

“WOMEN’S LOVE AND LIFE”

A Recital performed by *Stephanie Lorenz* and *Janet Carter*

At Vanderbilt Presbyterian Church

“Tornami a Vagheggiar”

from *Alcina*, HWV 34 (1735)

George Frideric Handel
(1685-1759)

From *Frauenliebe und Leben*, op.42 (1840)

“Seit ich ihn gesehen.”

“Du Ring an meinem Finger.”

Robert Schumann
(1810-1856)

“Ch'io mi scordi di te? Non temer, amato bene.” K. 505. (1786)

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

“Romanze”, without an Opus (1853)

Janet Carter, piano

Clara Schumann
(1819-1896)

“Son pochi fiori”

from *L'amico Fritz* (1891)

Pietro Mascagni
(1863-1945)

“Signore, ascolta”

from *Turandot* (1926)

Giacomo Puccini
(1858-1924)

“Non mi resta che il pianto ed il dolore”

from *L'amico Fritz* (1891)

Pietro Mascagni
(1863-1945)

“O mio babbino caro”

from *Gianni Schicchi* (1918)

Giacomo Puccini
(1858-1924)

Known for her velvety and easy voice, **Stephanie Lorenz** is a German American soprano who feels especially drawn to bringing to life music composed by Mozart, Puccini, Donizetti, Rossini and Handel. Prior to 2020, she sang the role of *Sarah Good* from **THE CRUCIBLE** for the Berlin Opera Academy. During the pandemic she has spent a majority of her time singing in masterclasses with Lisette Oropesa, Angel Blue, Joan Patenaude-Yarnell, Barbara Frittoli, James Valenti and Capucine Chiaudani.

This year, Stephanie will be singing *Suzel* and *Caterina* from **L'AMICO FRITZ** with the Camerata Bardi Vocal Academy at Teatro Grattacielo in NYC. She is extremely pleased to be performing her solo concert "Woman's Love and Life" throughout Southwest Florida with arias by Mascagni, Puccini, Mozart, Handel and *Lieder* by Robert Schumann. www.StephanieLorenz.com



Janet Carter has been the accompanist of the Mastersingers since the group's inception. This is Janet's fourth year accompanying the City of Palms Youth Choir and is accompanying the Intermezzo Choir this year. She has a bachelor's degree from the University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign and a master's degree from Northern Illinois University.

She has been president of the local chapter of the American Orff-Schulwerk Association and served two terms on the board of the Florida Elementary Music Education Association. Janet has accompanied many all-county choirs and was twice an accompanist for the Florida All-State Elementary Choir.

TEXT TRANSLATIONS FOR YOUR ENJOYMENT!

“Tornami a vagheggiar” from *Alcina* (1735)

George Frederic Handel

Return to me to languish,
Only you want to love this faithful soul,
My dear, my good one, my dear!

I already gave you my heart:
I trust you will be my love;
I will never be cruel to you,
My dear hope.

“Seit ich ihn gesehen” from *Frauenliebe und Leben*, op. 42. (1840)

Robert Schumann

Since I saw him, I believe myself to be blind;
Wherever I look, all I see is him.
As in a daydream, his countenance floats around me;
Emerges from deepest darkness, brightening with the ascent.

All else is dark and colorless everywhere around me,
I no longer yearn for the games of my sisters,
I would rather weep silently in my little chamber,
Since I saw him, I believe myself to be blind.

“Du Ring an meinem Finger”

You ring on my finger, my little golden ring,
I press you firmly to my lips and firmly to my heart.
I dreamt [him/it] up, the lovely, peaceful childhood dream,
I found myself alone, lost in a depressed and infinite space.

You ring on my finger, there you have first taught me,
You have opened my eyes to the endless, deep value of life.
I want to serve him, live for him, belong to him entirely,
Give myself and find myself transfigured in his radiance.

You ring on my finger, my little golden ring,
I press you piously to my lips, and piously to my heart.

“Ch’io mi scordi di te?... Non temer, amato bene”, K.505 (1786) Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

You ask that I forget you?
You can advise me to give myself to him/her?
And this while yet I live? Ah, no!
My life would be far worse than death!

Let death come, I await it fearlessly.
But how could I attempt to warm myself to another flame,
To lavish my affections on another?
How to try it? Ah, I should die of grief!

Fear nothing, my beloved, my heart will always be yours.
I can no longer suffer such distress, my spirit fails me.
You sigh? O mournful sorrow! Just think, what a moment this is!
I cannot express myself, o God! Ah, no!

Fear nothing, my beloved, my heart will always, always be for you.
Barbarous stars, pitiless stars, why are you so stern?
Fair souls, who see my sufferings at such a moment,
Tell me if a faithful heart could suffer such torment?

“Son pochi fiori” from *L'amico Fritz* (1891)

Pietro Mascagni

Here are some flowerets, lowly little violets, they are the perfume of April;
And it is for you that I stole them from the sun...
If they had words, you would hear them murmuring:

“We are shy and modest daughters of Spring, we are your friends;
We will die tonight and we will be happy to say to you, who love the unhappy:
May Heaven give you all the good that you can hope for!”

And my heart adds a modest but sincere word:
“May your life be eternal Spring, that consoles others.”
Go on, please accept that which I can offer you!

“Signore, ascolta!” from *Turandot* (1926)

Giacomo Puccini

Lord, listen! Ah, sir, listen! Liù no longer holds! It breaks my heart!
Alas, how much I walk with your name in my soul, with your name on the lips!
But if your destiny will be decided tomorrow, we die on the road to exile!
He would lose his son...

I am the shadow of a smile! Liù does not hold any longer. Ah! Have pity!

“Non mi resta che il pianto ed il dolore” from *L'amico Fritz* (1891)

Pietro Mascagni

And I must I ever thus be sadly crying,
I but dream at his feet soon to fall...
I wish to tell him my whole heart lives on his thoughts!

I would ask him: “Why have I these horrible torments?
Do you know why I suffer and sigh?”

Ah! In thy bosom, thine own heart should tell thee,
For love of thee I will die?
That it will make me die!

“O mio babbino caro” from *Gianni Schicchi* (1918)

Giacomo Puccini

Oh, my dear daddy, I like him, he is beautiful... beautiful:
I want to go to the Red Port (Porta Rossa) to buy the ring!
Yes, yes, I want to go there!

And if I loved him in vain, I would go to the Old Bridge (Ponte Vecchio)
But to throw myself into the Arno River!
I yearn and torment myself! O God, I would like to die!
Have pity, father, have pity!