

Lise Davidsen, *soprano*
with James Baillieu, *pianist*
IN RECITAL

PROGRAM

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"Da unten im Tale," WoO 33 No. 6
"Mädchenlied," Op. 107 No. 5
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- Johannes Brahms
(1833 - 1897)
- Robert Schumann
(1810 - 1856)
- Jean Sibelius
(1865 - 1957)
- Edvard Grieg
(1843 - 1907)
- Richard Strauss
(1864 - 1949)

ABOUT THE PROGRAM

Notes by Arthur Smith

Lise Davidsen and James Baillieu open their Vocal Arts Recital with Johannes Brahms, a prolific song composer, many of whose songs mine the serious vein familiar from his weighty orchestral music and the German Requiem. But Brahms also drew deep inspiration from vernacular music, a less serious side of the composer that is sometimes overlooked. In addition to his lively Hungarian Dances and lilting *Liebeslieder Waltzes*, he set seven volumes of folk songs, and often tapped folk themes in instrumental works. These threads are woven together in tonight's opening set.

We start serious, with a storm scene in "Auf dem Kirchofe" ("In a churchyard," an 1888 setting of a text by poet Detlev von Liliencron). Rain pelts down on a melancholy cemetery scene, but the music soon becomes reflective, as the imagery turns from the tumult of life to the peace of the grave. Love and its misfortunes occupy us next (and not for the first time in the world of lieder!). "Da unten im Tale" ("Down in the valley) comes from the composer's volumes of folk music: as with many of his settings, it is a work with a simple, and beautifully shaped melody set to repeating accompaniment, the whole touched by late Brahms autumnal melancholy. We end with one of the composer's most celebrated songs, "Von ewiger liebe" ("Eternal love," an 1864 setting of August Heinrich Hoffmann von Fallersleben). It opens with a minor harmony in the piano part, at first almost a private thought that the voice comments on. Both lines become more anguished as the speaker questions his beloved on the steadfastness of her love. But all turns radiantly to a major key as she affirms that their bond is stronger than iron and steel, with two hearts beating in sync in the accompaniment.

Gedichte der Königin Maria Stuart from 1854 are the last songs Robert Schumann wrote, and provide a strong contrast with the familiar lyrical outpourings of a decade and a half earlier when the composer was writing his love lyrics to Clara (the time of *Dichterliebe* among many other works). These settings of poems attributed to Mary Queen of Scots are inward looking, spare and have an austerity befitting the tragic story of the doomed monarch. Absent are the elaborate piano parts with florid introductions and postludes of the earlier Schumann. Instead, all is pared down and the mood is spare. A particularly notable example is the second song, "Nach der geburt ihres sohnes" "After the birth of her son," (referring to James I, who would become King of England). The song consists of a recit-like musical line over nothing more than a handful of chord changes, a fragmentary whole that nonetheless goes straight to the heart. The last song in the set, ("Gebet," Prayer) perhaps drew a particular resonance from Schumann, a man ailing in body and mind. Each despairing phrase moves up in pitch, ending with the words, "Und rette Du mich," asking for God's salvation. Schumann, wracked by dementia, was dead within two years of setting these lines.

Jean Sibelius' *Luonnotar* from 1913, forms the centerpiece of the program. This dramatic scene--a tone poem for voice and piano--sets the beginning of the *Kalevala*, the Finnish national epic. Based on legends, ballads, poems and songs from the oral tradition, the *Kalevala* was gathered together and published in the 1830s (an era in which the folkloric traditions of national cultures were of widespread interest across Europe). *Kalevala*, "Land of Heroes," begins with the creation of the earth from the shards of an egg. This event is presided over by a feminine spirit or goddess of nature, Luonnotar, and it is her story, the first canto of the poem, that Sibelius sets. In accordance with the cosmic theme of the work, the scale and range of musical effects are wide, for both vocal and piano protagonists. (We often hear the line that a *lied* may be as powerful and emotionally rich as an opera, just smaller in size; here we have an entire creation story in ten minutes!) And it's quite a ten minutes; at times we are listening to a bard relate an ancient tale through the mist, but at other turns we hear urgent scenes of transformation, underscored by those trademark driving rhythms of Sibelius. His music is so often on the move, ever forward towards an unknown destination.

Luonnotar is an example of Sibelius' successful effort to establish a distinctive Finnish national school in music. But he was at the same time a cosmopolitan, and in fact was raised in a Swedish speaking family (not unusual in his era) and in the next group of songs we hear Swedish texts in lieder that both evoke European, rather than

specifically Scandinavian, traditions and look forward to 20th century idioms. The opus 38 songs date from 1900-02, and concern familiar themes (a first kiss, unfaithful lovers) and evoke the ardor typical of his late romantic peers, Rachmaninoff and Mahler. As in these composers (and Strauss from whom we'll hear soon), there are many layers to the musical textures. For example, the simple song to a child "Little Lasse," the second in the set, has a text that is not more than a ditty, but the accompaniment is restless and slightly less than comforting, and takes the overall effect beyond that of a nursery tale to something mysterious.

We turn next to the Norwegian Edvard Grieg, engaged, like Sibelius, in an effort to awaken a national spirit in his country's musical life, but also influenced heavily by 19th century German traditions (he was educated in Leipzig). Tonight's songs, selections from his 1884 Op. 48, are in German. His works are of a simpler texture than the music we have heard so far, typically a declamatory vocal line over a supporting accompaniment. Grieg wrote that his paramount concern was clarity of the words, putting across the poem rather than commenting on it. This is nowhere more evident than in the quiet eloquence of the first song, "Gedanke mein" "O heart of mine." Grieg was inspired by his wife Nina Hagen and performed with her to great acclaim. There is a similar connection for tonight's final composer Richard Strauss, whose wife Pauline De Ahna was a singer and inspired many of his works, and to whom sopranos worldwide owe a debt of gratitude for an abundance of glorious repertoire.

Although Strauss wrote songs throughout his life, his most concentrated efforts in this form come from two periods, the late 19th century and during his final years in the 1940s (the era of the "Four Last Songs"). The wonderful, layered sound familiar from Strauss's orchestral and operatic works is not shortchanged in the songs. Again, and again sweeping melody lines curve around piano parts that in turn sparkle with depth and detail. And the long-breathed span of the vocal parts are a particular thrill. There really is little in the song repertory to match the quiet gleam of the words "O Glück" ("O joy") as the held note moves from the background to the foreground in "Befreit," or the spinning tapestry of sound the composer created in "Wiegenlied," a lullaby of full of starlit magic.

