

THE OPERA AND SONG COLLECTIVE
SOLVEIG'S
SONG

**A TRIBUTE TO THE LEGENDARY
NORWEGIAN SOPRANO,
KIRSTEN FLAGSTAD
SONGS SHE SANG AND THOSE SHE
LOVED**



2pm Saturday 25 May
Mosman Art Gallery





The Opera and Song Collective
Artists passionate to bring fine music to you

We aim to bring joy to our audiences and satisfaction to our artists through excellence in preparation, presentation and performance of song and excerpts of remarkable musical stage works that less commonly grace Australia platforms, including some by our own nation's composers.

We strive always in our programmes to present less commonly heard works or perform well-loved song and operatic excerpts in uncommon ways.

TOSC receives no third party funding for its activities and is supported by the artists and assistants, in addition to relying on its audience to cover essential costs such as venue hire, artist honorariums and publicity.

We thank you for being part of our audience for the recital today and hope that you will join us again.

Sopranos :	Bronwyn Douglass and Leah Thomas
Mezzo Soprano :	Jill Sullivan
Piano :	Donna Balson and Stephen Walter
MC :	Matt Gaskin

Programme curated by Jill Sullivan




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Programme

Grieg	Langs ei Å Killingsdans	Op 33 No 5 Op 67 No 4		Leah
Grieg	Det første Møde Jeg elsker dig.	Op 53 No 2 Op 5 No 3		Jill
Sibelius	Den första kyssen	Op 37 No 1		Bronwyn
Grieg	Solveig's Song		<i>Peer Gynt</i>	Leah, Bronwyn & Jill
Handel	Io t'abbraccio		<i>Rodelinde</i>	Leah and Jill
Wagner	Einsam in trüben Tagen		<i>Lohengrin</i>	Bronwyn
Wagner	Im Treibhaus		<i>Wesendonck Lieder</i>	Jill
Wagner	Dich teure Halle		<i>Tannhauser</i>	Leah
Puccini	Vissi d'arte		<i>Tosca</i>	Bronwyn
Strauss, J	Czardas		<i>Die Fledermaus</i>	Leah

Interval

Grieg	Anitra's Dance from Peer Gynt Suite Op.46, No.1 Notturmo Op. 54 No. 4		Donna
Wagner	Sieglinde and Brünnhilde Act 3 Scene 1 Duet	<i>Die Walküre</i>	Bronwyn & Leah
Wagner	Einsam wachend in der Nacht	<i>Tristan und Isolde</i>	Jill
Wagner	Liebestod	<i>Tristan und Isolde</i>	Bronwyn
Handel	Ombra mai fu	<i>Serse</i>	Jill
Handel	I know that my Redeemer Liveth	<i>Messiah</i>	Leah
Strauss	Im Abendroth	<i>Four Last Songs</i>	Leah
Sibelius	Tanken		Leah & Jill
Sibelius.	Var det en dröm Op 37 No 4 arranged by Brandon Williams		Bronwyn, Leah & Jill



On behalf of Mosman Municipal Council, we pay recognition to the traditional inhabitants of the land on which we are meeting, the Borogegal and Cammeraigal people – we acknowledge Aboriginal Elders past, present and emerging and pay respect to them and their heritage.

Kirsten Flagstad's Centennial



The centennial of Norwegian dramatic soprano Kirsten Flagstad's debut was celebrated on December 12, 2013. In recognition the national airline carrier had the image of their famed opera singer on the tail of its entire fleet. A fascinating article about her career can be read in the The Norwegian American at the following link.

<https://www.norwegianamerican.com/flagstad-centennial/>

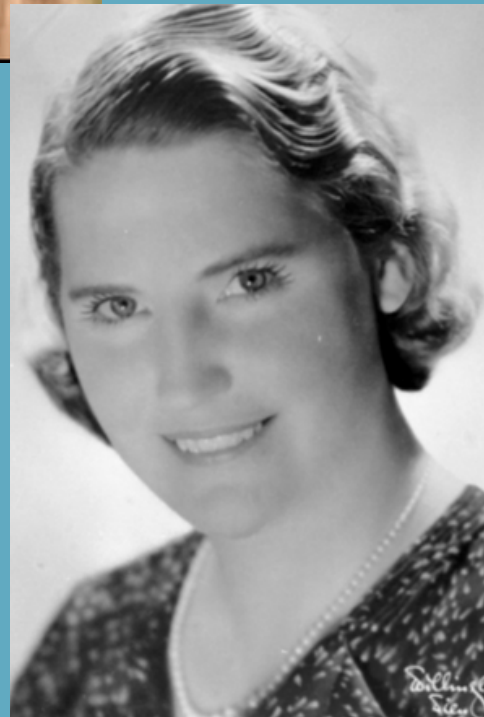
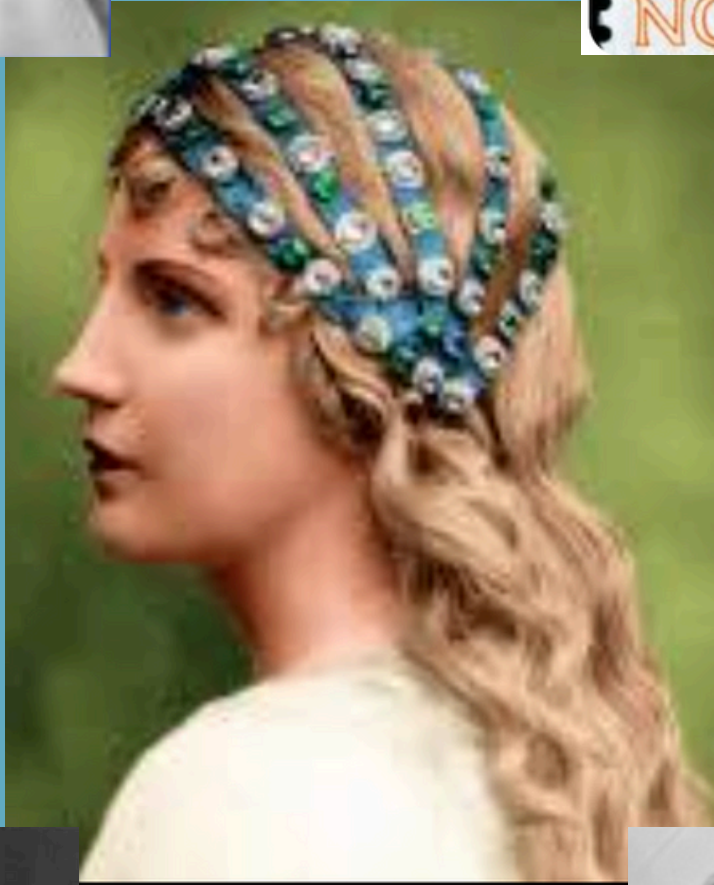


