster Abschied

From **Wesendonck Lieder**

After poems by Mathilde Wesendonck

Richard Wagner (1813-1883)

Traüme

The reason I chose these songs is that they represent separation, unexpected farewell, grief and longing between loved ones, as well as the isolation that comes with all of it. At the same time much love and light emerge from loss. Reading these poems and hearing this music brings me solace. Delving into these songs has been healing and I hope it will be for our community too. The music is simply exquisite, otherworldly and remains absolutely gorgeous. In times that are far from ideal, and with what can seem like a world without much peace, it is hopeful to find, look for and see beauty wherever it might come from. These pieces do just that.

Much gratitude to the Richard Wagner Society of the Upper Midwest and a Music in Action grant for making this program possible. It is dedicated to the memory of Michael Ruppert and all the loved ones we have lost.

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Egyptian American mezzo-soprano **Sahar Hassan** is an opera singer, chamber musician, oratorio soloist and the artistic director of the Twin Cities based **Ladyslipper Ensemble**. “Mezzo-soprano Sahar Hassan was rich-toned and authoritative.” ~ Star Tribune. “Hassan’s clarion crowning gesture underlines the combined strength and beauty of the upper register reaches of her voice.” ~ Fanfare Magazine. In 2022, Ms. Hassan sang the role of Bianca in **An Opera Theatre**’s production of Benjamin Britten’s *The Rape of Lucretia* and Countess Craven in Jake Runestad’s *Daughters of the Bloody Duke* with **Journey North Opera Company** and covered the role of Second Lady in **Opera Reading Project**’s *The Magic Flute*. Other recent roles include the Witch in **Imaginality Opera**’s 2021 educational project of *Hansel and Gretel* and *Venus in La Dafne* with **Bold North Baroque Opera**.

A recipient of several grants, Ms. Hassan was awarded a 2017 **Artist Initiative** grant from the State of Minnesota and National Endowment for the Arts, a 2020 and 2022 **Next Step Fund** from MRAC and the McKnight Foundation, a **Creative Support for Individuals** grant in 2021, 2022 and 2023, and a 2021 **Music in Action** grant from the Richard Wagner Society of the Upper Midwest. Most recently, she was a finalist in the 2022/2023 McKnight Fellowship for Musicians. Her CD “**The World’s Highway**” was released in 2019 on the **Centaur** label, reviewed by **Fanfare Magazine** and featured on **MNspin**’s list.

Ms. Hassan has been on the voice faculties of New England Conservatory’s Division of Preparatory and Continuing Education, Wellesley College, Wellesley Composers’ Conference, Phillips Exeter Academy, Salve Regina University, College of St. Benedict/St. John’s University and McNally Smith College of Music. She earned a Bachelor of Science in French from California State University, Fresno and a Master of Music in Vocal Performance from New England Conservatory of Music, with additional studies at the Versailles Conservatory in France and the College of Music in Munich, Germany. She is a certified teacher of the Alexander Technique and is currently assistant faculty at Minnesota Center for the Alexander Technique.

Lara Bolton is a pianist, vocal coach, conductor, and arranger. A multi-faceted artist, the majority of her work centers on vocal collaborations across many genres. Operatic affiliations include San Francisco Opera, Metropolitan Opera, Washington National Opera, Houston Grand Opera, San Diego Opera, Seattle Opera, Minnesota Opera, Washington Concert Opera, Chicago Opera Theater, Quad Cities Symphony, Opera Santa Barbara, Out of the Box Opera, West Bay Opera, Opera Colorado, and Amarillo Opera. In 2022, Ms. Bolton conducted Britten’s *The Rape of Lucretia* for An Opera Theatre, and has led musical preparation for projects at the Guthrie and Jungle Theaters, and Theater Latté Da. She is the Music Director for the Opera Reading Project, and former Head of Music for Mill City Summer Opera. Ms. Bolton is on faculty as a vocal coach at the University of Minnesota, and maintains an active concert and recording career. In addition to classical music, she also regularly collaborates as a rock keyboardist, and arranges and co-creates various conceptual and genre-bending fusion projects.

Ms. Bolton is a former San Francisco Opera Adler Fellow and Domingo-Cafritz Young Artist at Washington National Opera. She helped develop a Young Artist Program for Opera Santa Barbara. Summer festival engagements include the Merola Opera Program, Music Academy of the West, Brevard Music Festival, and Interlochen Arts Camp. As an alumna of Interlochen Arts Academy, she received a Bachelor of Music Theory degree from the University of Michigan and a Master of Music in Collaborative Piano from the University of Maryland-College Park.