These are only two of many familiar joys in these songs, which have often graced VADC concerts. But we also hear a rarity, "Malven," a setting of a poem by Betty Wehrli-Knobel. A delicate work evoking a garden, this is Strauss' valedictory song. Written in 1948, it was in fact his last composition in any genre and was written for and given to the soprano Maria Jeritza (1887-1982), the first Ariadne in his opera *Ariadne auf Naxos*. It was not performed publicly by anyone during Jeritza's lifetime, receiving its premiere in 1985, in a performance by Dame Kiri Te Kanawa and Martin Katz

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Johannes Brahms: "Auf dem Kirchhofe," Op. 105 No. 4

Text by Baron Detlev von Liliencron (1844 - 1909) | Translation by Ellen Goodnight

Auf dem Kirchhofe

Der Tag ging regenschwer und sturmbewegt,
Ich war an manch vergeßnem Grab gewesen.
Verwittert Stein und Kreuz, die Kränze alt,
Die Namen überwachsen, kaum zu lesen.

Der Tag ging sturmbewegt und regenschwer,
Auf allen Gräbern fror das Wort: Gewesen.
Wie sturместot die Särge schlummerten—
Auf allen Gräbern taute still: Genesen.

In the churchyard

The day was heavy with rain and moved by storms,
I had been by many a forgotten grave.
Weathered stones and crosses, the wreaths old,
The names overgrown, hardly to be read.

The day was moved by storms and heavy with rain,
On every grave froze the word: Been.
How dead in a storm, the coffins slumbered—
On every grave thawed still the word: Recovered.

Johannes Brahms: "Da unten im Tale," WoO 33 No. 6

Text by Anonymous | Translation by Ellen Goodnight

Da unten im Tale

Da unten im Tale
Läufst Wasser so trüb,
Und i kann dirs net sagen,
I hab di so lieb.

Sprichst allweil von Liebe,
Sprichst allweil von Treu,
Und a bissele Falschheit
Is auch wohl dabei.

Und wenn i dirs zehnmal sag,
Daß i di lieb,
Und du willst nit verstehn, muß i
Halt weiter gehn.

Für die Zeit, wo du g'liebt mi hast,
Dank i dir schön,
Und i wünsch, daß dirs anderswo
Besser mag gehn.

Down there in the valley

Down there in the valley
The water runs so cloudy,
And I cannot tell you
How much I love you.

You speak only of love,
You speak only of fidelity,
And a bit of falsehood
Is likely there too.

And if I tell you ten times
That I love you,
And you will not understand,
I must move on.

For the time when you had love for me,
I give you thanks,
And I wish, that somewhere else
You might fare better.

Johannes Brahms: "Mädchenlied," Op. 107 No. 5

Text by Paul Heyse (1830 - 1914) | Translation by Ellen Goodnight

Mädchenlied

Auf die Nacht in der Spinnstub'n,
Da singen die Mädchen,
Da lachen die Dorfbub'n,
Wie flink gehn die Rädchen!

Spinnt Jedes am Brautschatz,
Dass der Liebste sich freut.
Nicht lange, so gibt es
Ein Hochzeitgeläut.

Kein Mensch, der mir gut ist,
Will nach mir fragen;
Wie bang mir zumut ist,
Wem soll ich's klagen?

Die Tränen rinnen
Mir übers Gesicht—
Wofür soll ich spinnen?
Ich weiss es nicht!

Maiden's song

At night in the spinning-room,
There sing the maidens,
There laugh the village boys,
How quickly the wheels go round!

Each girl spins for her trousseau*
That her loved one might be pleased,
Not long, so there is
Before wedding bells ring.

No man is good to me,
Will ask after me;
How anxious I feel,
To whom can I tell my sorrows?

The tears run down
Over my face—
For what am I spinning?
I do not know!

* A bridal trousseau is a collection of clothing, jewelry, and linens, that a bride assembles in preparation for her wedding day and married life

Johannes Brahms: "Liebestreu," Op. 3 No. 1

Text by Robert Reinick (1805 - 1852) | Translation by Ellen Goodnight

Liebestreu

„O versenk, o versenk dein Leid, mein Kind,
In die See, in die tiefe See!“ –
Ein Stein wohl bleibt auf des Meeres Grund,
Mein Leid kommt stets in die Höh'. –

„Und die Lieb', die du im Herzen trägst,
Brich sie ab, brich sie ab, mein Kind!“ –
Ob die Blum' auch stirbt, wenn man sie bricht:
Treue Lieb' nicht so geschwind. –

„Und die Treu', und die Treu', 's war nur ein Wort,
In den Wind damit hinaus!“ –
O Mutter und splittert der Fels auch im Wind,
Meine Treue, die hält ihn aus. –

True Love

'Oh sink, oh sink your sorrow, my child,
In the sea, the deep sea!' –
A stone remains on the sea floor,
My sorrow will always rise to the surface. –

'And the love that you carry in your heart,
Break it off, break it off, my child!' –
If the flower also dies if you break it:
True love not so quickly. –

'And the loyalty, the loyalty, is but a word,
Into the wind with it!' –
Oh Mother and if the rock splinters in the wind,
My faithfulness will withstand it. –

Johannes Brahms: "Von ewiger Liebe," Op. 43 No. 1

Text by August Heinrich Hoffmann von Fallersleben (1798 - 1874) | Translation by Ellen Goodnight

Von ewiger Liebe

Dunkel, wie dunkel in Wald und in Feld!
Abend schon ist es, nun schweiget die Welt.

Nirgend noch Licht und nirgend noch Rauch,
Ja, und die Lerche sie schweiget nun auch.

Kommt aus dem Dorfe der Bursche heraus,
Gibt das Geleit der Geliebten nach Haus,

Führt sie am Weidengebüsche vorbei,
Redet so viel und so mancherlei:

„Leidest du Schmach und betrübest du dich,
Leidest du Schmach von andern um mich,

Werde die Liebe getrennt so geschwind,
Schnell wie wir früher vereinigt sind.

Scheide mit Regen und scheide mit Wind,
Schnell wie wir früher vereinigt sind.“

Spricht das Mägdelein, Mägdelein spricht:
„Unsere Liebe sie trennet sich nicht!

Fest ist der Stahl und das Eisen gar sehr,
Unsere Liebe ist fester noch mehr.

Eisen und Stahl, man schmiedet sie um,
Unsere Liebe, wer wandelt sie um?