THE
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The Opera and Song Collective wish to thank Sandra Oldis for unfailing support and administrative work including Program preparation; and Vera Tchikina and Kent McIntosh for Front of House assistance.



Kirsten Flagstad





Bronwyn Douglass



Jill Sullivan



Donna Balson

Stephen Walter



Leah Thomas



Edvard Grieg

Langs ei Å op 33 no 5

Du skog! Som bøyer deg imot
og kysser denne svarte Å,
som grever av di Hjarterot
og ned i Fanget vil deg få.
Lik deg eg Mangein munde sjå
og aller helst i Livsens Vår,
at han den Handi kyste på,
som slo hans verste Hjartesår

Killingdans op 67 no 4

Å hipp og hoppe
og tipp og toppe
paa denne Dag;
aa nipp og nappe
og tripp og trappe
i slikt eit Lag.

Og det er Kjæl-i-Sol,
og det er Spel-i-Sol,
og det er Tit-ri-Li,
og det er Glit-ri-Li,
og det er Kjæte
og Lurvelæte
ein Solskindag.

Å nupp i Nakken,
og stup i Bakken
og tipp på Tå;
å rekk i Ringen
og svipp i Svingen
og hopp-i-hå.

Along a Stream

You forest! Bending down
and kissing the black stream,
which digs away at your innermost heart
and would take you down in its embrace.
Like you, I have seen many times
and above all in the Spring of life,
a man kissing the very hand
which inflicted the most mortal wound.

Kidlings Dance

Oh, hip and hop
and tip and top
on this day;
oh, nip and nap,
and trip and trap
in such a way.

And it's stay-in-the-sun,
and it's play-in-the-sun,
and it's shimmer-in-the-lea,
and it's glimmer-in-the-lea,
and it's merrymaking
and it's hubbub
on a sunshine day.

Oh, a nipp on the neck,
and a dive to the deck,
and tips of toes;
oh, reach in the ringing
and swish in the swinging
and away-she-goes.

Og det er Sleik-i-Sol,
og det er Leik-i-Sol,
og det er Glim-i-Li,
og det er Stim-i-Li,
og det er Kvitter
og Bekkje-Glitter
og lognt i Krå.

Å trapp og tralle,
og Puff i Skalle,
den skal du ha!
Og snipp og snute,
og Kyss på Trute,
den kan du ta.
Og det er Rull-i-Ring,
og det er Sull-i-Sving,
og det er Lett-på-Taa,
og det er Sprett-på-Tå,
og det er hei-san
og det er hopp-san
og tra-la-la.

And it's lick-in-the-sun,
and it's flick-in-the-sun,
and it's glow-in-the-lea,
and it's flow-in-the-lea,
and it's peep-peeping,
and it's stream-glittering
and calm repose.

Oh, trapp and tread,
and a knock on the head
you shall have, ha-ha!
And snap and snips,
and a kiss on the lips,
you can take, tra-la.
And it's rock-a-ring,
and it's sock-a-swing
and it's light-on-toes,
and it's flight-on-toes,
and it's oops-a-daisy
and it's whoops-a-daisy
and tra-la-la.

Edvard Grieg

Det første møde

Det første Mødes Sødme,
det er som Sang i Skoven,
det er som Sang paa Voven
i Solens sidste Rødme, --
det er som Horn i Uren
de tonende Sekunder,
hvori vi med Naturen
forenes i et Under.

The sweetness of a first meeting

The sweetness of a first meeting,
It's a song from the forest,
It's a song from the harbour
in the last ray of sundown,
It's a horn call from the mountainside
for those echoing seconds
when we and Nature
are united in wonder.

Edvard Grieg

Jeg elsker Dig Op 5 no 3

1864 (Hans Christian Andersson).