Patricia Kent has performed as soprano soloist with many orchestras including Wooster (OH) Symphony, the Duluth Superior Symphony, the Rochester Symphony, the Metropolitan Symphony, the Minnesota Orchestra and the St. Paul Chamber Orchestra. She has also performed as soloist with many regional organizations, including the Minnesota Center Chorale, Macalester Festival Chorale, the Oratorio Society of Minnesota, the Minnesota Chorale and the Bach Society. Dr. Kent is an alumna of the College of St. Benedict and received an MA from Queens College. She holds a DMA from the University of Minnesota, where she won the coveted Schussler Vocal Prize. Patricia is a featured artist on several recordings, including the Minnesota AIDS Quilt Songbook and a recording of songs in Catalan, Spanish and Portuguese with Carolyn Finley, Edward Turley and Deidre Harkins. https://digitalcommons.csbsju.edu/music_recordings/13/. Patricia has also recorded songs of Fanny and Felix Mendelssohn with pianist Robert Koopmann and French songs with Roderick Phipps-Kettlewell. Ms. Kent is also active as an operatic performer. Operatic roles include the Mother in *Amahl* and the Night Visitors with the Minnesota Orchestra, the Mother in *The Consul* with Arbeit Opera, Rosamunde in *Dangerous Liaisons*, and *Ariadne* in *Ariadne auf Naxos*. She has sung internationally in England, Scotland, Wales and Panama.

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Texts & Translations

All English Translations by © Richard Stokes, author of *The Book of Lieder* (Faber, 2005)

Gustav Mahler (1860-1911)

Rückert Lieder (1901-1902)

Texts by Friedrich Rückert

Blicke mir nicht in die Lieder!

Blicke mir nicht in die Lieder!
Meine Augen schlag' ich nieder,
Wie ertappt auf böser Tat.
Selber darf ich nicht getrauen,
Ihrem Wachsen zuzuschauen.
Deine Neugier ist Verrat!
Bienen, wenn sie Zellen bauen,
Lassen auch nicht zu sich schauen,
Schauen selbst auch nicht zu.
Wenn die reichen Honigwaben
Sie zu Tag gefördert haben,
Dann vor allen nasche du!

Do not look into my songs!

Do not look into my songs!
I lower my gaze,
As if caught in the act.
I dare not even trust myself
To watch them growing.
Your curiosity is treason.
Bees, when they build cells,
Let no one watch either,
And do not even watch themselves.
When the rich honeycombs
Have been brought to daylight,
You shall be the first to taste!

Ich atmet' einen linden Duft

Ich atmet' einen linden Duft!
Im Zimmer stand
Ein Zweig der Linde,
Ein Angebinde
Von lieber Hand.
Wie lieblich war der Lindenduft!
Wie lieblich ist der Lindenduft!
Das Lindenreis
Brachst du gelinde;
Ich atme leis
Im Duft der Linde
Der Liebe linden Duft

I breathed a gentle fragrance!

I breathed a gentle fragrance!
In the room stood
A spray of lime,
A gift
From a dear hand.
How lovely the fragrance of lime was!
How lovely the fragrance of lime is!
The spray of lime
Was gently plucked by you;
Softly, I breathe
In the fragrance of lime
The gentle fragrance of love.

Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen

Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen,
Mit der ich sonst viele Zeit verdorben,
Sie hat so lange nichts von mir vernommen,
Sie mag wohl glauben, ich sei gestorben!
Es ist mir auch gar nichts daran gelegen,
Ob sie mich für gestorben hält,
Ich kann auch gar nichts sagen dagegen,
Denn wirklich bin ich gestorben der Welt.
Ich bin gestorben dem Weltgetümmel,
Und ruh' in einem stillen Gebiet!
Ich leb' allein in meinem Himmel,
In meinem Lieben, in meinem Lied!

Um Mitternacht

Um Mitternacht
Hab' ich gewacht
Und aufgeblickt zum Himmel;
Kein Stern vom Sterngewimmel
Hat mir gelacht
Um Mitternacht.
Um Mitternacht
Hab' ich gedacht
Hinaus in dunkle Schranken.
Es hat kein Lichtgedanken
Mir Trost gebracht
Um Mitternacht.
Um Mitternacht
Nahm ich in acht
Die Schläge meines Herzens;
Ein einz'ger Puls des Schmerzes
War angefacht
Um Mitternacht.
Um Mitternacht
Kämpf' ich die Schlacht,
O Menschheit, deiner Leiden;
Nicht konnt' ich sie entscheiden
Mit meiner Macht
Um Mitternacht.
Um Mitternacht
Hab' ich die Macht
In deine Hand gegeben!
Herr! über Tod und Leben
Du hältst die Wacht
Um Mitternacht!