Eisen und Stahl, sie können zergehn,
Unsere Liebe muß ewig bestehn!“

Eternal Love

Dark, how dark in the forest and field!
It is evening already, now the world is silent.

Nowhere is there light and nowhere is there smoke,
Yes, and the lark is silent now too.

Out of the village there comes a young lad,
Escorting his beloved home,

He leads her past the willow bushes,
Talking so much and of so many things:

'If you suffer shame and grieve,
If you suffer shame from others about me,

Then let our love be severed as swiftly,
As fast as we used to be united.

It will part with rain and part with the wind,
As fast as we used to be united.'

The maiden speaks, the maiden says:
'Our love will not be severed!

Steel is strong, and so too is iron,
Our love is stronger even still:

Iron and steel, they can be reforged,
But our love, who could alter it?

Iron and steel, they can be melted down,
But our love must last forever!'

Robert Schumann: *Gedichte der Königin Maria Stuart, Op. 135*

Text by Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots (1542 - 1587) | Translated into German by Gisbert von Vincke (1813 - 1892)

English translations by Ellen Goodnight

Original Text by Mary, Queen of Scots

German Translation by von Vincke, set by Schumann

English Translation by Ellen Goodnight

Adieux à la France

Adieu, plaisant pays de France,
ô ma patrie
La plus chérie,
Qui as nourri ma jeune enfance;
Adieu, France! adieu, mes beaux jours!
La nef qui disjoint nos amours
N'a cy de moi que la moitié;
Une part te reste, elle est tienne.
Je la fie à ton amitié
Pour que de l'autre il te souviene.

Abschied von Frankreich

Ich zieh dahin!
Ade, mein fröhlich Frankenland,
Wo ich die liebste Heimat fand,
Du meiner Kindheit Pflegerin!
Ade, du Land, du schöne Zeit.
Mich trennt das Boot vom Glück so weit!
Doch trägt's die Hälfte nur von mir:
Ein Teil für immer bleibt dein,
Mein fröhlich Land, der sage dir,
Des andern eingedenk zu sein!
Ade!

Farewell to France

I am moving there!
Goodbye, my happy France,
Where I found my dearest home,
You my childhood guardian!
Goodbye, you country, you beautiful time,
The boat tears me away from happiness!
But only half of me is taken:
A piece remains yours forever,
My happy country, I'm telling you
To be mindful of that other self!
Goodbye!

Original text not available

Nach der Geburt ihres Sohnes

Herr Jesu Christ, den sie gekrönt mit Dornen,
Beschütze die Geburt des hier Gebor'nen.
Und sei's dein Will', lass sein Geschlecht zugleich
Lang herrschen noch in diesem Königreich.
Und alles, was geschieht in seinem Namen,
Sei dir zu Ruhm und Preis und Ehre, Amen.

After the birth of her son

Lord Jesus Christ, whom they crowned with thorns,
Protect the birth of the one born here,
And if it be Thy will, let his lineage at the same time,
Long reign in this kingdom.
And let all that happens in his name
Be to Thy glory, praise and honor, Amen.

Sonnet à Elisabeth

Ung seul penser qui me proffict et nuit
Amer et doux change en mon cœur sans cesse,
Entre le doute et l'espoir il m'opresse
Tant que la paix et le repos me fait.

An die Königin Elisabeth

Nur ein Gedanke, der mich freut und quält,
Hält ewig mir den Sinn gefangen,
So dass der Furcht und Hoffnung Stimmen klangen,
Als ich die Stunden ruhelos gezählt.

To Queen Elizabeth

One thought alone both pleases and torments me,
Forever holds my mind captured,
So that the voices of dread and hope ring out,
While I restlessly counted the hours.

Donc, chere sœur, si ceste carte suit
L'affection de uous ueoir qui me presse
C'est que ie uiz en peine et en tristesse
Si promptement l'effect ne s'en ensuit.

Und wenn mein Herz dies Blatt zum Boten wählt,
Und kündet, Euch zu sehen, mein Verlangen,
Dann, teurer Schwester, fasst mich neues Bangen,
Weil ihm die Macht, es zu beweisen, fehlt.

And when my heart chooses this paper as its messenger,
And announces my longing to see you,
Then, dear sister, I am gripped by a new anguish,
Because [this paper] lacks the power to prove it.

Jay ueu la nef relascher par contraincte
En haulte mer, proche d'entrer au port,
Et le serain se conuertir en trouble.

Ich seh' den Kahn im Hafen fast geborgen,
Vom Sturm und Kampf der Wogen festgehalten,
Des Himmels heit' res Antlitz nachtumgraut.

I see the boat nearly secure in the harbor,
Held by the storm and battle of waves,
And heaven's bright face is blackened by night.

Ainsi ie suis en soucy et en craincte
Non pas de uous, may quantes fois à tort
Fortune rompt voile et cordage double.

So bin auch ich bewegt von Furcht und Sorgen,
Vor euch nicht, Schwester. Doch des Schicksals Walten
Zerreißt das Segel oft, dem wir vertraut.

Thus, I too, am moved by fears and cares,
Not [fear] of you, sister. But the rule of fate
Often tears the sail in whom we trust.

Fotheringhay

Que suis-je hélas? Et de quoi sert ma vie?
Je ne suis fors qu'un corps privé de coeur,
Une ombre vaine, un objet de malheur
Qui n'a plus rien que de mourir en vie.

Abschied von der Welt

Was nützt die mir noch zugemess'ne Zeit?
Mein Herz erstarb für irdisches Begehren,
Nur Leiden soll mein Schatten nicht entbehren,
Mir blieb allein die Todesfreudigkeit.

Farewell to the world

What use is the time still allotted me?
My heart is dead to earthly desires,
Only suffering should my shadow not lack,
I remain alone with the joy of death.

Plus ne me portez, O ennemis, d'envie
A qui n'a plus l'esprit à la grandeur.
J'ai consommé d'excessive douleur
Votre ire en bref de voir assouvie.

Ihr Feinde, lasst von eurem Neid:
Mein Herz ist abgewandt der Hoheit Ehren,
Des Schmerzes Übermass wird mich verzehren;
Bald geht mit mir zu Grabe Hass und Streit.

You enemies, let go of your envy:
My heart is turned away from Her Highness,
The excess of pain will consume me,
Soon hate and quarrel will go with me to the grave.

Et vous, amis, qui m'avez tenue chère,
Souvenez-vous que sans coeur et sans santé
Je ne saurais aucune bonne oeuvre faire.