Min Tankes Tanke ene Du er vorden,
Du er mit Hjertes første Kælighed!
Jeg elsker Dig, som Ingen her paa
Jorden.
Jeg elsker Dig, i Tid og Evighed!

Jean Sibelius

Den första kyssen op 37 No 1

På silvermolnets kant satt
aftonstjärnan,
Från lundens skymning frågte henne
tärnan:
Säg, aftonstjärna, vad i himlen tänkes,
När första kyssen åt en älskling
skänkes?
Och himlens blyga dotter hördes
svara:
På jorden blickar ljusets änglaskara,
Och ser sin egen sällhet speglad åter;
Blott döden vänder ögat bort och gråter

I Love Thee

My thoughts' thought only of you is
become,
You are my hearts's first loved!
I love you, as none here on earth.
I love you through time and eternity!

The First Kiss

As the evening star sat on the edge of
the silver-lined cloud
The maiden asked her from the twilit
grove:
"Tell me, evening star, what do they
think in heaven
When a lover receives her first kiss?"
And heaven's bashful daughter replied:
"The angels look to earth
And see the reflection of their bliss.
Only death turns away, and weeps."

Edvard Grieg

Solveig's Song

Kanske vil der gå både vinter og vår

Kanske vil der gå både vinter og vår,
og næste sommer med, og det hele
år;
men engang vil du komme, det ved
jeg vist;
og jeg skal nok vente, for det lovte jeg
sidst.

Gud styrke dig hvor du i verden går!
Gud glæde dig, hvis du for hans
fodskammel står!

Her skal jeg vente til du kommer igen;
og venter du hist oppe, vi træffes der,
min ven!

Georg Friedrich Händel

Io t'abbraccio

from Rodelinda, regina de' Longobardi,
HWV 19 (1725)

Io t'abbraccio, Io t'abbraccio.
E più che morte, aspro e forte,
è pel cor mio questo addio,
che il tuo sen dal mio divide.

Ah mia vita!
Ah mio tesoro! se non moro,
è più tiranno quell'affanno,
che dà morte, e non uccide.

Solveig's Song

Both winter and spring may pass me by,
And next summer with them, and the
whole year,
But someday you will return, that much I
know,
And I shall wait for you, for it was my last
promise to you.

May God give you strength, as you move
through the world,
May God give you joy, if you stand
before Him.

Here will I wait until you come back;
Waiting for you to arrive home, my dear
friend!

Duet of Rodelinde and Bartorildo

I embrace you, I embrace you.
And more bitter and harsh than death
to my heart is this farewell
which tears us apart.

Ah, my life!
Ah, my treasure! If I do not die,
then how cruel is that distress
which brings death, but does not kill.

Richard Wagner

Einsam in trüben Tagen, from Lohengrin

Einsam in trüben Tagen hab'
ich zu Gott gefleht,
des Herzens tiefstes Klagen ergoß
ich im Gebet.
Da drang aus meinem Stöhnen ein
Laut so klagevoll,
der zu gewalt'gem Tönen weit
in die Lüfte schwoll:
Ich hört' ihn fernhin hallen,
bis kaum mein Ohr er traf;
mein Aug' ist zugefallen,
ich sank in süßen Schlaf.
In lichter Waffen Scheine ein
Ritter nahte da,
so tugendlicher Reine ich
keinen noch ersah.
Ein golden Horn zur Hüften,
gelehnet auf sein Schwert,
so trat er aus den Lüften zu mir,
der Rechke wert;
mit züchtigem Gebahren gab
Tröstung er mir ein:
des Ritters wil ich wahren,
er soll mein Streiter sein!
Hört, was dem Gottgesandten ich
biete für Gewähr:
in meines Vaters Landen
die Frone trage er,
mich glücklich soll ich preisen,
nimmt er mein Gut dahin,
will er Gemahl mich heissen,
geb' ich ihm, was ich bin!

Elsa's aria

Lonely in gloomy days
I have prayed to God,
The deepest lamentations of my heart
I poured out in prayer.
Then from my groaning
A sound so plaintive that swelled to a
mighty sound
Far into the air it swelled:
I heard it echo far away,
Till scarce my ear it met;
my eye fell closed,
I sank into sweet sleep.
In light arms shine
A knight approached,
So virtuous and pure
I saw none yet.
A golden horn at his hip,
Leaning on his sword,
he came out of the air To me,
worthy of reckoning;
With chaste demeanor
he gave me comfort:
I will keep the knight,
He shall be my champion!
Hear what I offer to the messenger of God
I offer for guarantee :
in my father's lands
the frone he wears,
I shall be happy and praise myself,
He will take my goods,
He will call me husband,
I'll give him what I am!

Richard Wagner

Im Treibhaus

Wesendonck Lieder

Hochgewölbte Blätterkronen,
Baldachine von Smaragd,
Kinder ihr aus fernen Zonen,
Saget mir, warum ihr klagt?

Schweigend neiget ihr die Zweige,
Malet Zeichen in die Luft,
Und der Leiden stummer Zeuge
Steiget aufwärts, süßer Duft.

Weit in sehndem Verlangen
Breitet ihr die Arme aus,
Und umschlinget wahnbefangen
Öder Leere nicht'gen Graus.

Wohl, ich weiß es, arme Pflanze;
Ein Geschicke teilen wir,
Ob umstrahlt von Licht und Glanze,
Unsre Heimat ist nicht hier!