I am lost to the world

I am lost to the world
With which I used to waste much time;
It has for so long known nothing of me,
It may well believe that I am dead.
Nor am I at all concerned
If it should think that I am dead.
Nor can I deny it,
For truly I am dead to the world.
I am dead to the world's tumult
And rest in a quiet realm!
I live alone in my heaven,
In my love, in my song!

At midnight

At midnight
I kept watch
And looked up to heaven;
Not a star in the galaxy
Smiled on me
At midnight.
At midnight
My thoughts went out
To the dark reaches of space;
No shining thought
Brought me comfort
At midnight.
At midnight
I paid heed
To the beating of my heart;
A single pulse of pain
Was set alight
At midnight.
At midnight
I fought the battle,
O Mankind, of your afflictions;
I could not gain victory
By my own strength
At midnight.
At midnight
I gave my strength
Into Thy hands!
Lord over life and death,
Thou keepest watch
At midnight.

Liebst du um Schönheit

Liebst du um Schönheit,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe die Sonne,
Sie trägt ein goldnes Haar.
Liebst du um Jugend,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe den Frühling,
Der jung ist jedes Jahr.
Liebst du um Schätze,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe die Meerfrau,
Sie hat viel Perlen klar.
Liebst du um Liebe,
O ja, mich liebe!
Liebe mich immer,
Dich lieb' ich immerdar.

If you love for beauty

If you love for beauty,
O love not me!
Love the sun,
She has golden hair.
If you love for youth,
O love not me!
Love the spring
Which is young each year.
If you love for riches,
O love not me!
Love the mermaid
Who has many shining pearls.
If you love for love,
Ah yes, love me!
Love me always,
I shall love you ever more.

Erich Wolfgang Korngold (1897-1957)
Abschiedslieder (1920)

Sterbelied

Laß Liebster, wenn ich tot bin,
laß du von Klagen ab.
Statt Rosen und Cypressen
wächst Gras auf meinem Grab.
Ich schlafe still im Zwilichtschein
in schwerer Dämmernis -
Und wenn du willst, gedenke mein
und wenn du willst, vergiß.
Ich fühle nicht den Regen,
ich seh' nicht, ob es tagt,
ich höre nicht die Nachtigall,
die in den Büschen klagt.
Vom Schlaf erweckt mich keiner,
die Erdenwelt verblich.
Vielleicht gedenk ich deiner,
vielleicht vergaß ich dich.

Requiem

When I am dead, my dearest,
Do not lament.
Instead of roses and cypress,
Grass shall cover my grave.
I shall sleep quietly in the twilight,
In the heavy dusk.
And if you will, remember,
And if you will, forget.
I shall not feel the rain,
I shall not see the dawn,
I shall not hear the nightingale
Lamenting in the trees.
No one shall ever wake me,
All the world has vanished.
Perhaps I shall remember you,
Perhaps I'll have forgotten you.

Christina Rossetti, Translated to German by Alfred Kerr

Dies eine kann mein Sehnen nimmer fassen

Dies eine kann mein Sehnen nimmer fassen,
Daß nun von mir zu dir kein Weg mehr führ',
Daß du vorübergehst an meiner Türe
In ferne, stumme, ungekannte Gassen.
Wär' es mein Wunsch, daß mir dein Bild erleiche,
Wie Sonnenglanz, von Nebeln aufgetrunken,
Wie einer Landschaft frohes Bild, versunken
Im glatten Spiegel abendlicher Teiche?
Der Regen fällt. Die müden Bäume triefen.
Wie welches Laub verweh'n viel Sonnenstunden.
Noch hab' ich in mein Los mich nicht gefunden
Und seines Dunkels uferlose Tiefen
Edith Ronsperger

This one thing my longing can never grasp

This one thing my longing can never grasp,
That now no path leads me to you,
That you walk past my door
Into distant, silent, unknown streets.
Could it be my wish that you should fade away,
Like the sun's brilliance engulfed in mist,
Like a landscape's happy reflection,
Sunk in the smooth mirror of evening ponds?
The rain falls. The tired trees drip.
Many hours of sun fade like withered leaves.
I have not yet come to term with my fate
And the boundless depths of its darkness.