Ihr Freunde, die ihr mein gedenkt in Liebe,
Erwägt und glaubt, dass ohne Kraft und Glück
Kein gutes Werk mir zu vollenden bliebe.

You friends, who remember me in love,
Consider and believe, that without force or happiness,
No good work is left for me to complete.

Souhaitez donc fin de calamité
Et que, ici-bas étant assez punie,
J'aie ma part en la joie infinie.vienne.

So wünscht mir bess're Tage nicht zurück,
Und weil ich schwer gestrafet werd' hienieden,
Erleht mir meinen Teil am ew'gen Frieden!

So do not wish for me the return of better days,
And because was heavily punished here on earth,
Beseech for me my part in eternal peace!

O Domine Deus

O Domine Deus
 speravi in te.
 O care mi Jesu,
 nunc libera me!
 In dura catena,
 in misera poena,
 Desidero te;
 Languendo, gemendo
 et genuflectendo
 Adoro, imploro
 ut liberes me!

Gebet

O Gott, mein Gebieter,
 Ich hoffe auf Dich!
 O Jesu, Geliebter,
 Nun rette Du mich!
 Im harten Gefängnis,
 In schlimmer Bedrängnis
 Ersehne ich Dich;
 In Klagen, dir klagend,
 Im Staube verzagend,
 Erhör', ich beschwöre,
 Und rette Du mich!

Prayer

O God, my Lord,
 I [place] hope in Thee!
 O Jesus, Beloved,
 Save me now!
 In my cruel prison,
 In sore distress
 I long for Thee;
 In lamentation, I cry to Thee,
 In the dust despairing,
 Hear me, I implore Thee,
 And save Thou me!

Jean Sibelius: Luonnotar, Op. 70

Text from *Kalevala*, compiled by Elias Lönnrot (1802 - 1884)
 Translation by Pietari Tamminen and Richard Stanley © Kroma 2010

Olipa impi Ilman tyttö,
 kave, Luonnotar korea.
 Ouostui elämätään
 aina yksin ollessansa
 avaroilla autioilla.

Once a beauteous maid,
 virgin Daughter of the Ether.
 Forlorn and burdened,
 dwelling ever alone
 in the vastness of space.

Laskeusi lainehille,
 aalto impeä ajeli,
 vuotta seitsemänsataa.
 Vierä impi, veen emona.
 Uipi luotehet, etelät.
 Uipi kaikki ilman rannat.

Descending on the swell,
 waves bore the virgin onward,
 seven hundred years.
 Being mother of the waters.
 Swam nor'west, south.
 Swam the air's every shore.

Tuli suuri tuulen puuska.
 Meren kuohuille kohotti.
 "Voi poloinen päiviäni.
 Parempi olisi ollut
 Ilman impenä elää.
 Oi, Ukko Ylijumala,
 käy tänne kutsuttaissa."

Came mighty gusts,
 Foaming the sea.
 "Oh my wretched days.
 Better had I been
 maid of the Ether.
 Oh Ukko, God on high,
 hasten here I call."

Tuli Sotka suora lintu,
 lenti kaikki ilman rannat,
 lenti luotehet etelät.
 Ei löyää pesän sioa.

A seabird beauteous flew,
 straight o'er all air's shores,
 flew nor'west, south.
 No nest she found.

"Ei, ei, ei.
 Teenkö tuulehen tupani,
 aalloille asuinsijani.
 Tuuli kaatavi,
 aalto viepi asuinsijani."

"No, no, no.
 Shall I nest upon the wind,
 dwelling on the waves.
 The wind shall overturn,
 The waves taking my dwelling."

Niin silloin veen emonen
 nosti polvea lainehesta.
 Siihen sorsa laativi pesänsä.
 Alkoi hautoa.

Then the mother of the waters
 Did lift her knee from the billows.
 The seabird on it set her nest,
 her eggs to hatch.

Impi tuntevi tulistuvaksi.
 Järkytti jäsenensä.
 Pesä vierähti vetehen.
 Katkieli kappaleiksi.

The maid felt burning,
 Her limbs were quaking.
 The nest slipped waterward,
 and fell splintered.

Muuttuivat munat kaunoisiksi.
 Munasen yläinen puoli
 ylhäiseksi taivahaksi.
 Yläpuoli valkeaista
 kuuksi kuumottamahan.
 Mi kirjjavaista,
 Tähdiksi taivaalle.
 Ne tähiksi taivaalle.

Wondrous things the egg became.
 The shell's top dome
 became the vault of heaven.
 The upper albumen,
 the bright shining Moon.
 The motley parts,
 The firmament.
 Heavenly starlight.

Jean Sibelius: Fem Sånger (Five Songs), Op.37
Texts and translations provided courtesy of Oxford Lieder

Den första kyssen

Text by Johan Ludvig Runeberg (1804 - 1877)

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.

Lasse liten

Text by Zachris Topelius (1818 - 1898)

Världen är så stor, så stor,
Lasse, Lasse liten!
Större än du nånsin tror,
Lasse, Lasse liten!
Där är hett och där är kallt,
Lasse, Lasse liten!
Men Gud råder överallt,
Lasse, Lasse liten!

Många människor leva där,
Lasse, Lasse liten!
Lycklig den som Gud har kär,
Lasse, Lasse liten!
När Guds ängel med dig går,
Lasse, Lasse liten!
Ingen orm dig bita få,
Lasse, Lasse liten!
Säg, var trives du nu mest,
Lasse, Lasse liten?
Borta bra men hemma bäst,
Lasse, Lasse liten!

Soluppgång

Text by Tor Hedberg (1862 - 1931)

Under himlens purpurbrand
Ligga tysta sjö och land,
Det är gryningsstunden.
Snöig gren och frostvit kvist
Tecka sig så segervisst
Mot den röda grunden.

Riddarn står vid fönsterkarm,
Lyssnar efter stridens larm,
Trampar golvets tilja.
Men en smal och snövit hand
Kyler milt hans pannas brand,
Böjer mjukt hans vilja.tenderly

Riddarn sätter horn till mun,
Blåser vilt i gryningsstund,
Över nejd som tiger.
Tonen klingar, klar och spröd,
Branden slocknar, gyllenröd,
Solen sakta tiger.

The first kiss

Translation by Anonymous

The evening star sat on the rim of silver mist.
From the shadowy grove the maiden asked her:
Tell me, evening star, what do they think in heaven
when you give the first kiss to your lover?
And heaven's shy daughter was heard to answer:
The angels of light look toward the earth
and see their own bliss reflected back;
only death turns his eyes away and weeps.

