

20th Annual CSUF Music Festival
Re-Imagining Opera in the 21st Century

Love through the 20th and 21st Centuries
Renée Tatum, mezzo soprano and John Sullivan, pianist

**Pamela Madsen: *From the Garden* (2003) From *We are All Sibyls*
opera created in collaboration with visual artist Judy Chicago**

*Come my beloved consider the lilies. Come my beloved, we are of
little faith. We talk too much.*

**Amy Beach: *Three Browning Songs* (1899-1900)
Text by Robert Browning (from "Pippa passes")**

1. *The Year's at the Spring*

The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew-pearl'd;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in His heaven-
All's right with the world!

2. *Ah, Love, but a day!*

Ah, Love, but a day, And
the world has changed!
The sun's away,
And the bird estranged;
The wind has dropped,
And the sky's deranged;
Summer has stopped.
Look in my eyes!
Wilt thou change too?
Should I fear surprise?
Shall I find aught new
In the old and dear, In
the good and true, With
the changing year?

3. *I send my heart up to thee!*

I send my heart up to thee, all my heart
In this my singing,
For the stars help me, and the sea, and the sea bears part;
The very night is clinging
Closer to Venice' streets to leave on space
Above me, whence thy face
May light my joyous heart to thee, to thee its dwelling place.

**George Crumb: *Three Early songs* (1947) Text by Robert Southey,
Sara Teasdale**

1. *Night*

*How beautiful is night!
A dewy freshness fills the silent air;
No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain
Breaks the serene of heaven:
In full-orbed glory yonder Moon divine
Rolls through the dark-blue depths.
Beneath her steady ray
The desert-circle spreads,
Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky.
How beautiful is night!*

2. *Let It Be Forgotten*

Let it be forgotten as a flower is forgotten, Forgotten
as a fire that once was singing gold.
Let it be forgotten forever and ever.
Time is a kind friend, he will make us old.

If anyone asks, say it was forgotten,
Long and long ago.
As a flower, as a fire, as a hushed foot-fall In
a long forgotten snow.

3. *Wind Elegy*

Only the wind knows he is gone,
Only the wind grieves,
The sun shines, the fields are sown,
Sparrows mate in the eaves;

But I heard the wind in the pines he planted
And the hemlocks overhead,
"His acres wake, for the year turns, But
he is asleep," it said.

Philip Lasser: *License of Love* (2002)

On the poems of Paul Langley, this cycle of four songs explores a post-modern love story.

1. The Voice

I fell in love with a voice, calm and warm and deep and strong
In the voice there was a soul, strong and calm and warm and
deep.

For a moment I would live under the shadows it could give
Lazily slumbering, auburn notes would descend and softly bend
the air that was hovering.

Deep, and calm and warm and strong. Oh! If only this could go on
for long, But pages turn and paper ends; and the voice lies still.

And on me, silence descends. *2. Speak of Love*

Speak of love in all its splendor, enamoured with its sound To
all the flows we now surrender, and love comes back around.
Reflect upon it's many faces, and all its colors abound Our
hearts found out the secret places where love is always
found.

Behold its pains, behold its pleasures, in awe before it's holy
ground.

We'll take each day one of its treasures and make that we be
crowned.

Accept love and trust its manner, though its methods sometimes
confound.

We'll stitch together its heraldic banner and proclaim we're
heaven bound. Speak of love. *3. The Wind and the Sea*

And the wind and the sea meant nothing to me at all, As the
leaves in the spring and the leaves in the fall would mean
nothing, nothing to me at all,
And the cliffs in the sunset sky, and ochre colored painting
where grey seagulls glide by.
As the port in the burgeoning night with its tinkling ropes and
purp'ling lights mean nothing to me, nothing to me at all unless
you're there to share with me all. 4. *In the Twilight Hour*

In the twilight hour, I looked to the sky but could not find the
stars
As when I stared in the mirror but saw only an undisturbed room.
I reached for your arms but found only air and the silence your
presence once so gently filled.
I wanted to scream but heard only the clock ticking peacefully
on the shelf.
I wanted to cry. But as a field in late August, with no sign of
rain, whispers its dryness through its tangled weeds I lay there
silent, in the twilight hour.

Pamela Madsen: *Proof and Disproof* (2021) World Premiere
An Opera for One-based on set of 10 poems by Elizabeth Barrett
Browning

- I. Dost thou love me, my Beloved? Who shall answer yes or
no? What is proved or disproved When my soul inquireth
so, Dost thou love me, my Beloved?
- II. I have seen thy heart to-day, Never open to the crowd,
While to love me aye and aye Was the vow as it was vowed
By thine eyes of steadfast gray.
- III. Now I sit alone, alone – And the hot tears break and
burn, Now, Beloved, thou art gone, Doubt and terror have
their turn. Is it love that I have known?
- IV. I have known some bitter things, – Anguish, anger,
solitude. Year by year an evil brings, Year by year
denies a good; March winds violate my springs.
- V. I have known how sickness bends, I have known how sorrow
breaks, – How quick hopes have sudden ends, How the
heart thinks till it aches Of the smile of buried
friends.

VI. Last, I have known thee , my brave Noble thinker, lover,
doer! The best knowledge last I have. But thou comest as
the thrower Of fresh flowers upon a grave.

VII. Count what feelings used to move me! Can this love
assort with those? Thou, who art so far above me, Wilt
thou stoop so, for repose? Is it true that thou canst
love me?

VIII. Do not blame me if I doubt thee. I can call love by its
name When thine arm is wrapt about me; But even love
seems not the same, When I sit alone, without thee.

IX. Dost thou love me, my Beloved? Only thou canst answer
yes! And, thou gone, the proof's disproved, And the cry
rings answerless – Dost thou love me, my Beloved?