Und wie froh die Sonne scheidet
Von des Tages leerem Schein,
Hüllet der, der wahrhaft leidet,
Sich in Schweigens Dunkel ein.

Stille wird's, ein säuselnd Weben
Füllet bang den dunklen Raum:
Schwere Tropfen seh ich schweben
An der Blätter grünem Saum.

In the Hothouse

High-vaulted crowns of leaves,
Canopies of emerald,
You children of distant zones,
Tell me, why do you lament?

Silently you bend your branches,
Draw signs in the air,
And the mute witness to your anguish -
A sweet fragrance - rises.

In desirous longing, wide
You open your arms,
And embrace through insane predilection
The desolate, empty, horrible void.

I know well, poor plants,
A fate that we share,
Though we bathe in light and radiance,
Our homeland is not here!

And how gladly the sun departs
From the empty gleam of the day,
He veils himself, he who suffers truly,
In the darkness of silence.

It becomes quiet, a whispered stirring
Fills uneasily the dark room:
Heavy drops I see hovering
On the green edge of the leaves.

Richard Wagner

Dich teure Halle - Elisabeth's Greeting from Tannhäuser

Dich, teure Halle, grüß' ich wieder,
Froh grüß' ich dich, geliebter Raum!
In dir erwachen seine Lieder
Und wecken mich aus düstrem
Traum.

Da er aus dir geschieden,
Wie öd erschienst du mir!
Aus mir entfloh der Frieden,
Die Freude zog aus dir.
Wie jetzt mein Busen hoch sich hebet,
So scheinst du jetzt mir stolz und hehr.

Der mich und dich so neu belebet,
Nicht weilt er ferne mehr.
Wie jetzt mein Busen hoch sich hebet,
So scheinst du jetzt mir stolz und hehr.
Der mich und dich so neu belebet,
Nicht weilt er ferne mehr.

Sei mir gegrüßt! Sei mir gegrüßt!
Du, teure Halle, sei mir gegrüßt!
Sei mir gegrüßt!
Du, teure Halle, sei mir gegrüßt!

You, dear hall, do I greet again
I greet you joyfully, beloved room!
In you his songs awake
And wake me from a dusky dream.

When he departed from you
How dull you seemed to me!
Peace flew out of me
And joy went out of you.
And now my bosom is raised high
As you now seem to me proud and
noble

He who brings you and me to life
Is no longer wandering far away
And now my bosom is raised high
As you now seem to me proud and noble
He who brings you and me to life
Is no longer wandering far away
I greet you, I greet you!
You, dear hall, I greet you!
I greet you!
You, dear hall, I greet you!

Giacomo Puccini

Vissi d'arte - Tosca

Vissi d'arte, vissi d'amore,
non feci mai male ad anima viva!
Con man furtiva
quante miserie conobbi aiutai.
Sempre con fè sincera
la mia preghiera
ai santi tabernacoli salì.
Sempre con fè sincera
diedi fiori aglì altar.
Nell'ora del dolore
perchè perchè Signore,
perchè me ne rimunerì così?

Diedi gioielli della Madonna al
manto,
e diedi il canto agli astri, al ciel,
che ne ridean più belli.
Nell'ora del dolor
Perchè, perchè, Signor,
ah, perchè me ne rimunerì così?

I lived for my art, I lived for love,
I never did harm to a living soul!
With a secret hand
I relieved as many misfortunes as I knew of.
Always with true faith
my prayer
rose to the holy shrines.
Always with true faith
I gave flowers to the altar.
In the hour of grief
why, why, o Lord,
why do you reward me thus?

I gave jewels for the Madonna's
mantle,
and I gave my song to the stars, to heaven,
which smiled with more beauty.
In the hour of grief
why, why, o Lord,
ah, why do you reward me thus?

Johann Strauss - Die Fledermaus

Czardas - Rosalinda

Klänge der Heimat,
Ihr weckt mir das Sehnen,
Rufet die Tränen
Ins Auge mir!
Wenn ich euch höre,
Ihr heimischen Lieder,
Zieht mich's wieder,
Mein Ungarland, zu dir!
O Heimat so wunderbar,
Wie strahlt dort die Sonne so klar!

Sounds of my homeland,
You awaken my longing,
Call forth tears
To my eyes!
When I hear you
You songs of home,
You draw me back,
My Hungary, to you!
O homeland, so wonderful,
How clearly shines the sun there!

Wie grün deine Wälder,
Wie lachend die Felder,
O land, wo so glücklich ich war!
Ja, dein geliebtes Bild
Meine Seele so ganz erfüllt,
Dein geliebtes Bild!
Und bin ich auch von dir weit, ach weit,
Dir bleibt in Ewigkeit
Doch mein Sinn immerdar
Ganz allein geweiht!
O Heimat so wunderbar,
Wie strahlt dort die Sonne so klar!
Wie grün deine Wälder!

Wie lachend die Felder,
O Land, wo so glücklich ich war!
Feuer, Lebenslust,
Schwellt echte Ungarbrust,
Heil! Zum Tanze schnell,
Csárdás tönt so hell!