Lasse, little Lasse*

English Translation © Maria Forsström

The world is so vast, so vast,
Lasse, little Lasse!
Vaster than you ever think,
Lasse, little Lasse!
There it's warm and there it's cold,
Lasse, little Lasse!
But God rules over all,
Lasse, little Lasse!

Many people live there,
Lasse, little Lasse!
Happy he who is loved by God,
Lasse, little Lasse!
When God's angel with thee goes,
Lasse, little Lasse,
No snake may bite thee,
Lasse, little Lasse!
Say, where do you thrive most,
Lasse, little Lasse?
Away is good but home is best,
Lasse, little Lasse!

* Lasse is a common masculine given name in Nordic countries. It is also often a nickname for people named Lars or Lauri.

Sunrise

Translation by Anonymous

Beneath heaven's purple fire
Silently lie lake and land;
It is the time of dawn.
Snow-covered branch and frost-white twig
Stand out prominently
From the red backdrop.

The knight stands by the window
listening for the sound of battle,
pacing the floor.
But a small, snow-white hand
gently cools his hot brow,
changing his resolve.

The knight puts his horn to his mouth,
and blows fiercely at the dawn,
over the silent land.
The note rings clear and fragile;
The fire slowly dies, golden red,
As the sun slowly rises.

Var det en dröm?

Text by Josef Julius Wecksell (1838 - 1907)

Var det en dröm, att ljuvt en gång
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 fågring 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!

Flickan kom ifrån sin älsklings mote

Text by Johan Ludvig Runeberg (1804 - 1877)

Flickan kom ifrån sin älsklings möte,
kom med röda händer. Modern sade:
"Varav rodna dina händer, flicka?"
Flickan sade: "Jag har plockat rosor
och på törnen stungit mina händer."

Åter kom hon från sin älsklings möte,
kom med röda läppar. Modern sade:
"Varav rodna dina läppar, flicka?"
Flickan sade: "Jag har ätit hallon
och med saften målat mina läppar."

Åter kom hon från sin älsklings möte,
kom med bleka kinder. Modern sade:
"Varav blekna dina kinder, flicka?"
Flickan sade: "Red en grav, o moder!
Göm mig där och ställ ett kors däröver,
och på korset rista, som jag säger:

En gång kom hon hem med röda händer,
ty de rodnat mellan älskarns händer.
En gång kom hon hem med röda läppar,
ty de rodnat under älskarns läppar.
Senast kom hon hem med bleka kinder,
ty de bleknat genom älskarns otro."

2. Dereinst, Gedanke mein

Text by Emanuel von Geibel (1815 - 1884)

Dereinst,
Gedanke mein
Wirst ruhig sein.
Läßt Liebesglut
Dich still nicht werden:
In kühler Erden
Da schläfst du gut;
Dort ohne Liebe
Und ohne Pein
Wirst ruhig sein.

Was it a dream?

Translation by Anonymus

Was it a dream, that once upon a blissful time
I was your heart's friend?
I remember it like a silent song
Whose melody still lingers on.

I remember you gave me a rose
With a look so shy and tender,
I remember the glistening of a parting tear.
Was it all just a dream?

A dream like a wildflower's life,
So brief in the verdant meadow,
Whose beauty quickly withers away
Within an ocean of new flowers

But on many a night I hear a voice
Through a stream of bitter tears.
Hide this memory deep in your heart
For this was your best dream.

The maiden came from her lover's tryst

English Translation © Maria Forsström

The maiden came from her lover's tryst,
Came with red hands. The mother said:
"Whence redden your hands, maiden?"
The maiden said: "I have picked roses
And stung my hands on the thorns."

Again she came from her lover's tryst,
Came with red lips. The Mother said:
"Whence redden your lips, maiden?"
The maiden said: "I have eaten raspberries
And with the juices painted my lips."

Again she came from her lover's tryst,
Came with pale cheeks. Her mother said:
"Whence pale your cheeks, maiden?"
The maiden said: "Make me a grave, o mother!
Hide me there and put a cross on top,
And on the cross carve, what I say:

Once she came home with red hands,
Since they had reddened between her lover's hands.
Once she came home with red lips,
Since the reddened under her lover's lips.
Lastly she came home with pale cheeks,
Since they had paled with her lover's unfaithfulness.

Edvard Grieg: *Sechs Lieder*, Op. 48

One day, my thoughts

Translation by Ellen Goodnight

One day,
My thoughts,
You shall be at peace.
Though love's ardor
Gives you no rest,
In cooler earth
You shall sleep well;
There without love
And without pain
You shall be at peace.

Was du im Leben
Nicht hast gefunden,
Wenn es entschwunden
Wird's dir gegeben.
Dann ohne Wunden
Und ohne Pein
Wirst ruhig sein.

What you, in life,
Did not find,
When life has ended,
You shall be granted.
Then, without wounds
And without pain,
You shall be at peace.

5. Zur Rosenzeit

Text by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749 - 1832)

Ihr verblühet, süße Rosen,
Meine Liebe trug euch nicht;
Blühet, ach! dem Hoffnungslosen,
Dem der Gram die Seele bricht!

Time of Roses

Translation by Ellen Goodnight

You are fading, sweet roses,
My love could not sustain you;
Bloom then! For hopelessness,
That of grief, the soul does break!

Jener Tage denk' ich trauernd,
Als ich, Engel, an dir hing,
Auf das erste Knöspchen lauernd
Früh zu meinem Garten ging;

Mournfully I think of those days,
When I, my angel, set my heart on you,
And waiting for your first little bud,
Went early to my garden;

Alle Blüten, alle Früchte
Noch zu deinen Füßen trug
Und vor deinem Angesichte
Hoffnung in dem Herzen schlug.

All the blossoms, all the fruits
Are laid at your very feet,
And before your face,
Hope beats in my heart.

Ihr verblühet, süße Rosen,
Meine Liebe trug euch nicht;
Blühet, ach! dem Hoffnungslosen,
Dem der Gram die Seele bricht!

You are fading, sweet roses,
My love could not sustain you;
Bloom then! For hopelessness,
That of grief, the soul does break!