Mond, so gehst du wieder auf

Mond, so gehst du wieder auf
überm dunklen Tal der ungeweinten Tränen?
Lehr, so lehr mich's doch, mich nicht nach ihr zu sehnen
blaß zu machen Blutes Lauf,
dies Leid nicht zu erleiden
aus zweier Menschen Scheiden.
Sieh, in Nebel hüllst du dich.
Doch verfinstern kannst du nicht den Glanz der Bilder,
die mir weher jede Nacht erweckt und wilder.
Ach! im Tiefsten fühle ich:
das Herz, das sich muß' trennen,
wird ohne Ende brennen.

Ernst Lothar

Moon, thus you rise once more

Moon, thus you rise once more
Over the dark valley of unwept tears!
Teach, teach me not to yearn for her,
To make my blood run pale,
Not to suffer this sorrow,
Caused when two souls part.
See, you shroud yourself in mist.
Yet you cannot darken the bright images
That the night arouses in me with wilder and fiercer pain.
Ah! I feel in the depths of my being:
The heart that has suffered separation
Will burn eternally.

Gefaßter Abschied

Weine nicht, daß ich jetzt gehe,
Heiter lass dich von mir küssen.
Blüht das Glück nicht aus der Nähe,
Von ferne wird's dich keuscher grüssen.
Nimm diese Blumen, die ich pflückte,
Monatsrosen rot und Nelken,
Laß die Trauer, die dich drückte,
Herzens Blume kann nicht welken.
Lächle nicht mit bitter'm Lächeln,
Stosse mich nicht stumm zur Seite.
Linde Luft wird bald dich wieder fächeln,
Bald ist Liebe dein Geleite!
Gib deine Hand mir ohne Zittern,
Letztem Kuß gib alle Wonne.
Bang' vor Sturm nicht: aus Gewittern
Geht strahlender auf die Sonne...
So schau zuletzt noch die schöne Linde,
Drunter uns kein Auge je erspähte.
Glaub, o glaub, daß ich dich wiederfinde,
Denn ernten wird, wer Liebe lächelnd säte.

Ernst Lothar

Richard Wagner (1813-1883)

Wesendonck Lieder (1857-1858)

Träume (1857)

Sag, welch wunderbare Träume
Halten meinen Sinn umfängen,
Daß sie nicht wie leere Schäume
Sind in ödes Nichts vergangen?
Träume, die in jeder Stunde,
Jedem Tage schöner blühn,
Und mit ihrer Himmelskunde
Selig durchs Gemüte ziehn!
Träume, die wie hehre Strahlen
In die Seele sich versenken,
Dort ein ewig Bild zu malen:
Allvergessen, Eingedenken!
Träume, wie wenn Frühlingssonne
Aus dem Schnee die Blüten küßt,
Daß zu nie geahnter Wonne
Sie der neue Tag begrüßt,
Daß sie wachsen, daß sie blühen,
Träumend spenden ihren Duft,
Sanft an deiner Brust verglühen,
Und dann sinken in die Gruft.

Mathilde Wesendonck

Resigned farewell

Do not weep that I am now going,
Be cheerful and let me kiss you.
If joy does not bloom when we are near,
It will greet you more chastely from afar.
Take these flowers that I have picked,
Red China roses and carnations,
Shake off the sorrow that oppressed you,
The heart's blossom cannot wither.
Do not smile a bitter smile,
Do not push me aside in silence.
A soft breeze will soon fan you once more,
Love will soon escort you!
Give me your hand without trembling,
Give me all your rapture to this last kiss.
Be not afraid of tempests: after storms
The sun rises more resplendently.
So, take one last look at the lovely lime-tree,
Beneath which no eye ever saw us.
Believe, O believe, I shall find you again,
For they who sowed love with a smile shall
reap its harvest.

Dreams

Say, what wondrous dreams are these
Embracing all my senses,
That they have not, like bubbles,
Vanished to a barren void?
Dreams, that with every hour
Bloom more lovely every day,
And with their heavenly tidings
Float blissfully through the mind!
Dreams, that with glorious rays
Penetrate the soul,
There to paint an eternal picture:
Forgetting all, remembering one!
Dreams, as when the Spring sun
Kisses blossoms from the snow,
So the new day might welcome them
In unimagined bliss,
So that they grow and flower,
Bestow their scent as in a dream,
Fade softly away on your breast
And sink into their grave.