Braunes Mägdelein
Musst meine Tänz'rin sein;
Reich den Arm geschwind,
Dunkeläugig Kind!
Durst'ge Zecher,
Greift zum Becher,
Lasst ihn kreisen
Schnell von Hand zu Hand!
Schlürft das Feuer
Im Tokayer,
Bringt ein Hoch
Aus dem Vaterland! Ha!
Feuer, Lebe
Schwellt echte Ungarbrust,
Heil! Zum Tanze schnell!
Csárdás tönt so hell!
La, la, la, la, la!

How green your forests
How laughing the fields,
Oh land, where I was so happy!
Yes, your beloved image
Entirely fills my soul,
Your beloved image!
And though I am far from you, ah so far,
Yours remains for all eternity
My soul, ever there,
Dedicated to you alone!
Oh homeland so wondrous,
How clearly shines the sun there!
How green your forests!

How laughing your fields!
Oh land, where I was so happy!
Fire, zest for living,
Swell the true Hungarian breast,
Hurrah! On to the dance,
The Csárdás sounds so brightly!

Brown-skinned girl,
You must be my dancer;
Give me your arm quickly,
Dark-eyed child!
Thirsty tipplers,
Grasp the cup,
Pass it in a circle
Quickly from hand to hand!
Slurp the fire
In the Tokay,
Give a toast
From the fatherland! Ha!
Fire, Zest for life
Swell the true Hungarian breast,
Hurray! To the spirited dance
The csárdás sounds loud and clear!
La, la, la, la, la!

Richard Wagner

Sieglinde und Brünnhilde

Act 3 scene 1 Die Walküre

Sieglinde -

Nicht sehre dich Sorge um mich:

Einzig taugt mir der Tod!

Wer hiess dich Maid

Dem Harst mich entführen?

Im Sturm dort hätt' ich

Den Streich empfah'n

Von derselben Waffe,

Der Siegmund fiel:

Das Ende fand ich

Vereint mit ihm!

Fern von Siegmund -

Siegmund von dir!

O deckte mich Tod,

Dass ich's nicht denke! –

Soll um die Flucht

Dir Maid ich nicht fluchen,

Strosse dein Schwert mir in's Herz!

Brünnhilde –

Lebe, o Weib,

Um der Liebe willen!

Rette das Pfand,

Das von ihm du empfangst:

Ein Wälsung wächst di rim Schoosse.

Sieglinde -

Rete mich, Kühne!

Rete mein Kind!

Schirmt mich, ihr Mädchen,

Mit mächtigstem Schutz!

Sieglinde -

Oh suffer no sorrow for me!

Ah! How dear now were death!

Who bade thee, maid,

to bear me from peril?

A stroke I might

in the strife have found

From the self same weapon

that Siegmund felled;

Then had I fallen and

hied with him!

Far from Siegmund –

Siegmund from thee!

O'er master, O death,

my remembrance!

If thou wouldst court not,

Maiden, my curses,

Then one pray'r in pity accord me;

Strike with thy sword to my heart!

Brünnhilde –

Live still, O wife!

for the love that waits thee!

Rescue the pledge,

That with thee he hath placed:

A very Volsung thou bearest!

Sieglinde -

Rescue me, brave one!

Rescue my babe!

Shelter me, maidens,

with mightiest shield!

Rette mich Maid!

Rette die Mutter!

Brünhilde –

So fliehe den eilig –

Und fliehe allein!

Ich – bleibe zurück,

Biete mich Wotan's Rache:

An mir zögr' ich

Den Zürnenden hier,

Während du seinem Rasen
entrinnst.

Sieglinde -

Wohin soll ich mich wenden?

Brünhilde –

Wer von euch Schwestern

Schweifte nach Osten?

Und doch vor Wotan's Wuth

Schütz sie sicher der Wald:

Ihn scheut der Mächt'ge

Und meidet den Ort.

Fort den, eile

Nach Osten gewandt!

Muthigen Trotzes

Ertrag alle Mühn –

Hunger und Durst,

Dorn und Gestein;

Lache, ob Noth

Und Leiden dich nagt!

Denn eines wisse

Und wahr' es immer:

Den hehrsten Helden der Welt

Hegst du, o Weib,

Im schirmenden Schooss!

Rescue me maid!

Rescue me Mother!

Brünhilde –

Then fly with all swiftness,

And fly by thyself!

I'll stay where I am:

Strike on me Wotan's anger!

While I hinder him

here in his wrath,

Thou by flight shalt escape from his
curse!

Sieglinde -

Where may I safely wander?

Brünhilde –

Which of ye, sisters,

Sped to the eastward?

And yet from Wotan's wrath,

Shelter sure were this wood!

'Tis shunned by him:

He abhorreth the spot.

Fly then swiftly,

And speed to the east!

Bravely determine

all trials to bear.

Hunger and thirst,

Thorns and hard ways,

Smile through all pain

while suffering pangs!

This only heed

And hold it ever:

The highest hero of worlds

hidest thou, O wife,

In sheltering shrine!

Wer wahr' ihm die starken
Schwertes-Stücken;
Seines Vaters Walstatt
Entführt' ich sie glücklich:
Der neu gefügt
Das Schwert einst schwingt,
Den Namen nehm' er von mir –
"Siegfried" freu'
Sich des Sieg's!

Sieglinde -
Du hehrstes Wunder!
Herrliche Maid!
Dir, Treuen, dank' ich
Heiligen Trost!
Für ihn, den wir liebten,
Rett' ich das Liebste:
Meines Dankes Lohn
Lache dir einst!
Lebe wohl!
Dich signet Sieglinde's Weh'!