6. Ein Traum

Text by Friedrich Martin von Bodenstedt (1819 - 1892)

Mir träumte einst ein schöner Traum:
Mich liebte eine blonde Maid;
Es war am grünen Waldesraum,
Es war zur warmen Frühlingszeit:

A dream

Translation by Ellen Goodnight

I once dreamed a beautiful dream:
A blonde maiden loved me,
It was in the green woodland glade,
It was in the warm springtime:

Die Knospe sprang, der Waldbach schwoll,
Fern aus dem Dorfe scholl Geläut—
Wir waren ganzer Wonne voll,
Versunken ganz in Seligkeit.

The buds bloomed, the forest stream swelled,
Far from the village, bells rang out—
We were full of joy,
So lost in bliss.

Und schöner noch als einst der Traum
Begab es sich in Wirklichkeit—
Es war am grünen Waldesraum,
Es war zur warmen Frühlingszeit:

And even more beautiful than the dream,
It did happen in reality,
It was in the green woodland glade,
It was in the warm springtime:

Der Waldbach schwoll, die Knospe sprang,
Geläut erscholl vom Dorfe her—
Ich hielt dich fest, ich hielt dich lang
Und lasse dich nun nimmermehr!

The forest stream swelled, the buds bloomed,
Rang out the bells from the village—
I held you tight, I held you long,
And now shall never let you go!

O frühlingsgrüner Waldesraum!
Du lebst in mir durch alle Zeit—
Dort ward die Wirklichkeit zum Traum,
Dort ward der Traum zur Wirklichkeit!

O woodland glade so green with spring!
You shall live in me for evermore—
There reality became a dream,
There, dream became reality!

Richard Strauss: *Acht Gedichte aus "Letzte Blätter," Op. 10*

1. Zueignung

Text by Hermann von Gilm (1812 - 1864)

Ja, du weißt es, teure Seele,
Daß ich fern von dir mich quäle,
Liebe macht die Herzen krank,
Habe Dank.

Einst hielt ich, der Freiheit Zecher,
Hoch den Amethysten-Becher,
Und du segnetest den Trank,
Habe Dank.

Und beschworst darin die Bösen,
Bis ich, was ich nie gewesen,
Heilig, heilig an's Herz dir sank,
Habe Dank!

8. Allerseelen

Text by Hermann von Gilm (1812 - 1864)

Stell auf den Tisch die duftenden Reseden,
Die letzten roten Aestern trag herbei,
Und laß uns wieder von der Liebe reden,
Wie einst im Mai.

Gib mir die Hand, daß ich sie heimlich drücke,
Und wenn man's sieht, mir ist es einerlei,
Gib mir nur einen deiner süßen Blicke,
Wie einst im Mai.

Es blüht und duftet heut auf jedem Grabe,
Ein Tag im Jahr ist ja den Toten frei,
Komm am mein Herz, daß ich dich wieder habe,
Wie einst im Mai.

4. Die Georgine

Text by Hermann von Gilm (1812 - 1864)

Warum so spät erst, Georgine?
Das Rosenmärchen ist erzählt,
Und honigsatt hat sich die Biene
Ihr Bett zum Schlummer ausgewählt.

Sind nicht zu kalt dir diese Nächte?
Wie lebst du diese Tage hin?
Wenn ich dir jetzt den Frühling brächte,
Du feurgelbe Träumerin,

Wenn ich mit Maitau dich benetzte,
Begöße dich mit Junilicht,
Doch ach! dann wärst du nicht die Letzte,
Die stolze Einzige auch nicht.

Wie, Träumerin, lock' ich vergebens?
So reich' mir schwesterlich die Hand,
Ich hab' den Maitag dieses Lebens
Wie du den Frühling nicht gekannt;

Und spät wie dir, du Feurgelbe,
Stahl sich die Liebe mir ins Herz;
Ob spät, ob früh, es ist dasselbe
Entzücken und derselbe Schmerz.

Dedication

Translation by Ellen Goodnight

Yes, you know, dear soul,
That I am tormented far from you,
Love makes hearts sick -
Have thanks.

Once I, drinker of freedom,
Held the amethyst goblet high
And you blessed that drink -
Have thanks.

And you exorcized the evil spirits,
Until I, as never before,
Blessed, blessed sank holy upon your heart -
Have thanks.

All Souls' Day

Translation by Ellen Goodnight

Set on the table the fragrant mignonettes,
Bring in the last red asters,
And let us talk of love again,
As we once did in May.

Give me your hand, so I can squeeze it in secret,
And if someone sees, it's all the same to me,
Give me but one of your sweet looks,
As you once did in May.

Flowers blooms and give fragrance today upon each grave,
One day each year where the dead are free;
Come to my heart, that I may have you again,
As once I did in May.

The Dahlia

Translation by Ellen Goodnight

Why are you so late, dahlia?
The tale of roses has already been told,
And the honey-sated bee
Has already chosen a bed on which to rest.

Are these nights not too cold for you?
How do you survive these days?
What if I brought you springtime now,
You fiery-yellow dreamer?

What if I watered you with May dew,
Showered you with June light,
But ah! you would not be then the last,
Nor proud to be unique.

How then, dreamer, do I entice you in vain?
Then give me your sisterly hand,
I have not known May Day* in this life,
Just as you've not known the spring.

And late like you, you yellow fire,
Love stole into my heart,
Whether late or early, it is the same
Rapture and the same pain.

* May Day (Maitag, Der Erste Mai) is an ancient festival to welcome the spring weather and to drive away evil spirits.

R. Strauss: "Wiegenlied", Op. 41 No. 1

Text by Richard Dehmel (1863 - 1920) | Translation by Ellen Goodnight

Wiegenlied

Träume, träume, du mein süßes Leben,
von dem Himmel, der die Blumen bringt.
Blüten schimmern da, die beben
von dem Lied, das deine Mutter singt.

Träume, träume, Knospe meiner Sorgen,
von dem Tage, da die Blume sproß;
von dem hellen Blütenmorgen,
da dein Seelchen sich der Welt erschloß.

Träume, träume, Blüte meiner Liebe,
von der stillen, von der heiligen Nacht,
da die Blume seiner Liebe
diese Welt zum Himmel mir gemacht.

Cradle song

Dream, dream, my sweet life,
of heaven that brings the flowers;
blossoms shimmer there, they tremble
from the song your mother sings.

Dream, dream, bud born of my sorrows,
of the day the flower sprouted;
of that bright morning of blossoms,
when your little soul opened to the world.

Dream, dream, blossom of my love,
of the silent, of the sacred night,
when the flower of his love
made this world my heaven.