Richard Wagner

Tristan und Isolde Einsam Wachend in der Nacht - Brangaene

Einsam wachend in der Nacht,
wem der Traum der Liebe lacht,
hab der Einen Ruf in acht,
die den Schläfern
Schlimmes ahnt, bange zum
Erwachen mahnt.
Habet acht!
Habet acht!
Bald entweicht die Nacht.

For him keep these shreds of
shattered sword-blade;
From his Father's death-field
by fortune I saved them:
Anon renewed
this sword shall he swing
And now his name I declare –
Siegfried,
of vict'ry the son!

Sieglinde –
O marvelous sayings!
Maiden divine!
What comfort o'er my mind
Thou hast cast!
For his sake I live and
Save this belov'd one!
May my blessing frame
Future reward!
Fare thee well!
Be Sieglinda's sorrow thy weal!

Lonely watching in the night

Lonely watching in the night,
Those onto love's dream is smiling
May take care of the one's cry,
Who bodes ill
For the sleepers
And admonishes them fearfully
To awake.
Beware!
Beware!
Soon the night will give way.

Wagner - Tristan und Isolde

Isolde's Liebestod

Mild und leise wie er lächelt,
wie das Auge hold er öffnet ---
Seht ihr's, Freunde?
Seht ihr's nicht?
Immer lichter wie er leuchtet,
stern-umstrahlet hoch sich hebt?
Seht ihr's nicht?
Wie das Herz ihm mutig schwillt,
voll und hehr im Busen ihm quillt?
Wie den Lippen, wonnig mild,
süßer Atem sanft entweht ---
Freunde! Seht!
Fühlt und seht ihr's nicht?
Hör ich nur diese Weise,
die so wundervoll und leise,
Wonne klagend, alles sagend,
mild versöhnend aus ihm tönend,
in mich dringet, auf sich schwinget,
hold erhallend um mich klinget?
Heller schallend,
mich umwallend ---
Sind es Wellen sanfter Lüfte?
Sind es Wogen wonniger Düfte?
Wie sie schwellen,
mich umrauschen,
soll ich atmen, soll ich lauschen?
Soll ich schlürfen, untertauchen?
Süß in Düften mich verhauchen?
In dem wogenden Schwall,
in dem tönenden Schall,
in des Welt-Atems wehendem All --
-ertrinken, versinken ---
unbewußt --- höchste Lust!

Mildly and gently, how he smiles,
how the eye he opens sweetly ---
Do you see it, friends?
Don't you see it?
Brighter and brighter how he shines,
illuminated by stars rises high?
Don't you see it?
How his heart boldly swells,
fully and nobly wells in his breast?
How from his lips delightfully, mildly,
sweet breath softly wafts ---
Friends! Look!
Don't you feel and see it?
Do I alone hear this melody,
which wonderfully and softly,
lamenting delight, telling it all,
mildly reconciling sounds out of him,
invades me, swings upwards,
sweetly resonating rings around me?
Sounding more clearly,
wafting around me ---
Are these waves of soft airs?
Are these billows of delightful fragrances?
How they swell,
how they sound around me,
shall I breathe, Shall I listen?
Shall I drink, immerse?
Sweetly in fragrances melt away?
In the billowing torrent,
in the resonating sound,
in the wafting Universe of the World-
Breath --- drown,
be engulfed --- unconscious ---

Handel - Serse

Ombra mai fu

Frondi tenere e belle
Del mio platano amato
Per voi risplenda il fato
Tuoni, lampi, e procelle
Non v'oltraggino mai la cara pace
Né giunga a profanarvi austro
rapace

Ombra mai fu
Di vegetabile
Cara ed amabile
Soave più

Tender and beautiful fronds
of my beloved plane tree,
let Fate smile upon you.
May thunder, lightning, and storms
never disturb your dear peace,
nor may you by blowing winds be
profaned.

Never was a shade
of any plant
dearer and more lovely,
or more sweet.

Richard Strauss

Im Abendrot - Four Last Songs

Wir sind durch Not und Freude
Gegangen Hand in Hand,
Vom Wandern ruhn wir
Nun überm stillen Land.

Rings sich die Thäler neigen,
Es dunkelt schon die Luft,
Zwei Lerchen nur noch steigen
Nachträumend in den Duft.

Tritt her, und laß sie schwirren,
Bald ist es Schlafenszeit
Daß wir uns nicht verirren
In dieser Einsamkeit.

O weiter stiller Friede!
So tief im Abendrot,
Wie sind wir wandermüde
Ist es etwa der Tod?

In Twilight

We've gone through joy and crisis
Together, hand in hand,
And now we rest from wandering
Above the silent land.

The valleys slope around us,
The air is growing dark,
And dreamily, into the haze,
There still ascends two larks.

Come here, and let them flutter,
The time for sleep is soon.
We would not want to lose our way
In this great solitude.

O vast and silent peace!
So deep in twilight ruddiness,
We are so wander-weary -
Could this perchance be death?

Jean Sibelius

Tanken JS 191

Tanke, se hur fågeln svingar
Under molnet lätt och fri;
Även du har dina vingar,
Och din rymd att flyga i.