R. Strauss: "Malven," TrV297

Text by Betty Wehrli-Knobel (1904 - 1998) | Translation by Ellen Goodnight

Malven

Aus Rosen, Phlox,
Zinienflor,
ragen im Garten
Malven empor,
duftlos und ohne
des Purpurs Glut,
wie ein verweintes,
blasses Gesicht
unter dem gold'nen
himmlischen Licht.
Und dann verwehen
Leise, leise im Wind,
zärtliche Blüten,
Sommersgesind ...

Hollyhocks

From among roses, phlox,
flowering zinnia,
protrude from the garden,
hollyhocks soar,
without scent
the crimson glow,
like a tear-stained,
pale face
beneath the golden
heavenly light.
And then drift away
gently, gently in the wind,
tender blooms,
these servants of summer ...

R. Strauss: "Befreit," Op. 39 No. 4

Text by Richard Dehmel (1863 - 1920) | Translation by Ellen Goodnight

Befreit

Du wirst nicht weinen. Leise, leise
wirst du lächeln und wie zur Reise
geb' ich dir Blick und Kuß zurück.
Unsre lieben vier Wände, du hast sie bereitet,
ich habe sie dir zur Welt geweitet;
O Glück!

Dann wirst du heiß meine Hände fassen
und wirst mir deine Seele lassen,
läßt unsern Kindern mich zurück.
Du schenktest mir dein ganzes Leben,
ich will es ihnen wieder geben;
O Glück!

Es wird sehr bald sein, wir wissen's beide,
wir haben einander befreit vom Leide,
so gab' ich dich der Welt zurück!
Dann wirst du mir nur noch im Traum erscheinen
und mich segnen und mit mir weinen;
O Glück!

Released

You will not weep. Gently, gently
you will smile, and as before a journey
I will give you a look and a kiss back.
Our dear four walls you have helped to build,
I have widened them for you into a world -
O joy!

Then you will warmly seize my hands
and you will leave me your soul,
leave me to care for our children.
You gave me your whole life,
I shall give it back to them -
O joy!

It will be very soon, as we both know,
we have released each other from suffering,
so I returned you to the world.
Then you'll appear to me only in dreams,
and you will bless me and weep with me -
O joy!

R. Strauss: "Cäcilie," Op. 27 No. 2

Text by Heinrich Hart (1855 - 1906) | Translation by Ellen Goodnight

Cäcilie

Wenn Du es wüßtest,
Was träumen heißt
Von brennenden Küssen,
Vom Wandern und Ruhen
Mit der Geliebten,
Aug' in Auge,
Und kosend und plaudernd -
Wenn Du es wüßtest,
Du neigtest Dein Herz!

Wenn Du es wüßtest,
Was bangen heißt
In einsamen Nächten,
Umschauert vom Sturm,
Da Niemand tröstet
Milden Mundes
Die kampfmüde Seele -
Wenn Du es wüßtest,
Du kämest zu mir.

Wenn Du es wüßtest,
Was leben heißt,
Umhaucht von der Gottheit
Weltschaffendem Atem,
Zu schweben empor,
Lichtgetragen,
Zu seligen Höh'en,
Wenn Du es wüßtest,
Du lebtest mit mir.

Cecily

If you only knew,
What it is to dream
Of burning kisses,
Of wandering and resting
With one's love,
Eye to eye,
And caressing and talking -
If you only knew,
Your heart would turn to me.

If you only knew,
What it means to dread
On lonely nights
Surrounded by the storm,
With no one to comfort
With mild words
The battle-weary soul -
If you only knew,
You would come to me.

If you only knew,
What it means to live
Surrounded by God's
World-creating breath,
To float up,
Carried by light,
To blessed heights -
If you only knew,
You would live with me.

ABOUT THE ARTISTS



Norwegian soprano **Lise Davidsen** has taken the classical music world by storm, with resounding debuts in venues such as Metropolitan Opera, Royal Opera House Covent Garden, Bayreuth, Aix-en Provence and Glyndebourne Festivals, Bayerische Staatsoper, Wigmore Hall and the Barbican, Wiener Staatsoper, the BBC Proms at Royal Albert Hall, and Zurich Opera House.

Last season Davidsen made a widely acclaimed company debut with the Metropolitan Opera as Lisa Queen of *Spades* and took on the role of Leonore *Fidelio*, first in concert with Yannick Nezet Seguin and Opéra de Montreal and then at the Royal Opera House, in a new production by Tobias Kratzer and conducted by Sir Antonio Pappano. Further appearances included a role debut as Ellen Orford *Peter Grimes* at the Enescu Festival; Strauss' *Op. 27* with Philharmonia and Esa-Pekka Salonen at the BBC

Proms; *Vier letzte Lieder* with Orchestre de Paris; Beethoven Symphony No. 9 with Gianandrea Noseda and the Wiener Symphoniker and with Vasily Petrenko and the Oslo Philharmonic; Sieglinde *Die Walküre* with Fabio Luisi and the Danish National Symphony Orchestra and solo recitals in London (Barbican), Oslo, Copenhagen and Bergen.

Further recent highlights include her role debut as Elisabeth *Tannhäuser* which she performed at Opernhaus Zürich, Bayerische Staatsoper, and in a triumphant debut at the Bayreuth Festival where she was hailed by the international press as a "voice once in a century"; *Lisa Queen of Spades* at Oper Stuttgart; the title role of *Ariadne auf Naxos* at Aix-en Provence Festival; Wiener Staatsoper and Glyndebourne Festival; Agathe in a new production of *Der Freischütz* at Opernhaus Zürich; Cherubini's *Medea* at Wexford Festival; Santuzza *Cavalleria Rusticana* and Sancta Susanna in Oslo; and Isabella *Das Liebesverbot* at Teatro Colon.

Recent concert appearances include Verdi's *Requiem* at the BBC Proms with the London Philharmonic Orchestra and Andrés Orozco Estrada, at the Royal Opera House with Sir Antonio Pappano, the Danish National Symphony Orchestra and Fabio Luisi, and Philharmonia Orchestra and Edward Gardner; Strauss *Op. 27* at the Edinburgh International Festival with the Oslo Philharmonic Orchestra and Vasily Petrenko; *Vier letzte Lieder* with the Danish National Symphony Orchestra, the Stavanger Orchestra, Copenhagen Philharmonic, and the Bergen Philharmonic Orchestra; *Die Walküre* (1st Act) with the Toronto Symphony Orchestra and Sir Andrew Davis and with the Antwerp Symphony Orchestra and Edo de Waart; *Wesendonck Lieder* and *Rückert-Lieder* with the Norwegian Chamber Orchestra; and Sibelius' *Luonnotar* with the BBC Philharmonic at the BBC Proms. Davidsen was an Artist in Residence with Bergen Philharmonic Orchestra during the 2017- 18 season when her appearances included an open-air concert, Verdi's *Requiem* and *Wesendonck Lieder* as well as recital performances.