Klaga ej, att du vid gruset
Som en fånge binds ännu;
Lätt som fågeln, snabb som ljuset,
Mer än båda fri är du.

Är det glatt på jorden,
Villa bland dess fröjder glad också;
Är det sorgligt, ila ila,
Bort till högre världar då

Var det en dröm? Op 37 no 4

Var det en dröm, att ljuvt engång
jag var ditt hjärtas vän?
Jag minns det som en tystnad sång,
då strängen darrar än.

Jag minns en törnros av dig skänkt,
en blick så blyg och öm;
jag minns en avskedstår, som blänkt,-
var allt, var allt en dröm?

En dröm lik sippans liv så kort
uti en vårgrön ängd,
vars fägring hastigt vissnar bort
för nya blommors mängd.

Men mången natt jag hör en röst
vid bittra tårars ström:
göm djupt dess minne i ditt bröst,
det var din bästa dröm.

A Thought

Thought, see how the bird swings
under the cloud light and fine
you too have your wings,
And your space to fly in

Don't complain, that you that you by
the gravel
As a prisoner binds yet;
Light as a bird, fast as light
More than both free you are

Glory happy on earth,
Villa in between rejoices happily too
Is it sad, fly, fly
away to higher worlds then.

Was it a Dream?

Was it a dream that once
I was the friend of your heart?
I recall it like a song that is past
Though the string still vibrates.

I recall a rose, a present from you.
A glance so shy and tender:
I recall a parting tear that shone.
Was it all, was it all a dream?

A dream as short as an anemone's life
Out in a spring green meadow.
Whose beauty quickly fades away
Before the multitude of new flowers.

But many a night I hear a voice
On a stream of bitter tears:
Hide its memory deep in your breast.
It was your best dream.



Australian soprano, **Bronwyn Douglass** debuted as Donna Elvira in Opera Australia's production of *Don Giovanni*, described by critics as a "focussed and fiery Elvira" with "dramatic timbre". Other roles for Opera Australia have included Sieglinde (cover) in *Die Walküre*, Page in *Lohengrin* and Anna

Kennedy in *Maria Stuarda* in Concert. In previous years Bronwyn enjoyed working as a mezzo-soprano with Co-Opera, Melbourne Opera, Brisbane Baroque Festival and The Australian Festival of Chamber Music.

In concert, Bronwyn has performed with Sydney Philharmonia Choirs, Queensland Symphony Orchestra, Royal Melbourne Philharmonic, The Brisbane Festival, Opera Under the Stars and Canberra International Music Festival. She looks forward to joining Sydney Philharmonia Choirs again this year, in "Ode to Joy" at the Sydney Opera House, featuring Ethel Smyth's Mass in D and Beethoven's 9th Symphony.

Bronwyn was the winner of the prestigious Joan Sutherland and Richard Bonyngé Bel Canto Award and The Opera Foundation for young Australians Lady Fairfax New York Scholarship (2017). More recently, she was the winner of the Australian Opera Awards Committee Gold Award (2021), a semi-finalist in the Elizabeth Connell Prize (2023) and winner of an encouragement award in the Premier Opera Foundation International Vocal Competition Virtual (2023).

Bronwyn holds a Bachelor of Music from the Australian National University School of Music and a Masters of Music from the Queensland Conservatorium. She was also a Melba Opera Trust Scholar (2016-2017), and attended the Lisa Gasteen National Opera School (2013-2015) and Georg Solti Accademia di Bel Canto (2018) on scholarship.



Jill Sullivan has performed throughout Australia in opera and concert. She has performed with Opera Australia since 2016, prior to that performing with the State companies in Queensland, and in Western Australia where she was a resident mezzo-soprano performing main stage roles and in children's operas and concerts.

In 2023 Jill covered the role of Rossweisse in *Die Walküre* for Opera Australia and in July this year travels to Germany where she was awarded a place in the Dramatic Voices Programme to perform the role of Erste Magd and cover the role of Klytemnestra in 'Elektra' and perform in the associated Lieder Festival.

While resident in Perth Jill co-founded the Lieder Society of WA, jointly ran a production company, Opera in Company that promoted young artists, directed choirs and was a pre-show presenter for WASO. In her commitment to the development of young performers, Jill led a group of 13 of her own students on a tour of European cities visiting Opera Houses, attending operas and concerts and while in Vienna, Geneva and Paris the students also undertook masterclasses with noted teachers Dr Annabella Redman and Gilles Denizot.

Jill founded The Opera and Song Collective in 2021 in response to the impositions on artists of Covid lockdowns and continues to foster the careers of colleagues and younger singers alike.

Jill studied piano in Hobart, later studying singing with Barbara Sambell in Melbourne then Molly McGurk in Perth and holds an Honours degree in Arts (Opera Studies) from the University of Manchester. She also holds a Bachelor in Medicine, University of Tasmania and Licentiate Diploma of Music (Singing) AMEB.



Leah Thomas has been a member of Opera Australia Chorus since 2005. Born in Sydney, her early musical career was in flute and the recorder family, with a full music scholarship through high school. The breath discipline of wind instruments led to an interest in singing and she graduated from the Sydney Conservatorium with a Bachelor of Music and Diploma of Opera.