A 2014 graduate of the Opera Academy in Copenhagen, she has studied under Susanna Eken, previously gaining a degree from the Grieg Academy of Music in Bergen. In 2015 Davidsen was crowned winner of both the Operalia and the Queen Sonja competitions. Her breakthrough performances won her the First Prize, the Birgit Nilsson Award and the Audience Prize at the Operalia competition in London as well as the prize for the best performance of Norwegian music and the Ingrid Bjoner Scholarship at the Queen Sonja International Music Competition. She is also a triple winner at the 2015 Hans Gabor Belvedere Singing Competition in Amsterdam and a recipient of many awards, including the HSBC Aix-en-Provence Laureate, Statoil Talent Bursary Award, Léonie Sonning Music Prize, Danish Singers Award 2014 and the Kirstin Flagstad Award 2015. In 2018, Davidsen was presented with the prestigious Young Artist of the Year Award at the Gramophone Classical Music Awards.



Lise Davidsen appears courtesy of Decca Classics. Hear more from Lise:
<https://LiseDavidsen.lnk.to/PreorderFP>



Pianist **James Baillieu** is one of the leading song and chamber music pianists of his generation. He has given solo and chamber recitals throughout the world and collaborates with a wide range of singers and instrumentalists including Benjamin Appl, Jamie Barton, Ian Bostridge, Allan Clayton, Annette Dasch, Lise Davidsen, the Elias and Heath Quartets, Dame Kiri te Kanawa, Adam Walker, and Pretty Yende. As a soloist, he has appeared with the Ulster Orchestra, English Chamber Orchestra, and the Wiener Kammer-symphonie.

James Baillieu is a frequent guest at many of the world's most distinguished music centers including Carnegie Hall, Wigmore Hall, Concertgebouw Amsterdam, Vancouver Playhouse, Berlin Konzerthaus, Vienna Musikverein, Barbican Centre, Wiener Konzerthaus, Bozar Brussels, Pierre Boulez Saal, Cologne Philharmonie, and the Laeiszhalle

Hamburg. Festivals include Aix-en-Provence, Verbier, Schleswig-Holstein, Festspillene i Bergen, Edinburgh, Spitalfields, Aldeburgh, Cheltenham, Bath, City of London and Brighton Festivals.

An innovative programmer, he has curated many song and chamber music festivals including series for the Brighton Festival, Wigmore Hall, BBC Radio 3, Verbier Festival, Bath International Festival, and Perth Concert Hall. At the invitation of John Gilhooly, James Baillieu has presented his own series at the Wigmore Hall with Adam Walker, Jonathan McGovern, Ailish Tynan, Tara Erraught, Henk Neven, Iestyn Davies, Allan Clayton, and Mark Padmore amongst others. This series was shortlisted for the Royal Philharmonic Society's Chamber Music and Song Award for an outstanding contribution to the performance of chamber music and song in the UK.

During the 2020-21 season the artist has been engaged by the Metropolitan Opera, Wigmore Hall, Carnegie Hall, Park Avenue Armory in New York, Kennedy Center in Washington, DC, Cleveland Institute of Music, Hamarikyu Asahi Hall in Tokyo, Aldeburgh Festival for the Britten-Pears Young Artists Program, as well as by the Samling Foundation, Heidelberger Frühling, Festspielhaus Baden-Baden, Concertgebouw Amsterdam, and Konzerthaus Dortmund.

James Baillieu was prize winner of the Wigmore Hall Song Competition, Das Lied International Song Competition, the Kathleen Ferrier and Richard Tauber Competitions, and was selected for representation by Young Classical Artists Trust (YCAT) in 2010 and in 2012 received a Borletti-Buitoni Trust Fellowship and a Geoffrey Parsons Memorial Trust Award. In 2016 he was shortlisted for the Royal Philharmonic Society Outstanding Young Artist Award.

Recording projects include 'Heimat' with Benjamin Appl (Sony Classical), the complete works of CPE Bach for violin and piano with Tamsin Waley-Cohen (Signum Records), and albums on the Chandos, Opus Arte, Champs Hill, Rubicon, and Delphian Record labels as part his critically acclaimed discography.

James Baillieu is a Professor at the Royal Academy of Music, a coach for the Jette Parker Young Artist Program at the Royal Opera House, a course leader for the Samling Foundation, and is head of the Song Program at the Atelier Lyrique of the Verbier Festival Academy. He also is International Tutor in Piano Accompaniment at the Royal Northern College of Music. Highly sought after for masterclasses worldwide, recent sessions of learning have brought him to the Aldeburgh Festival, Cleveland Institute of Music, Metropolitan Opera Lindemann Young Artist Development Program, Friends of Chamber Music, Portland, Oregon, Vancouver Academy of Music, Canada, and to the University of Waikato, New Zealand.



ABOUT VOCAL ARTS DC

The mission of VADC, now celebrating our 30th anniversary season, is to nurture and promote the classical voice recital genre and to introduce new audiences to the richness, cultural diversity, and beauty of the classical song literature. VADC is the only organization anywhere in North America, and one of the few in the world, which presents a full concert season solely devoted to classical voice recitals. As such, it has made Washington DC a magnet for the world's greatest stars of the opera and concert stage. VADC presents a season of six to eight recitals, usually in the Kennedy Center's Terrace Theater, occasionally in other venues. These generally feature world-renowned singers, although VADC also attempts to introduce to its audience emerging artists whom it considers to be on the threshold of international stardom. Beginning with our 25th anniversary season of 2015-2016, Vocal Arts DC made a firm commitment to broaden the contemporary library of solo vocal works by commissioning new works from living composers. Toward that goal, we have presented world premieres of new works by Jake Heggie, Gregory Spears, and Lowell Liebermann, and will offer first hearings of new pieces by Caroline Shaw and Tyshawn Sorey during our 2020-2021 season. In addition to its main stage performances, VADC operates an in-school educational program for secondary and high school students in collaboration with the Duke Ellington School of the Arts in Washington, DC.

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Intro with Richard Stilwell filmed by
 Neil Brown at the home of Eleanor Forrer

Volunteers

Vocal Arts DC gratefully acknowledges the dedicated service and contributions of its volunteers, whose diverse skills are invaluable.

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