In 2003 she won the Mietta Song Recital Award, awarded by Richard Bonyngne, which allowed her to further her studies in Florence, Berlin and Copenhagen. She won the 2007 Audi German Operatic Award – whilst 7 ½ months pregnant! – but decided to pass the prizes of engagements in Cologne to the runner-up in the circumstances.

A highlight of her time with Opera Australia was a two-year secondment with OzOpera Touring, performing the title role in *La Traviata* from Hobart to Darwin, from Albany to a rainy amphitheatre performance in the Daintree. Other roles in her repertoire include *Aida*, *Tosca*, *The Merry Widow*, *Sieglinde*, *Siegrune* and *3rd Norn* (Ring Cycle), *Countess* (*Marriage of Figaro*), *First Lady* (*Magic Flute*), *Countess Ceprano* (*Rigoletto*), *Annina* (*Traviata*), *High Priestess* (*Aida*), *Anna Elenberg* (*Whiteley*), *Fata Morgana* (*Love for 3 Oranges*) and the *Witch* (*Hansel and Gretel*).

She has performed in numerous oratorios by Handel, Bach, Mendelssohn and Vaughan-Williams, and concert series and gala events.

Her love of art song and languages is celebrated in a recital program with David Miller AM recorded for broadcast on ABC Classic FM's Young Performers Program.



Donna Balson is one of Australia's most experienced voice teachers and opera coaches. After more than 30 years working in Germany and the US, she now teaches at the Sydney Conservatorium of Music, is a guest coach with Opera Australia and has a thriving private studio, working with many of Australia's most prominent classical singers.

As a singer, Donna performed as a soloist with opera houses including Opera Australia and Opera Queensland and in Frankfurt, Düsseldorf and Stuttgart. In concert, she has performed with orchestras in Prague, Beijing, Amsterdam, Den Haag, and in New York at Carnegie Hall and Lincoln Centre.

As a coach, she has prepared singers for performances at Opera Australia, Oper Frankfurt, La Scala, the Vienna State Opera and the Metropolitan Opera New York, and for successful auditions for the Academy of Vocal Arts in Philadelphia and the Young Artist Program at the Metropolitan Opera.



Stephen Walter grew up at Victor Harbor on the South Coast of South Australia, and from an early age played piano, harmonium, and brass instruments in and for the community at church and school, in the town band and dance bands.

Even before graduating from the University of Adelaide, where he worked as an accompanist in the music department, he started working as a répétiteur for the state opera company. Already this broadened his knowledge and interest in works outside of the usual repertoire, for instance - operas by Britten, Janacek, Tippett and Sitsky.

Accepting an invitation to work in Western Australia, Stephen spent three years at the state opera company there, touring the state with the schools company, working in Perth, and fitting in concerto and chamber music as well.

Finally, Opera Australia found room on their music staff for Stephen. In over 30 years there he played almost all the standard repertoire as well as spending decades lost in the scores of Wagner, Strauss, Berg, Prokofiev, and contemporary Australian works.

Shortly before he retired, he played for the rehearsals of “My Fair Lady”, directed by Dame Julie Andrews. This was the most deeply rewarding few weeks in a rich and satisfying working life.

In retirement Stephen has ventured to try and learn the pipe organ, and still dabbles at the piano when work comes his way.



Matt Gaskin has recently come home to Sydney after 12 years living in Canada. Whilst he was there, he obtained a Bachelor of Music from the University of Toronto, majoring in composition, and a Masters of Music in Opera Performance from the University of British Columbia, where he studied with J. Patrick Raftery.

Roles performed there include Tamino in *Die Zauberflöte*, Nika Magadoff in Menotti's *The Consul*, and Herzog von Urbino in Johann Strauss' *Eine Nacht in Venedig*. During his studies he took part in the masterclass and Singer Behind the Song series with Ben Heppner, performed the tenor solo for Beethoven's Ninth Symphony with the UBC Symphony Orchestra, as well as concert tours as soloist with the UBC Opera Ensemble to Czech Republic, China, and Christmas concerts with the Vancouver Symphony Orchestra.

Matt has also performed the role of Tito in Mozart's *La Clemenza di Tito* at the Centre for Opera Studies in Italy, and Tamino in *The Czech Republic* for the European Music Academy in Teplice, and Summer Opera Lyric Theatre in Toronto, Canada. Professional chorus and choral work include the Vancouver Opera Company, Vancouver Chamber Choir and the Elmer Iseler Singers of Toronto.

Upcoming concerts



The Opera and Song Collective presents

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KERRY NICHOLSON, ANNA TAFANI

MEZZOS: LISA MUNCKTON, AGNES SARKIS, JILL SULLIVAN

TENORS: HONGXIN JIANG, KENT MCINTOSH

BASSES: DAVID HEARNDEN, LUCAS TAMAYO

PIANO: CLAIRE RACE

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presents

Chanson d'après-midi

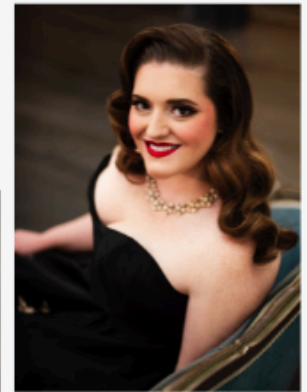
July 7th at 3:00pm

Mosman Art Gallery

Art Gallery Way, Mosman



Kylie Bailey



Bronwyn Douglass



Benjamin Caukwell



Alan Hicks



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